

SR
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STUDENT RADIO DIRECTORS
350 VOTES

INAPPROPRIATE CANDIDATE TAX
CHANGE
OR BE
CANDIDATE
LOCKED OUT

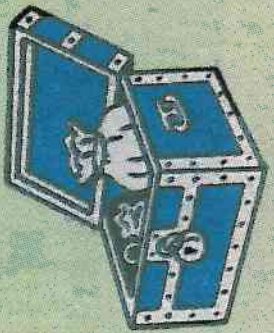
ON DIT EDITORS
400 VOTES

PREFERENCE FLOW



SAUA COUNCIL
60 VOTES

SAUA COUNCIL
60 VOTES



CHESTY BONDS

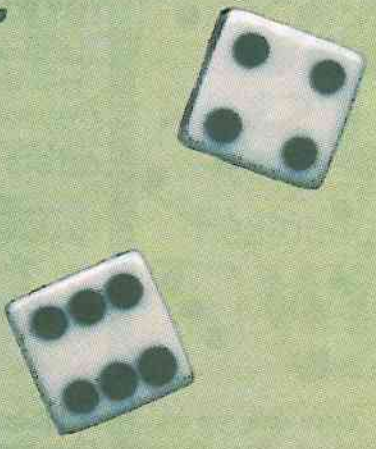
UNION BOARD
60 VOTES

BAD NEGOTIATION TAX
SUPPORT PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE OR - 200 VOTES

GRAVY TRAIN
200 VOTES



CHANTS
The Returning Officer catches you burning opponents banners. Go to the Election Tribunal. Go directly to the Election Tribunal. Do not receive a Preference Flow. Do not collect 200 Votes.



ELECTION POLICY
500
VOTES

Volume 70
Edition 16
02/09/02



ORIENTATION COORDINATOR

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01

ON DIT

Volume 70 Edition 16 02.09.02

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

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Vox Pop: Joseph Hynes, Paul Huebl

Bar/Restaurant: Clementine Ford

About the Cover: It's that time of year again, time to play Electionopoly.

Wanna Write?

Then why not come down to our office, located in the basement of the George Murray Building (near the charmed environs of two sets of men's toilets. Note to users of the men's toilets: spelling and grammar aren't just flights of fancy to be used in essays, they are applicable in all areas of our lives, including graffiti). The office is accessible from the Barr Smith Lawns. For a more pleasant aroma, use the email address at the bottom of this page.

Next Edition:

Deadline: September 11 (ooh ah)

Published: September 16

It's the Multicultural Edition!

Thanks go to:

Bonnie C, Linley, Gemma, Tristan, Clementine Ford, Jekabs, Fiona, Bonnie from Cadillac, Gemma, Mattyo, Sarah Fyfe, Nat Teakle, John Murch and Matthew Salleh for the photos, Mel, Graham, Tanisha, & Mark.

No thanks to: alcohol

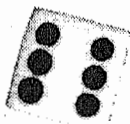
ELECTIONOPOLY™



Current Affairs



John Howard Protest



Office Bearer
Election Interviews



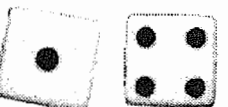
A whole lotta business



Politics of the Independent



The A-Z of Anarchy



Opinion



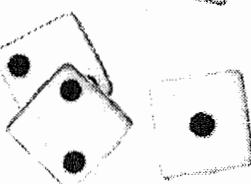
Student Radio/
Union



Vox Pop



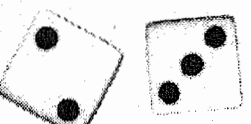
Quiz - Are you a Student Politician?



Wayward




Letters



Bar/Restaurant

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Borders Literature Competition



Arts



TV/Agony Aunt



Video



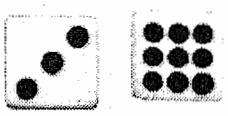
Film



Internet/
Local Music



Music



Clubs/Classifieds

Once again, we are confronted by elections. To vote or not to vote, that is the query. When bombarded the cavalcade of banners, t-shirts and bright paraphernalia, it is perfectly reasonable reaction to flee in panic. However, while you may feel like hiding in the deep dark bowels of the BSL (300 section) for the entirety of Election Week, you should probably consider crossing the chalky line that separates the voting tent from the rest of the world. Those we elect have the potential to effect positive change in our union and in our university. Considering there is a rich history of people not doing so, it is even more important that we take note of those running and make sure they at least *intend* to work hard. On Dit is especially concerned that those elected are financially responsible. There's a lot of student money churning through the intestines of this union, and we want to ensure its share is well looked after. Badger people, read the broadsheet, read the pamphlets, look at the banners (if they're interesting), and read the interviews we have with SAUA

Office Bearer Candidates in this edition. Make an informed choice, or don't whinge you wasted your vote if everything fucks up. In the scope of these elections, your vote really does count.

We leave you with a poem:

Student Politicians
Spill out onto the lawns
Like a packet of smarties
Some regular, some giant
Running this way, that way
Bouncing against the walls
Angry, angry, angry
Primary Colours and their compatriots
Will their colours wash away with the rain?

Poem reprinted with permission from Gennifer Flowers, Oenology Student

The Right to Education

For those of you who are regular readers of *Cosmopolitan*, you would have come across an article in the September issue called 'These women are all size 12.' Mentioned in the article is Professor Maciej Henneberg, the head of Anatomical Sciences at this university, who is currently undertaking a National Size and Shape survey. Through measuring 25,000 women's bodies across Australia, the research will show how women's body sizes have changed across the years. Yet the fascinating thing about this research is not just the results alone, it is the motivations behind the professor himself.

Professor Henneberg has been teaching and conducting research for 25 years now at universities across the world, in Poland, America, South Africa and now

Australia. He is now not only Head of Anatomical Sciences, but also the Associate Dean for Health Sciences at the University of Adelaide. When speaking to Professor Henneberg last week, he stated one of his motivations for the National Size and Shape survey was to "bring science to the public", to show "academics can be useful collaborators...and that knowledge is directly useful." In this particular study, Professor Henneberg states that all members working on the research team are on an equal footing, from the clothes designers to the academics, rather than a situation where academics lead the discussion by "handing down knowledge to the masses from the lofty perch of an ivory tower." Professor Henneberg himself often speaks to the media about his research to show the broader community that 'what we do in universities is interesting and helpful.' Fundamentally, this is one of the ways in which the *Crossroads* Review could be rebuffed. Academic staff, such as Professor Henneberg, contribute more than a course syllabus. Studies into issues such as body size will often raise interest in the media, and through cooperation with academic staff, can raise the status of universities by propelling them into the public spectrum. If universities are to play a role other than that of just a place to study, will this not change the perspective on just how important universities are in society? The primary role necessarily will be to educate, but as Professor Henneberg states, "education has many forms - structured courses, provision of useful or interesting information through the media or short events like public lectures...and educating professionals on the job." If Australian universities integrate themselves into society and, in the above case popular culture, obviously this can have nothing but a positive effect on Federal Government funding. The aim is to see universities viewed as having multiple roles in society, with Professor Henneberg's hope that politicians will "pay attention to the wishes of the broader community." His aim is to integrate science with general culture, therefore "eliciting understanding in the broader community of the need for academic institutions as guardians, producers and disseminators of generally useful knowledge."

In regards to the debated issue of funding, there are diverse views across the board. As Professor Henneberg states "Australian universities are a part of Australian society

and should serve the community". However he also believes that universities 'as natural repositories and disseminators of knowledge' should be supported in turn by the community. The issue is then - where will this support come from? The Federal Government have received backlash from students for their current proposals, therefore maybe the answer should be focused on state and local bodies. According to Professor Henneberg, these bodies are better placed to be "more responsive to the need for university activities in a particular state." His hope is that local/state funding would be more willingly provided due to past positive interactions and experiences with the university, as

"...universities 'as natural repositories and disseminators of knowledge' should be supported in turn by the community."

opposed to the Federal Government who are 'too far removed from most universities to directly see their impact on communities.' Professor Henneberg opposes full central government funding, as he believes that this will ultimately lead to "rigid control of fundamentally autonomous academic institutions". His answer is 'closer links between universities and communities' to create mutual understanding and therefore funding "commensurate with actual roles universities play in the life of regions, states and the nations."

When I questioned Professor Henneberg about his views on replacing HECS with a full loans system, his answer was simply that "education should not be viewed as a trading commodity." His stance on tertiary education is that it would not be conducive with a user-pays approach, as this will obviously not protect the right of each Australian to education. Professor Henneberg believes all human beings have "a right to be educated as she/ he wishes", a right he describes as fundamental in society. He imagines a future where students have the "opportunity to attend a university and a course of their choice independent of their financial circumstances, and where universities can 'offer education as they see fit and be adequately financially supported.'" HECS, the current system of funding, is only a "halfway solution" in his view; "uncomfortable for students and cumbersome for universities." He discussed the voucher system, as outlined in the Federal review, as a "possibility". Ultimately he believes it is crucial for students to have a choice of education, regardless of their economic circumstances, with a corresponding responsibility to make that degree useful in their community. On this point there are still issues to be discussed - is this saying that someone with a particular interest cannot study that degree, unless they plan to integrate it into their career, therefore making it functional in society?

In regards to the trend towards contract and casual academic staff in universities mentioned in *Crossroads*, Professor Henneberg calls this a "shortsighted policy", disastrous in the long-run. He mentioned the US situation where increased pressure on academic staff lead to a "phenomenon of grade inflation", that is providing higher marks for students for less knowledge, keeping students happy and ensuring better teaching

assessments. Professor Henneberg believes that academics on contract are more concerned with 'performance indicators', than becoming involved in "high-risk, controversial projects in both research and teaching/ learning." He believes that it is imperative that "academic staff feel free from direct pressures of their employees", and that short-term contracts only lead to a loss of quality teaching in the long run. In regards to the staff/student ratio I mentioned last week, Professor Henneberg agrees that as high a ratio as possible is desirable, and mentioned that the University of Adelaide has one of the highest ratios in the nation. This final point may work on paper, but in practice, many students are experiencing a decreasing ratio as their degree progresses.

In regards to Dr Brendan Nelson's proposals for universities to specialise in particular fields, students argue that this will offer less diversity and choice, and ultimately disadvantage those attending smaller universities. Professor Henneberg defines a university as a "universe"; that is a place where the "ability to study and develop knowledge in any discipline" is possible. He is in favour of universities offering a range of disciplines, as this not only facilitates greater choice but also "opportunities for interdisciplinary cooperation... a well-recognised source of many intellectual and practical innovations." Professor Henneberg mentioned the model of forced specialisation in Europe after WWII, where highly specialised universities lead to

a "loss of academic integrity, decline in quality of academic work and poorer educational experience for students." This is one point Dr Nelson conveniently left out of his review, and as Professor Henneberg states, "if we do not learn from history we will be condemned to repeat it."

Ultimately, when I questioned Professor Henneberg on his ideals for the future of tertiary education, it was "a state in which all high school leavers who have a wish for university education would be able to enter universities and graduate with generalist degrees irrespective of their economics circumstances." As I mentioned last week, there are 700,000 tertiary students across Australia who should realise what effect the *Crossroads* Review will have on their education. Even if the degrees of current students will be completed by the time the *Crossroads* proposals are implicated, it is important not to take for granted the opportunity given to them. As Professor Henneberg stressed to me, "education enriches a person, makes them a better citizen of the world through their ability to understand it on their own and to formulate their own judgments." These abilities should not be underestimated; students must seek to protect the fundamental right to education.

Professor Henneberg's views, as discussed in this interview, are those of him as an individual academic.

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THE DAY JOHN HOWARD CAME TO VISIT

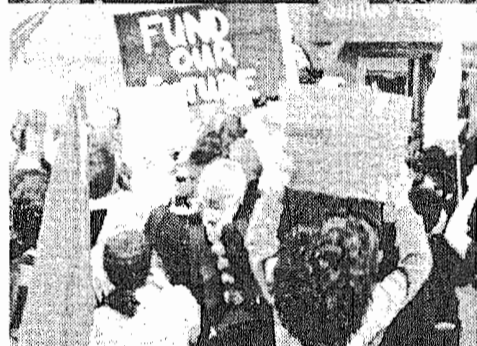


When considering the state the country is in and the trend towards a dark age of economic rationalism and right wing idealism under the current Federal Government, the phrase 'pig's ear' leaps to the mind in regards to the Government's achievements. Some examples of this poor leadership include but aren't limited to:

- their wholesale rejection of assylum seekers for political gain;
- their rapine attitude towards tertiary education resulting in a greater burden being placed on students;
- refusing IVF to single women and lesbians;
- same sex couples not recognised by Centrelink;
- their refusal to apologise for the abuse of Indigenous Australians;
- their refusal to sign the Kyoto Protocol on greenhouse emissions;
- their failure to address Australia's deplorable human rights record.



Obviously Mr Howard's spin-doctors are aware that his running the country into the ground hasn't made him very popular because his intended visit to the university was kept quiet until the last minute. Despite this secrecy, hundreds of students were still able to mobilise to demonstrate against the plethora of regressive policy when Mr Howard came to open the new Santos School of Petroleum Engineering. This action was organised by Environment Officer Sarah Hanson and supported by Education Vice-President Georgia Heath as well as National Union of Students SA President Rory Spreckley.



The visit was scheduled to start at 2.30, but was delayed for over an hour, probably in the hope that much of the momentum of the demonstration would be lost in the interval. If anything, it gave students plenty of time to assemble and prepare for the visit.

The Young Liberals thought it a jolly lark to come along to counter-demonstrate and must've felt rather foolish at being outnumbered 40:1. The hour's delay was characterised by brief confrontations as well as a visible increase in police presence. More and more suited corporate types arrived steadily, along with Premier Mike Rann who thought he was 'well down with it,' raising a triumphant fist at the students and getting booed for his troubles. "Go Panthers!"



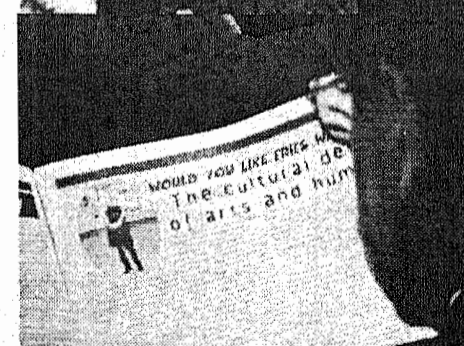
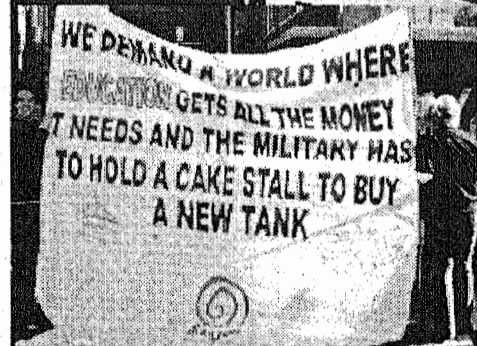
At last, the PM deigned to grace us with his presence, and it was remarkable to observe the effect of merely getting out of the car had on the assembled crowd. With loud boos and cries of 'Shame!' the crowd surged forwards as some members tried to present him with an honorary Master's degree in screwing people over. The gesture was refused, and Mr Howard was hustled by three Australian Protective Services chaps behind a line of 11 policemen. The police struggled to contain the crowd, and about seven or eight protesters managed to break through to the doorway, only to be confounded by more APS at the door. Mounted police were standing by, as well as around eight more uniformed police and various suited APS officers. In a shocking move, the police didn't resort to subduing the crowd with tear gas as seems to be the trend.

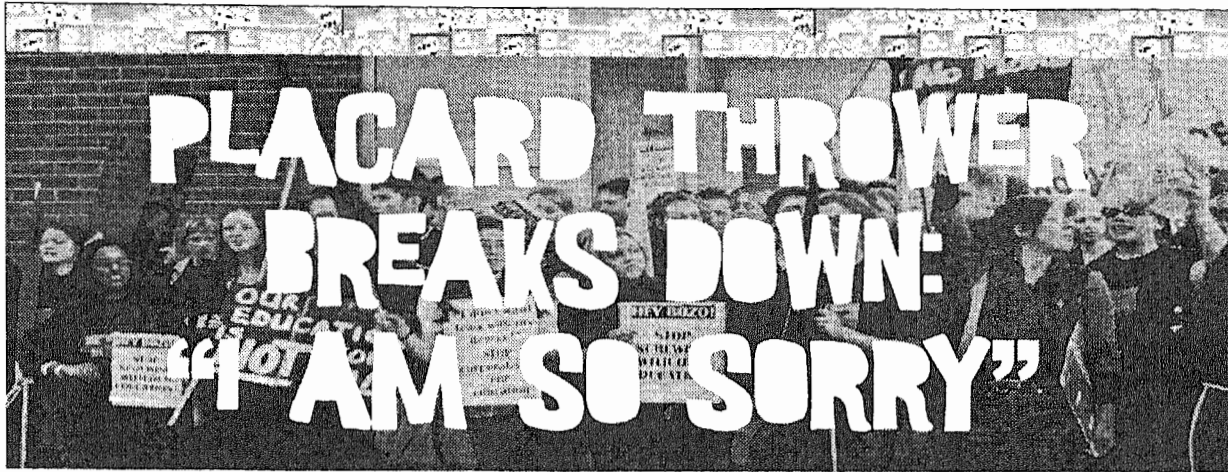
The media coverage of the event was generally disappointing, with the protest being mentioned as an aside to John Howard's visit to attend a Liberal Party pep-talk dinner. What coverage they did have was focussed on trivialities and sensationalised the Liberal Club's presence, despite the fact that this accounted only for 10-15 out of 400 people. As far as I know, no numbers were mentioned in the media.

When Mr Howard left the Santos building, about 50 people were still present for the occasion. Given that the mainstream media had departed, the police took a much less restrained approach, attempting to violently remove any bystanders who were in the vicinity. Many passive protesters came away with bruises from being unnecessarily rough-handled.

The action was a success in that at short notice, 400 people were able to attend and let the Prime Minister know of the poor esteem in which we hold the current government. It was an inspiring event and a demonstration of widespread awareness of the inherent crudeness of the way this country is being run and a willingness to stand against continuing injustice.

Jekabs Rozitis

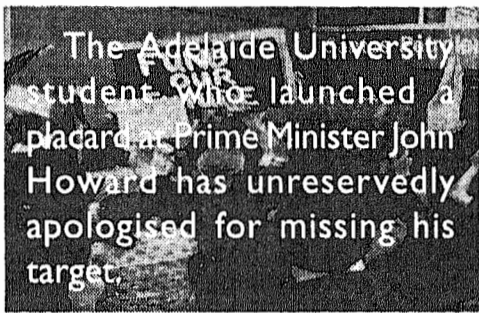




PLACARD THROWER BREAKS DOWN: "I AM SO SORRY"

In an *On Dit* exclusive, the University of Adelaide student who launched a placard at Prime Minister John Howard has unreservedly apologised for missing his target. "I'm just so, so sorry," said Student X, who did not want to be identified for fear of retribution from fellow protesters Mr Howard visited the North Terrace campus on Friday August 23 to open the new Santos Petroleum Engineering Building. He was delayed for half an hour by hundreds of students protesting against the Government's education and refugee policies. X, who broke down when interviewed, said, "I know I've disappointed so many people out there - students, the unemployed, indigenous people, refugees, the gay and lesbian community, environmentalists - but if it's any consolation to them, there's no one more upset about this than me... I just hate myself right now."

The miserable student says he cannot expect forgiveness, but is asking for understanding: "You've gotta realise it isn't easy to take someone out with a piece of cardboard on a stick, especially a short bugger like Howard. It doesn't matter how much you practice - we're not talking javelins here. I mean, you don't go spear-fishing with a wobble-board, do you?" X is also keen to point out his achievements on the day that were overshadowed by his terrible lapse: "At least it wasn't a total loss," he said. "I did manage to douse several Liberal Club goons and their placards with spray paint. Despite this, X isn't making any excuses. "I guess it's fair to say I'm a choker."



In fact, no one's choked this badly since that whole Mama Cass-sandwich thing. Except it's worse for me... I have to live with what I've done."

Determined to take something positive from his failure, X said the experience has made him a more compassionate person. "Like, when that race-walker chick fucked up at the Olympics, I just thought it was hilarious. The funniest thing ever. Now, when I think of her, I just want to cry. She's so strong, I so know how she felt now. You just live it over and over. I won't be able to exorcise this demon until I've plugged a placard up Howard's a** like a... like a big Tampa-shaped tampon. Or something."

X has vowed to begin his comeback in the Placard Throwing at the University Games to be held in Adelaide shortly, giving up a recent foray into effigy-burning to concentrate on his main event. "You gotta get back on the bike, you know. Actually, that's what I'm training for now - A pedal-by. More momentum. Greater degree of difficulty."

This bid to raise the sport to new heights shows X is more determined than ever to prove himself to the placard throwing community. "I don't know what went wrong. Maybe I thought the placard would do the work for me," he said. "But I've learnt my lesson. There's no place for complacency in placards."

Tim Williams

WHEN GOOD AID TURNS BAD...

The practice of using foreign 'aid' to embed commercial interests is in itself nothing new, but the current African crisis is highlighting a new battleground for 'aid wars': GM food. In short, the US is using starving people to allow its agribusiness giants to further penetrate the African continent.

The US has been pressuring six African nations to accept, and the UN and EU to support, the export of GM food as aid. Zambia, Zimbabwe and Mozambique are angry at the American refusal to send conventional food or mill the GM grain, but will accept and mill it themselves to prevent farmers using the seed.

If farmers use unmilled GM 'aid' as seed, they will risk their nations' export capacity and pave the way for domination by companies like Monsanto, which is already buying up African seed companies. Once GM crops are identified, Monsanto and the like pounce, demanding farmers pay for use of patented seed, disallowing storage of seed for subsequent planting (thus requiring constant purchasing of new seed) and forcing reliance on inputs like specific pesticides which - surprise, surprise - the same companies manufacture. Dragging nations - willingly or not - into the GM game is the American way of breaking down the current resistance of agricultural markets to GM product.

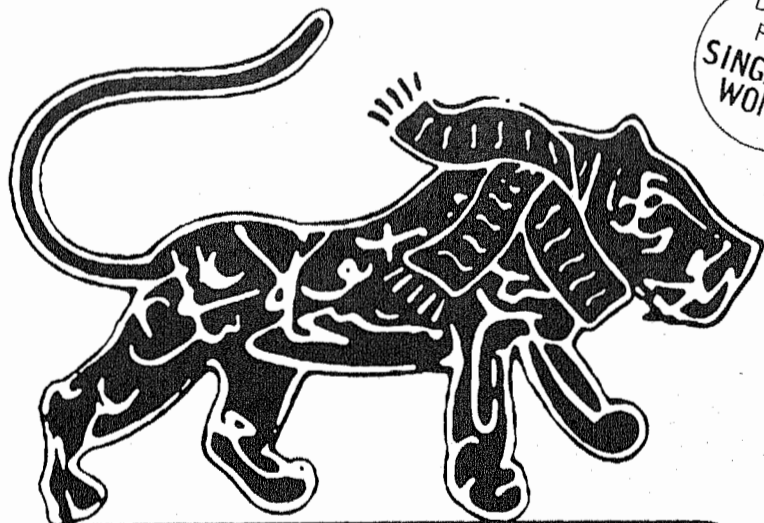
There are three more reasons for concern: firstly, unauthorised GM planting would pre-empt legislation on GM food in recipient nations, thus undermining democratic process. Secondly, recipient nations currently lack resources to conduct adequate environmental risk assessments. Thirdly, it could undermine exports relying on organic status. Mundia Sikatana, Zambia's agriculture minister, said: "We cannot be so irresponsible so as to risk the lives of innocent people. If we engage in GM our exports will be thrown overboard and that will cost thousands of jobs."

Tim Williams

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Trio Mocotó (BRAZIL)

Workshop Two
1pm \$12
(FREE WITH CONCERT 2)
Sally Nyolo (CAMEROON)



SALLY NYOLO 3

Concert Three
Saturday 7 September
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Sally Nyolo (CAMEROON)
Mara & Llew Kiek (AUS)
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Interviews for OB Positions

To obtain these interviews, *On Dit* emailed all candidates using the email address specified on their nomination forms. We called for all SAUA Office Bearer candidates to come down to the office and fill out a form with their answers to questions about the relevant position. Candidates were not able to remove their forms from the office and were unable to ask others for assistance, so you know that the answers on these pages are from the candidates themselves (unlike the Broadsheet statements, which could have been written by anyone).

President

DUY TRAN

PETER CELINSKI

LEO LEE

ASTA COX

YINGBO ZHU

ALAN ROGERS

RYAN TAYLOR

SUSAN BABIDGE

KIN SHING

BOBBY YAU

GEORGIA
HEATH



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

I am being supported by the Activate ticket. Activate is made up of a group of progressive students who participate in student representation at a state, campus and national level.

If you were to become President, what would you want the main focus of your presidency to be?

I believe that the Students' Association should be the peak representative body on campus, responsible for establishing campus culture and activism. With this in mind, I

would like to invigorate the campaigns and activities run by students to make sure that these goals are achieved and that the students of Adelaide Uni receive the best possible representation. 2003 will see a great need for an active Students' Association with massive reforms of higher education on the Federal Government agenda. The Students' Association must be active and ready to take action at all times to ensure that students are not disadvantaged by these reforms.

What do you think the SAUA's relationship be with the Union?

The Students' Association and the Union must be in a relationship of simultaneous independence and collaboration. Whilst it is in the vested interests of students for the SAUA and the AUU to work together on campaigns and services, the organisations serve completely different functions and therefore must exist as separate entities. The SAUA needs to be free to lobby the Union regarding their services, yet with this independence comes a responsibility for the SAUA to ensure that it does not get too tough. It is therefore essential that office bearers and councillors are held accountable and ensure that the organisation performs within its boundaries and with integrity.

Given the SAUA's financial position, how would you keep the SAUA relevant and active?

A barbecue on the lawns should not be all that the Students' Association is capable of achieving. There must be a variety of campaigns and activities provided by the SAUA to cater for all students, that are inexpensive and vibrant. Office bearers need to find new ways of communicating with students and it is vital that students input into the types of campaigns the Students' Association runs.

Considering you will be working with students from a wide variety of political backgrounds, how will you maintain a harmonious and productive office?

I believe that the Students' Association should be a centre of discussion and debate. The SAUA exists as a political organisation therefore it is essential that standing committees and office bearers openly discuss a variety of issues. All students should be able to express their views without intimidation, and the committees should come up with policies accordingly. All office bearers, regardless of political persuasion must be able to carry this out in a professional manner. I will encourage all office bearers to work collaboratively on campaigns to ensure that they have good working relationships, and that ultimately students receive maximum benefits.

DAVID WILLIAMS

MARC ROBINSON

PATRICK
JENKINSON

NED MOORFIELD

ERIC MADDOCKS

MICHELLE
WITTHOLZ

DANIEL JOHNS

ANTONIO
SANTOS

JEREMY SAMUELS

ELIJAH VARTTO

WAN POH LEE

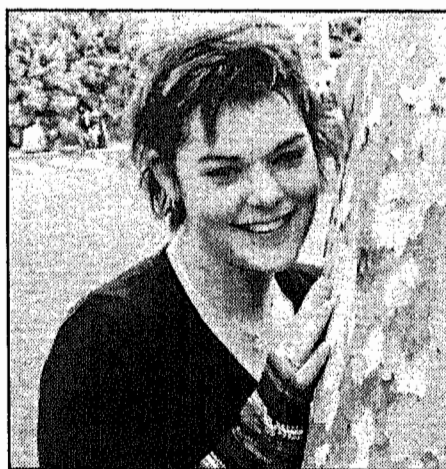
LEE MORONEY

MATT SZLAZAK

TONY SARROS

MICHAEL
BRAUER

SARAH
HANSON



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

No. I am a true independent! The only way to go!

If you were to become President, what would you want the main focus of your presidency to be?

Creating an environment that is active and alive. Encouraging all student reps to work together and getting students involved in all campaigns to achieve productive change, facilitating effective communication and co-operation between office bearers, despite factional differences is the key to a positive and effective organisation. To make the SAUA

a hub of activity and representation is my main focus!

What do you think the SAUA's relationship be with the Union?

The Union must recognize that the SAUA is semi-autonomous and thus, while giving financial support at the beginning of the year, the SAUA must be given the freedom to run campaigns, even if they are not intended to make a profit. The Union runs the moneymaking services while the SAUA educates and represents students. The communication between the SAUA and the AUU desperately needs improvement. Official report backs on meetings and consultation on events is a simple start.

Both the SAUA and the Union must recognise the different roles they hold and put aside any competition and bickering.

Given the SAUA's financial position, how would you keep the SAUA relevant and active?

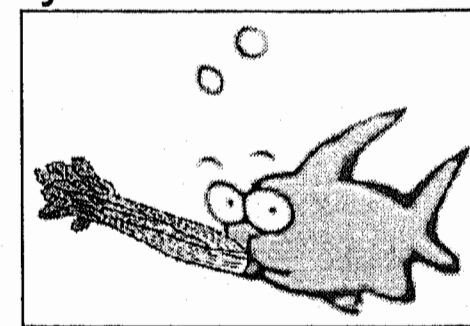
You do not need to spend thousands of dollars to be relevant and active – look at the Environment Department this year. Grassroots campaigns and student involvement is what creates change. The cost of representation is not money but passion, commitment and quality.

Considering you will be working with students from a wide variety of political backgrounds, how will you maintain a harmonious and productive office?

I am a small 'i' independent for a reason – I am not tied down to national responsibilities or factional fighting. With such a large number of different groups involved the most productive President would be one who is non-aligned, and prepared to get on with the job of student representation above everything else. I take people for who they are, not their faction. A non-aligned, non-factional independent president simply makes sense!

TIMOTHY
BALLANTYNE

JULIAN PIETSCH



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

Yes. I am running for President with the full support of the Celery Freedom Party.

If you were to become President, what would you want the main focus of your presidency to be?

The Celery Freedom Party aims to promote peace as a basis from which further fruitful discussions and improvements can occur. As such I hold these views also and wish to use them to bring all aspects of Uni life together.

What do you think the SAUA's relationship be with the Union?

In order to achieve maximum

Interviews for OB Positions

productivity, the SAUA needs to have a strong, peaceful relationship with all university organisations, including the Union. I hope to walk in this direction with the support of the Celery Freedom Party.

Given the SAUA's financial position, how would you keep the SAUA relevant and active?

Mutual understanding between the SAUA and the University will lead to further opportunities for future events and features of the SAUA. The Celery Freedom Party and I count on the peace facilitating properties of celery.

Considering you will be working with students from a wide variety of political backgrounds, how will you maintain a harmonious and productive office?

Our constitution asserts that "if participants in a conflict are persuaded to eat celery, and then the celery is completely consumed, they are less likely to continue in conflict." This conclusion is reached on sound grounds. Further information will be available from party members who will be found during election week.

TONY ROBINSON

**CHUONG
NGUYEN**

**SHELLEY
BROADBENT**

ANDREW MORRIS

ALEKS GADE

DAVID EY

BRETT SANDER

ANDREW KELLY

STEVE AMOS

JUN UDAGAWA

**MEAGAN
HACKETT**



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

Yes. Student Voice on campus, and off campus I am a member of Student Unity and the ALP.

If you were to become President, what would you want the main focus of your presidency to be?

As student I would focus on increasing the level of student representation so it is encompassed on a broad campus, community and government scale. With the proposed changes to higher education outlined in the Federal Government's Nelson Review the SAUA must be strong in its opposition to the detrimental changes that will greatly impact students. Now more than ever is a time for the SAUA to lobby the university and the government on the issues facing students. The SAUA also has the responsibility to ensure students are aware of the ever-changing status of higher education and how proposed changes such as upfront fees and full fee deregulation will impact students' ability to access education.

What do you think the SAUA's relationship be with the union?

The SAUA is essentially the political arm of the AUU. The SAUA exists to represent and promote the interests of students at all times. The SAUA is and should remain a semi-autonomous and independent affiliate of the AUU. Finally, the SAUA's relationship with the AUU should be one where the SAUA looks to work closely with other Union affiliates. For a relevant and strong student voice it is essential that the SAUA works and communicates well with the OSA, PGSA and other affiliates.

Given the SAUA's financial position, how would you keep the SAUA relevant and active?

The SAUA's financial position is something that should be addressed. We need to see effective and responsible financial management being carried out at all times by office bearers and councillors. Councillors must have a basic understanding of accounting and management procedure. As President I would ensure that this happens. Only when this has been addressed can the SAUA remain and continue to be relevant and active.

Considering you will be working with students from a wide variety of political backgrounds, how will you maintain a harmonious and productive office?

I am not someone who is interested in playing petty politics - I am here to get the job done. Once elected I will be working for the needs of the students. As NUS SA Women's Officer this year I have worked with students from a wide variety of political backgrounds and I have always worked towards representing and promoting the status of South Australian Women students. An effective President is one who always puts the fundamental and core ideas of student of student representation before everything and anything (sic) first. I am positive that all other student representatives would have these same ideals and would work towards maintaining a productive office.

NIGEL BRINE

ELISE DUFFIELD



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

I am running with Clementine Ford as two "Cunning Stunters".

If you were to become President, what would you want the main focus of your presidency to be?

I think it is important for students to embrace the cunning stunt as a thing of beauty and splendour. If elected president, my main focus would be to run cunning stunt appreciation campaigns.

What do you think the SAUA's relationship should be with the union?

Purely platonic. It is currently way too incestuous.

Given the SAUA's financial position, how would you keep the SAUA relevant and active?

Replace O'Ball with an inexpensive 'Learn to appreciate cunning stunts' weekend retreat. Replace the photocopy service with massage chairs.

Considering you will be working with students from a wide variety of political backgrounds, how will you maintain a harmonious and productive office?

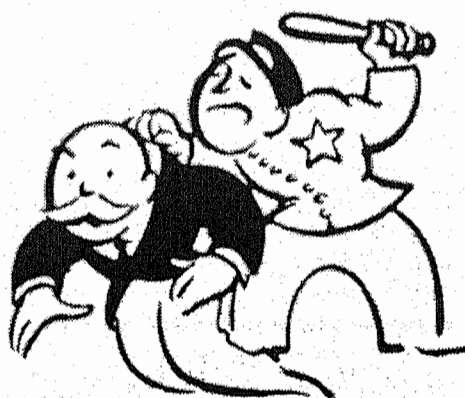
I will rule the office with an iron fist. Beware the dictatorship.

TYSON RITTER

ERIC ROBINSON

**ANDREW
SCHULTZ**

SIAW SAN LIEW



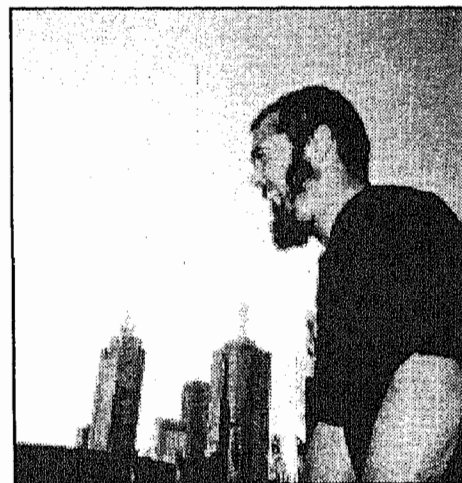
"Campaign harder!"

**EDUCATION
VICE-
PRESIDENT**

DAVID RAMM

**HOLLY
GRAMAZIO**

NAT ENRIGHT



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

This question seems to presume I have some kind of overt political aspirations. This is not the case. I am not affiliated with any faction and believe that an independent candidate can represent the students without political bias and effect real change in the SAUA.

How do you believe tertiary education should be funded?

I could descend into vitriolic political diatribe but I know that during the course of this week you, the students will be bombarded with political propaganda, so I'll be brief. FREE EDUCATION - IT'S TIME!

Given the current state of education, what campaigns do you plan to run in 2003?

There are a few things in this world that are destined to be FUCKED - for example Yeltsin at a distillery and BRENDAN NELSON INTERFERING IN EDUCATION - SIMPLY FUCKED. If elected I promise to make education accessible to all. That's right, Mr Nelson, not just those from the leafy Eastern suburbs. Because education is a right not a privilege I will endeavour to make education equitable. I AIN'T NO PHYSICIST, BUT I KNOW WHAT MATTERS... EDUCATION.

What skills and experience will you bring to the position?

This question seems to be just an opportunity to make trumped up claims and brag about my achievements. I will not be so supercilious but I leave you, the students, safe in the knowledge I am a hard-working, honest guy who is simply committed to education.

**CONTINUED
NEXT PAGE...**

Interviews for OB Positions

DREW RUDLAND



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

I am running with the ACTION ticket. Our ticket is unaligned to any political party, but off campus everyone knows I am Liberal-minded.

How do you believe tertiary education should be funded?

It is too difficult to have free tertiary education, so therefore we obviously have to pay for the education that we receive at university. In an ideal world, it would be great if education was free, but that is logically impossible. The system needs to be looked at and reviewed. Students are inevitably going to have to pay for the education they receive, but it is obviously going to have to be reviewed as to how much we do pay. Governments (both state and Federal) are also going to have to lessen the burden on students. But if you want an education, you are going to have to pay for it.

Given the current state of education, what campaigns do you plan to run in 2003?

I would approach the students and ask what campaigns they want to run. We are elected to represent students, so the easy thing to do is ask the general students what areas are effecting (sic) their education. The general student population has the say, so I will run campaigns that are popular with them, so people turn up and they are proactive.

What skills and experience will you bring to the position?

As a SAUA councillor this year, I have gained an understanding about what is being done, and by noting the turn-outs to these events, I realise that campaigns need to be run more effectively for the overall student population.

MARISA BATSIOKIS

LEAH MARRONE



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

I am a member of the Activate group.

How do you believe tertiary education should be funded?

I believe that all education should be funded by the people of Australia, as are the roads, as are the hospitals and all other ESSENTIAL areas of our society.

Given the current state of education, what campaigns do you plan to run in 2003?

I plan to continue and expand the campaign against the *Crossroads* review of higher education, given that this effects all students. I also plan to deal with a range of educational issues that are specific to discriminated groups on campus.

What skills and experience will you bring to the position?

I have a strong interest in the area of education. I have attended this year's NUS national conference on Education. I was also on this year's Education Standing Committee. I am a passionate hard worker, who gets stuff done!

ACTIVITIES/ CAMPAIGNS VICE- PRESIDENT

ALIDA PARENTE



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

I am running with the Independents. We are not politically aligned, and have no affiliation with party politics. We believe that this guarantees the needs of students are put first.

What ideas do you have that will bring in money for the department?

Sponsorship is the key to ensuring that costs of putting on events does not lie solely on attendance or ticket prices. Through sponsorship students are able to receive more free products, and the burden of covering costs for events is taken away from students having to spend their own money. Throughout my extensive experience of organising events on campus, I have developed a solid database to ensure that this occurs.

Some of the events that I will put on next year include

- *Family Fun Day
- *Comedy Nights

*Bigger and better Unifest, with greater diversity in music, varying from House, to Drum & Bass and Reggae

I am confident that there is a plethora of sponsors who would be interested in supporting these events. A greater diversity of activities will also guarantee attendance and participation.

Tell us about Prosh 2003.

Prosh has been a fantastic tradition of the SAUA and I wish to continue this tradition. Some key things that I will do to make Prosh better include:

*Earlier promotions, commencing in Orientation

*Attempt to gain television coverage as was achieved in 1998

*Have great prizes for those who participate in the pranks for Prosh

*Ensure that 'Prosh After Dark' is an event that students want to attend

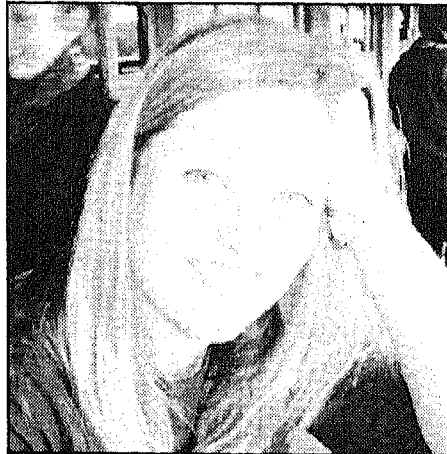
*Work on getting ample sponsors and supporters so a greater diversity of events can occur and students receive more benefits

What skills and experience will you bring to the position?

I have extensive experience in organizing events ranging from everyday BBQs to large scale shows. I was Activities/Campaigns Vice-President in 1998. I was able to rejuvenate the activities department. Many events occurred, including Re-Orientation, the end of year Disorientation show, Christmas in July, just to name a few. The events I ran were diverse, and had ample promotion and attendance.

I have been a constant assistant to the Activities department over the years, and have a sound understanding of the functioning of the SAUA and the activities department.

ADELLE NEARY



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

I am running with a group called Activate in these elections. We are comprised of students from almost every department on campus!

What ideas do you have that will bring in money for the department?

I plan to hold events that have a broad appeal to different groups of people on campus. I think part of the problem with activities in recent history is that they appeal to the same group of people every time. Activities can be so much more than barbecues and beer. Whether it be film nights, wine festivals or bands on the lawns, I think that I will be able to run events that appeal to all the different groups on campus, and that this will translate to \$\$\$ for the department.

Tell us about Prosh 2003.

I will hold Prosh later in the year, probably term 2, to allow more momentum to develop in the departments on the periphery of the campus. I will aim to get more students involved in the event, to make it a more accessible week of festivities and fundraising. Deep down, Adelaide Uni students are all generous and charitable types, and I'm sure I will be able to encourage everyone to 'dig deep' for charity!!

What skills and experience will you bring to the position?

I had a lot of involvement with Orientation this year on O'Camp and during O'Week, and learned a lot about organising events like these. I was also involved in running the recent Fine Food & Wine Festival which was held by the Union Activities Committee, and as Chair of this committee for a short time, I have also had a lot of involvement in the national Campus Band Competition. Outside uni, I have had 9 years experience with the Rock Eistedfodd at my old school with both fundraising and the actual event itself.

PAUL CROSSLEY



Old Man Crothers realised that living next door to the Osbournes was a bad idea.

WOMEN'S OFFICER

NARELLE LINTERN



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

Yes, part of the Action ticket.

In your opinion, why is the Women's Department still relevant on this campus?

The women's department is still relevant due to the fact that many women are still being oppressed and discriminated against both on and off campus.

What is your knowledge of feminist theory and how relevant is this to your department?

I do not believe that feminist theory is very relevant to the department. This is because the women's (sic) department on campus should be about issues that are occurring on campus, yet the feminists of

Interviews for OB Positions

early generations have made it easier for women of today to be able to achieve what they can today.

What skills and experience will you bring to the position?

My involvement in the sexuality department this year has enabled me to be involved in the SAUA and seeing how campaigns are organised and run (sic). Also I have helped organised (sic) other things such as AUScA O'Camp. Also I am open minded to ideas of others and willing to consider these things when making decisions about situation (sic).

GEORGIA PHILLIPS



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

I am part of a group called MAD – Making A Difference. We are not aligned to any political party and we only exist at Adelaide University. We care about and represent the needs and rights of students that attend this University.

In your opinion, why is the Women's Department still relevant on this campus?

Women are still a marginalised group in society. They are discriminated against based solely on their gender. Unfortunately, discrimination and harassment of women still occurs on campus. The Women's Department exists to represent the needs and rights of women students. It is important that all women have access to quality representation.

What is your knowledge of feminist theory and how relevant is this to your department?

I believe that women have the right to be treated as equals to men. It is unfair that men still have a number of advantages over women in a variety of situations within society. The Women's Department represents women on campus to overcome some of the unfair advantages men still have within educational situations, as well as in the workplace. The acknowledgment of the situations of women within the wider community is also important to the Women's Department. For example, so that women know what to expect once they leave university, entering the workforce.

What skills and experience will you bring to the position?

Over the past year, I have been on SAUA Council and a member of the Women's Standing Committee. This has given me greater insight into how the Students' Association operates, and more importantly, how the Women's Department works to represent women on campus. I am a friendly and approachable person and will actively listen to the needs of all women, fighting for their needs and rights.

ALISON LLOYD - WRIGHT

ENVIRONMENT OFFICER

MARG RILEY

PAUL GRILLO



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

No, I'm running as an independent along with the lovely Sarah Hanson. Outside of uni I am a member of a couple of NGO's, ACF and Greenpeace.

How have you been involved with the environment department or other environmental organisations in the past?

I'm currently in my 2nd year of a Bachelor of Environmental Studies. I've been involved with the Students' Association's activities and I'm excited about the things I could achieve as your Environment Officer. I used to recruit financial supporters for Greenpeace back in '99. Since then I have been secretary and nuclear specialist for the 'Greenpeace Adelaide Local Group'. I've participated actively in many 'Direct Communications (DC's) for Greenpeace, as well as things like 'Critical Mass' and 'Woomera 2002'.

What are the university specific issues and campaigns that you want to focus on in 2003?

I hope to continue running the relevant and important campaigns of previous years, such as 'Save the Forest Funk', rights, recycling programs, and general representation of student concerns. Of the many inter-related and pressing environmental issues we face today, I am most passionate about Third World wealth inequality, and saving our remaining old-growth forests and bringing an end to the Australian Nuclear Industry.

What other specific campaigns would you like to run in 2003?

Genetic Modification of Food Awareness Campaigns, Consumer Awareness, Refugee Rights, Fair Trade Campaigns, promoting sustainable technologies and practices.

What skills and experience will you bring to the position?

I've run meetings of local NGO's before and I have a couple of years experience in running active, positive campaigns. As Environment Officer, I will bring good gear to the position, like: communication skills, passion, transparency & accountability in my work, various NGO's & industry contacts plus a whole lotta positive, creative vibes!

CLAUDIA OAKESHOTT



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

No – just little ol' Activate.

How have you been involved with the environment department or other environmental organisations in the past?

As a member of SAUA Council I have seen the campaigns run by the environment department this year and joined the national online mail list to keep up to date with what's going on.

What are the university specific issues and campaigns that you want to focus on in 2003?

Cleaning up the Torrens! It is totally gross and right in our backyard. This year the Environment Department has made huge progress in cleaning up our campus and it's important to see that stuff continue.

What other specific campaigns would you like to run in 2003?

Water Awareness especially – and asking what the students want!

What skills and experience will you bring to the position?

Knowing how it works – from Council. Knowing about environment stuff - I'm a hillbilly and live with a naturopath and have focussed my studies on environmental science.

SEXUALITY OFFICER (MALE)

JASYN WALSH



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

I'm running with MAD. (Make A Difference).

What has been your involvement in the department and/or other sexuality groups?

I have been actively involved in the department since the beginning of the year helping run campaigns, events and other tomfoolery as well as being an active member of Pride and a Queer Collaboration delegate.

Tell us about any specific campaigns or activities that you would like to run in 2003?

I would like to continue raising the profile of the department through campaigns that are relevant to all students, such as youth suicide prevention, anti - homophobia etc., as well as introducing some new and exciting activities.

Queer issues have been given a high priority in the past. Do you think this is relevant and a good idea, or are there other issues that you would rather prioritise?

I believe that queer issues should be given the same level of support as all other departments in the SAUA, but in general it is about inclusion not exclusion that need to be promoted.

What skills and experience will you bring to the position?

I have been involved in many GLBTI groups in the community such as Feast Festival, Second Story and the Gay & Lesbian counselling service as well as being quite involved in the Sexuality Department and the SAUA.

SEXUALITY OFFICER (FEMALE)

EMMA

O'LOUGHLIN



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

Yes, I am part of MAD – Make A Difference. Our party is only involved with Adelaide Uni, this means that our sole priority is giving students here what they want and need.

What has been your involvement in the department and/or other sexuality groups?

I have been involved with the Sexuality Department this year helping Asta and Adrian run campaigns, etc. I am also an active member of Pride and I am fully supported by both Pride and the Department.

Tell us about any specific campaigns or activities that you would like to run in 2003?

CONTINUED
NEXT PAGE...

Interviews for OB Positions

My main aim is to make the Department more accessible to students who might need it - this involves creating a Sexuality Department web page to make access easier and less intimidating for people who find it hard to approach the Department. Making the Department more student-friendly by running fun, visible and relevant campaigns.

Queer issues have been given a high priority in the past. Do you think this is relevant and a good idea, or are there other issues that you would rather prioritise?

I think there is a need to focus on Queer issues, but also to support student who are having problems with all aspects of their sexuality. Statistics tell us that queer students need more support in the community and I think university is an important time in sexual development for many students, therefore creating a need for the Sexuality Department and friendly, approachable, passionate SexO's.

What skills and experience will you bring to the position?

It's really important that anyone elected into a position by the students is passionate and dedicated in their position. I have strong beliefs and ideas about the Department, and I also think that the Sexuality Department needs to have office bearers who are approachable and friendly, like me!! I am the best candidate for this position because I have used the Department myself and am aware of how the Department can help students, I have the full support of Pride, and the current Sexuality officers and am very committed to making the Department more productive and student-friendly, a place for all students to come for help, advice or just a chat.

**MARIE
CONSTANTINE
ORIENTATION
CO-ORDINATOR**

DANIEL JOYCE



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

On campus I'm supported by the independents grouping who are neither directly or indirectly supported by any of the major state and federal political parties.

How important do you think Orientation is and why?

O'Week, Camp and Ball are one way to make university seem a more interesting and less daunting place for first year students, and for the rest of us it's a time to enjoy ourselves without worrying about study.

Orientation is also one of the things that the SAUA does that's visible to students and therefore one of its most important means of promotion. It's also a perfect example of how students can put on events and entertainment without touching a dollar of the Union fee.

Tell us about your ideas for Orientation 2003.

Ideas for Orientation are only limited by your imagination and your ability to make them happen (i.e. money). One fantasy is to have water cascading off the Unibar balcony turning the cloisters into a huge waterfall/jungle area but then I would have to find \$10,000 odd dollars to make it happen. During O'Week last year the open air dance party was promising; Tequila and Nacho Night go down well whilst some sort of fruit smoothie extravaganza is a must. I think recreating "It's a Knockout!" would be popular.

Considering losses of previous years, what ideas do you have for O'Ball?

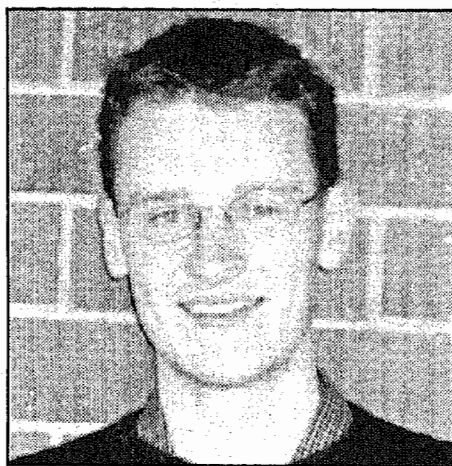
Over the years pressure has been put on O'Ball to become a larger event and therefore a larger cash cow. O'Ball must start with a set budget to reduce the risks of overspending, possibly returning to a smaller but just as exciting show, as it was in '97 or '98. It's pretty simple really.

What skills and experience do you bring to this job?

If elected for 2003 I'd be the first Co-ordinator in over 5 years to have had experience as a Director; in other words the only one to start the position really knowing what they're doing. After doing O'Week 2002 I have contacts with past sponsors, know who to talk to and what to organise when, to make everything happen. O'Week 2002 didn't cost students a cent we ran it completely on sponsor's money and our enthusiasm, while drawing huge crowds and attendance to nighttime events.

It's easy to come up with grand visions of Orientation but very difficult to make it run smoothly. With the experience of O'Camp Leader 2001 and O'Week Director 2002, I can do that.

**ROWAN
NICHOLSON**



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

I am running with Activate, a group of progressive students from a variety of departments and backgrounds.

How important do you think Orientation is and why?

For most students, Orientation is their first taste of university life. It should be inclusive and welcoming to encourage new students to be involved on campus.

Tell us about your ideas for Orientation 2003.

As well as providing the usual host of activities and functions, Orientation should treat student money responsibly. This means it must break even next year.

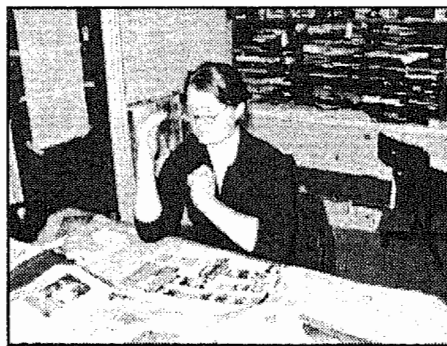
Considering losses of previous years, what ideas do you have for O'Ball?

It is possible to make O'Ball entertaining and exciting without losing money. This should be a prime objective.

What skills and experience do you bring to this job?

I can bring dedication and responsibility to the position of Orientation Coordinator.

**CLEMENTINE
FORD**



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

Yes. Elise Duffield and myself are part of an anti-establishment group called 'Cunning Stunts on Campus'. She's the stone fox, I'm the fat cat.

How important do you think Orientation is and why?

Put it this way. If I had to choose between Orientation and, say, a week in a Cambodian torture camp, I might have to flip a coin.

Tell us about your ideas for Orientation 2003.

I haven't any as yet, but I'll be conducting some pretty hardcore straw polls later on.

Considering losses of previous years, what ideas do you have for O'Ball?

I'm very lazy. I'll probably just whack a microphone in the middle of the Barr Smith Lawns and run with that. If I get truly inspired, I might organise a karaoke machine. I don't know, what do you think?

What skills and experience do you bring to this job?

I have an excellent capacity for lying which will help when the time comes to fudge the budget. I like to call it, "the fudget".

ON DIT

**BONNIE
CRUICKSHANK/
GEMMA CLARK/
TRISTAN
MAHONEY**



Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

No, we are but the humble fruit of the *On Dit* office's loins. We believe that it is vital for members of the student media to remain unaligned and objective.

What experience do you have electronic layout, the printing process and Apple Macs?

We are well-versed in the bells and whistles adorning the production process, up to and including the notorious Sunday Night Slog.

What is your editorial policy?

We will defend *On Dit* from racist, sexist, homophobic, defamatory and generally shithouse content. *On Dit* will act as a forum for the whole student body, rather than just a handful of student polities.

What is *On Dit's* principal role?

On Dit is the official organ of the Student's Association, and is now in its 70th year. With Cruickshank, Clark and Mahoney at the helm, *On Dit* will not only form a credible counterpoint to mainstream media, but also contain regular features, interviews and reviews that will both amuse and inform.

Despite running against each other for Pall Mall 30 years ago, George and Mildred, remained solid friends.



**STUDENT
RADIO**

**MARK VAN DER
KOLK/
DAVID GILBERT
PAUL HUEBL/
JOSEPH HYNES**

Are you part of, or being supported by any political party, group or faction on or off campus?

Yes, the ones who think we will do a good job.

What experience have you had with Student Radio or other such positions?

Interviews for OB Positions

radio show. Paul has also held positions such as ACVP, UAC and Orientation Camp Director. Joe has been an *On Dit* Vox Pop Sub-Editor for the past two years.

What fundraising ideas do you have to promote Student Radio in 2003?

A Local Noise Concert/Festival, with the emphasis being on showcasing Adelaide music. We will also be in a position to get hold of signed paraphernalia, which can be excellent raffle material!

What have you got in mind for the show line-up in 2003?

Diversity! Our aim is to determine what Adelaide Uni students want to hear, and structure our line-up accordingly.

What skills and experience will you bring to the position?

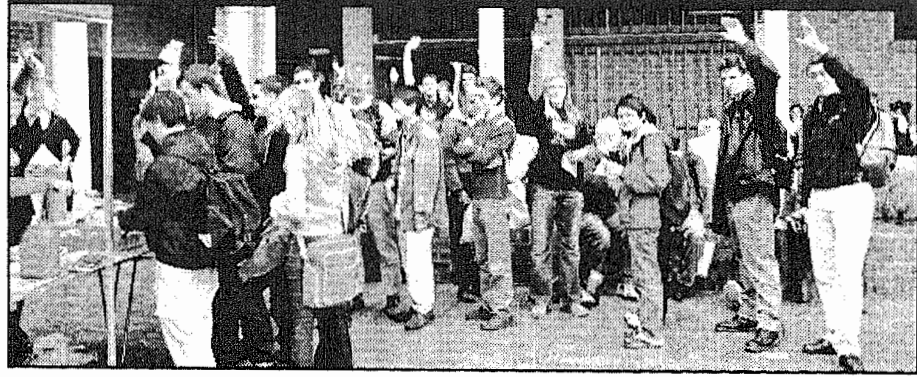
As said earlier, we both have experience with Student Radio, as well as other positions within the uni. We believe that we possess an originality, which coupled with our university experience can bring new light and exposure to Adelaide University Student Radio.

We also look great in suits, and Paul can burp the national anthem of an unknown Latin American country.

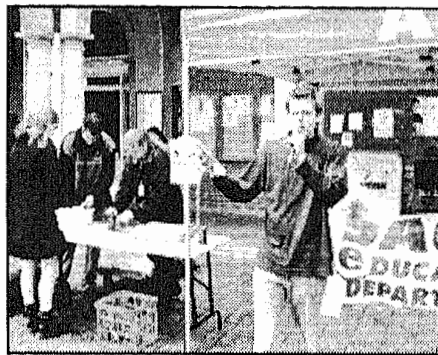
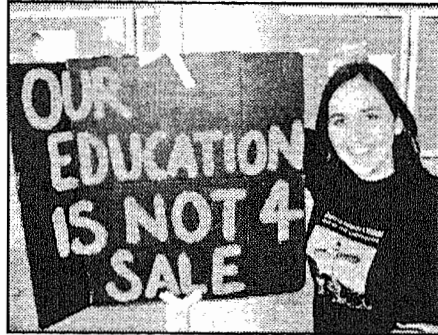
TAARA KENNEDY

Published by Michael Fyfe, a1069351.
 Authorised by the Returning Officer.
 Please Recycle. The Opinions expressed here do not reflect the opinions of the Returning Officer.

General Student Meeting



A general student meeting was held on August 29, attended by over 100 students, succeeding in passing a motion condemning the Crossroads review and its attack on accessible higher education.



Student Representatives Standing Committee, Round Two

The second Student Representatives Standing Committee meeting for this year was held last Wednesday night in the University Council room. The committee, comprising both undergraduate and postgraduate student representatives from across the University's faculties, was chaired by Education Vice-President Georgia Heath. The two main agenda items, a look at Federal Education Minister Brendan Nelson's Crossroads Review, and a forum for general issues of concern for students, provoked an impassioned and fruitful discussion.

The main issues of particular concern to students related to the University's IT services, and in particular, the MyUni and PeopleSoft programmes. Points raised included an absence of lecture times and locations on MyUni at the beginning of the semester, crucial course materials being available only online, significant downtimes, a lack of staff training in use of MyUni, and flawed online learning programmes. One student reported being stoked upon logging onto Access Adelaide to find he had scored a Distinction in an Economics course, despite the fact that he was enrolled only in a Bachelor of Engineering. However, worries about the integrity of the system and the supposed confidentiality of student information soon set in.

The discussion of Crossroads focussed on the growing competition between training and teaching, and specialist versus holistic education, and what this will mean for students.

A paper will be drafted as a result of the meeting, to be put to Academic Board and discussed by Faculty Boards and Committees. This draft will be considered at the next SRSC meeting, to be held on Thursday, September 19 at 5pm. All students are heartily encouraged to attend.

Gemma Clark

SAUA President Responds

Recently some of you may have come across an 'interesting' flier distributed in the Law School and surrounding areas, regarding the financial position of the SAUA.

It is dangerous to react too much to misleading propaganda because in doing so you can give it some credibility. But when it becomes a personal attack and attempts to pass itself off as having some relationship to *On Dit*, I feel compelled to respond.

The flier, issued by individuals who don't seem to want to be identified, makes a number of accusations regarding censorship of *On Dit* over the financial position of the Students' Association, which couldn't be further from the truth. Provisions in our policy give the Editors complete and unfettered editorial control of all editions to publish what they like, unless it is homophobic, sexist, racist or defamatory.

It also claims that no public statement has been made over our financial position. Perhaps the authors should get a copy of *On Dit* some editions ago in which an article was published regarding this very topic.

Typical of such propaganda is the spurious use of 'sources' to insinuate a false claim. There is no \$65,000 cash bail out required to save the Students' Association, and if there is any overspending from year to year it would not be 'by the President' as an individual, as each Office Bearer has a departmental budget and the collective management of funds is the responsibility of the SAUA Council, which meets fortnightly. Note how the amount claimed that the SAUA is in 'debt' by magically jumps from \$35,000 to \$65,000 to \$95,000 without any explanation.

"There are rumours of two pending law suits." is an interesting statement made by our mysterious PageMaker wizard. As far as I know, we have had discussions with some Lawyers regarding possible defamatory material in *On Dit*, however all discussions have ended in recent times. But the police reference, now that's an accurate one. I spoke to a very lovely man in uniform regarding a McDonalds figure that had gone missing in Rundle Mall, who left his number with me and said if I saw it around uni that I should give him a call.

Consider for a moment that given the traumas of the past whether the AUU Board would benignly sit by and let such financial mis-management, as this flier claims, occur when they are providing funding under the rules of the AUU constitution. In fact a presentation was made to the Students' Association Council which set out a possible overspend for 2002 of \$16,556.

As I said in my article a few editions ago, a sub-committee of the SAUA is making savings within our budget this year, and are developing and implementing money making initiatives to prevent this potential overspending.

All students are welcome to come into the SAUA to see me if they have any questions, the SAUA door is open to everyone.

Bek Cornish




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Politics of the Independent

There has been a changing of the guard in South Australian government over the past few years. Liberal and Labor no longer have the house to themselves and after all these years they are going to learn the hard way how to 'play nice' and share. And who are their new companions? The newcomers to the political battlefield are the independents and minor party candidates, who are growing in number and influence, and are no longer confined to the Upper House anymore.

Anyone without their head under a rock will have heard of the recent kerfuffle after the last election. Labor only managed to form a government by means of a deal brokered with the independent MP for Hammond, Peter Lewis. This deal involved the position of Speaker of the House being awarded to Mr Lewis, and the promise of a Constitutional Convention to be held next year. This will not be a convention exclusively for politicians, as it will draw on the support and ideas of the people as well.

Mr Lewis is not a lone soul standing between the two parties though. This year we have a large number of independents in the Lower House – Bob Such, Rory McEwen and National Party MP Karlene Maywald. Such a large number has not been seen since the 30s. Is this a symptom of the dissatisfaction South Australians feel towards the major parties, or is it sheer coincidence?

I recently had the opportunity to chat with Deputy Speaker Bob Such about the politics of the independent, and what it is like to stand out in a crowd. Mr Such has been an independent ever since October 2000, when he became disenchanted by the Liberal Party's actions under the Olsen Government. "I didn't believe that it was in accordance with genuine small 'l' liberal views. They did things like selling ETSA when they had told the people that they wouldn't, they were in the process of selling of as many assets as they could, and it wasn't justified or necessary. There were

considerable abuses by the Olsen Government and some of its senior people during their term in office. I kept saying to them that they were out of touch with the people, that they had lost the plot and weren't focussed on the important issues. In the end it came to a point where I said that's it, and I was out."

The process of becoming an independent is a somewhat difficult path to follow. Major parties have large financial reserves to back up their campaigns, as Mr Such recalls. "I obviously couldn't match the major parties in terms of the

resources they spent, and they spent a lot against me. I basically continued to put out my newsletter, a hand delivered leaflet and one letter that was letter boxed to a small area, and that

was all I could afford to do, whereas they could obviously get TV and radio. In one week alone the Liberal Party put out three personally addressed letters to everyone in the electorate, now that's a lot of money. That's 23, 000 times 33c plus printing each time, I couldn't afford to do one of those."

Besides the prohibitive costs associated with the campaign trail, it is also hard to get elected unless you have previously been a member of a major party, like Bob Such or Peter Lewis, or are well known for something within the community (and that does not include being known for your loud parties and flashing at bus stops). Politics lecturer Dr Clem Macintyre believes that in rural areas independents can "challenge members who are seen to be taking the electorate a bit for granted, and who are reflecting the city interests of the major party rather than the rural interests of that corner of South Australia. And I think that people who are busy in their local community are more able to make a splash say in Mt Gambier than they would be able to in Norwood because of the dynamic of the

community. So it's possible to break in like that from those rural areas where they are able to generate sufficient momentum. And in the state upper house clearly we have to recognise that there is a different electoral system and so you only need to get a quota of votes. If you have got 11 people getting elected then you only need to get something like 12 or 13 percent of the vote to get in. So when someone like Nick Xenophon comes along with a 'single issue' they are able to capture a sizeable enough minority in a proportional system to get themselves in."

Independent politics have been thrust into the spotlight this year mainly because of the state election results. The pressure placed on the Independents and minor party candidates was immense over which side of the fence they were going to land on. Since both Peter Lewis and Bob Such were originally members of the Liberal party, there was much speculation that they would support the Liberals. Of course this was not the case. Despite having stated that he would not support Labor, Peter Lewis brokered his deal with them. Bob Such canvassed his electorate to find out exactly which party they felt he should support. "I wrote to all the people in the electorate to ask them their views on certain things. They said that stability was their greatest desire, and a significant majority suggested that I support a Labor government. Which surprised many people and to a certain extent even surprised myself." This has of course not had to be acted upon yet, although if Peter Lewis is ever forced to resign, the pressure will

fall back on Mr Such again. "I made a public statement on February 25 which said that I will support a government which can be formed, but that government has to be honest, accountable, and not abuse the Westminster system. That's the only condition and the government hasn't breached that, so it comes down to the fact that I would support the current government. So I guess it's reasonable to assume that if Peter fell that I would continue on."

It is important to remember that although Peter Lewis holds the balance of power in the Lower House, that doesn't mean that he is in a position to pass all the legislation that he wants to. Dr Macintyre points out that although "on one level Peter Lewis has an influence well in excess of that that any other single member, on the other side of the coin Lewis has just one vote out of 47. So it's true that he has got the balance of power in that sense but he only has the balance of power when one of the other parties is playing his game. It is not as though the independent member for Hammond suddenly has enough support to get what he wants through. He has got enough support and is in a pivotal position to

negotiate with one of the major parties to get what he wants. In that sense, he has got disproportionate levels of influence, but he has only got it while another big party block is prepared to play ball."

The situation that the government has found itself in has created positive changes. As Bob Such states, "There's no doubt, for whatever assessment people make of Peter Lewis, unless he had come up with his compact the government would not be looking at some of the important issues. Now what will come out of the Constitutional Convention I don't know, but you can rest assured that the major parties are not going to be rushing to bring about fundamental change unless they are pushed into it. I think that it is a rare opportunity for the community to have some impetus for change that wouldn't otherwise occur."

Bob Such holds no illusions that he will be around as an independent forever. "Being realistic no one independent is going to be around for a long time. They're a bit like flowers, they come and go. And that is a good thing because they can be the momentum and the catalyst for change. It is not easy to become an independent and stay an independent. So those factors will not necessarily be there in the future.

But there might be some other unique circumstances that happen to create independents. They made the previous government do things. Olsen himself admitted that if he had the numbers, he wouldn't have been enquiring into himself and other ministers. In the Upper House likewise, the government doesn't

control that. The minor parties and the independents control that too. It means that whoever is in government has to be on their toes and more accountable and more transparent."

Dr. Macintyre believes that the situation we are seeing now is going to continue for at least the next political generation. "From 1945 until the late '80s there was not a single independent left in the house of representatives and we are now getting two or three every time. I think that we are seeing a different mood in the electorate. I think that this trend will continue for a while. There are not the stark ideological differences that people once associated with the major parties. That means that there are increasing numbers of people looking for some way to remind them that 'I am frustrated and my vote counts'."

The reign of the independent is likely to continue for the foreseeable future. Like the Democrats in the '80s, these MPs are going a long way towards 'keeping those bastards honest'. Hopefully that will ensure that as voters, we have a variety of alternatives to choose from.

Poptart

"We are seeing a different mood in the electorate. .. There are not the stark ideological differences that people once associated with the major parties. That means that there are increasing numbers of people looking for some way to remind them that 'I am frustrated and my vote counts'."



Independent MP Bob Such

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A - Z Of Anarchy



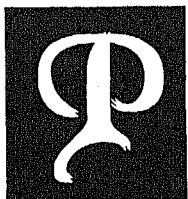
O ntological Anarchism:

"Anarchism ultimately implies anarchy—& anarchy is chaos. Chaos is the principle of continual creation...& Chaos never died."

Headed by the mysterious Association for Ontological Anarchy and the brain child of cyber-theorist Hakim Bey, Ontological Anarchism is a blend of traditional anarchist thought, Islamic mysticism and Chaos Theory. It is based on the idea that total autonomy is an idealist and stale utopian vision from theorists long dead, and that all political, theoretical and social theories are riddled with deadwood. Ontological Anarchism therefore tries to achieve new goals and new ideals through the use of temporary autonomous zones (or simply TAZ's), poetic terrorism (PT), and the ever present use and acknowledgement of Chaos. It uses theoretical works from the past, taking and discarding what it wishes, to form a combination which is different and unique, leading some to label it as anarchism for the future. The Temporary Autonomous Zone was coined by Bey as a solution to the never ending problem of permanent autonomy. For years theorists have argued over how to achieve permanent autonomy, but Bey's perspective is that autonomy is only a fleeting thing, yet it can be exploited and manipulated to fit our own desires. Thus, by creating many temporary zones of autonomy then we at least can achieve some freedom, which of course, is better than none. These zones may be created inside one's mind, at parties and dinner parties, and through the use of techniques such as Poetic Terrorism. Poetic Terrorism is a corner stone of Ontological Anarchism, and spawns from the days of Dada (see previous section of *On Dit*). Poetic Terrorism also takes many forms but must be well planned and executed. PT does not aim at hurting people, nor at destroying anything that is not crucial. PT is done to make people reassess their own lives and perhaps seek a more rewarding and fulfilling existence (preferably as a Poetic Terrorist). Tell someone they have inherited a large but useless fortune (such as 5000 sq. kilometers of Antarctica or an aging circus elephant), erect brass plaques where you've had a fulfilling or kinky sexual experience, organize unauthorized pyrotechnic displays or kidnap someone and make their dreams come true, then let them go. All of these fall into the PT category, and by using your imagination I'm sure there are many more waiting to be brought into existence. As long as you remember that Chaos is the key, anything is possible.

"Wake up! Breathe! Feel the world's breath against your skin! Seize the day! Breathe! Breathe!"

(For more information check out Hakim Bey's website www.hermetic.com/bey. The AuAu accepts full responsibility for any action taken before or after the publication of this article. Long Live Chaos!!)



P rogress:

Anarchism is a child of the Enlightenment; its fundamental philosophical assumptions, such as a belief in the progressive nature of history, belong to the Age of Reason. These thoroughly modern assumptions and ideals, which seem so incongruous in our sceptical, 'post-modern' age, form the basis of the anarchist attack on the prevailing order. The question, therefore, is whether a political philosophy which is largely a product of the

18th and 19th centuries and, what is more, draws so heavily on a philosophical optimism left in tatters by the 20th century, is still ethically relevant and politically efficacious. Are anarchists just sad social and political misfits, bitter at their inability to join the ranks of the terminally pointless petty bourgeoisie, who are, at this very moment, busily sticking their bourgeois snouts into the neo-liberal trough?

The answer, of course, is a resounding NO. Indeed, in view of our lamentable domestic and international climate, progress, as a moral and political ideal, has become more important than ever. In order to repair the damage wrought on society by an under-educated, morally bankrupt and intellectually challenged economic elite, a commitment to political and ethical progress, in which anarchism can play a large and constructive role, has become a true categorical imperative.

What, then, is the traditional anarchist position on progress? William Godwin, a committed champion of the Enlightenment, as well as the first recognisable anarchist, puts the point well: "Sound reasoning and truth, when adequately communicated, must always be victorious over error: Sound reasoning and truth are capable of being communicated: Truth is omnipotent: The vices and moral weaknesses of man are not invincible: Man is perfectible, or, in other words, susceptible of perpetual improvement."

For Godwin, error is many; the truth, by contrast, is both singular and indivisible. Even if the road towards perfection is long and circuitous, an ideal society is attainable. Once the truth has been discovered, it will be an irresistible force for moral and political emancipation. No matter how meandering and tortuous the path might seem, we can be set free from hope and fear.

This is clearly untenable. The possibility of all ultimate values and ideals forming a seamless whole, free from conflict and tragic choice, is incoherent in theory and impossible in practice. As the events of the 20th century have made clear, the prophecies of the Enlightenment, although eminently humane, were unrealistically optimistic and utopian.

Nevertheless, anarchism is not just a hollowed out survivor from bygone age, whose philosophical heart was broken in the wake of the 20th century. Along with the other main political traditions produced by the Age of Reason, such as liberalism and Marxism, anarchism can adapt, and arguably has adapted, to the alleged failure of the Enlightenment project. While some of the excesses of its Enlightenment heritage must be abandoned, the anarchist project, as an ethical ideal of what human relations might be, cannot wholly abandon a belief in the possibility of political improvement, even if we must accept its contingency and fragility. In an age were post-modern thinkers have proclaimed the death of 'meta-narratives', arguing that they embody latent and ineradicable totalitarian tendencies, there is a desperate need to reclaim a measure of political optimism and principled radicalism.

Anarchism, as a political theory committed to the possibility of political progress and improvement, can help overcome our current political and ethical paralysis. Its positive political ideals, such as a belief in the possibility of mutual aid and the indivisible link between individuality and community, are useful and necessary correctives to a widespread pessimism about the human condition.

In the face of an impoverished ethical and political discourse, where economic policy is routinely divorced from real human interests, anarchism affirms the possibility of rational change; it challenges the idea that this is 'as good as it gets'. Moreover, in a world where George W. Bush's prejudices pose as the discourse of civilisation, and where morally bankrupt strategic interests are dressed up in the language of freedom, equality and human dignity, a belief in political progress, no matter how qualified, is a useful antidote to passivity. Indeed, it is the only way to negotiate the Chylla of right-wing lunacy and the Charybdis of pseudo-leftist, post-modern despair. Anarchism, when it retains the ethical

radicalism of its Enlightenment heritage, and discards the overly simplistic metaphysical dreams of its founders, is the political philosophy of progressive humanism.

e Q uality:

What use is liberty without equality? Despite the differences of individual theorists, this question has reverberated throughout the anarchist tradition. Whether in the work of communist anarchists like Peter Kropotkin, or in the thought of more individually minded thinkers, such as William Godwin, equality is central to the anarchist project.

Moreover, in contrast with the liberal tradition, anarchism maintains that equality and liberty, although two distinct values, are not mutually exclusive. For anarchists, a rigid distinction between freedom and equality, where negative freedom (freedom from arbitrary arrest, etc) is divorced from its positive counterpart (self-realisation, autonomy), is a recipe for political inhumanity. A society founded solely on egalitarian premises, so argue the anarchists, will lead to the complete levelling of the individual, indeed, to the complete triumph of mediocrity over excellence. A community guided entirely by a concern for individual liberty, however, must lead to vast inequality, partiality and atomisation. A strict division between liberty and equality, therefore, is a choice between an egalitarian nightmare and a vision of society as a collection of mutually disinterested – indeed, even mutually hostile – 'utility-maximisers'.

Since the anarchist project is about denying the state, and, as a natural consequence, asserting the harmony of the free individual with society, equality, understood as more than just formal, legal egalitarianism, is a necessary pre-condition for an anarchist community. The anarchist project, therefore, requires substantial economic and social equality. Since deep structural inequalities exist within society, which render legalistic conceptions of equality less than effective, anarchists maintain that only significant economic parity can ensure meaningful equality of opportunity. As Mikhail Bakunin argued: "freedom for each is therefore realisable only in the equality of all."

Different schools of anarchist thought have differed on the level of equality needed. Communist anarchists, for example, generally call for the common ownership of the means of production, while anarcho-syndicalists, by contrast, are content with worker control of factories and businesses. All strands of anarchism, however, maintain that inequality, as a hindrance to the equal liberty of all, is one of the main reasons – indeed, possibly the main reason – for the existence of state authority. If significant structural inequality exists, the state, even if ostensibly 'neutral', becomes the protector of vested interests. Inequality and authority, therefore, continue their destructive alliance.

Anarchism, as a political theory of the community, is committed to the twin goals of liberty and equality. Its fundamental aim, the creation of a free community founded on the twin ideals of liberty and equality, sets it apart from all other contemporary strands of political thought. Anarchists seek a 'Third Way' between those who see society as a congregation of utility-maximisers, as well as those who find the ideal of a communal toothbrush appealing.

By the Anarchy Boys from the AUAU

Stay tuned for more crazy alphabet-type hijinks from those zany fellows at the AUAU. You will never have to worry about not having done the readings in your politics tute again!

Facts & Factions

So, what's a 'faction'

A faction, also known as a ticket, is a group of students running together to help each other get elected. Many factions are aligned with grown-up political parties, although often only the faction's leaders will be party members. In fact, many of the people who are running may

not even know about their faction's allegiances and will deny them if asked. They'll still be expected to 'bind' to the party line if they get elected though. Some factions are not aligned to parties (but still bind), and some candidates are not members of factions at all. It can all

get very confusing.

To help you make an informed vote, below is an alphabetical list of the various factions and quasi-factions available. Choose carefully, because whoever gets elected will be spending your \$326.70 next year.

Access

Alignment: Australian Democrats
Last year: Access

Access is traditionally quite small and this year's turnout maintains that tradition.

Action

Alignment: Liberal
Last year: Action

It's been a few years since the Liberals were serious contenders, but this year they've gotten all of their nominations in on time (unlike last year) and are quite large.

Activate

Alignment: Labor Left
Last year: Activate
2002 Office Bearer: Georgia Heath (Education Vice-President)

Part of the National Organisation of Labor Students (NOLS), the student version of the left wing of the Labor party, Activate has been one of the larger factions at Adelaide Uni for a couple of years.

Celery Freedom Party

Alignment: Delicious stalky vegetables
Last year: Didn't run

One of the smallest factions, with only one candidate receiving the Lutheran Students' Fellowship cartoon fish stamp of approval. I understand that celery was Martin Luther's favourite vegetable.

Independents

Alignment: National student faction
Last year: Independents
2002 Office Bearers: Bek Cornish (SAUA President), Paul Huebl (Activities/Campaigns Vice-President)

The Independents are 'independent' in the sense that they are not aligned with any of the grown-up political parties, but they are part of a national faction with branches at many other universities. Natasha Stott Despoja is their prodigal daughter.

Published by Jennifer Kalonis, a1068760. Authorised by the Returning Officer. Please Recycle. The opinions expressed here do not reflect the opinions of the Returning Officer.

Law Revue Ticket

Alignment: Probably not associated with the Law Review

Last year: Hadn't thought of advertising through the Broadsheet yet
What a public relations ploy! And here I am perpetuating it.

Making A Difference

Alignment: Adelaide Uni student faction
Last year: Make A Difference
2002 Office Bearer: Susie Young (Union President)

Formed in 2000 by disgruntled ex-members of the Independents and United Students (now Student Voice), MAD is the only one of the large factions not to be associated with a national organisation or political party.

Power Hungry Union of College Kids (P.H.U.C.K.)

Alignment: Unclear. Possibly communist
Last year: Didn't exist

Ah, scatological joke ticket acronyms - the possibilities are endless!

Overseas Students' Association & Postgraduate Students' Association

People associated with these two Union affiliates are running for various positions.

Smurfs

Alignment: Appear to share a common ancestor with the Snorks
Last year: Were hiding from Gargamel's latest evil scheme

They're small and blue, and their policy statements have something about them that is quite special. I mean, get a load of this as political writing:

'A globule, a cyprus mulch, and a briar patch inside the tomato are what made America great!'

Tell me that wouldn't get Simon Creen into the Lodge.

Student Voice

Alignment: Labor Right
Last year: United Students
2002 Office Bearers: Elise Duffield (Women's Officer), Adrian DiPaolo and Asta Cox (Sexuality Officers)

Part of the national Student Unity organisation, which is allied to the right wing of the Labor Party. Another large faction which has had some success in the last few years.

The Clementine Ford Ticket

Alignment: Clementine Ford
Last year: Clementine Ford
Clementine made a surprisingly good showing last year, racking up over 400 votes despite specifically requesting that people not vote for her. This year she's back - running for the same position (Orientation Coordinator) with the same promise of mediocrity.

Unaffiliated

Many candidates are genuinely not associated with factions or political parties - especially after last year's elections when a number of unaffiliated candidates did what everyone thought was impossible and got elected. You can generally tell an unaffiliated candidate because they don't appear to belong to any of the above factions and don't have one of their slogans at the end of their broadsheet statement.

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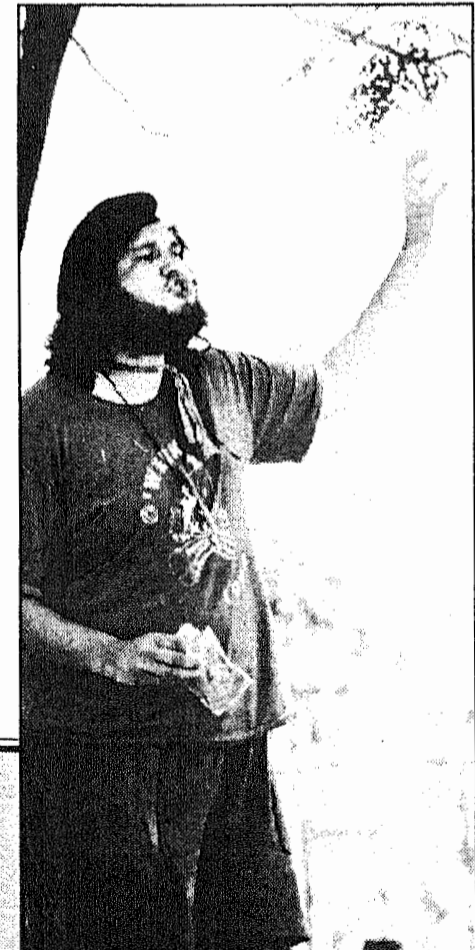
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How To Vote

In the months leading up to elections, representatives of the various factions get together and make deals over what will be on their how-to-vote fliers. A faction will, for example, offer to put a '1' next to another faction's candidate if the other faction gives them something in return. This works on the understanding that many students just follow how-to-vote cards blindly. Of course, you don't have to - you can vote for whoever you want.

Linley Henzell



★ **The Stanley George Variety Page** ★

MANY OF YOU WOULD be aware of our shiny new Santos Department of Petroleum Engineering, largely thanks to it being opened by the Honorable John Howard just last week. I was heartened to find that the Prime Minister arrived amid a flurry of student protest. If you haven't already, you can read all about the rally on pages 4 and 5 of this edition.

The very idea of an exploration conglomerate having influence over the nature of a university degree should shock and appal many students, not least because it represents a particularly shameless kind of corporatisation. Not only is the university itself moving towards a more 'managerial' style of administration, it is wilfully subjecting itself to the interests of specific corporations.

I mean *honestly*, Petroleum Engineering brought to you by Santos? Pretty soon we'll all be students at the Pepsi Cola University of Adelaide. It's enough to make you want to take to the Vice-Chancellor's desk with a sodding great axe.

Call me old fashioned, but my idea of a university degree allows the student to gain a balanced and versatile form of expertise in their chosen field. Nowadays, more and more students and VCs are happy to associate themselves with thinly-veiled corporate traineeships.

Okay, so universities around the country are strapped for funding, but that is nowhere near an excuse to suckle at the poisonous teat of big business. Sod off Santos, your kind aren't welcome.



I RECENTLY CAME TO the conclusion that rats aren't as abhorrent a species as I once thought. For one thing, they have a disconcertingly wide variety of human characteristics. They're vicious, cunning, debauched and have a pointed weakness for chocolate. Not just any old chocolate, mind you. Rats prefer cocoa butter chocolate over cheap compound chocolate – there are humans with less discerning taste.

Having said that, my newfound respect for rats came only after a month-long campaign to effectively wipe out an entire community of them. I'm ashamed to say that the grounds for this wanton slaughter are no longer particularly clear to me.

Rats are disturbingly hard to kill. While a single rat can be exterminated rather easily, an entire rat collective is nigh-on impossible to decimate without the aid of fire, explosives and military-grade chemical weapons. Their determination to survive and populate is quite astonishing, particularly in light of the fact that it is within our territory that they are so skilled at doing so. When you are attempting to defeat a population of rats, you can't help but feel as if you are forever behind enemy lines, even in the

supposed comfort of your own home. For this reason, I learnt a new kind of respect for my rodent adversary. It's the kind of awe that people tend to reserve for things like aircraft carriers and nuclear war – such things are more than unpleasant and definitely not to be sneezed at.

If rats could talk, and if you sneezed at a rat, it would probably say something like, "Sneeze at me will you?"

Do you have any idea how many brothers and sisters I have? Huh? Do you know that the average female rat has a gestation period of just over three weeks and can spawn up to one hundred offspring in a lifetime? Did you know that each one of those babies will be able to breed less than three months after birth? Foolish human! We outpopulate you in almost every

metropolitan city on earth. By sheer numbers, my kind will ultimately prevail over yours, or, so help us, we'll choke your rivers with our dead!" Then it would let out a manic laugh, regardless of you either screaming and running away or clubbing it to death with a seven iron.

The question remains: why are we so mortally terrified of rats? Why do we revile them so? Why do we invest so much time and expense into their brutal slaughter? Paleontologists have found rat and other rodent remains in our ancestors' earliest cave dwellings. What could have caused us to declare an unwinnable war on an entire species?

Sure, rats are diseased, but so are dogs, who are apparently our best friends. Okay, so they contribute nothing to the ecosystem, but neither do domesticated cats, who are largely good for nothing except hunting and killing the occasional hapless rodent.

The truth is, our hatred for rats is largely due to the fact that they remind us of ourselves. They cram themselves into squalid tribes. They are particularly fond of fornication. They are comfort-driven creatures, subject to greed, sloth and debauchery. They easily adapt to the most squalid of surroundings, and have thereby managed to colonise every continent on earth. They, like us, consider themselves above almost any ecosystem – they can thrive and populate to plague proportions, out competing any species you would care to name. To my mind, if humanity has anything like a spiritual sister species, it is the rat. Or possibly some kind of mutant virus.

Now that they're gone, our house seems eerily quiet. No more homely claw noises in the ceiling. No more gnawed-out perforations on the back fence. No more unsettling sounds of violent rodent struggle coming from the attic. Gone is the fluttery exhilaration that is catching a glimpse of a rat making a dash for it out of the drawing room and down the hall. No more will I stare my opponent square in its beady little eye as I take out the washing. Sigh. Such worthy adversaries, they were. I almost wish they were still about the place. Almost.

★
It's enough to make you want to take to the Vice Chancellor's desk with a sodding great axe.
 ★

Sick of the same old garbage?



Well quit yer belly aching and bring something down to the On Dit office, lest ye be smote with a terrible vengeance.

On Dit is in no way affiliated with Mr. Cleanup Dial-A-Bin, or any other participant in the waste management industry.

are you a spider cause you scare me. mofjak

Throwaway Culture it's all in the bag

Relegated to the kind of pokey spot reserved for filler from press releases, you may or may not have read last week a very intelligent proposal from Greens Senator Bob Brown. Timed to coincide with the World Summit on Sustainable Development being held in South Africa, this call on Federal Environment Minister David Kemp represents one of the most simple yet significant suggestions for environmental reform in recent times.

Senator Brown has called for a 15 cent levy on non-biodegradable plastic bags, the kind handed out indiscriminately at supermarkets and other retail outlets, in a bid to curb their consumption and reduce pollution. Currently in Australia, six billion plastic bags are distributed each year. Under Brown's proposal, this figure is projected to drop to 600 million.

Brown's confidence in the levy lies in the overwhelming success of a similar programme in the Republic of Ireland. Implemented in March this year, the Irish Government placed a 15 cent charge on plastic bags, with some exemptions. Smaller bags used to store non-packaged goods such as dairy products, fruit, vegetables, nuts, confectionery, hot or cold cooked food, and ice are exempt, as are those used for packaged and unpackaged meat, fish and poultry, and bags supplied to intending passengers in airports and ports and passengers already on commercial aircraft and ships. The levy is passed directly onto customers and itemised on invoices and receipts. The Irish initiative was taken up by 3,000 retailers and has so far seen a drop in provision of one billion bags, or 90 per cent of the pre-March figure. This translates to 2.25 million pounds or 3.5 million euros for the Irish Government's recently formed Environmental Fund to spend on environmental protection programmes. (I might add that the website that provided most of this information also featured a Gaelic-only version. Perhaps Australia could

also learn from Ireland's respect for indigenous culture.)

The Irish model also represents an initiative strongly supported by both consumers and retailers. Television advertising and billboard campaigns educated the public on the scheme prior to its launch, and boosted sales of non-disposable bags. This means higher sales and lower costs for retailers - consider supermarket chain Tesco Ireland, which saw a huge reduction in the 220 million plastic bags it previously handed out to customers, as well as demand for its own line of re-usable bags.

Ireland is not alone in this honourable environmental crusade. Germany already has a 20 cent tax on its plastic bags. Some British supermarket chains adopted both charging for new bags and rewarding customers for re-using old bags over a decade ago.

There are 'undeveloped' or 'developing' Third World countries showing up Australia's foot-dragging and lack of vision on this important issue. In South Africa, plastic bags have been nicknamed the 'national flower', so common is the sight of this waste on the natural landscape. In response, the South African environmental ministry has devised a plan to phase out thin, throwaway plastic bags, to be replaced by thicker, re-usable ones. Taiwan has implemented programmes to stop government agencies, schools and the military as well as retailers from distributing free plastic bags, 16 million of which were previously distributed daily in that nation. Bangladesh, often considered one of the poorest countries in the world, has passed regulations to ban polythene bags completely and re-introduce the traditional jute bag. This is an excellent sign for Bangladesh's suffering jute mills.

The council of Bombay in India has banned plastic bags altogether, even carrying out police raids on factories and shops thought to be manufacturing or handling them (thousands of kilogrammes of the bags have been seized).

Offenders can be heavily fined and closed for a month. Traders at vegetable markets now provide shoppers with recycled plastic bags. Prior to the ban, plastic bags contributed greatly to street litter and clogged the city's sewerage system; and having a very low recycling value were passed over by rag and waste pickers. The bags were left to gather at farming locations, where the chemicals leaking from the plastic onto vegetable and grain crops have been attributed to neurological defects.

Closer to home, plastic bags are responsible for extensive environmental problems. Marine creatures such as whales and dolphins mistake them for squid and die with the plastic trapped in their bodies. Landfills, roadsides and waterways are littered with this throwaway plastic.

Until such a time that we have a government with enough initiative and foresight to implement a programme aimed at reducing this waste, Australian shoppers must take responsibility for their consumption habits. Rather than accept the several plastic bags deemed normal for a typical week's groceries, we can either buy strong, re-usable bags of string, jute or canvas, or re-use the probable dozens we all have shoved into a drawer at home. We can take advantage of the few-and-far-between plastic bag recycling bins made available at some supermarkets. We can support community groups, lobbyists and political representatives willing to work on important environmental campaigns. We must put an end to our irresponsible, throwaway culture and take the initiative in simple, everyday ways. Cliched as it sounds, it is still possible to create a clean, sustainable environment for future generations, before it is too late.

Gemma Clark still knows she's cool, even if she does drag a granny shopping cart around the markets

BLUNT

"You don't need to be offensive or defensive, just accept real opinions."

This week, we are going to pledge to try something novel. By novel, I mean fresh and by fresh, I mean new. I urge all of you, from the most timid dorm rat, to the most belligerent "loadie," to join me and embrace a new way of thinking and interacting. Now is the time for real action. Starting right now, let us all become Blunt. From now on, sugar coating is strictly forbidden.

To the bong-happy Rastafarians whose pupils just dilated with excitement, you should probably calm down. Blunt has nothing to do with 20 sacks or Phillie cigars. Blunt is a concept, a state of mind, one whose time has long been overdue. It encompasses how one carries oneself, the confidence one has, and most visibly, the statements, quips and questions that come out of one's mouth. Blunt is real feelings and convictions, real desires and hopes, all these things expressed in a way that leaves no doubt as to exact meaning. Blunt is truth, and truth is Blunt.

Enough rhetoric then, what exactly is Blunt? How does one accept Blunt into their life? Actually, it's astonishingly simple. To be a full-fledged practitioner of Blunt, all you must do is say what you are truly thinking or feeling. Pull no punches, do not self-censor, and for the love of God, do not worry about what you're saying affecting your "image." To be Blunt, say what you feel.

Practical applications and real-world uses for the Blunt way of life are quite numerous. Let's be Blunt with relationships. Guys, do you have a girl who you have always wanted to go out with? Tell her so. No need for small talk, no need for any senseless drivel that will get in the way of your point. Repeat: "Hello (insert girl's name here). It's (insert your name here). I really want to (get coffee, go to a movie, have sex, etc.) with you. Whadda ya say?" It's simple. It's Blunt.

Females especially should allow Blunt to come to their aid. Is there a guy that recently asked you to go to coffee, the movies or to have sex? If you want to, say, "Yes." If you don't desire his Blunt proposal, say, "No." It's just that easy.

Also, here's a little tidbit of information for all females possibly considering the Blunt way of life: There is nothing

cooler in the entire universe, nothing, than a girl who tells a guy exactly what she wants. The vast majority of males are more than happy to oblige, elated by the fact that they do not have to go through the guessing games, risk-taking and "I wonder what she's thinking" brouhaha that is usually associated with non-Blunt girls.

Dating and relationships are just the tip of the Blunt iceberg. Is there somebody at work who you just cannot stand? Tell them. Do you feel that you should be making more money, or that your boss doesn't appreciate all the overtime that you have recently put in? Let 'em know about it. Does your mum's casserole taste like a slow roasted tyre? Say so. Chances are that most non-Blunt people who say nothing will agree with you.

Please understand that Blunt does not necessarily mean offensive. Sure, at first it will take some getting used to, but in time, people will adapt. Survival of the fittest applies, as those with the thickest skins and most developed sense of not worrying about trivial matters will rise above the crowd. Overly sensitive types need not apply.

There are many vital tenets associated with the Blunt canon that expand on its in-your-face attitude. Quite possibly the most important and explanatory is known as The Band-Aid Effect. By applying the Band-Aid Effect in all Blunt circumstances, individuals are able to avoid prolonging already difficult or uncomfortable situations. Is a relationship going down the tubes? Break it off. Immediately.

Is somebody yapping your ear off at a party to the point where you want to find the nearest window and plunge to a quick, silent death? Tell them you don't want to talk anymore instead of nodding your head as if you care at all. Sure, the initial yank of the Band-Aid Effect might sting a bit, but the pain is nothing compared to a slow, torturous removal, slowly tearing hair from flesh or the fun from life.

I feel that Blunt is the next inevitable step in our social consciousness. Satire, sarcasm, tongue-in-cheek humour and a myriad of other old time favourites have recently fallen by the way side. One would assume then, that the straight,

honest speech provided by Blunt would be heartily welcomed. After all, people wouldn't have to think as much. Wouldn't that be a relief!

But, this is not always the case. The Blunt way of life has a formidable foe that has not allowed it to become a fully utilized and accepted part of life. I am talking of course about the dreaded force known as Political Correctness, or P.C. as many of its verbose denizens refer to it.

Where Blunt speech and behaviour gets right to the point, P.C. attempts to confuse, disguising meaning and true intentions under a blanket of unnecessary language. "Shell-shock" becomes "post-traumatic stress syndrome." Short people become "vertically challenged." People don't die, they "move on." Politicians aren't corrupt, they just have "questionable ethics." It appears then, people's desires are at a crossroads.

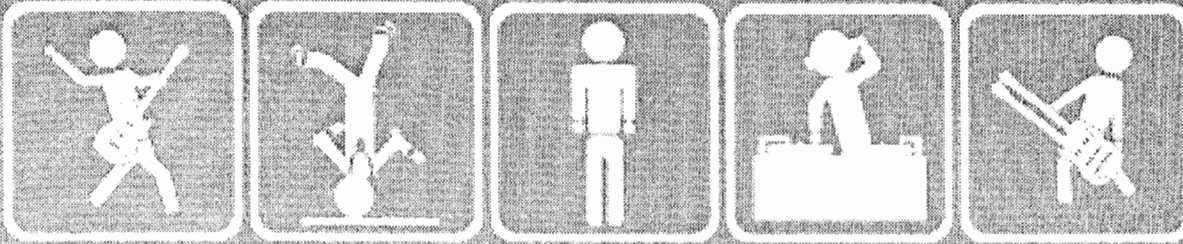
Do we demand straight answers, or do we refrain from offending anybody? Do we say what is on our minds, or come up with inane and frivolous ways to redefine everything. Can we have our Blunt cake and still eat it in an inoffensive manner?

The answer is no. Now is the time to accept Blunt, and enter into a new realm of understanding and Blunt dialogue. Becoming Blunt is an endeavour that requires the cooperation of every man, woman and child. The system will fail if there are those who decide they want to be Blunt and others who feel it is not in their best interests. Teamwork is key to Blunt action, as Blunt is only as affective as its least Blunt member.

So tell a friend. Spread the word. Today, let's begin saying what we are thinking. Similarly, when we hear somebody acting Blunt, let's stop automatically taking offence. When a girl asks her boyfriend, "Does this dress make me look fat?" and it does, he will say, "Yes," and she will not care.

What a wonderful world Blunt could be.

Peter Le Messurier is a Criminology & Criminal Justice student, Associate Degree in Law student, and Blunt expert!



student radio 101.5fm

MONDAY

9PM None the Wiser
Like alternative music? Think JJJ sucks? 'Nuff said.

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

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

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

TUESDAY

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

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

I Took My Prozac
Leila and her gang of trained monkeys present a show of giveaways, reviews and indie music.

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

SATURDAY

If You Think I'm Crazy
Stacey and Jakin are two lovely young ladies. Unfortunately they are both insane and listen to indie pop. Join in and help them with their pain.

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

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

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



SHOW IN PROFILE - HEAVY AS A REALLY HEAVY THING

Name of Show: Heavy As A Really Heavy Thing
Next Show: Midnight, September 3
Presenters: Matt Redmond, Ian Wood
Style of Music: Heavy stuff, followed by a large dose of heavy stuff. Tune in and hear from: System of a Down, Alice In Chains, Judas Priest, Iron Maiden, Dream Theater, Death, Meshuggah, The Butterfly Effect, Misfits, Metallica, Megadeth, Helloween, Iced Earth, Blind Guardian, the list goes on...

Biggest claim to fame: I was on the Logies. And did I mention that I had Kim Scott as a lecturer in engineering? And I know The Butterfly Effect.

Describe your show using words that start with the letter I: Ian ifucked iup irather ibadly ilast ishow. (All i's but the first are silent.)

One likes new school metal, the other likes old school metal. They're the original odd couple!

Election week - what a hoot! If you are sick of student politicians promising the world, just like they did last year, Student Radio will cure what ails you! To start, Student Radio kicks off Mostly Hardcore Monday with None the Wiser. Ashes is counting down the top 90 alternative songs of all time. So far, we've heard from Pearl Jam, George and Fatboy Slim. Check out his home page on the Student Radio website,

<http://student.radio.adelaide.edu.au/> for the list so far!

Following this, fresh from their ska and reggae special, Tim and Liam host Three Chords on Monday night from 10pm - this week it's back to their roots - So-Cal Punk. Tune in for NOFX, Strung Out and Millencolin. Later in the week, on Tuesday night at 10pm Mike Clarkin presents Big Arts for the low-down on movies and the arts in Adelaide. He is also a fan of Dinosaur Jr - so there is culture in our hometown! Listen in for some wild rumours about a certain local film... Our lawyers say that we can't reveal anything at the moment!

Tim and Liam
Student Radio Directors

2-6 ELECTION WEEK

2 LAW REVIEW

LITTLE THEATRE 2-14

6 GOLDEN KEY PUB HOP

CONTACT

kimberley.larsen@student.adelaide.edu.au

9 MUTI-CULTURAL WEEK

CONTACT OSA 8303 5852

11 "STUFF" EXHIBITION

SEP 11-21, 11AM-3PM

SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE,
LANDSCAPE & URBAN DESIGN

12 CLUBS AWARDS NIGHT CONTACT

CLUBS 8303 3410

13 RUSSIAN PERCUSSION UNIBAR

**UNION
CALENDAR OF
EVENTS**

14 SUPERHEIST SNAP TO ZERO &

CLONE-B UNIBAR 8PM 18+ ONLY (ID

REQUIRED FOR ENTRY) TIX \$12 PLUS BF

ON SALE AT VENUETIX & CIB OUTLETS 15

29-30 UNIVERSITY GAMES

CONTACT GLORIA CHESTER 8303 3015

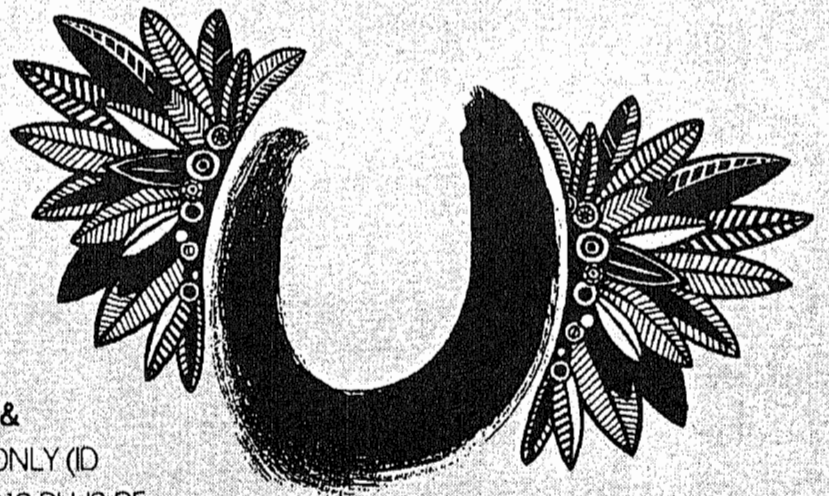
30 UA ROWING CLUB DINNER

CONTACT CLUBS 8303 3410

30 BAR AND WAITING COURSE

SEP 30 - OCT 4, 9AM - 3:30PM

CONTACT UNION STUDIO 8303 5857



Want to win the queen size bed in the Wills?

YES!!

Check out cloisterphobia to enter...

IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING YOU WISH TO INCLUDE IN NEXT MONTH'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS, PLEASE CONTACT THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION ON 8303 5401 OR E-MAIL ME kate.fuss@adelaide.edu.au

VOX

POP



1. If you could start your own political party, what would it be?
2. What are your survival plans for election week?
3. If you could introduce a new position in the SAUA, what would it be?

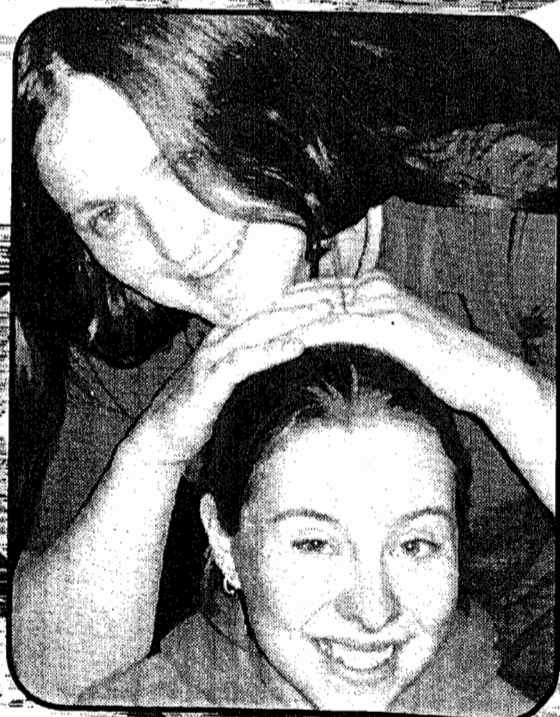
Greg, Chris and Aaron
The Boys

1. G: The Fungo Support Network.
C: The Admittedly Un-electable Left.
A: The Coke Appreciation Party.
2. G: I say, "my brother is running."
C: I'll carry a big stick.
A: Medieval armour.
3. G: A union Functionality Interrogator.
C: A Corruption Officer.
A: A Big Hair Officer.



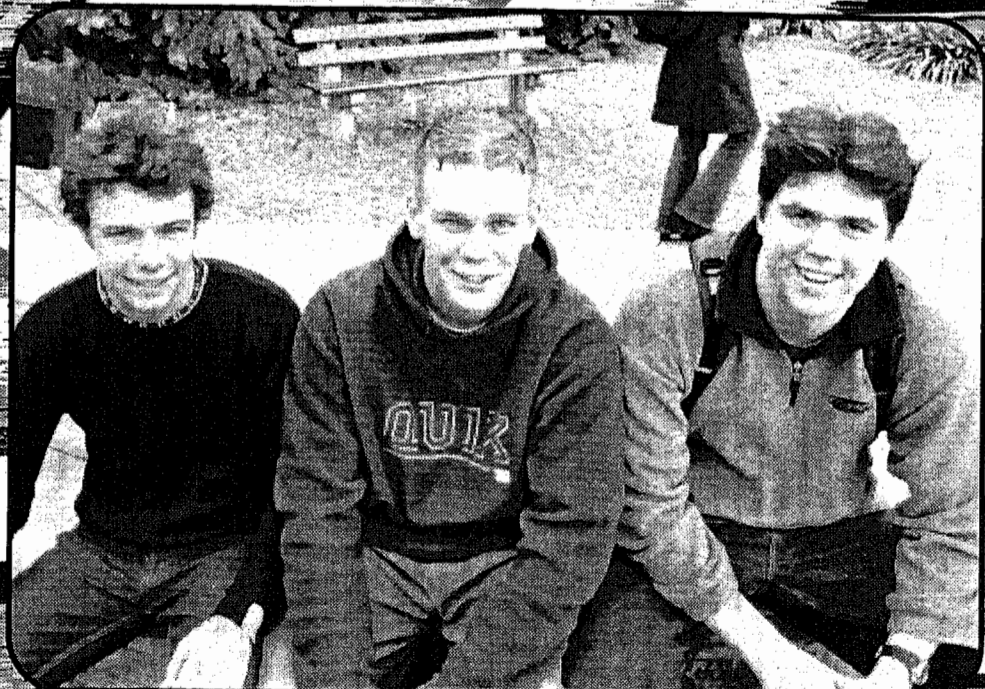
Althea and Siân
Bar Fiends

1. S: Beer Party.
A: The Happy Birthday Party.
2. S: An armoured escort.
A: I'm planning to sleep all week.
3. S: The Beer Appreciation Officer.
A: The Cute Boys Recruitment Officer.



Brad, Trev and Big Al

- Kicken' on the lawns*
1. B: The Free Love Party.
T: The No Smoking Party.
A: The Datsun Party.
 2. B: I'm going to write the words "Fuck" and "You" on each of my fists.
T: Bayonets.
A: Semi-automatic weapons.
 3. B: The Hand-Job Vice-President.
T: Quality Control Vice-President.
A: The Anti Crusty Gravy Vice-President.



Nicki and Joanna

"I don't like these questions"

1. N: Nicki's Party.
J: Fashion Party.
2. N: Run and hide.
J: Avoidance is the order of the day.
3. N: The AGUA Officer.
J: The Multi-Cultural Vice-President.



Sabbir and Pravesh

Supporting the South Australian Dairy Industry

1. S: The Farmers Union Iced Coffee Party.
P: I will be the leader.
2. S: I don't vote.
P: A really nasty frown.
3. S: The Farmer's Union Iced Coffee Vice-President.
P: The Constipation Prevention Vice-President.



Louise and Emma

Fashion Gurus

1. E: Anti-Smoking on Campus Party.
L: The Corduroy Cargo Party.
2. E: Avoid the area all together.
L: I'll wear a T-Shirt that says "Talk to me."
3. E: The Anti-Mobile Phone Officer.
L: The Corduroy Cargo Officer.



Martin

The Wills Phantom

1. Children's Cartoons With Adult Themes Party.
2. Just Say no. Headphones are also really good.
3. The Indifferent Students Officer.



On Dif Quiz

Are you a Student Politician?

This year, serial pest Linley Henzell brings you a special quiz to help work out your SPQ, or 'Student Politician Quotient'. Are you a Hack, a Gimp or just an ordinary Candidate? Find out by taking the quiz!

Instructions:

Circle only one answer per question. The point values are next to the answers, so don't cheat - being honest with yourself is the only true path to enlightenment. The higher your score, the more you think like a student polliie.

1 The sentence 'oh my, election week is only a month away' makes you:

- a) drool (10 points)
- b) get out your paintbrush and head down to Spotlight for some king-size bedsheets - it's banner-painting time! (5 points)
- c) start scouting out campaigner-free routes through the campus (0 points)
- d) want to vomit in terror (-5 points)
- e) vomit in terror (-10 points)

2 A 'gimp' is:

- a) an inexperienced newcomer to student politics who donates cash, paints banners, runs errands, sings songs and campaigns day after day in the service of their factional overlords. In return, they get third preference Monday and Tuesday and fifth preference Wednesday to Friday (5 points)
- b) a masochist who derives pleasure from dressing up in bondage gear and being thrashed with a length of rubber tubing (0 points)

3 N.U.S. stands for:

- a) National Union of Students (5 points)
- b) Notional Umbrella Society (0 points)
- c) Not Usually Sober (0 points)
- d) you left out the 'A.' (-5 points)

4 Getting together with the rest of your faction to sing inspirational songs (like 'I Will Survive' or 'I Still Call Myself Left') is:

- a) an admirable display of team spirit (5 points)
- b) a strange combination of creepy and sad (0 points)

5 True or false: student politicians who get elected have an obligation to follow through with their election promises:

- a) of course they do. That's what democracy is about (-5 points)
- b) maybe not a legal obligation, but certainly a moral one (0 points)
- c) it all depends on who has the numbers (5 points)
- d) only if the promise involves nudity (5 points)

6 A 'rat' is:

- a) a small furry creature (0 points)
- b) someone guilty of betraying their faction and jumping ship - these people are no longer regarded as human by the faction they have left (5 points)
- c) a key element of the Mayo Refectory's plan to become profitable by the year 2043 (5 points)

7 Joke tickets are:

- a) annoying wastes of everyone's time and money which draw attention away from the high-quality range of authentic candidates (5 points)
- b) useful, in that they make people more likely to notice the elections and therefore more likely to vote (5 points)
- c) the only reason to even pick up the broadsheet (0 points)
- d) aren't they all jokes? (-5 points)
- e) I ignore tickets and vote for the most attractive candidates. If someone ran a ticket called 'young, taut and frisky', I would vote for it (-5 points)

8 What do you think of the Crossroads report?

- a) it's a product of the Liberal Party's continuing war against public education which will soon relegate Australia's universities to third-world status (5 points)
- b) it adds to the excellent work done by Ministers Vanstone and Kemp in building up the quality of Australia's universities to the point where they can almost justify the fees they'll be charging by 2004 (5 points)
- c) I plan to graduate before any of its recommendations can be implemented, so I really don't give a shit (0 points)
- d) it could be Adelaide's best chance yet of developing a world-class road transport network (-5 points)

9 Putting a dozen or so usually inexperienced, often incompetent and sometimes genuinely stupid students on the board of a multi-million dollar corporation is probably going to be:

- a) a good idea (5 points)
- b) a bad idea (0 points)

10 You see a cute student politician. What would be a good pick-up line?

- a) 'What's a nice guy/girl like you doing running for a faction like that?' (0 points)
- b) 'Sure I'll vote for you, but what's in it for me?' (0 points)
- c) 'I'd put my number one in your box' (5 points)
- d) Don't bother with pick-up lines. Just go to their faction's election-week afterparty and wait for them to pass out (10 points)

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not necessarily reflect those of the
Returning Officer

11 Which of the following do you recognise as ticket names used in previous Adelaide Uni elections? (for this question only, choose as many as you like)

- a) Alive (5 points)
- b) Impact (5 points)
- c) A.N.U.S. (5 points)
- d) Zest (5 points)
- e) The John Watson Sideshow Mind Explosion (0 points)
- f) Students With A Mission (5 points)
- g) Shining Light (5 points)
- h) Shining Path (0 points)
- i) The Undependants (0 points)
- j) The Party Party (5 points)
- k) M.A.D. (for Mutually Assured Destruction) (0 points)
- l) Young, Taut and Frisky (0 points)
- m) Neo-Stalinist Youth League (0 points)
- n) Al-Qa'eda (0 points)
- o) World Trotskyist Congress Against Soap (0 points)

12 True or False: Members of SAUA Council bear fiduciary duties towards the organisation, and face substantial penalties (including possible jail time) if they breach these obligations or their other obligations under the Associations Incorporation Act.

- a) True (5 points)
- b) False (0 points)
- c) Nobody told us what this meant until it was too late (10 points)

13 Someone who was in one of your first-year tutes two years ago and has never spoken with you or acknowledged your existence since says 'hi'. They ask how you've been, then they get around to the fact that they're running for elections and how it would be ever so nice if you could vote for them, oh, and make sure you tell all your friends as well. This person is:

- a) a campaigner just working their contacts, as any good campaigner should (5 points)
- b) a fuckwit (0 points)

14 Adelaide University's Chancellor:

- a) is keen on centralising the decision-making functions of the University and reducing the influence of academic staff (5 points)
- b) is a mining company executive (5 points)
- c) has four names (1 point)
- d) is the guy who gets to wear the largest, floppiest hat at graduation ceremonies (0 points)

15 What does it mean when a Council meeting goes in camera?

- a) it means they have something to hide (5 points)
- b) it means that they really go into a camera. The Union has a giant camera in a room behind the Unibar, and whenever Council wants to hold part of a meeting in secret everyone climbs inside it (-20 points)

How did you score?

More than 110 points - **Cheater**



You scored more points than are actually in the quiz. Not bad! I suggest a career in ballot stuffing or branch stacking.

80-109 points - **Hack**



If you scored this high, you are one of the privileged few. You negotiate the preference deals. You choose the colours, names and slogans. You make the real decisions. You don't go to rallies to turn sausages - you point at a sausage and someone else turns it for the good of the faction.

You may also be a hack if you:

- Gain weight (the so-called 'Mayo Kilogramme' which comes from hanging around the Cloisters too much)
- Develop the ability to refer to sections of the SAUA constitution by number
- Find yourself bringing up points of order during lectures, and moving dissent in the chair when the lecturer tells you to shut up

50 - 79 points - **Candidate**



You're running for one of the lesser office-bearer positions, or maybe a couple of standing committees to pad out your resume. You have a fair idea what's going on, but to be honest there are things in your life more important than student politics. Be careful! You can find yourself becoming a Hack before you know it - seek help now.

25 - 49 points - **Gimp**



You have no idea what's going on, except what your Great Leader has told you. You hate all the other factions because they're evil. Your faction, which is the lone voice of sanity in a wilderness of greed and madness, has promised to run you for one of those juicy paid positions next year if you just get out there and campaign your little gimp-heart out. What are you doing sitting around reading this newspaper?

Less than 25 points - **Normal student**



Like 95% of the rest of the student population, you just don't care.

Politichess

By Yak

At last! All the fun and excitement of student elections on the top of your very own coffee table. For a limited time (only this edition), On Dit is offering its readers their very own Politichess Set. This centuries old game has been adapted to the riveting world of student politics. Simply read the explanation following, cut out the pieces enclosed and away you go!

Warning: Excessive exposure to real student elections may frustrate you to the point of burning your Politichess set and trampling its ashes into a pile of steaming turds. Stay at home with a glass of witty chardonnay instead.

**Traditional Equivalent: Pawn
Politichess Piece: Sausage**

The Sausage represents the gimps and foot soldiers. Every gimp's dream is to attain the backing of their party to become a feared and mighty factional hack. They trudge through life at the whim of their masters to reach this goal. If they manage to stick through to reach the end of the board, they become the almighty factional Hack. Note that gimps aren't good at confrontation, and will more likely employ all sorts of crude sneaky tactics to steal a vote for their overlords. Hence they can only attack on the diagonal and must come to a stop when blocked by other pieces. Moving two squares in the first turn; such is the force of their naive idealism, the gimps are able to initially work twice as hard for their political betters before they start to get a little jaded.

**Traditional Equivalent: Bishop
Politichess Piece: Sausage Fork**

Notice that in a traditional chess set, the bishop bears more than a superficial resemblance to the pawns. Hence, in

Politichess, the Sausage Fork piece represents the ultra politically minded Uber gimps who are sleeping with the Hack-in-Chief and so get preferenced higher up in the ticket. Their can-do motivation makes them naturals in the scene and all of their moves are diagonal to represent the constant deviousness with which they execute their campaigning.

**Traditional Equivalent: Rook
Politichess Piece: Beer-Keg**

The Beer-Keg resembles its traditional counterpart in shape. In Politichess, the Beer-Keg stands for the Activities and Campaigns Vice-President candidate. I'm not a very good chess player, and whenever I play, I can never mobilise my Beer-Keg effectively because, being trapped behind the Sausages, it takes too many moves to free it. This is a fitting allegory for typical ACVP candidates, who aren't any good at the political game and are essentially, lucky gimps who, through virtue of long service, run for ACVP so that they can hide behind the green novice gimps and have all the dirty work done for them.

**Traditional Equivalent: Knights
Politichess Piece: Rainbows**

In Politichess, the Knight pieces are replaced by the rainbow. They represent the Sexuality Officer candidates because, let's face it, the way the Knights' move is a little queer.

**Traditional Equivalent: Queen
Politichess Piece: Cleaver**

The Cleavers are the factional Hacks-in-Chief capable of pulling strings to load the SAUA and Union with their people. The Cleaver moves as it pleases and is equally comfortable with confrontation as it is with back stabbing. It is the most powerful piece on the board, and its loss is a great blow to the chances of the faction.

**Traditional Equivalent: King
Politichess Piece: CV**

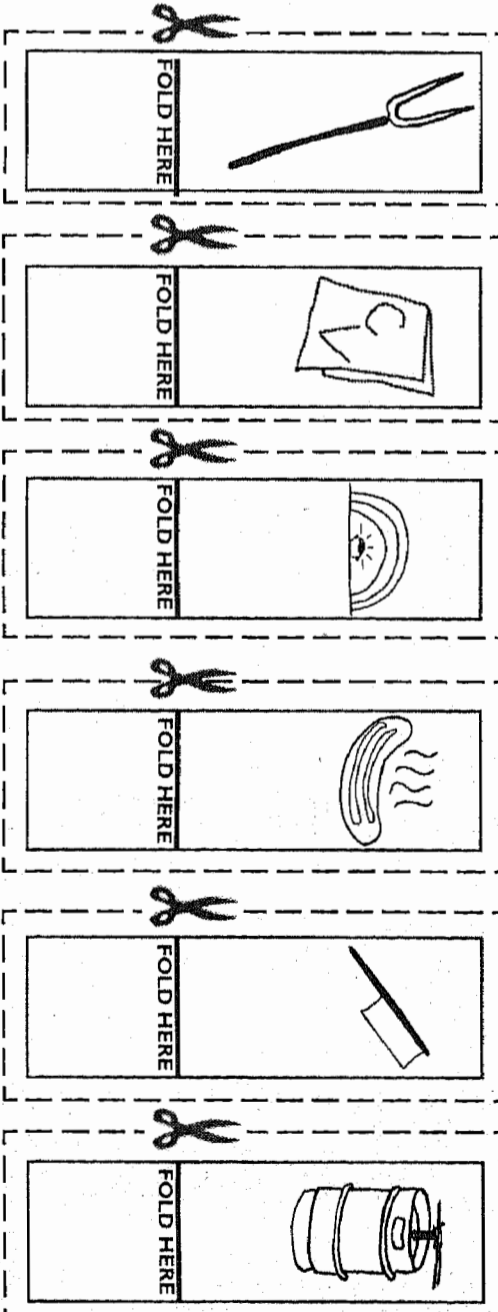
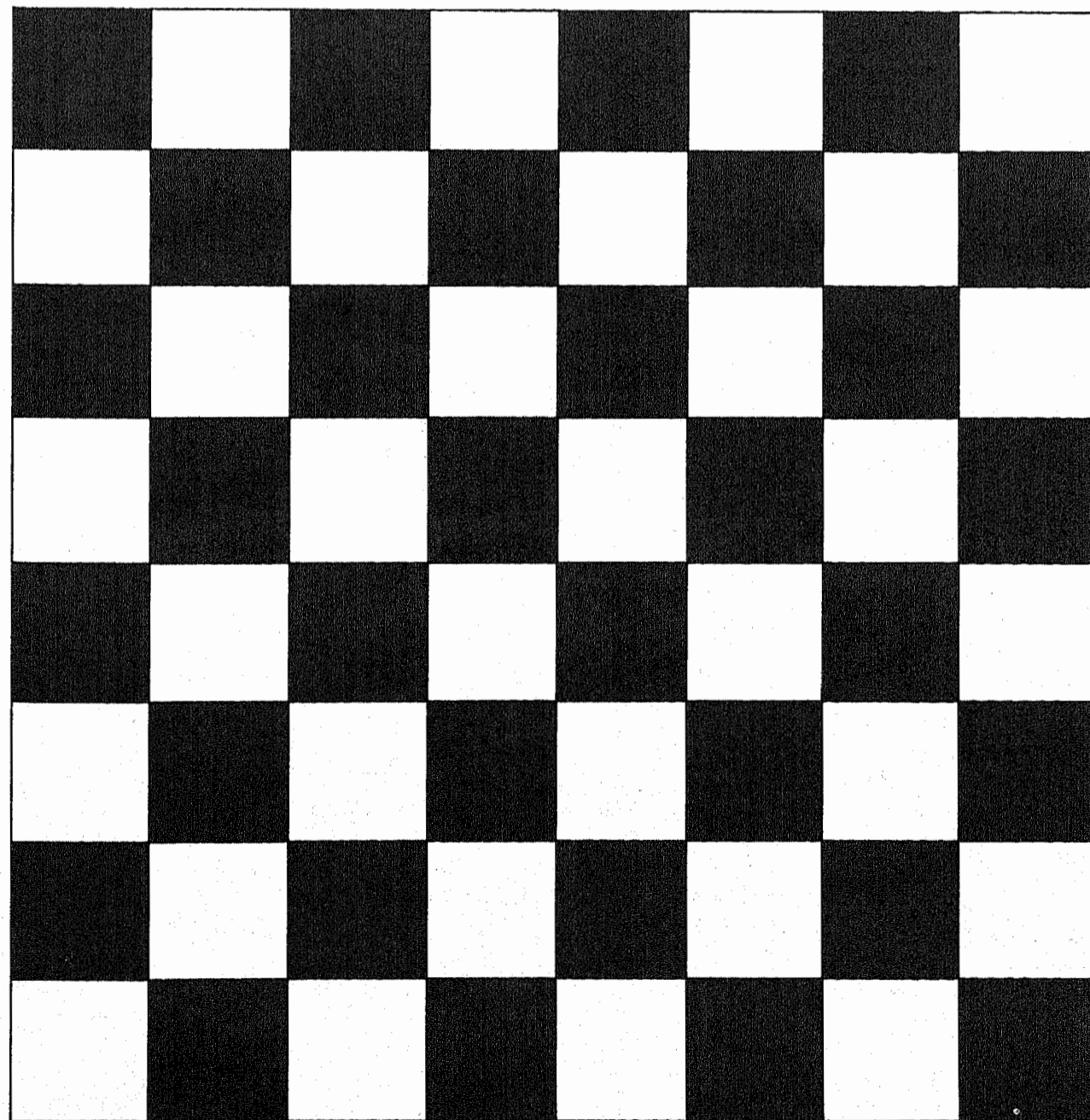
The CV although fairly useless by itself, is the most important piece as its demise is the aim of the game.

It represents the Union/SAUA President candidate going for brownie points on the CV for future political careers.

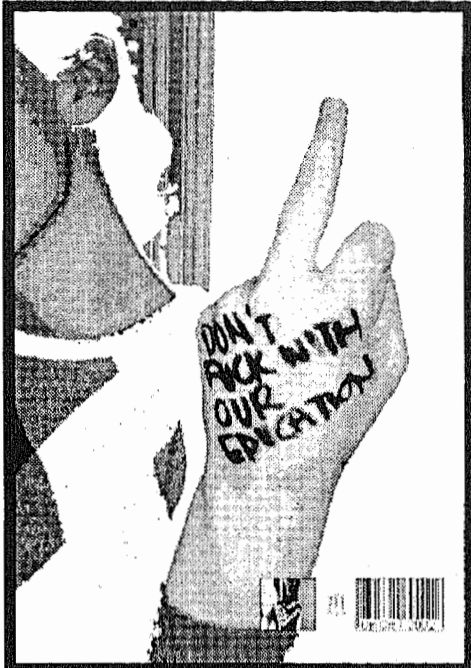
**Sundry Explanations
Castling:**

Oh no! Those nasty opponents are running a smear campaign against your SAUA/Union President candidate! Your CV had better keep a low profile for a while. Hide it behind the faceless gimp Sausages, and let your ACVP Beer-Keg divert attention by promising a slather of new and crazy activities and 80% more BBQs on the lawns.

Instructions: Simply photocopy the pieces provided so that you have 2xCleavers, 2xCVs, 4xKegs, 4xRainbows, 4xSausage forks and 16x Sausages. Colour half of them a different colour, cut them out, fold and away you go!



LETTERS



Got a grievance? Something to get off your chest? Why not submit a letter! Contribute to campus culture by stirring up lively debates over your opinions. It's good for you.

Remember Ixnay on the racist, sexist and homophobicay.

JEEZ...

To whoever uses the Women's Room and doesn't clean up,

You should totally hate yourself as the kitchen was a complete mess. It took me twenty minutes to clean up. I don't know why I did, considering that I barely step into the Women's Room. Unlike you all, I happen to care about things like hygiene and cleanliness. Where were you raised, in a barn?

Jeez

SHORT

Dear On Dit,

Three of my cats ran away. They mentioned something about Australia. I hope they're OK. I want them to write in to On Dit.

Springtoast

WHY I OUGHTTA...

Dear Dickhead,

I foiled your plan, you sneaky little prick. An ingenious attempt to hide my motorcycle helmet in a garbage bag?

You suck. You can't be very intelligent. You tried to steal my safety equipment.

You are sad. After leaving my helmet on top of the mechanical engineering lockers

I was aghast to find that my helmet was no longer on top of the mechanical engineering lockers, after just one hour! Following last week's coffee pilfering (second to last edition's letters, "I like coffee") which involved the same lockers and after losing numerous items around the engineering building, it's about time people had a little bit of respect. Should we just put cameras up everywhere? Alternatively, we could just kick out all of the civil engineers. It may not solve the thefts, but it would make the engineering building a lot cleaner and free up a few computers.

Back to the sneaky little prick, I hope you like the letter I left you and if I find out who you are I will make you eat my shit, wait for you to shit it out so that you can eat your shit which is made up of my shit which I made you eat in the first place. Reward for information. Please contact the On Dit staff for my details.

Helmet Head

BEING BLATANT 101

Tsk. Also tut tut, and quite possibly bah as well.

As anyone with nothing better to do with their time than peruse the election broadsheet may have noticed, assorted people associated with *Hansard and Gretel*, the 2002 Law Revue (tickets \$8 concession, \$10 full price - come and see the show that George Bernard Shaw called 'the world's pre-eminent work of modern sketch comedy') endeavoured, this year, to avoid having the revue's publicity quashed hideously beneath the pointless inanities of election week by

purporting to be a political party and thence gaining room in the broadsheet for free advertising.

Unfortunately, disaster seems to have ensued. Due to what I can only assume to be the work of cunning blackmailers, or possibly of gross negligence on the part of the broadsheet compilers, the picture associated with one of the not-actually-policy-statements (mine, as it happens, the picture being of the Cheshire Cat) was, horrifically, assigned instead to a random other person. The Law Revue (which, for the laughably paltry amount mentioned above, can be seen at the Little Theatre at 7.30 on the 12th, 13th and 14th of September) will weather this storm with head held bravely high.

Nevertheless, the incident is a most distressing one.

Of particular concern to me is the possibility that, with my pseudo-statement adorned by no picture rather than by a picture that is palpably frivolous in nature, casual perusers may even find themselves believing me to be genuinely running. This would of course leave me with no choice but to flee ignominy and eternal shame by changing my name and going into hiding in South America. And since my budget won't stretch to such an action, I would have to steal the money for my flight from the Revue (tickets for which are available in the law school foyer between 1 and 2pm weekdays; hurry to buy one while the opportunity is open lest you miss out and be left with no choice but a life of self-reproach and eventual despondent suicide), leaving it collapsing in budget-less tatters behind me. I write, therefore, to let the world know that should this occur, I will be truly, deeply sorry; but that I will have been forced into the action through no fault of my own, and will therefore be more deserving of sympathy than blame.

Holly Gramazio

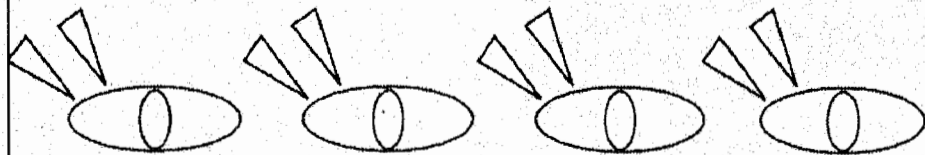
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UNION PREZ

Hi all!

August has been a month a great month in the union. The new Wills Student Lounge has been an enormous success. We have appointed Carmel Noon as our General Manager who will start officially on September 9, 2002.

New Employment Service

As you will see from the flyer send out in your student service fee invoices we are in the process of re-launching our employment service. The Adelaide University Union has employed Shane Phillips who has a wealth of experience in finding students jobs to run it for us. We will have the service fully operational for the beginning of term 3. In the meanwhile if you are looking for work it is really important that you register with the service by filling in the form on our website www.union.adelaide.edu.au.

This employment service will be available on all three campuses.

A gym at North Terrace

The Adelaide University Union is currently in the process of developing concept plans to build a gym on level 5 of the Union Building (behind the Uni Bar). We are presently investigating the possibility of running the gym in conjunction with the Sports Association. If all goes well, it is looking as though we may have a fully operational gym on level 5 by February 2003.



24hr computer suite

We are also in the process of identifying possible locations for a 24 hour computer suite which would be accessible by all students. The issues of primary importance include disability access and safety and security.

Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Students (ATSI)

The AUU Board supports the concept of creating an ATSI student department within the AUU. If you are an ATSI student and are interested in getting involved please contact me. We are planning to get together this week to discuss the implementation of this committee with interested parties.

If you would like to get in contact with me, you can reach me on 8303 5401, or by email at susie.young@adelaide.edu.au.

Cheers,
Susie Young
President
Adelaide University Union



Coopers



Earl Greyfair The Elephant Walk

A late night coffee house on Melbourne Street, the Elephant Walk is recommended not only by its excellent supper menu but also by its unique atmosphere. It boasts intimate booths and outside tables in a lush jungle garden lit by citronella candles. The staff are extremely friendly, and the owners are two of the loveliest people I have ever met.

While the Elephant Walk has an extensive supper menu, it does NOT serve alcohol. If that's what you're after, then don't bother coming because you won't find any. The staff have very little tolerance for rude demands and disrespect to their property so don't push them. Considering the hordes of people they turn away every night, they can afford to be choosy about their clientele. Because it is such an intimate venue with some very valuable items inside, the Elephant Walk and its staff deserve a high level of respect. If you give the Elephant Walk the respect it deserves, you will get it back.

The Elephant Walk has a very extensive selection of teas, including Prince of Wales, Darjeeling and my personal favourite, Yunnan. A pot of tea will cost you \$4.50. For around the same price, you can choose from a range of coffee as well, including Africana, Gold Coast and Vienna. It's not a place you'd go every night so when you do go, it's not a problem to pay the extra in order to relax in a place with bucketloads more character than your generic café on Rundle Street.

The Elephant Walk doesn't just serve coffee and tea. It also has great desserts like Strawberry or Banana Waffles, Hot Plum Pudding and Scones with Jam and Cream. A dessert costs approximately \$7 - \$9. If you feel like something a little more savoury, you can't go past the Elephant Walk's signature dish, Welsh Rarebit. There are also dishes like Quiche with or without salad, and Ham and Cheese Toasted Sandwiches. Savoury dishes range from around \$7.50 - \$10.

If you do get the chance, pop in to the Elephant Walk. Sometimes you may have to wait for a table because the place is so damn popular, but it truly is worth it. My personal supper preference is as follows: a pot of Yunnan tea (\$4.50) and Welsh Rarebit with Salad (\$9.90). Total cost: \$14.40. That's three drinks in a crowded, smoky, noisy pub followed by a righteous hangover the next day. It's not brain surgery.

Clementine

Eat Street The Gov

Everybody knows the Governor Hindmarsh Hotel (or the Gov) is an excellent venue for loud music. However, its restaurant is also worthy of much praise. Not only does it offer an excellent atmosphere with its familiar surroundings and cozy heating system, but it provides friendly service to boot.

It was with much anticipation that I trooped into the hotel last Friday night with my friend Penelope. We were immediately greeted by the comfortable surroundings that recommend the Gov, and after a short wait due to the business of the restaurant, we were escorted to our table. It quickly became apparent that the Gov is a favourite amongst group bookings as well as cozy twosomes. With a few groups surrounding us, Penelope and I basked in the glow of the heating lamps as we perused the menus.

And what menus! Not only did they feature some very scrumptious looking entrees such as spicy fries (just the right amount of stomach fillage to sate your appetite before dinner), but there were also more adventurous looking things like stuffed mushrooms. The entrees, however, proved to pale in comparison to the delicious looking mains that awaited us. They featured an array of dishes including Beer Battered Fish and Chips, Chicken Breast Stuffed with Garlic and Pancetta, Kangaroo Fillets with a Polenta Base and a T-Bone Steak with Crunchy Fries. Most of the mains ranged in price from the decidedly affordable \$14 to the scarier \$20 (though for a T-bone steak, you're really getting your money's worth). We settled instead on the chicken breast and the kangaroo, and they proved themselves to be excellent choices. The chicken contained just the right amount of garlic, whilst the kangaroo was complimented perfectly by the fruit chutney that accompanied it. We also took advantage of the very helpful wine suggestions that went with each meal and chose a bottle of Kangarilla Road Shiraz (\$28) which was very nice.

The service at the Gov was excellent, with the waitress even coming to fetch us from the bar next door (pre-dinner cigarettes are much cosier in a warm room!). This is an untapped resource for dinner parties and the like. The Gov is not just an excellent live music venue, it also proves itself to be a very satisfying dining choice.

Clementine

Australian Made, Australian Owned.

Welcome to the election week circus! Don't worry, it only happens once a year.

Last week's protest against Howard at the opening of the SANTOS petroleum engineering building showcased the increasing student concern over a number of pressing issues, particularly the *Crossroads* review of higher education. It was fantastic to see so many students making a vocal objection to the review's suggestion that education is not a right but a privilege.

Last week also saw the *Crossroads* review panel meeting in South Australia. NUS and the Students' Association held a number of protests against the review to coincide with these meetings, including Thursday's General Student Meeting. Thanks to all who helped out and attended these events. In the next few weeks the education department has more information sessions and actions scheduled, so keep your eye out for these events.

The Student Representative Standing Committee is meeting regularly to put together a submission to Academic Board on the issues that are concerning students most. At the moment we are focussing on the problems associated with MyUni, the effects of budgetary constraints on students and ways to minimise ancillary fees. Our next meeting is at 5pm Thursday September 19 in the University Council room. If you would like to have input into this submission please feel free to come along.

If you would like any more information about any Education Department campaigns, please give me a call on 83035406 or email georgia.heath@Adelaide.edu.au



**Education Vice-President
Georgia Heath**



**Enviro Officer
Sarah Hanson**

Last week saw a welcome sight for the Adelaide University Campus. A good old-fashioned display of student activism. Thursday saw the *Crossroads* Review protest and General Student Meeting, which passed a motion condemning the review. There were no shortage of students to enjoy the free barbeque, as well as the \$1.50 beers, which wonderfully complimented the event. Keep your eyes out for more information and action regarding the Federal Government's Higher Education Reviews.

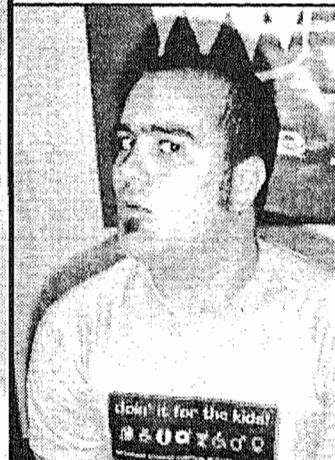
Last week also saw an Activities Standing Committee planning session for the rest of the year, and things will kick off next for the End of Term Show, being held on the 20th September in the UniBar. There will be happy hours, Free Karaoke, and Air Guitar competition, giveaways and more, so stay tuned to hear more about this event, which is being held in conjunction with the SAUA Sexuality Department.

The Sexuality Department is holding an Anti-Homophobia Campaign during the last week of term, and it is looking to be quite an event. Keep your eyes on Asta and Adrian's column for more details.

Finally, this week is the often-dreaded election week. It is important for students to vote (even though it is not compulsory) as it is your only chance during the year to exercise democracy and have a say as to who your student representatives for the coming year will be. Sift through the numerous candidates (all contained in the broadsheet, which can be found in your student pigeon holes, and in the SAUA) and make an informed decision.

"This, above all things to thine own self, be true"
William Shakespeare.

ACV/P



Paul Huebl

Office Bearers

Safer Sex Campaign

The Sexuality Department is working in conjunction with the Education Department to give you our campaign on Safer Sex. On Tuesday 10th of September, there will be a stall on the lawns with free condoms and lubricant. This will be accompanied by information regarding safer sex practices as well as a brief guide to common S.T.I.'s (Sexually Transmitted Infections). This campaign is relevant to all sexually active students and those contemplating becoming sexually active.

Anti-Homophobia Campaign

The Anti-Homophobia will be held in the last week before mid-semester break. This will consist of different posters being produced by the department and put in circulation, as well as a kick-arse Karaoke night (there will be more information about this in the following edition of *On Dit*). This night will be held in conjunction with the SAUA Activities Department, needless to say it shouldn't be missed!

Election Week

Despite the craziness of this week, the Sexuality Officers are still contactable and have not taken leave, so if you would like to get in touch with us, please do not hesitate.

Phone (08) 8303 5406 or (08) 8303 3899 (direct line)
Adrian: adrian.di_paolo@student.adelaide.edu.au
Asta: asta.cox@student.adelaide.edu.au

**Women's Officer
Elise Duffield**



Adrian DiPaolo & Asta Cox



Sexo's

The SAUA President Bek Cornish is on leave, but you can still hear from her on page 11.

Thanks to everyone who helped me with environment week and to everyone who got involved in the activities. It definitely was a great week! Thanks to those students who commented on *Enviro OnDit* in the last edition, I'm glad I have been able to start discussion and debate between students on environmental issues.

There is lots of things going on over the next few weeks: There is a huge Adelaide community forum to discuss the Proposed National Radioactive Waste Repository (to store radioactive waste, including short lived intermediate radioactive waste, hazardous for up to 300 years) on Tuesday September 3, 2002 - 7.00pm for a 7.30pm start.

Norwood Town Hall, The Parade, Norwood. Speakers include: Hon. John Hill, MP. SA Minister for the Environment, David Noonan, Campaign Officer, Australian Conservation Foundation, Dr Jim Green, B.Med.Sci.(Hons.) PhD. Nuclear Researcher, and Peter McGauran, MP. Federal Minister for Science, David Kemp, MP. Federal Minister for the Environment. Everyone is welcome!

The Wilderness Society SA is looking to employ a Community Political Campaigner on a part-time basis. If you are interested in environmental issues and feel you can organise grassroots campaigns please contact 08 8231 6586, or email sa@wilderness.org.au or check http://users.senet.com.au/~twssa/job_specs.html for a job spec. Applications close: Tuesday 3 September 2002.

There is an important conference happening in Melbourne from October 3-5, the 2nd National Conference of Sustainable Unis. It was a tremendously successful event last year, and basically a forum for people who are involved in trying to make their campus more environmentally sustainable to get together, share info & make plans. It is open to students and uni staff alike so if you would like more info please contact me on 83035406 or email greengirl@sarah-coral.com

This week is election week so make sure when your getting hassled by student polities that you ask them what their environment policies are and keep them accountable!

I hope everyone has a great week,
lots of love sarah xxx

Hey there and welcome to Election Week. Hope it's not too painful for you all.

Women's Room

The good news is that if you need a space to chill out and get away from it all, you can go down to the Women's Room and relax. Some posters have been put up courtesy of the women's department for your visual pleasure. And damn those couches are comfy. With all those assignments due before the holidays I'm sure you will take advantage of the quiet and spacious women's only study area too. And if you need to procrastinate, there's those surveys to fill out!

The women's room is located at the bottom of the Lady Symon building next to the women's toilets and lockers.

Reclaim the Night

Regular meetings of the reclaim the night collective have begun. We will be having a meeting each Thursday at 6pm at the Fleet St. Café, Pulteney st. All women are welcome to attend. Reclaim the Night will take place on Friday the 25th of October.

Fairwear Campaign

We had some good responses from students during the Fairwear campaign last fortnight. The clothesline was especially eye catching. I gave a presentation to students on the Wednesday about the campaign and outworkers. If those students would like further information about outworkers, please don't hesitate to come and see me in the office. Unfortunately I fell ill for the Thursday and Friday, but luckily the biggest legend at uni, (and official wicked womyn of the week) Kate Stryker, kept the campaign going in my absence. Thankyou.

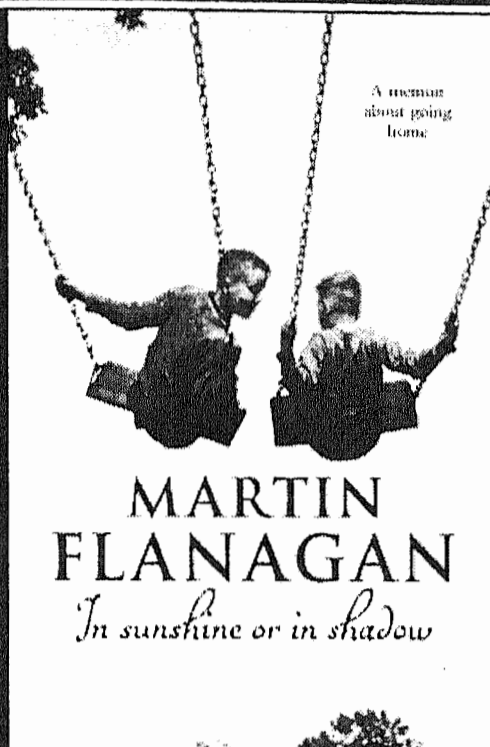
Amina Lawal Petition

A filthy, inhumane and sexist thing is happening in Nigeria at the moment. Amina Lawal, a woman who fell pregnant and had a child out of wedlock, is sentenced to be stoned to death when she finishes breastfeeding her baby. The father of the baby has been cleared. This is beyond fucked in every way. Therefore a petition is being circulated to express to the Nigerian government and its president, Mr. Olusegun Obasanjo (official misogynist arsehole of the week) our absolute disagreement with the unjust treatment and cruel condemnation of Amina Lawal and her baby daughter and for the other women who will ultimately suffer because of these unjust and prejudicial judgements. Petitions will be available to sign in the SAUA office.

May the goddess be with you. Elise.

L I T E R A T U R E

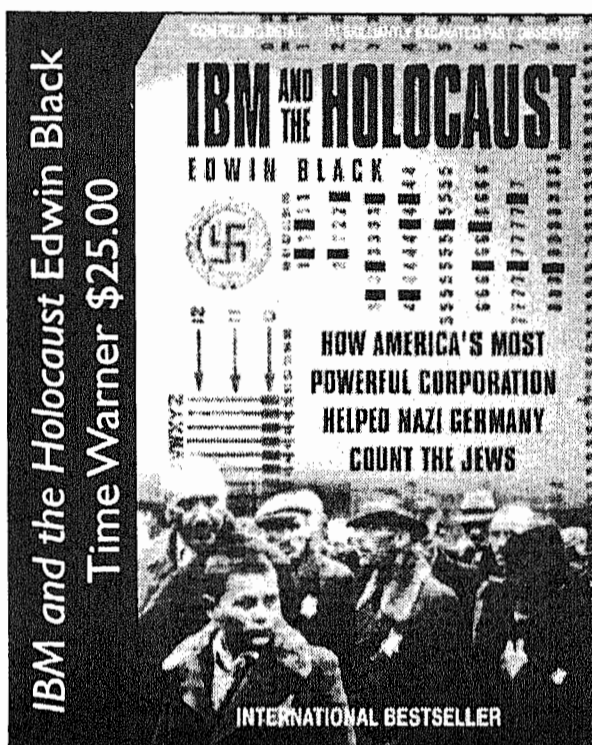
In Sunshine Or In Shadow
Martin Flanagan Picador \$22.00



In a culture that idolizes sporting heroes, elevating them above common folk to such an extent that they feel compelled to release autobiographies detailing their uninspiring exploits, it is refreshing to see a literary figure such as Martin Flanagan publish a truly unique and fascinating book. Billed as a memoir about going home, *In Sunshine Or In Shadow* is neither an autobiography nor is it a chronicle of Tasmania's history, but focuses on Flanagan's relationship with the island state. Boasting a fine literary pedigree (his brother Richard was responsible for *Death of a River Guide* and *The Sound of One Hand Clapping*), Flanagan invites us to relive his childhood experiences in a mode not unlike Roald Dahl's musings in *Boy* and *Going Solo*; staple components of the primary school canon. Flanagan differs in the importance he places on his home state; a process of reconciling himself with the macabre history of Tasmania, shared with us that we might appreciate the impact of the past on our own lives. Structurally, the novel is fascinating, composed in an enticing and disjointed form (for those who have read *Death of a River Guide*, the form is not dissimilar), which effectively merges past and present. Stylistically, *In Sunshine Or In Shadow* at times displays the distinctively Australian laconic language; as he says in the book, "I trust language more when it's plain and not leaping about for effect, when there are silences and spaces in what is said, when what's offered is fragmentary and incomplete, a thought here and a thought there. That's how I heard about the past in Tasmania." The indigenous oral traditions of telling stories that only include what is important is preserved herein and as such, the novel is by no means a difficult read, yet it is highly rewarding. His observations concerning the state of racial relations in Australia are invaluable, and indeed it is the connections Flanagan makes to cultural conventions, icons and events that most captivates me in the book. Coming from a Christian family and personally embracing firm

convictions about my faith, it is stirring to read the heartfelt thoughts that Flanagan has regarding spirituality, confronting the questions about life that Australians are renowned for avoiding. The resolution to his confusion binds the novel satisfactorily, and when observations from his journey find greater meaning in the context of the past, I honestly feel challenged to look at my world in a different light. Essentially, *In Sunshine Or In Shadow* is a brilliant fusion of stories from yesterday and today, yielding much wisdom and insight. "We talked some more, circling the subject like two birds in an otherwise empty sky, then Archie [Roach] half-said, half-wrote: to lose yourself, to find yourself, to see yourself anew – that is the journey."

Matty



IBM has been around for a lot longer than the personal computer. Back in the 1930s it was in the business of making and selling punch-card machines, and one of the countries in which it did business was Nazi Germany. The Nazis needed punch cards to perform the feats of organisation required to rearm Germany as well as commit genocide. IBM wanted the Nazis' money. The US corporation not only traded with the Nazis before and during the Second World War, it actively supported their regime to the point where its President, Thomas Watson, earned a Nazi decoration granted by Hitler. This book tells the story of that collaboration in minute detail.

Edwin Black, the son of two Polish-Jewish holocaust survivors, has spent decades documenting the affairs of the Nazis and exposing the people, governments and companies which dealt with them, and *IBM and the Holocaust* is the most recent product of that research. Internal company memoranda, obscure contracts, personal letters, US government diplomatic communications and speeches made

by IBM executives at Nazi functions are referenced in the 88 pages of endnotes, along with mountains of other material obtained despite IBM's refusal to cooperate.

The book's style is journalistic rather than academic. This makes it easy to read and at times quite gripping, although Black sometimes gets a bit carried away in his evocation of the era and his assignment of motives to the various characters. There is much detail in the almost six hundred pages of text that could have been happily filed in the endnotes, and repetition that could have been edited away. Also, there is little explanation of how IBM's machines actually worked; a bit more technical information would have been helpful.

Still, if you are interested in the history of the Holocaust or of World War 2, or if you want another example of a corporation putting profits before morality, you should find this book very interesting.

Linley Henzell

Women's Business, Women's Wealth
Amanda Ellis Random House \$29.95

WOMEN'S BUSINESS WOMEN'S WEALTH

Create the life you want at work and in business

Amanda Ellis

It was with some trepidation that I picked up *Women's Business, Women's Wealth*. Lodging a simple tax return is a big enough ordeal for me, so spotting words like 'capital', 'shares' and 'finance' in a brief flick through its pages made me feel a little bit uneasy. However, this is the whole idea of the book, penned by Westpac's Head of Women's Markets and National Manager for Women in Business Amanda Ellis. Ellis believes that, more than ever, women today must take responsibility for making our own money, marketing ourselves and managing the money we earn.

Ellis provides some relevant and significant statistics in putting her case. Only one in ten Australian women will be financially taken care of throughout their lives, despite a survey of young women showing seven out of ten clinging to the belief that a 'knight in shining armour' will whisk them away to a carefree married existence of financial security. The reality is that two in three Australian women are in the workforce, and we can expect, on average, eight job changes and three retrenchments in their working lives. Women still earn only 84 per cent of the male wage, despite legislation for equal pay. 46 per cent of marriages end in divorce. →

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FANTASY CLUB

Fiona McIntosh

FIONA WILL BE LEADING THE
DISCUSSION ON ALL THREE
BOOKS IN HER 'TRINITY' SERIES
MONDAY SEPTEMBER 9, 6PM

2000, women had only a third of the retirement or superannuation savings of our male counterparts. The list goes on. These depressing indicators point to a disturbing trend of women either avoiding or encountering obstacles in gaining autonomous financial security.

Ellis' ideas are explained around the concept of a ME Incorporated which, although sounding a little wanky, relates financial concepts back to a person's lifestyle, goals and values. We are Chief Executive Officers of our own ME Inc, and must consider what will 'make our heart sing' in pursuing a career, setting goals and balancing having a life with having money.

Ellis has created an easy-to-read format of hard facts explained simply, interspersed with interviews with both famous and 'real' women, self-help exercises to fill out, examples of calculations and lists of dot points. It's easy to find what you're looking for and as a typical layperson, I did not find the subject matter as alienating as I feared. Interviews with successful women, from *Women's Weekly* editor Deborah Thomas and cosmetics empress, Poppy King to lesser-known women who have built cottage industries into multimillion-dollar exports, plus the obligatory Natasha Stott Despoja inclusion, were quite inspiring. Reading about South Australian women was particularly interesting given the gloom-and-doom reports of our state's brain drain and ageing population. The facts and figures are up-to-the-minute (even including references to last year's Ansett collapse), which although useful, will mean that revised editions will be required soon.

This book is definitely valuable from a liberal feminist and femocrat perspective (did you know that the law passed in early 1990s which allowed women to hold horse racing licences in their own right rather than as 'spouses of' is known as the Waterhouse Act, after Gail Waterhouse?). The information is particularly relevant in a time when government seems to hold little regard for the welfare state, and much emphasis is placed on user-pays and financial security as defined within the traditional family unit. It steers away from other patronising efforts at financial instruction for women I have seen (titles like *Solve Your Money Problems in 30 Days*, with pages decorated with coat hangers, stiletto shoes and café lattes). I was pleased to note that a section about 'making a good impression' on potential lenders made no mention of physical appearance or personal grooming, and instead recommended punctuality and doing your homework.

However, I did cringe a couple of times. The promotion of business incentive programmes and competitions like Shell Livewire and Nescafé Big Break, not to mention her own position in a financial institution that supports Jabiluka uranium mine didn't sit well next to Ellis' advocacy of responsible 'corporate citizenship' and the 'triple bottom line' (financial, social and environmental). Some would also no doubt object to one interviewee's assertion that "money equals freedom and choice".

Women's Business, Women's Wealth constitutes an empowering read for any woman who hasn't managed to be born into royalty, whether she is thinking about setting up a small business, becoming a CEO, or is wary of credit cards. I just like to know what that stuff at the bottom of my pay slip means.

Gemma Clark

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The Great Gift

by Mark Crowder

In a lush Indian valley, isolated from all other communities, lived a pride of peacocks. In this valley they were free from predators, and among the other physical variations, they had lost the ability to fly, and now had no way of escaping their valley. All they had was each other. One of the peacocks of significance was Franky.

Franky had a problem. It was the last week of the mating season and his call had not managed to attract a single mate. Cyril was of particular aggravation to Franky, as by being the most brilliantly feathered of the peacocks, he had managed a great many partners over the last few months.

Franky was unsure what he could do about his situation. There was no point to a peacock's life if he was unable to copulate, and from what he could see, Cyril's harem of peahens served to give his life no greater meaning than the usual small group of mates would have done. Franky decided to confront Cyril, while his irritation outweighed his meekness.

"Cyril," Franky blurted uncertainly, "It aggravated me the way that you take all of the mates. You will have hundreds of children this year, and care for none of them. I would be content with just one hen, but they all go to you. I am refused my need for your benefit, and you don't appreciate what you take from me."

Cyril turned his brilliant blue-green head and smiled cruelly. "I am a great bird, and you are not. With every mate, my pride adds another brilliant feather to my plumage, and with every new feather I attract a new mate. If I could fly from this valley, I would. I could win even more mates if they were available to me."

In truth, Cyril was such a fine bird, that he had won every peahen in the valley that year, leaving all the other peacocks in the same position as Franky.

"If you could have what I have, you would" Cyril continued. "You know about natural selection, if I were to give you one of my mates, while you are undeserving it would serve to deny nature's finest mechanism. You have nothing to offer that I cannot give and more."

Franky sighed with frustration. There were just some birds in the world that it was impossible to reason with. As he turned to go, he passed a hen coming up to Cyril's nest. She looked briefly at him and then away nervously as she hurried on to the nest. Her manner showed her uncertainty and sense of inferiority as she went.

"She would never look like that if she were with me", Franky thought sadly. He was almost out of sight of them when Cyril called out again: "You only complain

because of your place! If you were in my position, you would have things as they are. It is sensible, and practical." With that he strutted back to his nest, to offer his genes once more to the pride.

It made no sense to Franky that the world should be this way, that so many like him should suffer loneliness while one fine unappreciative bird should get everything. The elder birds tried to console him, telling him that the Great Birds plans were beyond his understanding, and that there was reason behind everything. These assurances had worn thin. Franky was sick of them, and no longer had any faith in them at all. "If I want anything I am going to have to work for it." He decided.

A few of the younger birds still believed in the Great Bird, so Franky could not convince them that things weren't right. There were other birds though. Together, the birds had decided that they had to do what was necessary for their collective good, and run Cyril out of the pride. They had got together, and were about to go out and do what their instincts told them, when one of the cocks protested. "It is not right for us to do this," he broke out.

"Why not?" Franky asked. "We can't go on living like this."

"What about natural selection? If we aren't good enough to compete for the mates, we are not meant to. If we do we will only weaken our pride."

Franky fought hard against this. About whether they had need to evolve when they were safe, and what would have happened if Cyril hadn't been born, and even that if they could get rid of Cyril, then natural selection had done its job. No matter how hard he argued, the other birds had made up their mind. They did not want to interfere with nature, and so they refused action.

When the peacocks were chicks, they were told stories by their mothers that there was a land where all the peacocks were equal, and able to live in perfect happiness, where birds needn't be handsome to win their mate, where the concept of winning itself was meaningless. Franky, in a desperate last attempt to gain support appealed to the other cocks with this hope.

"That is just a story to put us to sleep when we were young." They said. They had made up their collective mind, with individualistic reason.

This was Franky's worst fear. He could not pretend everything was going to go on as before, he had risked talk of action, and all the birds knew. He had lost all hope, and now there was only one thing left that he could do. He hardened his mind into a frenzy. Left without alternative, he summoned up his deepest, most primal instincts and acted

With the predictability of a metronome wearing colourful trousers, everybody has handed their Borders Literature Competition entries in at the last minute. Thus, we do not have the space to print them all in this edition. Fear not, however. The due date may be over, but the fun doesn't stop here. Due to the volume of entries you'll receive a generous portion now followed by another heaped serve in the Multicultural Edition in Week 8, where, incidentally, the winner will be announced. But for now, read on, and judge for yourselves...

alone. Racing as fast as he could, he crossed the valley to Cyril's nest, and lunged savagely, before his will weakened.

There was never any real chance of Franky winning, but now that seemed hardly to matter. Death was equally as consoling to him now, and that is what he found. Cyril, a much bigger and stronger bird ripped at his neck and the fight was over all at once, as Franky fell into a silent peaceful heap.

The pride was affected by Franky's loss. Despite his inability to win himself a mate, almost all of the birds had liked Franky, and they would miss him now. The elders, last of the truly pious generation, held on to their hope that the Great Bird knew all, and had reason for this terrible tragedy.

Time went on, and one by one, the other cocks, unable to win themselves a partner, withered away in hopeless despair and died. It was a dark time for all of the birds, fanciful conversation between the birds ceased almost entirely, and the great sombre feeling of the flock was not broken until the following spring, when all of the new chicks hatched out of their nests.

The elders felt that the great darkness that they had endured had finally been compensated. The new generation of chicks were beautiful beyond any previous experience. They all had Cyril's great strength, and lustre of coat, and Cyril was more proud than ever. The past was completely forgotten, and the birds went on in pure happiness for an entire generation. All was well; all was wonderful. Each male was as spectacular as the next and the mating season was as equal and happy as could be imagined. No cock was unhappy. The past truly seemed to have disappeared forever, and a wonderful new history was facing the pride.

It was not until the next spring, when all of the new chicks hatched that the terrible implications of Cyril's reign became clear. All of the new chicks were hideously deformed. Inbreeding in the peacocks had had devastating consequence. Occasionally in the past a chick had been disfigured at birth, but the flock never knew why; it was now clear.

The beauty of Cyril's offspring had hidden the terrible truth that was now evident: variation was as important as might, and its denial brought horror. Most of these grotesque chicks had died at birth. Those that did not were weak and infertile. Nothing was left now but the always-reassuring hope for the afterworld. The peacocks were extinct.

By Mark Crowder

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The Past is Prologue

by Edvard
Van Gogh

Moments

The moment you think you've got it all, that's the moment you should fear the most. If you're at the bottom the only way you can move is up, no matter what the next significant event in your life is, it can only be a catalyst for improvement. Now if you're at the top that's a different story. If you're at the top, you're standing on some very thin ice. Any sudden movement and you're likely crash right through. And once you begin to fall there's no telling how far you'll drop. If you don't recover early, momentum will gather, and nobody will want to save you. At that speed, you'll drag them down too. Everybody has their own dreams, and no matter what they are, nobody will let another person stand in their way. Unless of course their dreams involve the other person. You see, even the selfless are selfish.

Our lives are made up of millions of moments. Some of love, some of lust, some of hate and confusion. And from time to time we have moments of clarity. These are the defining moments that shape our dreams. Flashes of spiritual enlightenment. They tell us what to do and why, and can strike at anytime, anywhere. A friend once told me of a ray of light that shone through the windscreen of her parent's station wagon. This ray of light ended a childhood romance, a romance that was supposed to last forever, and gave my friend a newfound confidence in life. I've had two of these moments recently. The first involved Judge Jules, a London nightclub, and a head full of ecstasy. Without warning I was overcome with a sudden realisation. I knew what I wanted in life, and what I needed to get it. I left my love, and caught a flight home. I was determined to realise my potential, yet, continue to live the 'Carpe Diem' lifestyle I love.

The other moment was a lot more frightening... I'm at the Crown and Scepter and The Hive is playing - the butterflies have settled, and chemicals rush through my body. I'm immersed in a relaxed and happy Adelaide crowd. There is no hate in this room. The music makes sense. The flute enters my ears, and the bass enters my chest. My friends are feeling this too. They're loving it. They're dancing in front of me to the funky beats. God I have great friends. All my friends are great. Great friends, great lifestyle, promising career and a beautiful girlfriend. And there was my realisation. I've realised my potential. I have it all. I have everything.

That was a Saturday night; the next Tuesday my girlfriend left me for another man. The moment you think you've got it all, that's the moment you should fear the most.

Perhaps

The next six weeks were a constant freefall. An emotional roller coaster filled with love, hate and depression. At first, I wanted her back, perhaps I still do. But to begin with I was willing to act upon these emotions. I million romantic scenarios ran through my mind. All ending with her realisation that I was The One. Then I saw her with her new lover, and the hate set in. I hate her and I hate him. That cunt must have something I don't. There must be something wrong with me. I needed a drink. And I just kept drinking.

After a few weeks I began to wonder how she must describe me to others. I sent her an SMS: Liam and I were drinking and the question arose, "How do you describe me to others?" And the reply: a perfect guy. And in all lower case too. Which means she is sincere. We only ever write in lower case if we mean it. Like the first "love you". Perfect eh? Not exactly the describing word I had anticipated. I thought maybe "self centered, selfish, idealistic dreamer," or something along those lines, but not perfect. How can a guy be perfect and still be dumped for another man. Perhaps she's stroking my ego. Trying to ease the pain. Perhaps not. I've used the word perfect to describe her. But I didn't dump her, she dumped me. Does that mean her new lover is more than perfect? Perhaps perfect is a bad thing. Perhaps faults are good. Perhaps girls go for guys with faults with the desire to erase them. Perhaps it doesn't matter if you are perfect. Perhaps what really matters is love. Perhaps love makes all faults appear insignificant. Perhaps she didn't love me.

I see her for the first time in weeks - the butterflies' dance.

-Hi.... how are you?

-Good

-Oh.... so my Voodoo dolls not working then? She laughs and we decide to get a drink at the Austral. The giggles continue and I'm enjoying this a little too much. It's wrong. It reminds me of before. I shouldn't see her. It'll drag me down. But god I'm enjoying this now. Her laugh, her smile - the butterflies. Maybe just a little longer.

The conversation leads to our first date. Breakfast at the markets, ice creams on the beach, a tram into the city, drinks at the Grace, dinner down the bay, and frozen cokes under a full moon. That was a perfect day. That day we joked about getting our intelligence tested. The Church of Scientology tests them for free. I used to walk past there every day when I lived in the city. I never did get tested though. Always too scared of the result. You see, I consider myself intelligent and I tell myself I am. It gives me the confidence to be me. If it turns out I'm not, it would destroy me. Again she jokes about getting our

intelligence tested. I take it as a challenge; we finish our drinks and visit the Church. Relief sets in as I read my score. Hers' inspires a smile. But how can intelligence be justly assessed on the basis of the answers to 80 questions? Surely such a concept is far too complex to be assessed in such a trivial manner.

The personality test was more interesting. Apparently, I'm unstable and irresponsible which, I'm told, could lead to drug and alcohol abuse. Could lead to? I was drinking before I got here. But it's not a problem. These are great traits. And I'm too young to settle down. We leave the Church before the religious lunatics bestow any further knowledge upon us, and say our goodbyes.

-I've had a fun day. I hope it doesn't make me miss you more.

-I still don't understand. Why did you want me? You could have had anybody.

I don't want anybody. I want you. -I... I don't know. I walk home, happy, confused. I can't stop thinking about her. The freefall continues.

Dancing with Angels

Cocaine (*noun*) an addictive drug derived from coca leaves, used as a narcotic and local anesthetic.

A sweet smell enters my head, my face begins to numb, and a surge of power comes over me. I no longer have a hangover - there are no butterflies. The never-ending thought loops are gone, and for the first time in my life, I think clearly. Richard Ashcroft told us that 'The Drugs Don't Work'. That's Bollocks! I know it. You know it. And Richard Ashcroft knew it. If they didn't work, we wouldn't take them. We walk to the Royal Oak and drink a pint on the terrace. The sun inspires a smile. As the world revolves around me, Liam gives an insight into his life. We skip the bullshit and talk about the things that matter. Intelligent thoughts. We listen. We learn. We talk about the pain and hurt in life. We take another hit and we head to the club. The drugs work.

Ecstasy (*noun*) 1. a state of extreme delight or joy, 2. a strong drug that acts as a stimulant.

The pain and hurt in life disappears - the butterflies' fly. There's only one emotion now. Love. And I love everybody. -Liam. Can I tell you a story? I've never told anyone this, but I want to tell you now. My first love, my love in London, when we were friends, I loved her. I thought she was The One. And when we got together, I loved her. More than I've ever loved anyone. But that's when I realised she wasn't The One. If she were The One I'd get butterflies for the rest of my life. I loved her, but the butterflies left. It's like Sale of the Century; you've got two choices. You can either settle for what you've got, and live your life with someone you love, or you can risk it all and play on for the Jackpot. Why the fuck did I tell him that? I'm talking too much. Time to dance. Watch the lasers. Feel the beat.

I've been dancing for an eternity, a glorious eternity, when a friend approaches me.

-I think Liam might need a lie down.

-Fuck. Where is he?

-Outside.

The Angel of Death stares at me from within his eyes. Frightened, I stare back; she falls into his chest, and takes a piece of life from his face as she falls - the butterflies panic.

-Fuck! You ok? You've taken too much. I'll take you to the hospital, ok?

-Can we just walk for a while? I just need to walk.

So we walk, and walk, and walk. Blood circulates through Liam's system, and life slowly emerges back into his face. Relief rushes through me, I relax and let the chemicals take control once again. We pass Rise. Another church converted into a nightclub. Alcohol, drugs, music, sex, blasphemy.

Pseudoephedrine (*noun*) an alkaloid used for the treatment of asthma and hay fever.

My nose runs and my jaw aches. I'd take a Sudafed, but my chest is so tight I wouldn't survive the walk to the kitchen. There is no lower point than now. Liam sits across from me. Last night we shared our most intimate secrets. We understood the others every thought. Now I can't communicate. I can't think. I dream of an abyss filled with water. I dive to the bottom and relax. This is where I want to be right now. On my own. Submerged. Away from life.

The horrible day finally ends outside the Burger Bar as we try to devour our first solids in 30 hours. No words are shared. Scattered, I watch the cars. Finally, a thought, but it's obscure. Once I pondered why I am attracted to sensible girls. I thought it was because subconsciously I knew it would never work out. Eventually we'd realise we had nothing in common, and I'd be free to experience love over and over again. That's bullshit. Failing for a girl like me would be self-destructive. We'd push the limits further and further until it all went wrong. I'm attracted to the sensible type because they're a calming influence. Maybe I am a little unstable. A little irresponsible. I no longer have a calming influence, but I think it's time to regain control. Time to stop the freefall.

Admiration

All Hail
The Poet Laureate
Of the Adelaide Review,
Our greatest living
National exponent
Of the art
Byron graced
With his wit

You can see
How it might feel
If you thought
Like him.

But why
Would you
Want to when
It makes him
So bitter,
saturnine and
uncharitable?

JOHN FABER

No Space For New Messages

A Moral Tale, In 160 Characters Or Less
By Matt Anderson

It is entirely appropriate that the arrival of this particular text message was heralded by fanfare. It is also equally appropriate that this particular fanfare was not sounded on trumpet, fife or drum, but by the electrical equipment surrounding me in my flat: a few seconds white-noisish buzz before that insistent, galloping rhythm was driven out by my TV, hi-fi and microwave alike.

Beep beep. Beep beep.

I Message Received.

Before the arrival of this message, it was a fairly unusual thing for me to receive an SMS. They weren't really my thing. In fact, I regarded them with something not dissimilar to disdain, probably because I don't receive very many, and because the noise of teenagers receiving them on the bus puts my teeth on edge. I wondered who would be writing to me at ten o'clock on a Tuesday evening.

The first thing that struck me as odd about this message was that there was no sender. Next to the little arrow on the screen of my Nokia which usually points out that the sender is Gavin or Samantha or Aunt Helen was just a blank space.

Odd, I thought, as I opened it and read it's contents.

YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN TO PUT THE RUBBISH OUT.

The message might seem harmless enough in another context. Maybe if I'd had a flatmate or a girlfriend it wouldn't have seemed so sinister. But I didn't have either of these things, and these eight words suddenly gave my flat the air of a Hitchcock film. If I'd known what I were about to read, I would have imagined a crescendo of shimmering violins to accompany the act of rolling over on the couch where I was lying, watching the television, and then reaching towards my phone. This would be followed by an extreme close up of my eyes, pupils dilated with unease.

A quick survey of the cupboard under the sink revealed that I had indeed forgotten to put the rubbish out. But how did the author of this message know that? Who had been looking under my sink? Was there someone watching through the windows? I flicked the curtains closed nervously, before pulling them back a fraction to look out onto the street, nosey-neighbor-style. I half expected to see a man in an overcoat and hat, leaning languidly against a lamp post with a cigarette jutting from his mouth. Instead I saw only a line of wheelie bins: 11 in a neat and orderly row, wheels facing the curb. Mine was missing, as someone, somewhere was keen to remind me.

I looked at the message again. Maybe someone had sent it to the wrong number, and it was just a coincidence that I too had forgotten to put the rubbish out: I'm sure the city is teeming with forgetful people with overflowing bins. Or maybe my neighbours

have decided that simply grunting at me in the stairwell or scurrying past me in the carpark as though I weren't even there are things of the past, and one of them is now keen to be helpful and communitarian. But they don't know my phone number (or even my name for that matter), and if they wanted to be truly neighbourly, they would have come to the door and introduced themselves. No, there was definitely something sinister about this particular text message.

I had difficulty getting to sleep, alone in my large, comfortable bed. Before retiring there, I had of course put the rubbish out, nervously turning the wheels of the bin towards the curb. I had looked over my shoulder several times for suspicious looking characters, but seen none.

I was tired, but my mind kept turning restlessly over a series of equally improbable scenarios surrounding the message. I got up at one point and crept about the flat, just because that seemed like an appropriate thing to do. I have no mounted portraits on my walls, the eyes of which might follow me around the room, but I still felt an eerie sensation that someone was watching. I entertained the thought of hidden cameras or holes in the walls.

It is my usual practice to leave my mobile phone on the nightstand next to my bed when I go to sleep, because I use it instead of an alarm clock to wake me in the morning. I also like to know it's at arms length, should I need to call for a fire engine or ambulance in the night. Tonight, however, I had left it a little further away from me, on top of a chest of drawers in the corner of my room. I didn't like the idea of it being so close to me while I slept. My phone had become eerie. It seemed almost haunted. Tonight close proximity to it would bring me no comfort.

I began to drift off to sleep, relaxing, dissolving into slumber, wrapped in feather and down.

Beep beep. Beep beep.

I was at once bolt upright in bed and mesmerised by the phone, its display illuminating the room with a menacing glow. I got out of bed and walked over to the chest of drawers where it lay. I didn't like to touch it for a while, and spent a great deal of time brooding over what the contents of the I Message Received might be.

Again, the sender was not identified. Also like the first, it was a relatively benign message, rendered creepy by the fact that I didn't know who it was from or why it was sent.

YOU DIDN'T FLOSS TONIGHT. GO BACK TO THE BATHROOM AND DO IT.

I wasn't sure if I should run outside or call the police or go to the bathroom and floss my teeth. Whoever wrote the message

was right again, I had forgotten to floss my teeth. Flossing is important because particles of food become stuck in between minute gaps in your teeth, where they rot, causing halitosis and gingivitis. The thought of tiny particles of my lunch festering in between my canines and incisors struck suddenly struck me as unspeakably revolting. My mind zoomed in on the thousands of germs which must have been writhing around on my teeth: nasty, barbed organisms, like the animated ones on washing powder commercials.

Whoever wrote this message must have been watching me while I was in the bathroom getting ready for bed. They must have seen that I didn't floss. Maybe I have things in my teeth that they can view through their pinhole cameras, zooming in on them right down to the sub atomic level. I felt slightly embarrassed that this voyeur might think that I'm one of those people who think that simply brushing cuts the mustard, before dismissing that thought as ridiculous and returning to terror.

An exhaustive search of the bathroom revealed neither viewing holes in the walls nor pinhole cameras. There was no serial killer lying in wait in my shower alcove. I flossed until my gums bled and returned to bed, where I lay, not-sleeping.

I was starting to get annoyed with the situation in which I found myself. Until a few hours ago, I had been completely happy, passively watching the television. Who would be doing this to me? Did they mean to cause me discomfort? Were they trying to spook me? I realised that lying in bed, devoting my time between staring into the gloomy dome of my ceiling and nervously eyeing off my phone in the corner of the room was not the best way to be going about things. I got up, and fixed myself a drink, in the hope that it might relax me. This is the sort of thing people do in movies, pouring a stiff drink in a time of trial. I felt more than a little Humphrey Bogart, sipping my double gin. I wished I had a slice lime and improbably large ice cubes to complete the effect.

I was just enjoying the thought of me perched, suave and debonair on the arm of my couch, cool and calm in the face of adversity when something caused the Palm Court orchestra soundtrack that was playing in my head to stop suddenly. The black and white soft focus of my moment's fantasy snapped instantly to the technicolour of reality and once again, I was clad in flannelette pyjamas rather than tuxedo. I heard my mobile go Beep beep. Beep beep.

I Message Received. Again, no sender identified.

YOU HAVEN'T SET YOUR ALARM FOR WORK. YOU MUSTN'T BE LATE AGAIN, BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN WARNED ABOUT IT LATELY.

It was at this point that I began to wish that there was someone else here that could confirm that these events were actually happening. Perhaps I was going mad. Everything that was going on around me did seem highly implausible, and my reactions to them had been a little over the top. I'd even indulged in little paranoid fantasies about men in trenchcoats outside my window. Just a few seconds ago, I had escaped all of this by pretending that I was in a 1940's talkie.

Surely this is not what sane people do?

Confused as I was, I was confident that I did resent this latest message a little. I wasn't even in bed yet, because whoever was sending me these messages had caused me to be in such a state that I was unlikely to be asleep at the time the alarm would have gone off anyway. But they did have a point: I had made two attempts to go to bed, and hadn't set the alarm on either occasion. I'd even drifted off for a moment, and was headed for a deep sleep until my failure to maintain decent standards of dental hygiene had been pointed out to me. And whoever was writing these messages was right, I had been late to work lately with such an increasing regularity that older men with nicer and more expensive ties than my own had told me that it mustn't happen again and made notes on my personnel file. Resent aside, I was almost grateful.

I turned my phone off while I slept. The alarm still sounds, even when the phone is not switched on. That's why you must always be sure that you have none set if you are travelling on an aeroplane: mobile phones interfere with the navigational equipment.

When I woke I showered, shaved, flossed, dressed, ate breakfast and left the house without switching my phone on. I was almost at the bus stop when an awful feeling that I might have forgotten something suddenly struck me. I checked my pockets, and found my phone, keys, a handkerchief, chewing gum and some coins. I do not have the kind of job which requires that I carry a briefcase to and from work, and although there was ostensibly nothing missing in my inventory of my pockets, I still had a vague feeling that something had been left behind. Perhaps all of this business with the text messages was making me begin to doubt my memory. It had failed me three times last night, and if it weren't for those text messages I would now be late for work, with bits of plaque in my teeth, and by next Tuesday, my rubbish bin would be overflowing, probably with flies attendant.

I kept walking. A brilliant idea hit me like a thunderbolt, and rather than spend any more time worrying about anything I may have forgotten, I switched my phone on and, right on cue, heard the Beep beep. Beep beep.

YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ANYTHING.

Thank goodness. Maybe this wasn't so bad after all. Silver linings can be tacked onto any cloud, no matter how ominous and threatening it might seem at first. I smiled to myself as I hailed the bus.

Although no-one calls me, it is my usual practice to leave my mobile on at work. Today, I did the same, but I put it on silent so that my co-workers didn't become annoyed by my constant Beep beep Beep beeping. Surely enough, the messages continued throughout the day. Initially, they were helpful. One message saved me two trips to the photocopier by alerting me moments after I had left my desk that pages three and nine of the file I was reproducing were still on top of my in-tray. I appreciated that one. Another alerted me that my fly was undone just as I was heaving open the door to the men's room. Once again, I was grateful. There

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were also reminders that I hadn't spoken to my mother for a month, that I hadn't paid the gas bill and that I hadn't given blood for almost a year.

I was aware however, that these messages were beginning to transcend reminders to correct slips of memory. They were beginning to adopt and increasingly moral tone.

YOU SHOULD GIVE MORE TO CHARITY. YOU DON'T APPRECIATE HOW LUCKY YOU ARE.

This message was just plain rude. Whoever, whatever, this thing or person was, it was beginning to become righteous and preachy. Of course I was appreciative of 'how lucky I was', whatever that meant. I assumed it referred to my neat, stylish but unpretentious flat, well paid job and other status symbols and consumer commodities that I had collected around me. Was I supposed to shave off my hair, give up my possessions and take to sitting cross legged, draped in orange fabric with incense burning? Is this what whoever was writing these messages wanted of me? Did it expect me to take retarded children to the shops or read literary classics to the deaf on a weekly basis?

I rang my mother, paid my gas bill on the internet and switched my phone off, wishing that these messages had been conveyed to me on old fashioned landline phone, so I could slam the receiver down for dramatic effect.

When I got home, I brought my wheelee bin in and sprawled myself on the couch again. I microwaved something from the fridge and settled in to watch something American being played out in the proscenium arch of my wide screen TV. It wasn't very amusing or entertaining, but it meant that I wasn't thinking about the messages, or wondering if I might in fact be a horrible person. The messages had been helpful initially, although they had frightened me to begin with. Now they were becoming a thorn in my side and a dent in my self-confidence.

I could scarcely believe it when I heard the Beep beep. My phone had definitely been switched off. I know that the alarm still sounds when the phone is not on, but it is a different thing altogether to receive a message when the phone is off. It just can't happen.

It had happened however. Somehow, the phone had switched itself back on and the display was lit up, I Message Received, surely enough. No sender identified, just like the others.

YOU SHOULD DO SOME EXERCISE OR GO TO THE GYM.

I'd had enough. I am not usually given to anger or irrational action, but this was starting to get under my skin. These messages had upset the delicate equilibrium of my existence. I couldn't even enjoy a night in front of the television any more, because now I seemed doomed to reading SMS messages all night and stewing about their contents. I switched the phone off again, and it sprang back to life immediately with another message.

TELEVISION ROTTS YOUR BRAIN. YOU SHOULD READ INSTEAD.

Fuck you, I thought. I happen to like

television. It's very old fashioned to regard reading as superior to television. A lot of written material is a lot more rubbishy than good television.

BUT YOU'RE NOT WATCHING ANYTHING DECENT. LOOK, YOU'VE GOT IT ON EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND.

It had a point. I suddenly felt a little embarrassed, and flicked the curtains closed again in case any of my neighbours might notice my shameful media consumption patterns.

As I filled a large glass of water in the kitchen, I felt a strangely powerful and omnipotent feeling come over me. The feeling began to resemble arousal as the phone's Beep beeping became more and more frenzied. It hardly had time to complete its first round of Beep beeps before starting another. It knew what was about to happen, and deep inside it was an inbox full of unread pleas for clemency.

I held the phone with my thumb and forefinger, suspending it above the glass of water. The beeping had stopped and a little envelope flashed in the corner of the screen. No Space For New Messages.

Submerging the phone in the glass of water was exquisitely pleasurable. I felt my toes curling up. A large, satisfied grin filled my face as I saw the display began to flicker, sub-aquatic, and I took great pleasure in tracking the passage of some bubbles of air which formed around the keys of the phone then propelled themselves upwards, bursting at the surface. The screen went dead.

It wasn't long before I began to become acutely aware of something not unlike remorse creeping in at the edges of my psyche. I threw myself on the couch and began to flick through the channels on the TV.

Love And The World Well Lost. by Daniel McCarthy

Too many cigarettes and not enough sleep and he came awake with young bones feeling old. Naked beneath the sheets he drifted up into this world conscious first of the voices around him and then the pressure about his skull and his eyes and run down the length of his spine, and just to roll onto his back was effort enough to bring the bile up into his throat.

Jesus, he said. Goddamn.

It was summer now and the air was already warm. A pale light shone in the break between the curtains and arced across the floor, thence to trace a long thin bar, slightly aslant, upon the far wall. He blinked at it, judging his obligations on this day to come, and then without even looking landed a fist square atop the clock radio. The plastic casing cracked. The voices remained. The second punch knocked the radio clean off the table and when it hit the floor it quit.

Take that, he said. No reply.

He was woken again by someone pushing

him on the shoulder. When he opened his eyes he saw Curt stood over him, dressed in jeans and a tee shirt and with his hair slicked back and a cigarette worked into the corner of his mouth.

Shit, he said. Morning.

Afternoon, said Curt. It reeks like a brewery in here.

Afternoon, then. What time is it?

Four o'clock. You missed uni again.

Well. He stretched until his joints cracked, and studied his arms. Both were lined with bruises, how made he could not remember. Not much I can do about it now, he said.

Yeah. Curt smiled and sat down on the edge of the bed and tapped cigarette ash onto the floor. Anyway, he said. I got some good news.

Yeah?

I got paid today.

Got paid?

You know what I mean.

Oh. How much?

A grand and then some. Curt smiled and pulled from his jeans pocket a thick wad of notes and dropped them onto the bed.

Jesus, he said, staring. We're not going to have dudes with shotguns banging on the door later tonight, are we?

Curt laughed. Nah, he said, it went fine. Everyone came out of it happy. He took up the money again and counted out two hundred dollars and dropped it onto his chest. Your cut, he said.

You don't have to do that.

I know. But I am.

Well. Thank you, then.

Don't spend it all at once.

He laughed. We got any booze about the place?

I don't know. I think there might be a couple of beers left in the fridge.

He swung his legs out of bed and reached for his clothes. That won't do, he said, That won't do at all.

By nine o'clock he was halfway through the bottle, and very drunk. He lay sprawled on the porch and watched the sunset and something in the coraline west and the perfect gradations of blue above filled him with an immense sadness. Whether in the beauty or the loss he saw in it he did not know.

Where you going? said Curt, once he had stumbled into the living room, wearing his least stained shirt and smelling of cheap cologne.

Into town.

Really? Jesus. Let me call the TV news.

He laughed. You want to come?

No thanks. Other plans.

Well. He put a hand against the doorframe to steady himself. Catch you later, then.

Inbound. Drunk he emerged from the train and drunk he set forth into the streets, into a Friday night in the city of Adelaide, each like the last and the next to come. The waves pouring in. Breaking, foaming, ebbing out again. To leave behind all manner of wrack and scum. Already misgiving was settling like a faint mist about the edges of his reason, but he shook his head and told himself it was too late now. He was here, in money, and in need of a drink.

The first pub he came to he descended

the staircase and passed through those gathered and ordered a jug of beer and a single glass. The barman stared, but he ignored it. Stood there the jug near empty he heard someone shout, Hey! and he turned to see Jon in suit and tie reeling through the crowd towards him. He put out his hand and Jon took it and shook it fit to crush the bones within.

Evening, he said, rubbing his fingers.

Evening yourself, motherfucker. How you doing?

Okay.

Just okay?

Just okay. How about you?

I'm doing fine, son. Mighty fine.

I can tell. Those beers going down easy tonight?

Jon laughed, coating him in an alcoholic mist. Come sit with us, he said. Fucking James O'Connell and all those boys are up the back.

That's alright.

Come on now. Don't be shy.

Seriously, it's fine.

Come on, son. James turned eighteen today, so they're cashed up and drunk as hell. We're liable to get a bunch of free drinks out of it.

They pushed through the crowd to the booths at the back of the room. About the table sat James and Dave and Mark and JT and a couple of other boys he didn't know. They looked up, a set of pale wax faces caught about the throat by thin Windsor knots. The empty glasses and full ashtray stood as testament to their night thus far. He nodded hello. The strangers mumbled replies. James smiled, JT nodded. Mark and Dave neither moved nor spoke.

Told you it was him, said Jon as he sat down. Push over, fuckers. Let the man set his beer down.

He took a seat. Altogether misplaced amongst these besuited proto-lawyers, each of them the trajectory of their life yet to live cast with Teutonic precision. Among them now one of the fallen, one of the failed, and even drunk as they were it made them shift uncomfortably in their seats and eye him askance when they thought him not looking. Only Jon talked to him. The strangers did not know him at all; the others knew him only too well.

A waitress came past and gathered up the empty glasses and cleaned out the ashtray. Several pairs of eyes watched her away.

Sweet, said Dave. My yard is hard.

Cold beers and hot chicks, said Mark. You can't beat it.

Speaking of which, said JT, it's about time for another round. Your shout, Mark.

Sorry boys, said Mark, studying the contents of his wallet. I'd love to, but I'm running out of cash here.

Don't complain to me, said JT. A few years time you'll be on a hundred plus per annum.

I know. It sucks. My parents always wanted me to be a rock star.

All save he laughed.

Someone, said Jon. More drinks.

More drinks, said Dave. He fumbled his wallet onto the table and bent it open and

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counted with one enormous eye the bills contained within. Drinks, he said, as if to remind himself. I'll get em. What do you all want?

Cowboys, said Jon, trying not to smile.

None for me, said James, facedown on the table. None for me.

Don't pay any attention to him, said Jon. He's drunk, he don't know what he's saying.

Cowboys, said Dave. He put both hands on the tabletop and gripped hard and pushed himself up. One knee caught the bottom edge and the glasses clattered and he said oh and sat down again.

Almost, said Mark. Try again.

This time Dave slid his knees clear and swung himself around so that he was angled in the direction of the bar, as if waiting to be catapulted towards it. JT reached across and put his hand in the small of Dave's back and pushed. He watched Dave away and then finished his beer and rose himself.

Don't leave now, said Jon. The fun's just getting started.

I'll be back in a minute, he said. I'm just going to take a piss.

Twin queues led away from the toilets. Joined the male one he found himself beside a gothic wreck of a girl. She stood legs slightly askew and chewed gum and considered him with her dead black eyes.

Hello, she said, in a slurred and slow voice.

Good evening.

You know. She reached out and clutched the balustrade of the nearby staircase to keep herself standing. You know, she said again, you're kind of cute.

He smiled. Well, he said. You must be drunk.

Returned to the table he found the atmosphere changed. An argument had broken out concerning their next destination.

It's the birthday boy's choice to make, said Jon. Where do you want to go?

Dance, said James. I want to dance.

Dancing it is then. Anywhere in particular?

The Planet. Go pick up some nice fifteen year old sluts.

He won't make it to the Planet, said JT. Look at him. Shit, I'd put money on him not getting from here to the door.

Further debate ensued. Various clubs were named.

Well let's go somewhere, at least, said Dave. This place is really beginning to suck.

So, then, Hindley Street at midnight, this hour the apogee of its own curious circadian rhythm. The police station across the road, the Subway outlet. A phalanx of homeboys advancing five wide along the pavement, spindle-limbed albinos unaware of the irony inherent in their uniform FUBU tops. A strip club, a closed bookstore. A longcloaked vagrant lurching towards them and cutting through their number oblivious to their exaggerated sidesteps and stares, consumed entirely by sullen discourse with worlds of his own devising. A fastfood restaurant, beacon of neon through whose doors passed a continual cycle of hungry drunks, the floor beneath them speckled with crushed fries and silver coinage and stray shrunken wisps of burger fillings. The

shuttered entrance to the Railway Arcade. Coteries of girls dressed as imitation whores, the real whores about surely happy to swap lives. A set of traffic lights, caught perfectly, and across the road, and there the club.

Shit, said Jon. Would you look at that line.

Don't worry about it, said JT. I know the guy on the door.

He did, too. He approached the head bouncer and exchanged handshakes and quick words and then these privileged few were allowed through the doors and on into the smoky laserlit vault contained therein.

Who you know, boys, said JT. All who you know.

Eyes aflame they spread across the dancefloor like an infection. He went to the bar and bought a beer and stood there to drink it and smoke cigarettes. After a few minutes Jon came over and ordered himself a beer and while waiting for it turned to look at him. He stared back. Offered a faint, drunk, puzzled smile. When the beer arrived Jon took him by the elbow and steered him to a corner of the room.

Sit down, he said. I want to talk to you.

He sat. Well, he said. Here I am. Go for it. It's to do with uni.

Oh. Okay then.

I was talking to JT earlier tonight. He says you haven't shown up for weeks.

He shrugged. Yeah, he said.

Listen, said Jon. I know it's only Arts, but shit, son, you've got to put at least a token effort in. You don't watch out you're going to end up like that sad little waste of sperm you live with.

Well.

Look, I know you never wanted to be a lawyer. That's cool. Christ, half the time I don't want to be one either. But at the same time you don't want to end up serving fucking fries for the rest of your life, do you?

He smiled. No, he said. Of course not.

So. Well. What do you want to do?

He stared out over the dancefloor while he considered the question. James was crashing about like a spastic with his hand jammed into an electrical socket. JT had corralled a girl and they were slowly drifting cornerward, kissing passionately, her arms linked around his neck.

I want to be a writer, he said, starving in the garret. I want to stay behind and draw angels in the dust. I want a little silence once in a while, so that words might mean something again.

Jon stared. Shit, he said. Okay. I thought that's what this was about. It's that stupid fucking chick still, isn't it?

The concussion of the music, the whirl of the lights. JT had his hand down the girl's pants now.

Fuck man, what did you expect? She's that kind of girl. Always was, always will be. Just like I told you, before this whole mess got started.

No she's not. It was different with her.

It's never different, said Jon. Not at this age.

Well. Okay.

Okay what?

Just okay. You think what you want to think.

Jon looked away, and when he turned back his face was bleak. You know, being a

martyr about it isn't going to solve anything, he said. You think that just because you got screwed over the world owes you for it. Well let me tell you something. The world couldn't give less of a fuck.

He smiled sadly. I know that, he said. If I know anything, it's that.

Jon raised his hands. Alright, he said. Fine. I've said my piece. You do whatever you want to do.

He didn't reply. Jon watched him for a few moments more, then shook his head and picked up his beerglass and walked away.

Outbound, the lonely whisper of the taxi's tyres on the bitumen. The driver silent. Him with his head pressed against the cool glass of the window watching the streetlights pass one by one. Consumed by old thoughts, by ancient days webbed and warped in the great stone catacomb of his memory. He remembered that night, before anyone else knew, when he put his head to her stomach and listened. Heartbeats twinned, he'd tried to hear. Almost a year ago now. He remembered her tears. He remembered the things he'd said, the promises he'd made, incompatible with this world or any world save the one created in his head.

This the right street? said the driver, reaching for the domelight.

The house was black and still. He shuffled down the corridor and opened the door to the living room. The television lit in faint neonblue tones a naked Curt and a naked girl lying unconscious on the couch. A syringe was placed upon the table and in the chamber he could see the blood flecked and coiled. Beside it a spoon and a wad of cotton gauze.

The girl's bra. An opened prophylactic wrapper, the condom itself hung like an enormous obscene foreskin from the tip of Curt's shrivelled cock. He went to Curt's room and found a blanket and threw it over the both of them. The girl whispered and rolled onto her side, half-smiling at the strange cinema of her dreams.

His room. The bottle stood just as he left it. He took off his clothes and pulled on the tee shirt she had left in his room one day, the one that deep within its fibres still held the faintest trace of her perfume, and he climbed into bed and put his face in the pillow and then he began to cry.

The last time he saw her had been a month ago. He was walking through the city with three records under his arm and the remnants of his pay in his pocket, and they strolled past not five feet away. He had never seen the guy before in his life. They were holding hands and she was laughing at something he was saying, and if she saw him she didn't let it show. And then as quick as they'd come they were gone, and that was that. Over like a homicide. He sat down on the nearest bench and pulled out his cigarettes, but his hands were shaking so badly he couldn't even get a match lit.

He wiped his face with the back of his hand and turned out the light and the world went dark, and then dark again as he closed his eyes. He wished for nothing but sleep, but sleep would not come. After half an hour he reached about until he found what he was looking for. The alcohol shot like a flare into his abused stomach and he had to hold his jaw shut with his hand to keep it down, but

it worked. His limbs unwound, his mouth went numb, his breathing slowed. The last thing that he saw, dredged from what composites of memory, was the image of a boy from back when, from back then, when the regret was anticipation, the words true, the ashes flame. When experience gained versus loss withstood seemed a workable proposition. He was smiling out at the world, and his eyes were at once hopeful and doomed.

Continuity

Often beauty strikes you right between the eyes, other times it takes a while to appreciate. I began falling for you at second sight, (having first seen you as another likely lass) and then I couldn't understand why I'd taken so long to come to attention and focus. And if you came round I'd come home tomorrow, but I'll just have to bide my time. For me nothing's changed but the circumstances of love.

Recriminations

What a photo dropped out of the book you returned me! A delegation of Italian comrades with us two kangaroo ring ins paying a visit behind the Wall. There's Dieter, our good natured minder, and the bloke who got knocked back by the Galacian beauty. We all looked so young; were they all virgins? Surely the grinning Stalinist must have been. I don't suppose he ever forgave me for questioning the Czechs about the Prague Spring.

My T shirt hides my paunch quite well, I would look quite handsome and happy. You would never know I was physiologically deranged. You look adorable, dressed athletically, head turned like a latin diva in profile, standing next to the other woman, the equally comely fraulein translator, for whom I lost a head already spinning on its axial stem. I never understood what happened, or got over the pain it caused us all until I read about hypersexuality and mood disorder and realised how madness makes us episodically oversexed. The other episode merely reopened the wound.

And now I have lost you it is you I miss more than any other lost opportunity.

David Faber



A, R, T, S,

A Thing Called Snake An interview with Stephen House

Adelaide playwright Stephen House has a reputation for writing about topics many artists choose to avoid. His latest work-in-progress, *A Thing Called Snake*, is no exception. "It's probably my most dangerous work, and most of my writing is pretty dangerous!" he said.

A playwright for nearly ten years, Stephen has had several plays produced in Australia and overseas. He began drafting *A Thing Called Snake* during a trip to the United States last year where his play, *Go By Night*, was performed in Chicago. "I went to Chicago, and lived in New York for a while...it was spending time alone in big cities that gave me the idea," Stephen said.

A Thing Called Snake centres on the lives of three characters – Adam, Eve, and the transvestite Snake – and their battles with addiction. A reading of the play will be given at the Adelaide Festival Centre on Saturday, September 21. "The play doesn't only deal with the one dimension of drug addiction," he said. "We all live on a fine edge of being addicted to one thing or the other. As dark as the play is, there are glimmers of light and hope... about our ability to overcome temptation and survive."

The play, which Stephen said is "almost" a final draft, will be performed as part of the Festival Centre's inspace initiative, which aims to blur the lines between audience and art.

"The inspace project is just fabulous. It's an incredible show of respect for the artist," he said. "It's giving me the opportunity to develop new work in a way that suits the artist – I'm not dominated, or told what to do."

A feedback session after the reading will allow audience members to offer their thoughts and opinions, which shows them "a great deal of respect", Stephen said. "It's saying to people, 'look, for five bucks you can come in and be included in a new work'. That doesn't happen very often."

The dark themes Stephen explores in *A Thing Called Snake* are a common thread in his work. *Go By Night* looks at a young man grappling with his sexuality as he descends into drugs, transvestism and prostitution in Sydney. *Walk in Dirt*, performed at this year's Fringe, details the images and people in the life of a man on the street. "I am interested in writing about people who are marginalised, but not only by homelessness," he said. "They may be battling with their sexual identity, gender identity, disabilities... I am intrigued by how these people deal with their situations."

Stephen is aware that artists who explore controversial topics take a risk with their commercial success. While audience numbers and the potential for companies to produce his work are a consideration, he won't let them dictate what he writes. "I feel very dedicated to the subject matter and the emotions that I explore in my work, and I would feel like a sell-out if I started writing mainstream pieces," Stephen said.

To date, his work has been very successful. *Walk in Dirt* was performed at La Mama theatre in Melbourne last year, and in 2000 as part of the Junction Theatre/ Leigh Warren and Dancers piece, *Piercing the Skin*. Stephen received an Australia Council Development Grant in 2001, and has recently been nominated for an Australian Writers' Guild Award (AWGIE) for his youth theatre piece, *I Said a Word*.

Stephen works part-time in community development to support his writing, and said his goal is to work as a full-time artist. While he hopes to have *A Thing Called Snake* produced in the future, he has learned to "not be too ambitious" about his projects. "But I think if the work's good, and interesting, and is going to take people on a journey...then it usually sees production," Stephen said.

A Thing Called Snake will be read at 4pm in the Space Theatre on Saturday, September 21. Tickets are \$5.

Emily

Love, Deceit and 81 Questions The Space, Adelaide Festival Centre August 22-31

The new double bill from Leigh Warren and Dancers, *Love, Deceit and 81 Questions* was an interesting exploration into the nature of love.

In the first piece, John Utan's *A love of subtle deceit*, the dancers performed in a series of combinations and on their own, their movements a mix of large and subtle movements. Dressed in simple black dancing clothes, the dancers were accompanied by a card-dealing voiceover and some innovative lighting.

While Utan's work showed off the dancers' skill, it lacked the intrigue of *Defence(less)*, the second piece choreographed by Michael Whaites. Here the dancers, dressed in formal evening wear, performed in a shallow sandpit that stretched across the entire stage. The ideas explored in this piece – how relationships begin, end, and turn sour – were explored competently through a combination of dance and acting.

Overall, *Love, Deceit and 81 Questions* was another example of the excellent performances we've come to expect from Leigh Warren and Dancers.

Emily

Womad Warm-Up

Womadelaide 2003 is just around the corner and next month's *Womad Warm-Up* is a taste of what's to come. Presented by the Adelaide Festival Centre, the four-day event will be a mix of performances, workshops and master classes with 22 musicians and artists fresh from the 2002 Singapore WOMAD Festival.

Of particular interest are Cameroon's Sally Nyolo, Brazilian group *Trio Mocoto* and Zimbabwe's Chartwell Dutiro who will be presenting concerts and workshops at the Festival Centre on Friday 6 and Saturday 7 September. Workshops are only \$12, concerts from \$20. Call BASS for more info and bookings.



Who is this Aussie politician? Come down to the *On Dit* office and give us your answer. You may win a prize!*

*May contain traces of peanuts

The Anatomy Lesson Of Doctor Ruysch

An interview with Catherine Fitzgerald

Jan van Neck's 1683 painting *The Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Fredrick Ruysch* was the springboard acclaimed writer Hilary Bell used to create this unusual fable based on the doctor's discoveries in 17th century Amsterdam. In a Vitalstatistix production, director Catherine Fitzgerald leads the audience into a world of magic and mystery.

The play, originally an ABC radio production, is based on real-life Fredrick Ruysch, who collected and dissected human and animal body parts. At a time of scientific wonder Dr Ruysch, played by Paul Blackwell, was at the forefront of biological and anatomical discovery, using body parts including skeletons of babies, dried arteries, testicles and sheep intestines to make art pieces that had moral instruction attached to them. The play focuses on the relationship between Dr Ruysch and his 10-year old daughter Rachel, who helped him in his art, sewing lace bracelets and frills to adorn preserved babies and foetus stored in 'curiosity cabinets,' the origins of museums.

Catherine said the intriguing subject may seem disturbing in today's society because of the stigma attached to death. "Now we hide our association with death in hospitals, we see it something for old people. In those days because it was so prevalent it was quite a normal thing, it was not considered creepy," she said.

Catherine said that although the play is set at the end of the 16th century it will raise contemporary ethical issues. "It raises the big questions. What part of humanity do you give up to achieve great things? It's about over achieving, the responsibility to children, the right of the dead," she said.

The debate of nature, science and morality captured in the play is reflective of parallel controversial issues in today's society such as stem cell research, and abortion. Catherine said the theatrical experience will raise questions about scientific discovery, and advancement. "It's about discovery and progress, the tension between progress and corruptibility."

The images throughout the set are replicas of Dr Ruysch's work, and together with carnivalesque music by American jazz musician and composer Phillip Johnston, transports viewers to the era, and sets the scene of a macabre world as "we go on a huge journey with the audience," Catherine said. "The art pieces are very beautiful, and there is that tension, the beauty of art and then discovering what it is. It's fantastical as well as being weighted in reality," she said.

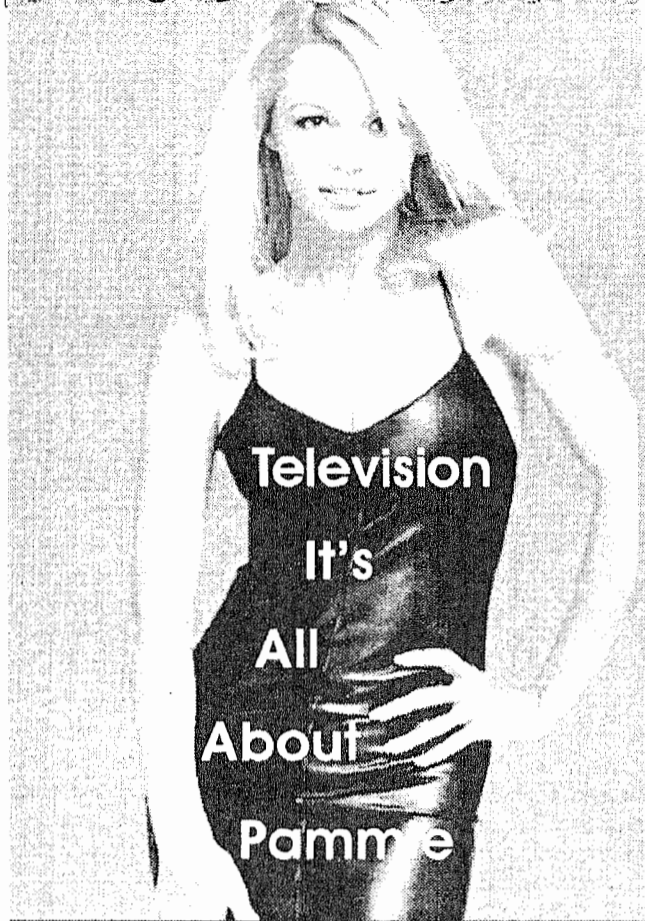
Whilst the play does not take a virtuous standpoint and dictate right or wrong, Catherine said each audience member will bring their own morality to the play. "Some audience members will be disturbed by it but at the same time very delighted," she said.

Catherine said although Dr Ruysch collects body parts, those with preconceived ideas that the play will be gothic and creepy will be pleasantly surprised. "When you have taboo topics on stage, humour is forthcoming," she said.

The Anatomy Lesson of Doctor Ruysch runs from September 3-21 at the Queens Theatre. Book at BASS. Tickets \$20, concession \$10 - \$15.

Elpitha Sougeris

Thanks to Vitalstatistix, we have four double passes to *The Anatomy Lesson of Doctor Ruysch* for Tuesday, 10 September at 6.30pm. The first four people to come down to *On Dit* anytime this week get the tickets.



Now, I am a very busy person and I don't get much time to watch the tube, so when I do, I expect it to be at least halfway decent. So why is it that every time I turn on the television I am confronted by Pamela Anderson? Is it sheer coincidence? Maybe it's karma for all the wrong things I may have done. Or is she a long-lost relative that I have a spiritual connection with? Whatever the case is, I think there is entirely too much silicone in programming these days without seeing Pamela's assets constantly.

It all started on Monday when I tuned in to Fox 8 and caught an old episode of *Baywatch*. Since there were only ten minutes to go until *Buffy* came on, I endured the endless shots of top-heavy women running along the beach in makeup that had obviously been applied with a spatula. Then on Tuesday, I was flicking through the channels in search of anything decent to watch, when I came across a complete gem hidden away on Arena. Yes, you guessed it - it was *Baywatch Uncovered*. That's just what the world needs, a behind the scenes special which spent a lot of time focusing on the bathing suit issues - delving at length into the hard decisions like just how high-cut the bathers should be at the side. Of course, Pamme was the star of this show again, only this time we got to hear about the feuds and that home movie with Tommy Lee. It was surprisingly scintillating viewing, particularly when I found out the intriguing fact that Yasmin Bleeth was looking a bit porky, so the producers warned the catering crew that they were not allowed to feed her. One must look one's best when one is wearing a bathing suit so small that one's XX wax doesn't quite cut it.

Today I switched on only to find that *VIP* was playing. And unsurprisingly I was unable to look away. For some reason I had assumed that Pamme played some sort of kick-ass fighting babe. I couldn't have been more wrong. I think I was crediting her with too much in the way of grey matter because she doesn't actually do anything except run in high heels and get held hostage a lot. In the episode that I watched all she managed to do was buy some drinks in a club, get kidnapped and fall off a building. And of course her eyeliner appeared to have been done by a five-year-old wielding a black crayon.

However, there is light at the end of this particular silicone-enhanced tunnel. Foxtel is just adding two new shows to its line-up - *Roswell* (Mondays On Fox 8) and *Grosse Pointe* (Sundays on Fox 8). There is also the English version of *Queer As Folk* and reruns of *Sex And The City* if you are desperate for a TV fix. Just remember this golden rule of television viewing - if it doesn't bounce when she runs, then the show is probably not worth watching.

Poptart



The thing that I have recently discovered with romance, relationships and all that jazz, is that though you may think that you have grown up and developed as an individual since your first sexual encounter, the sad truth of it is that we are all just as stupid and childish as we always were. For some, first kisses will always be as awkward (unless heavy amounts of alcohol are involved) and breaking up with a lover will always be full of trauma and sacrifice. But I guess that is just how life goes. These people that we are currently sharing our intimate thoughts with, sleeping by their side, will one day be the people that we are forced to brush past in a crowded bar and hide from for the remainder of the evening. So if it is time to move on to a new chapter of your sex life, break it off clean and swift to avoid permanent scarring.

Dear Madame V and Sam,

My boyfriend and I have been together forever. I trust him but lately I have doubted whether he still feels the same about me as I do for him. Since we moved in together, things have really gone down hill. We never seem to spend 'quality' time together anymore. Our lives are now so routine that I am questioning whether we would even be perceived as a couple and not just housemates who occasionally have sex. Should I end it now, or wait for the heartbreak?

Lonely Lover, Lee-Anne

HER SAY

It looks to me as though the sparks have really left the romance that you have with this guy. Now you have to decide whether you want to resolve some form of friendship from out of the ashes of this relationship. The hardest thing for you at this stage will be the dividing of mutual assets saga. Here are some good tricks of the trade that will help to ensure that you end out on top, financially...

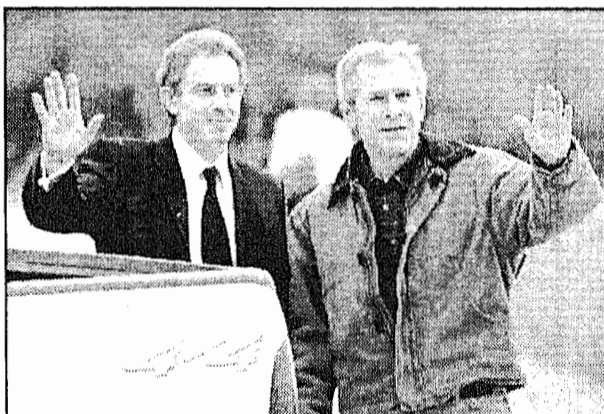
Try and slowly start sorting out your possessions prior to the break up. The most important thing is that you get everything that is rightfully yours, anything that you manage to swipe from them is purely a bonus. The best way to ensure that you get all the good stuff is to instigate a really vicious fight during which he utters the beautiful words, "I never want to see you again!" After this, he will storm out and hopefully give you enough time to call the removalists and pack up all of his stuff. Prioritise the things that he will miss most, as well as any good presents you bought for him over the years that you really wanted to keep for yourself. I also suggest stealing his most sexy shirts so that when he is next trying to pick up with the boys, he is forced to wear a flannelette shirt and marble washed spray on jeans! Don't get mad, get everything!

HIS SAY

As is written in the Book of Huey (Patron Saint of Finding a Park on Victoria Drive), "Patience is the key". It doesn't matter how long you wait for that turd in the Nissan with the exhaust big enough to shove a volleyball up to stop fiddling with his cd-player/mobile/dick, as long as you can

Sex and the Single Student

have that park right next to the footbridge crossing, it's worth the wait. I'm not entirely sure what this might have to do with your particular predicament, but it is darn good advice if you want that Ultimate Rock Star Park. With regards to your particular problem, I think you should just go out and have an affair. What? It's a legitimate option in this day and age. Just think of it like going out to APH when there's no food in the house. It'll feel good while you're there, but man o man will you ever need a big drink of water afterwards.



Vespa and Fantastic Sam say a big hello to all those perverted people out there.

Dear Vespa and Samla,

I'm confused. There's this girl I've been sort of seeing, but not really, that is we see each other and pash and then don't talk about it again. It's been happening on and off for about a year now. Thing is, I'm not sure what my feelings are for this girl. Sometimes I think I want more, but other times I realize this would be just a really big waste of time. I think maybe I should break it off, but I'm not sure that there is even an 'it' to break off! How do you break up with someone you're not going out with, and when you're not even sure if that is the best thing to do?

Slutty Sarah

HER SAY

If you aren't together then you don't really need to worry with all that break up crap. If you like pashing her and she likes pashing you on a casual basis, you should milk that cash cow for all it is worth! Relationships are just one big old mess, keep it simple and you guys can enjoy the fruits of this intimate scenario for as long as you want. When you tire of her, you can simply avoid her and start pashing another random hottie at the same pub so that she gets the idea that the beauty between the two of you is now over!

HIS SAY

I will have to say that I'm with Vespa on this one, SS. You

might want to invest in some cold-sore cream, but apart from that, how is it any different to playing kiss chasey when you were at school? Not that I was ever invited to play-stupid popular kids with their perfect teeth and fancy lace-up shoes, I just wanted to have some fun, but noooo, I just wasn't cool enough for those cats. Red Pencil Case Gang my arse! I don't think it ever existed, they just wanted to make fun of my yellow pencil case...

Dear Agony Aunt and Uncle Sam,

I have been with this girl for some time and though we are really happy, she is often cheating on me. She says that she can't help it and that she does love me. But when she is drunk and I am not there, she will more times than not crawl into my bed the next day and tell me that she may have cheated on me the night before but was really too drunk to remember. I'm tired of it all and so have decided to break up. The other day, she called me up to tell me that she was pregnant and that she really needed me. When I asked her whether it was mine, she broke down in tears and confessed that she couldn't be sure. Should I get involved?

Sucker Steven.

HER SAY

Steve, you are certainly a bit of a sucker! Haven't you ever seen *Passions*? This kind of thing happens all the time in that show. However, no one deserves to be treated like this. You shouldn't take her back simply because she is now in trouble- it will only lead to more emotional abuse and victimisation of your feelings for her. If you care about her, you can be there for her on a purely friendship level.

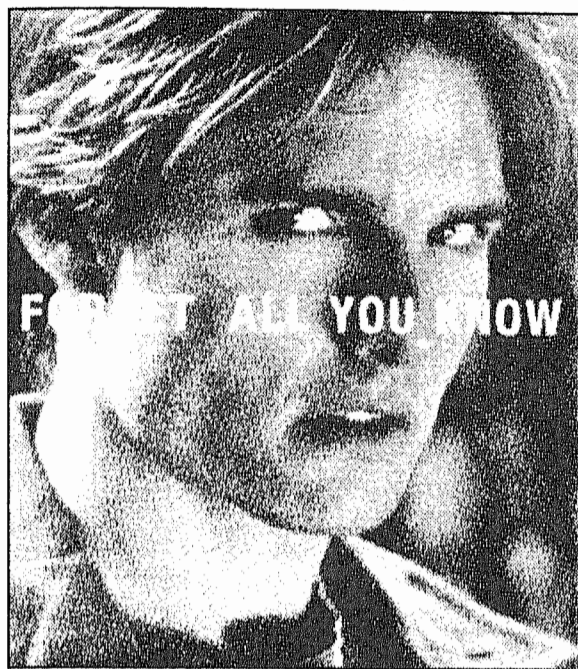
HIS SAY

Hey Bro. Let's play a little game of 'Let's Pretend'. Let's pretend this state is your bedroom. Then let's pretend that this woman is about twenty grenades without pins that have just been chucked through the window. Now, can you guess what to do next? Don't get me wrong, a woman's fertility is her own and you can let her know that you're not ready to be a daddy (or, heck, maybe you are ready to be a daddy, you sucker), but the choice is up to her about whether to have it or not. However, there is an upside- of sorts. It is your choice to pick up sticks and scarper. If you want to leave a scathing goodbye note, try not to mention the words "paternity test".

And with that Madame Vespa and I will leave you all to your uncontrollable canoodling that keeps us in letters and chocolate bikkies. We leave you with a joke in three parts:

- Q: What do you call nuts on the wall?
- A: Wallnuts
- Q: What do you call nuts on the chest?
- A: Chestnuts.
- Q: What do you call nuts on the chin?
- A: A really good blowjob.

Madame Vespa and Fantastic Sam Franzway



DVD

Vanilla Sky

Dir: Cameron Crowe (2001)
Tom Cruise, Penelope Cruz,
Cameron Diaz, Noah Taylor,
Jason Lee

This is where it all started – Cruz and Cruise became Cruises and poor old Nic got left out in the cold. And all because Cameron Crowe (*Almost Famous*) decided to remake *Abre Los Ojos*. An unwise decision some might say, and that some would include me. This movie had so much potential to do so well, but Crowe committed his first error in his casting of Tom Cruise to play the lead. Now, I am not a Cruise fan, and I really don't think that he can act his way out of a paper bag. And Penelope – well, let's just say that the words whiny, weasel and whippet all spring to mind.

But first I shall just give you a brief plot outline. Rich big boss-man of a company has everything he wants except the love of a good woman. He beds a rather comely wench, Julie (Cameron Diaz), and then meets the girl of his dreams (Cruz). Of course, Julie is now the evil woman scorned and, after enticing Rich Boss-Man into her car, proceeds to crash the car, killing herself and injuring poor Rich Boss-Man. With his handsome looks marred, RBM mopes for a while around his apartment, bemoaning the fact that his face could no longer launch a thousand ships. Despite the fact that he is incredibly wealthy and can afford to have as much surgery as his little heart desires (unlike most other accident victims who have to rely on Medicare), RBM is unhappy. He meets again with Weasel Woman at a bar, and gets horribly drunk and proceeds to embarrass himself before finally collapsing in the gutter. He then picks the pieces of his life up and gets it together enough to woo his woman back. But dreams of Julie still haunt him, and his unhappiness is only just beginning.

Although the basic plotline is interesting enough with a surprise ending, and Crowe has copied the original shot-for-shot, it is the acting that lets this turkey down. Tom Cruise is completely unbelievable as the deformed Rich Boss-Man David. There is no way that anyone could feel sorry for him. In fact, I have often wished that it would happen to Tom Cruise, particularly after his shameful performance in *Days Of Thunder*. There are a number of fine actors slumming it in the movie, in particular Jason Lee as the best friend, Noah Taylor as the scientist guy, and Tilda Swinton (I can't tell you what she plays because that would give away the ending). Of course, there is also the rather offensive message that pervades this film that only an evil woman could do this to a fine and upstanding rich gentleman.

All in all this is best avoided unless you are a sucker for punishment or a fan of any of the above mentioned actors.

Extras: There are quite a number of extras on this one. There are some music videos, a making of and a what-happened after extravaganza. Interesting viewing for those who liked the film.

Poptart

V I D E O

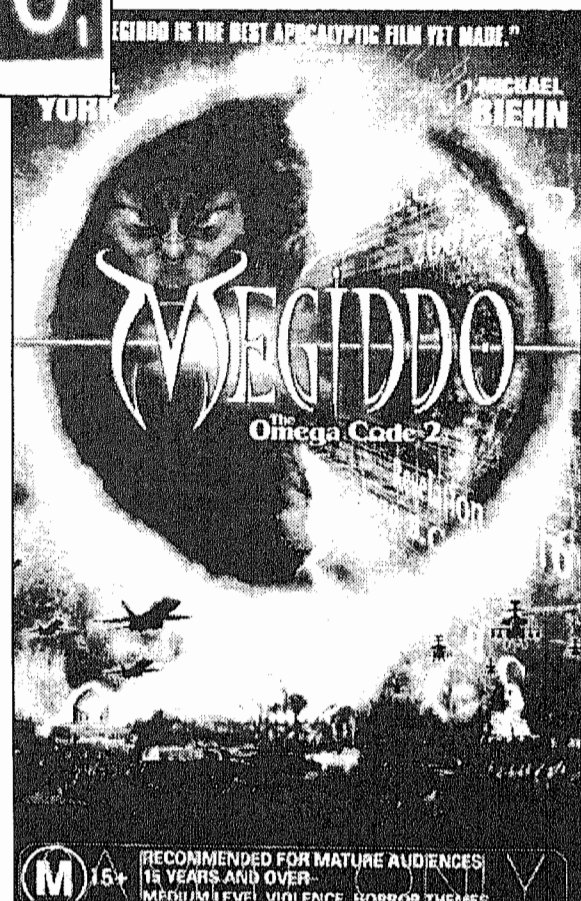


In the Bedroom

2002 Dir: Todd Field
Sissy Spacek, Tom Wilkinson
Nick Stahl, Marisa Tomei
Beuna Vista

Frank (Nick Stahl) and Natalie (Marisa Tomei) are two paramours but have contrasting ages. But they are snug in their surroundings, frolicking in the meadows – a summer rush or perhaps true love... and maybe a recipe for disaster. People without a doubt have their opinions about their affection but their solace would never last long. Despite the difference of opinions by Frank's father Matt (Tom Wilkinson) and mother Ruth (Sissy Spacek), they believe Frank will make no grave mistake. But Frank isn't sure about his future either. He becomes a lobster farmer and continues to swoon Natalie. But Frank isn't sure either about becoming a blockage for Natalie's ex-husband who 'wants everything to be as it once was.' Soon they become involved in a ridgety conflict and Frank is hurt (thumped in the eye) by the dreary ex. Frank advises his mother not to call the police and this proves to be his greatest decision... *In The Bedroom* is a shocking travesty of how the paths and decisions that people take can ravage their lives forever and how certain incidents can lead to mayhem. This is an audacious, powerful, prevalent, candid and violent tale, which is all flawlessly crafted by Todd Field (who plays the blind folded piano player in *Eyes Wide Shut* who leads Tom 'my cousin plays the ex' Cruise to the massive sex bacchanal). He makes sure that we understand the interior ache that Frank's parents experience and how they choose to deal with Natalie (Marisa Tomei has never been better). This reminds us about the bereavements that life delivers and how the role of fairness certainly in this case was unruly. I appreciated the veritable screen performances by the main actors; distinctively the scenes when Sissy Spacek and Tom Wilkinson are quibbling over each other's faults which may have contributed to their son's destiny, and their general attitude and the actions they take towards the end are riveting to watch. But you really have to see it for yourself. *In the Bedroom* has a bizarre score by Thomas Newman, which adds to the coolness of this film. The ending is without fail worth its hiring price... it will leave you thinking...

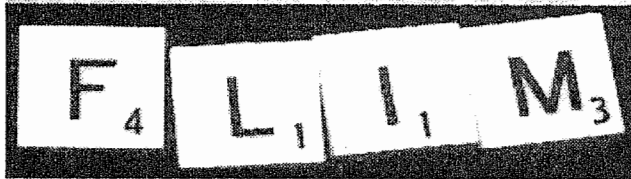
Matthew 'Clouds, ambience and Marisa Tomei' Herfurth



Megiddo: The omega code 2

"It's the end of the world!" like we haven't heard that before! With over eight million dollars made at the US box office, I was a little surprised that I hadn't even heard of this movie prior to having the video shoved into my pigeon hole for review. The opening scene of this film was probably one of the best I had seen in a long while, with a very evil looking boy lamenting the loss of his mother, who had apparently died whilst giving birth to a brother. The rage that this four year old felt for his loss was projected into hatred for the other child. It was a pity that the rest of the film went dramatically downhill from there. This opening scene was where the entire theme of the movie was created, the two children grow up to represent both good and evil with the good guy growing up to be none other than the President of the United States of America. Hmmmm, I now understand why this movie did so well at the US Box Office. In the tradition of all post apocalyptic films, *Megiddo* unfortunately fails to bring anything particularly new and exciting to the table. As Mr Evil tries to monopolise the world into one nation, speaking one language and following one leader (him), it is up to his younger brother, the President of the United States, Mr Good to stop him from world domination. *Megiddo* is basically yet another attempt to show Americans as the basis of all that is good and pure, fighting against world wide terrorists (*This is strictly Madame Vespa's opinion - Eds*). Just a little friendly reminder from the American government through film that there is currently a war going on against terror! You've got to love the manipulation of the masses. However, *The Movie Reporter* claims that "*Megiddo* is the best apocalyptic film yet made." I had never heard of *The Movie Reporter* and so presume that it is an American critic and remain sceptical. If this really was the best apocalyptic film ever made, the remainder of films made in this genre must be pretty average and we all know that this is not the case. What about *Tank Girl*? With what appears to be a huge budget, the movie fails to produce a quality of acting from lead roles, Michael York (from *Austin Powers* fame) and Michael Biehn and instead choose to focus on special effects and post apocalyptic dragons, as you do! In my opinion *Megiddo* is average. I recommend that you watch the SBS news so you know what's really going on in the world and not simply what they want you to believe!

Madame Vespa



**Business Of Strangers
Palace Nova Cinemas
Now Showing**

Unveiled at the 2001 Toronto and Sundance Film Festivals, *The Business Of Strangers* is a dialogue driven drama that like 1997's *In The Company Of Men*, looks at the corporate world and those who serve it. However unlike the malicious, incredibly black manipulations of the former, this film is about the relationship between two women trying to succeed in an environment designed by men, for men.

Julie (Stockard Channing) is the seasoned pro to Julia Stiles' newcomer Paula. Both women, not on speaking terms, are trapped overnight within the Airport Hotel. Paula has been fired after her tardiness ruined Julie's presentation. The corporate world is lonely, spurring Julie to make amends. Amidst the standardised halls full of muzak, she yearns for some company to pass the time till the morning's escape flight.

Writer-director Patrick Stettner has structured the film as a play, intending for the two actresses to play off each other simply through conversations. At the halfway point of this brisk 90-minute film, the two personalities are wonderfully rendered with all their similarities and differences.

It is in the second act that actor Frederick Weller's headhunter (job scout) provides the necessary stimulus to turn the female friendship into the manipulative cat-and-mouse game that the movie really is. Paula is convinced that he raped her friend in the past, and this gives the two a chance to lash out their frustrations against a male.

This is a movie about sharp insightful dialogue, with the three well-drawn characters responsible for keeping the audience engaged. Despite leading the film into themes of rape and revenge, it never explodes into the violent spectacle expected within American films. It is very static; there is no camera trickery except for a couple of montages to enhance the atmosphere. This may catch viewers off guard but can certainly be most refreshing and exhilarating by revealing the characters through the intelligent conversations.

This is Stettner's feature debut, and he coaxes immensely satisfying performances. Stockard Channing is one of America's most underrated dramatic actors, a secret known to regular viewers of TV's *The West Wing*. Her characterisation is fascinating; that of a woman who hides her true feelings behind the corporate mask intended for her peers and clients.

Julia Stiles is a revelation, expanding her range away from the teen romantic fare, into the more challenging films such as this and the oft-delayed *O* (released for rent this September). Her Paula is a brazen young thing, that learns a lot about life from Julie overnight.

Frederick Weller's headhunter by very definition is sleazy and overconfident, a perfect patsy for the two females.

The Business Of Strangers is a film one watches in order to have the mind tickled. Tackling feminine issues within the corporate world, it goes a separate way than say *Thelma and Louise*, aided immensely by the cast. This small intimate film is a most rewarding experience.

Dominik G.



**Mr. Deeds
Now Showing
Major Cinemas**

Amiable simpleton with violent tendencies. Check. Snobbish yet ultimately beautiful and selfless love interest. Check. One tried and tested fish-out-of-water plot. Check. Throw in a random assortment of paper-thin odd-ball characters and cameos by regulars Steve Buscemi and Rob Schneider and you have Adam Sandler's new film "*Billy Madison VI*", aka *Mr. Deeds*.

By now you should know where you stand on Sandler's films, each sticks to the same generic plots and rascalries. The only difference in my eyes seems to be the downward slope towards normalcy in his humor. Who can forget Billy Madison's endless incoherent rants, the inexplicable appearance of circus midgets on miniature bicycles in Happy Gilmore's 'happy place' or the dean's unforgettable introduction to Billy Madison's academic decathlon: "If anyone is caught cheating... especially with my wife, who is a dirty, dirty tramp...". This, for me at least was the reason why Adams Sandler's earlier films were so amusing: Pure stupidity that left one laughing if only because you were too confused to do anything else. Unfortunately of late, this type of humor has been sadly missing from Sandler's films and what we have left is a very simple and only vaguely amusing story about a young rural hick - who's highest aspiration is to have his own hallmark greeting card published - inheriting 40 billion dollars, going out on a bender with John Mcenroe getting played by the scum of New York, and falling in love with Winona Ryder.

All complaints aside though, *Mr. Deeds* is actually quite endearing, managing somehow to succeed a great deal more in the sentimentality stakes than I would have expected. The true show stealer and source of the most laughs, however, is not even Adam himself, but rather the highly underrated John Turturro as the 'very, very sneaky' Spanish butler; whom I am sure would spawn a great number of pop-culture catchphrases were enough people to actually see the film.

Really though, when all is said and done, if you've seen all the others and loved them then there should be nothing to stop you enjoying *Mr. Deeds*, you already know what to expect and you won't be disappointed. Adam Sandler, as per usual, is very good at what he does, though in my opinion what he does is not all that much.

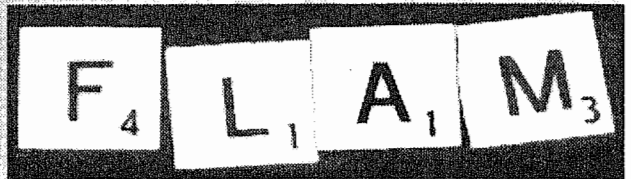
mindcandy

Giveaways!

The Mercury Cinema has been a bastion of cinematic coolness for as long as this author can remember. And just in case you disagree, their upcoming programme of fine Iranian films should correct your very wrong steamed bun brain, you uncultured xenophobic prole. Beginning with Bahman Ghobadi's harrowing *A Time for Drunken Horses* this Wednesday 4th September, and continuing on the 11th, 18 and 25th, the programme promises some magic filmic moments. If you would like a free double season pass to the programme, come to *On Dit* on Wednesday 2.30 pm and grab one.

Thankyou to the Media Resource Centre, Mercury Cinema and programme curator Sarah van der Sommen for the freebies.

PS Iranian films rock!!!



**The Divine Secrets of the Ya Ya
Sisterhood
Most Cinemas
Now Showing**

I have spent the better half of the last week debating the meaning, logo-centric devices and general crapness of the phrase, "chick flick". To me, the term indicates slush, pap and mediocrity and is most often applied to films that feature women as the central protagonists, bonding between sisterhood and/or a romantic plotline. Lower budget films with women in them and slightly harsher lighting are labelled "women's films" or "arthouse". Meanwhile, every mainstream Hollywood blockbuster that conforms to all of the stereotypes in the rainbow (booby girls, explosions, car chases) are seen as the norm.

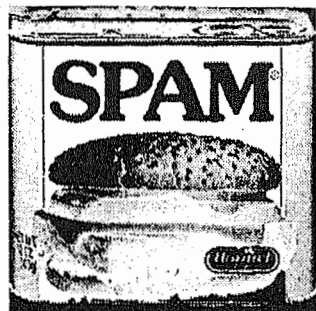
I begin this review with that criticism of mainstream entertainment because for all intents and purposes, *The Divine Secrets of the Ya Ya Sisterhood* probably would fall under the 'chick flick' category. Because of the connotations this spells out to people, many may dismiss it as garbage, shallow and only for women. Whilst women probably will be the main bulk of the movie's audience, it is not excluded to men, and it certainly isn't garbage.

Divine Secrets is based upon two of American author Rebecca Wells' books, *The Divine Secrets of the Ya Ya Sisterhood* and *Little Alters Everywhere*. Set in Louisiana across a time span of approximately fifty years, it tells the tale of four lifelong friends and the unbreakable bond that comes from being the 'Ya Yas'. Growing up together in the racist South, the Ya Yas (led by Vivi, and played by Ashley Judd and Ellen Burstyn) see each other through romance, death and the responsibilities of adulthood. When Vivi's daughter Siddalee, now a successful theatre director, spills the beans about her tumultuous childhood with her mother in *Time Magazine*, a rift is formed between the two that seems devastatingly permanent. However, the other Ya Yas (Necie, Teensy and Caro, and played by Shirley Knight, Fionulla Flanagan and Maggie Smith respectively) step in the help repair the damage. They introduce Sidda to aspects of her mother's life that were previously unknown to her and help to bring the two women full circle. It is a heartwarming tale of love, the relationship between a mother and a daughter and the unbreakable bond of sisterhood. In many ways, it is a feminist film and it deals extremely well with the pain of being a woman and the social burden of everything that role brings.

The Divine Secrets of the Ya Ya Sisterhood is directed by Callie Khouri of *Thelma and Louise* fame. Khouri brings to the film the same elements of dramatic realism that were present in *Thelma and Louise*, and the accompanying soundtrack supports the movie extremely well. Ashley Judd's portrayal of a young Vivi is a standout performance, as are the hilarious antics of the three Ya Ya friends. *The Divine Secrets of the Ya Ya Sisterhood* is a women's film, it's a chick flick and it's big budget. However, contrary to the popular (and uninformed) stereotypes, it's also extremely good.

Clementine

Spam of the Week



Little Golden Books That Never Made It

1. You Are Different And That's Bad
2. The Boy Who Died From Eating All His Vegetables
3. Magic Pills And The Places They Take You
4. Kathy Was So Bad Her Mum Stopped Loving Her
5. Curious George and The High Voltage fence
6. All Cats Go To Hell
7. The Little Sissy Who Snitched
8. Some Kittens Can Fly
9. That's It, I'm Putting You Up For Adoption
10. The Magic World Inside The Abandoned Refrigerator
11. Strangers Have The Best Candy
12. You Were An Accident
13. Things Rich Kids Have, But You Never Will
14. Pop! Goes The Hamster...And Other Microwave Games
15. The Man In The Pool Is Actually Satan
16. You Nightmares Are Real
17. Places Where Mummy And Daddy Hide Neat Things
18. Daddy Drinks Because You Cry
19. Why Can't Mr. Fork And Mrs. Electrical Outlet be Friends
20. Funny Feelings In The Shower
21. Mummy's Plastic Body Parts

Battle of the Bands

Last Friday night, the Unibar hosted the final of the Adelaide University's band competition. The seven finalists on Friday night were different in many ways, yet all conspired to produce excellent music to an enthusiastic crowd.

The night began with the band Sledgehammock, who played a mix of rock and metal to the crowd. Sledgehammock mixed their styles up quite a bit, swinging between heavy screaming to the more melodic tones reminiscent of Incubus. Sledgehammock were followed by Arkanum, a heavy metal group who really got the crowd going. Before too long, a mosh pit had formed at the front of the stage, and the front of the bar was packed. Following Arkanum came Sonata in Noise, kind of a mix between the first two bands. With Arkanum having warmed the crowd up already, Sonata in Noise had no trouble sustaining the energy levels. Particularly apparent in this group was the lead singer's energy.

After this mix of heavier tones, it was nice to take a step back and listen to some more melancholic rock. Creatures Non the Less provided moodier tones with controlled musicianship and a tight sound. The change in pace didn't seem to faze the crowd as they had a breather in preparation for the next act, A Tribe is Forming.

A hip hop act combining electric piano, guitars, drums and decks, A Tribe is Forming



Save the Riff – Saturday, August 24 Music House

The Music House played host to a daylong extravaganza of local music in support of the Riff (a youth project and music venue for young musicians) where many of the featured artists were given their first gigs. While not all of the featured acts were to everyone's liking, it can be said that at least there was something there for everyone. The event mostly catered to the metal heads but the metal on offer was a little more than your garden-variety stuff. The musicianship was of an expectedly high standard, it's usually the case with all metal, but unfortunately it is often a trade off for one-dimensional song writing. This time 'round the kids sounded like they had their shit together and it was refreshing to hear.

Early on a two man, acoustic-metal-fusion band called Two Phaste (consisting of vocals/guitar and bass) made with an unusual yet...effervescent set of seemingly Tool, Zeppelin and Bungle influenced rock/metal, often instrumental but occasionally with barksy, end-is-nigh vocals reminiscent of Nick Cave in his early days with the Birthday Party. Also on occasion there were crazy vocal improvisations that I like to refer to as Muppet-skat simply because of the quirky, gravely nature of the random noise that came out of the singer's mouth. It was quite rad, and the day was still young.

The afternoon began to build in raw rock energy with Sonata In Noise seemingly channelling the Icarus Line who had played the Music House earlier than month. Sonata

LOCAL MUSIC

really got the energy levels back up again. ATF tirelessly performed to the crowd music that displayed political awareness and a sense of locality lost in the previous acts. A particular stand out track in their set was the funky "You Can't Teach an Old Dog New Tricks". ATF were tight and adventurous in their experimentation, and it was reflected in their performance. They were also the only band to feature a girl, and while this was only as a guest performance it was a start. It's disappointing to see only male bands making it through to the finals, when I know for a fact that lots of girls entered.

Neutron Folk slowed it down once again with their melodic blend of vocals, guitars, electronic echoes and trumpet. With music reminiscent of Radiohead and pre-soulless george, Neutron Folk produced some beautiful music that really appealed to the crowd. The only criticism comes from their placement in the lineup. With such different energy levels, it seems silly to have placed them in between two funk acts, and this was reflected in the audience response.

Finishing the evening were the jazz/hip hop group Lido. As with ATF, Lido combined electronic sounds with rap and bass to produce some really high energy hip hop. However, Lido also brought to their performance trumpets, saxophones and a clarinet as they engaged in some excellent freestyling. Barring two songs, all of Lido's

performance was improvised which is especially amazing considering how tight they were and unfazed. The crowd really hyped up for this final act, and everyone had an awesome time jumping around in the front as Lido experimented with different styles including hip hop, jazz and ska.

Only two bands make it through to the final, so there was some disappointment. Sledgehammock came in third place, an excellent reflection on their music considering they played first. In second were A Tribe is Forming. Lido placed first to an enthusiastic response to the crowd, and so will travel to the state finals with ATF to compete against bands from all over South Australia. Happily, I have it on good authority that Lido and A Tribe is Forming would like to do some gigs together in the future. Those who missed out on Friday night will be able to see these two state entrants performing their funky tunes and experimentation on the one stage.

The band night was a huge success and featured a line up of some really promising acts. Whilst there can only be one winner, it is a massive achievement to have made it to the final in the first place. The quality of all of the bands present reinforced this.



In Noise spared no intensity with their blend of Hardcore, Alternative and Prog-Rock. From the self-important, dirty rock driving the set along to the wails of pain screeching over the top, these guys were full on. The vocals brilliantly flowed back and forth between softer melodies and throat splitting screams in the spirit of At The Drive-In's Cedric Bixler or the aforementioned Icarus Line's Joe Cardamone. Sonata In Nose are a local rock band well worth checking out.

The day progressed into evening with the obligatory mix of metal and rock with a smattering of quirk thrown in for good measure (i.e. Sir Gerbil). Surprisingly everything seemed to be running on time, this is a testament to the running and organisation of the event. The evening also brought some punk rock action into the mix thus catering to even more musical tastes of the ever-fickle local music aficionados.

The Gels were on the bar stage at about eight o'clock and sadly their brand of sped-up rock/punk-rock music was sounding less like their idols The Ramones and more like SoCal messiahs Blink 182. The Gels used to be kind of cool but they've lost their way sadly trading in that warm, raw '70s Detroit/New York punk rock sound for a more commercially viable formula. If anything is the cardinal sin of punk rock (ironically the snobbiest of all of rock's many forms) it's "selling out".

Things moved forward though, and on the main stage Ungkas put on a very spectacular show. Sans body paint this time around but oozing with groove and showmanship. In front of the stage quite a prodigious moshpit was forming and Ungkas seemed to feed off this. They played most of

their well known stuff including my personal favourite, 'Tummy', before building up to a fucking marvellous crescendo at the end of their set with all members trading their instruments for drums while a scantily clad young lass put on a bit of a pyrotechnics display. The band themselves joined in the action for some fire eating/breathing and before the audience knew it their set turned into a massive orgy of playing with fire. It was quite awesome.

Another highlight of the evening came from Barcode (one of the only Industrial bands in this rock-forsaken city) straight after Ungkas' set. While technical difficulties caused the band to run late and while the person at the desk didn't have the vocals nearly loud enough in the mix, their set was as tight as expected. These guys obviously take cues from Nine Inch Nails but their own take on the genre is almost colder, darker and more distant than that of their predecessors...and it's bloody good. Despite coming right after Ungkas' set Barcode still managed to really pull it together.

So what else can be said about the event? Following Barcode was the standard array of local Adelaide godheads doing what they do best and culminating with Star Ten Hash at the top of the bill. All the groups and artist on the day were pretty tight and a lot of the artists had the kind of punch and heart that could silence an in form Muhammad Ali. Considering the quality of the music and the value of the cause it was a fantastic way to spend the day. Support local music and support The Riff.

Guillermo Manuel Jesús Del Sánchez

M₃ U₁ S₁ I₁ C₃

M₃ U₁ S₁ I₁ C₃

M₃ U₁ S₁ I₁ C₃



IOTA is not only masterful but also prolific. Having released his last recording, *Big Grandfather* only late last year, is already working on a new album, and perhaps even the album after that in the back of his mind. But to get some inspiration he's heading out on the road for one last tour before he puts his next brilliant recording down.

OD: Each of your recordings seem to have a theme of sorts tying them together. Is this a conscious choice, or simply reflective of the period they were recorded in?

i: I'm glad you've picked that up, I've heard quite the opposite. I'm glad you've interpreted it that way. I feel like they make sense together and they all sit well together as well.

OD: I guess it's very dependent on how people have been brought up to listen to music.

i: Definitely. I think people that have said they seem disjointed are looking at it from a different angle. As fast songs, slow songs, and different vibes that are odd to them, that seem messy and therefore don't make sense.

OD: That's life isn't it? A little bit of everything.

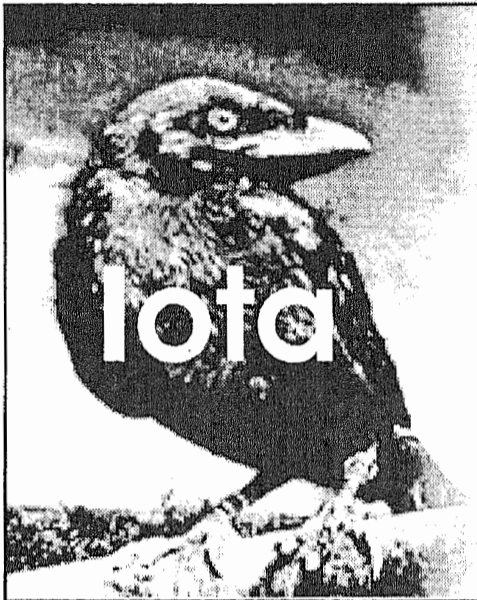
i: That's right. To me, if it was just the same song after the same song it would be very boring, as would life.

OD: Has what you've recorded so far, has the energy of each song tied together yet?

i: It's probably not until I'm actually holding it in my

hand that it feels like an album. At the moment it's kind of like having a motorbike dissembled all over the lounge room floor. Just thinking that I know how this works, but how do I put it together.

I've got a list on my wall of what the songs are and how far they are toward being completed. I just look at that everyday and watch as eventually, over weeks they're becoming more complete. That makes it start to feel like it's really something, considering a month ago I didn't know what it was, which was frustrating.



OD: Do you find you get writers block as to how it is fitting together, or just the actual written words and sound?

i: For me there is never writers block so far as songs and writing. In fact I could probably do with a bit of block for a couple of months, that would be nice. I think it's just knowing a direction, struggling against the artist and the commercial artist. Yeah, there's the guy that just

wants to create art and then there's the guy that knows that he has to pay the rent. Trying to find a compromise between the two is the hardest part.

OD: Your independence as an artist means I mentally catalogue your work next to artists like Ani Di Franco and The Waifs. Has this been a conscious choice?

i: I have always not so much tried as not let the art be compromised. Even occasionally I've thought, "Right! I'm sick of being poor, I just want one hit single."

Sure, then I could do whatever I want for the rest of my life, but it just doesn't feel right. It's too important. I'm sure everyone's different, but it's my heart so it's part of me, and I want to be real.

IOTA plays the Governor Hindmarsh this Friday, September 6. He has a really great stage presence and never fails to impress so make sure you knock on down there.

Prof. Booty



Ruby's Grace

Ruby's Grace. Recall the name? It's quite possible you've glanced at it while reading a gig guide and thought it sounded like a nice name. Or you may have just happened to be in the right venue on the right night and been privileged to hear one of their gigs. This band, hailing from Western Australia, seem to spend more time everywhere else around the country touring than at home. I spoke to Sam (percussionist/vocalist) at home in Perth on a two day hiatus from the hectic tour schedule.

"We've just been up in Broome and then we played all the way down the coast of WA. We played Fremantle at Mojo's which was packed out and the crowd was really amped, it was excellent."

But travelling along the remote west coast performing from Broome to Dunsborough isn't all tea and bickies as Sam might lead you to believe. "We blew up our van and it cost us nearly three grand to fix, so we hired another van and that blew up too. It was a big saga but it's all good now."

Having started as a two-piece comprising Sam and his brother Ben (acoustic guitar/vocals), the first album, *Pure*, was recorded just between the pair. "Our first album was just as a duo of me and my brother. We were living down in Denmark (WA) and we just started writing some songs together. From three initial songs to play as a support down the pub, it grew to me playing percussion. That's grown too and now I've got too many

drums."

But Ruby's Grace as a band was formed in Melbourne. "As a duo we knew we were really passionate and that it was what we loved, so we decided to move to the big smoke; which was Melbourne. At the moment we're just trying to get our name out there by touring. Everywhere we go we're getting a good response."

This is as good a response as you could hope for when supporting the strength of Australian independent artists, such as John Butler Trio and The Waifs. Vikki Simpson of The Waifs, went so far as to say that Ruby's Grace were "a very talented Australian band with mature



songwriting skills and a wonderful stage presence."

Even more impressive was a comment made by producer Lez Karski (Midnight Oil, Yothu Yindi, Nick

Cave) that in his opinion "Ruby's Grace...are one of the hottest new acts to emerge in the last decade."

So what does a band commanding such high praises sound like? Since inducting the talents of two more members, Nick (lap slide and acoustic guitar) and Mark (drums) the band's sound has filled-out more, developing a strong warmth of melody, and that distinctive harmonious timbre found in their style of urban folk. As brothers, Sam and Ben have voices that were born to work together, their live performance is impressive, and the percussive and lap slide elements of the band provide a real grounding for the Ruby's Grace sound.

Pick up a copy of their single, *Fear In Me/Sweet Dreams* for a listen, and don't forget to catch their gig this Friday (September 6) at the Adelaide Unibar for a bit of post-election relief.

Prof. Booty

MACHINE GUN FELLATIO GIVEAWAY!

Read the review, now score the record! That's right, saunter on down to the *On Dit* offices on Wednesday at 2pm SHARP and if you are prepared to shake your booty, you might just be lucky.

And to all music reviewers...please pull your collective fingers out of your posteriors and hand in your writeups. Prof and Mattyo know where you live and will not hesitate to ransack your dwellings for anything resembling reviews. And we might eat your pets too, so SMARTEN UP!

M₃ U₁ S₁ I₁ C₃

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unirecords

Selection of the Week



Coldplay
A Rush of Blood to the Head
 Parlophone

Two years ago we bore testament to Coldplay's brilliant debut, *Parachutes*, setting a vastly high benchmark for any subsequent recordings. *A Rush of Blood to the Head* does more than match these expectations; it pushes forward with heartfelt maturity, extracting soulful emotions almost beyond description. Sure, it's dark, melancholic rock, but it's powerful and moving and will

no doubt be compared to the development of Radiohead from *the Bends* to *OK Computer*, with the added bonus of not having a shaky debut like *Pablo Honey*. While the trademark piano and guitar rock remains fundamental, the sound is so much more sophisticated, demonstrated from the outset with the dynamic 'Politik,' a dizzying march of eclectic noises. The big single 'In My Place' is not as likely to get thrashed to death like 'Yellow' had been and will last longer as a result. The construction of each song is fascinating, being more complex and layered without alienating listeners. 'God Put a Smile Upon Your Face' is currently my favourite; a brooding epic which is among a host of others that could have easily been written by Thom Yorke and co. Accompanying the rock and ballads are jarring and volatile songs, such as 'Daylight' and 'A Whisper,' while the title track deals with dark impulses of love and hate. 'Amsterdam' is the perfect conclusion, a tender composition that explodes into a perfect rock finale, leaving you craving more. When space is as important as layers of guitars, Coldplay have crafted a haunting masterpiece, undoubtedly one of the best releases of 2002.

Matty

DAVID McCORMACK
 & the polaroids

CANDY



David McCormack & The Polaroids
Candy
 Das Kong Records

Pretend that you didn't know David McCormack was the front man of Custard, a top but sadly defunct Aussie rock band, responsible for a swag of belting tunes. Forget about his last band, the Titanics, who never really got off the ground. *Candy* invites you to discard any prior expectations and greatly rewards your faith in rock and roll. Magoo resumes his production duties with gusto, immediately apparent in the digital distortion of the vocals in 'Turn It Up,' while Abi Tucker lends her sweet voice to several tracks. Like it or not, 'No Imagination,' is classic Custard; infectious acoustic guitar, keyboards and vocal harmonies that you will immediately fall in love with, followed by the sentimental 'Short Leash.' Alternatively, 'Fashion Police' has a darker, biting edge; anger provoked by the music business. *Candy* is a precarious balance of dirty rock ('Say Goodnight,' 'The Inner West,' 'You Broke You My Heart') and pop ballads ('The Faith Healer,' 'Today I Must Do Something,' 'Candy'), but it all works superbly. Buy it. Now.

Ringo



Various
Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood
 DMZ/Columbia

Forget for the moment that this movie looks like absolute crap, featuring Sandra Bullock, Ashley Judd and a host of other similar actors (which appears to be about as useful as multiplying zeroes), as this soundtrack is fairly decent. Comparisons to the *O Brother, Where Art Thou* are automatic but well deserved, as T. Bone Burnett was responsible for both. There's probably more country-sounding tracks than you'd like to hear, but there's some cool blues and some other real interesting stuff too, creating a discordant yet highly listenable record. Much of it sounds like music from early last century, like Macy Gray's 'I Want to be Your Mother's Son-In-Law.' Vincent & Mr. Green's 'Drug

State' is tops, a mellow urban jazz song with a grooving beats, while Lauren Hill's 'Selah' is quite pleasant. It's a mixed bag, with Bob Dylan, Tony Bennett and Ray Charles also featured, but I like it. Too fully appreciate this album though, it might actually help to not see this film. Bette Midler was the Executive Producer. Enough said.

Hezzekiah



Bodyjar
Plastic Skies
 EMI

I have to get something off my chest. The first time I heard this album, I thought it was crap. Really crap. But to their credit, *Plastic Skies* has grown on me more than I expected. Prior to the release of *How It Works* two years ago, I didn't know my Bodyjar too well, but was suitably impressed with the album, despite being saturated with the blistering anthems 'Not the Same' and 'Fall to the Ground.' In some ways, *Plastic Skies* is a backwards step, discarding the distinctive slick studio sound from *How It Works* that propelled their rise to popular fame, but at the core, Bodyjar has always been, and will always be, a talented skater-punk outfit (no, that's not an oxymoron). This record is essentially a return to their loyal grassroots fan base, and delivers the goods. 'Is it a Lie' is a belter, with breakneck speed drumming and heavy guitar sounds set to blow up stereotypes across the nation. Magic Dirt's Adalita contributes her vocal talents in 'Too Drunk To Drive,' making for a bold and vigorous track. There is really no weaknesses here, and when the punk layers are stripped away in 'Dry Gin,' the closing and lone ballad, Bodyjar's growing diversity and musicianship shines true. This one's a winner.

Rimshot

On Dit Office
Single of the week
Superheist
A Dignified Rage

The Superheist lads are back and they're feeling slightly miffed. This song speaks volumes to angst-ridden teenagers, counselling them to let go of that petty-minded hatred and find a more dignified rage to sulk about. After all, one must have a reason to wear all that black! And make sure that you catch the music video because it's full of drama as the Superheist boys are confronted by a gang of Westies clad in their best tracky pants. The Horror! What will Superheist do to save the day? Perhaps if they sing a bit of this song it will scare off anyone within a two mile radius.

ALBUM OF THE WEEK



Machine Gun Fellatio
Paging Mr. Strike
 Sputnik/Mushroom

While this is the most diverse and considered release from MGF yet, one must realise the relative nature of this. The sound has matured greatly, if they have not; 'Pussy Town' is a prime example of this. While it may be somewhat of a big ask for MGF to clean their mouths out, they have consolidated past efforts, further

developing a sexy sound to suit their lyrics. 'Take It Slow' could even be a Jamiroquai track if it were more polished. I'm helluva sick of 'Rollercoaster,' from its high rotation on Triple J, yet it fits in the context of the album, as does 'The Girl Of My Dreams Is Giving Me Nightmares.' On the other hand, there isn't too much on the album that comes close to invalidating my primary criticism of MGF; that they are a poorly disguised, inferior reincarnation of TISM. Having said that, MGF are a lot of fun and I expect that, given time, the album will grow more than it will repel listeners. A special mention must be made of the witty live track 'My Ex-Girlfriend's Boyfriend' and '(Let Me Be Your) Dirty F#@!@ing Whore,' for its likeness to the Aussie warble 'Our Don Bradman,' while being as wrong as you could ever get. While many records these days have a multimedia component, it's worth nothing that MGF have loaded a pile of videos to supplement their release, including live performances, but if you don't dig naked ladies doing cartwheels in high heels, this might not be your bag.

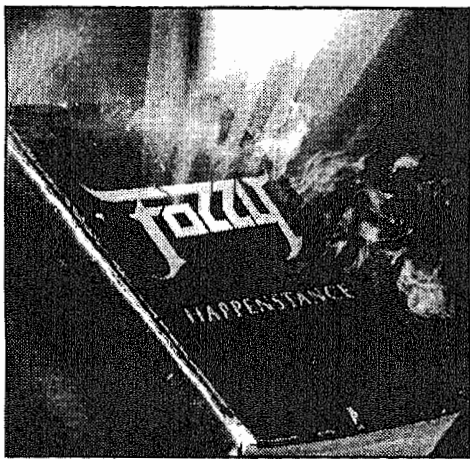
Matty

Shane Nicholson
Designed To Fade
 Warner Music

This is the first solo release single for Pretty Violet Stain frontman Shane Nicholson. The A side, 'Designed To Fade,' is nothing like any Pretty Violet Stain stuff. Instead of being

rock pop, it's more acoustic. Kasey Chambers sings backup vocals on the song and that just adds a sour note to it. How can someone go from being in a cool band to joining forces with Kasey Chambers? One of the B sides, a cover of Matthew Sweet's *Sick of Myself*, is pretty cool though.

Jang Luu



Fozzy
Happenstance
Megaforce/Shock

I suppose if I was earning millions of dollars a year, I could form my own death metal band and force it to be famous too. This seems to be the basic premise behind WWF wrestling superstar Chris Jericho's band, Fozzy. However, the whole album is comedic and actually kind of cool once you get past the whole retro aspect. Fozzy is a Black Sabbath/Old School Metallica type-band, complete with hair and pants out of the eighties and their whole gimmick is that they invented heavy metal 20 years ago and had their songs stolen by an evil Japanese record mogul...a weird, but very funny cover story. *Happenstance* is their second CD and features some cool tracks, like 'To Kill A Stranger', 'Balls To The Wall' and 'Big City Nights' which all have very chantable choruses. They have hugely arrogant and over the top personalities, not least the 'King of the World', Jericho's alter-ego Moongoose McQueen (don't ask) that fit the music and genre perfectly. Simply, this album's a lot of fun. Heavy fun.

Massiv Micky D



Naughty By Nature
iicons
Festival Mushroom/TVT

Naughty By Nature are one of the longest surviving groups in the fickle rap industry, dating back to the late eighties and most famed for their songs in the early 90's 'O.P.P.' and 'Hip-Hop Hooray', both songs logging a lot of soundtrack time, and more recently known for the upbeat 'Holiday'. *iicons* unfortunately does not quite live up to the standard NBN has set with their hits. It's got a couple of standout tracks, such as their first single off *iicons*, 'Feels Good' and 'Rock & Roll', featuring Wu-Tang's Redman and Method Man, but the other tracks tend to fall short. While NBN makes use of some cool sounds, with a lot of 80's style electronics and trumpet, their rapping falls short too often, particularly in the lame 'Let Me Find Out'. The best track on *iicons* is

clearly 'What You Wanna Do', featuring Pink's sultry vocals, and hopefully is their next single. NBN shows glimpses of their brilliance throughout the album, but can't seem to put it together for a solid 14 tracks.

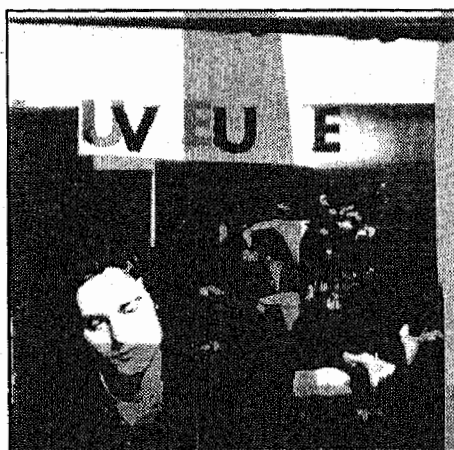
Massiv Micky D



Wyclef Jean
Masquerade
Columbia

It seems that Wyclef Jean has been around forever, but his first solo album *Wyclef Jean Presents the Carnival* was only released in 1997, so with his third solo album comes a high expectation of the extremely outspoken rapper and singer. While many artists bring out shallow albums, Clef speaks honestly about his life and growing up, the importance of education and of war, but still knows how to have a good time with tracks such as 'Party Like I Party.' *Masquerade* contains some great tracks such as the already chart-climbing 'Two Wrongs,' 'Masquerade' and 'Pj's.' The Haiti born Jean's father died recently and the touching 'Daddy' shows his love for the recently deceased man. This album has some good songs on it but it seems that Jean has spend much more time on the lyrics and topic matter rather than the actual music in some instances. But there is enough of Wyclef's musical magic to ensure the success of this album.

Tito

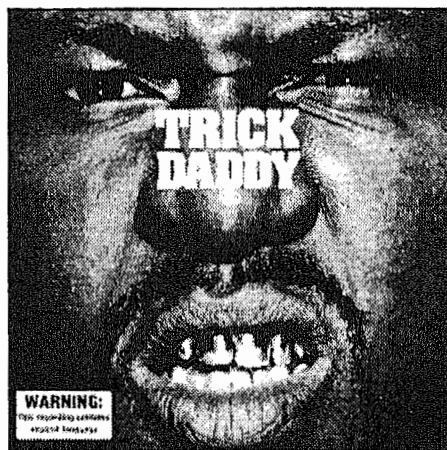


Vue
Find Your Home
Warner

Find Your Home is the second full-length release for San Fransisco five piece *Vue*. Having grown up in the San Fransisco Bay area, birthplace to garage rock, it's easy to see the effect their surroundings have had on their music. It's hard to put a label on *Vue* though as their music incorporates elements spanning rock's entire historical spectrum with hints of The Doors, The Stones, and The Birthday Party in their music. They could possibly be put on the same shelf as The White Stripes, The Strokes or The Black

Rebel Motorcycle Club, in terms of an underground movement. *Vue's* music is bursting at the seams with energy, it has a certain jagged, uncut and unproduced edge to it, it bites at your ears and makes your body want to shake and move. There is lots of scratchy rock guitar, Doors style organ, soulful harmonica and Rex John Shelverton's loud and in your face punk style vocals adds that much needed rock ingredient. 'Hitchhiking', the opener, is a very catchy blend of amp pounding guitar, poppy organ lines and wild harmonica. Another best is the track 'Falling Through a Window', where Shelverton's Mick Jagger-like voice fuses again with rock guitar and a Doors inspired organ part. *Find Your Home* is a 'good mood' record that can make you shake and rattle or go crazy when you want to. It does come across a bit poppy and repetitive at times, but essentially the music is hard rocking and jagged to the core. Rock music that is rock music, none of this modern rock bullshit.

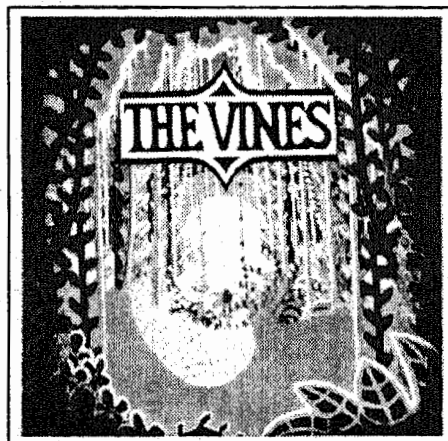
T-Mo



Trick Daddy
Thug Holiday
Atlantic

The genre of gangsta rap has been one which has recently released many sub-standard albums, it seems that anyone who can rhyme something with the word 'you' is releasing an album, and while Trick Daddy appears to be just another of these tired artists, there is more to this gold-toothed freak than meets the eye. His latest release contains some fantastic tracks such as 'In Da Wind' featuring the distinctive voice of Cee-Lo, Play No Games and Gangsta. The funny thing about Trick Daddy is that on different tracks he resembles different rappers, for example on 'Play No Games' there is a Tupac sounding Trick, while on 'Bout Mine' he resembles Outkast. This, combined with innovative beats and good compilations, gives a full sounding album with enough potential hits to be worth a listen. But no matter how diverse gangsta rap gets, the generic 'bitch,' 'nigga' and 'ho' inevitably grace the soundwaves persistently without fail. I guess that means Trick is hardcore.

Tito



The Vines
Highly Evolved
Capitol

The biggest Australian export since INXS, the Vines have astounded people across the globe with their stylish retro debut. Sounding like Nirvana at times, while also reminiscent of the Who and the Beatles ('Factory' is essentially 'Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da'), the best moments on *Highly Evolved* come when the band succeed in blending the two extremes. Despite what the two frantic singles suggest, this record isn't a runaway train, but is restrained by several more sedate songs, such as 'Country Yard,' 'Mary Jane' and '1969.' Having said that, the title track could well be the best minute and a half of rock you'll hear all year. The Vines' Australian rock roots are unmistakable on 'Outtathaway,' uniting crunching, distorted guitars with a jangley riff and brutal vocals. The pendulum swings yet again in 'Sunshinin,' electro-disco rock that would make Pete Townsend and Keith Moon proud. 'Homesick' is stunningly beautiful, accentuated by a rhythmic McCartney-like bass, reflecting on leaving home and other big decisions, giving the impression that The Vines' rapid elevation to fame has not come without its cost. *Highly Evolved* has touches of genius and leaves the door wide open for more killer albums to follow.

Massiv Micky D



New Found Glory
Sticks And Stones
MCA/Universal

Young punkers New Found Glory have always managed to carefully tread the line between pop and punk that Blink 182 fell over with considerable success. *Sticks and Stones*, however, is a little disappointing. While a bit more mature lyrically and with NFG's trademark beats and quick riffs, this is a little too poppy and without any songs having the genuine single power of 'Dressed To Kill' or 'Hit Or Miss' from their last, self-titled album. While the album opens strongly enough with the cool 'Understatement', it generally is fairly generic Californian punk but not up to the quality of other CA bands like The Ataris, or even their own previously-set standards. While other tracks like 'Sonny', 'Head On Collision' and 'Never Give Up' are decent, while 'The Great Houdini' is actually worthy to be one of NFG's old tracks, this could have been better. If you're new to the band, buy their self-titled album instead.

Massiv Micky D



C₃ L₁ U₁ B₃ S₁ C₃ L₁ A₁ S₁ S₁ I₁ F₄ I₁ E₁ D₂ S₁

**Thursday Lunch Time
Worship**

Scots Church at the corner of North Terrace and Pulteney Street in busy central Adelaide has been offering brief meditative lunch time services on Thursdays for well over a year now. And why should such services be held? The reason is that Scots Church is intentionally providing an opportunity to anyone who is prevented by all sorts of legitimate reasons from going to worship on Sundays, as well as regular Sunday worshippers at the church. University students and others who work on Sundays are among those who have attended, as well as tourists and shoppers in the city and visitors to the Royal Adelaide Hospital. These services are intimate and are conducted in the round in front of the church sanctuary, are held at 12.15pm and 1.15pm and last for around 15 minutes.

**Adelaide Uni Cricket
Club**

Preseason training – Sundays at 9am, starting September 1. Thursdays at 5.30pm starting September 12 at Uni Ovals.

If you are interested in playing or being a paid scorer or team manager contact David Penn on 8351 1613 or email on daspenn@senet.com.au

**Queen size futon for
sale**

Bought for \$650, will sell for \$150 or nearest offer. Futon folds in half and can be used as a couch. Pine base, 8 inch futon mattress, foam insert, woolen underlay.

To inspect at a western suburbs location email me on felicity.ellow@adelaide.edu.au
MUST SELL! (Have bought new couch so no longer require the futon.)

Film Society

All films are screened in the Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building, Adelaide University, at 7pm on Thursday evenings, except where otherwise stated.

Film Society membership is \$5 and all films are free for members except where otherwise stated.

www.aufs.org

Week 6, Thursday September 5

Bunny Lake Is Missing (1965)

Directed by: Otto Preminger

Mystery/Thriller

Ann Lake has recently settled in England with her daughter, Bunny. When she goes to retrieve her daughter after the girl's first day at school, no one has any record of Bunny having been registered. When even the police

can find no trace that the girl ever existed, they wonder if the child was only a fantasy of Ann's. When Ann's brother backs up the police's suspicions, she appears to be a mentally disturbed individual. Are they right?

With short:

Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend: The Pet (1921)

After eating a rarebit, a man has an odd dream in which his wife takes in a strange-looking animal that eats everything in sight and keeps growing until it threatens the entire city.

WEEK 7, Thursday September 12

The Shining (1980)

Directed by Stanley Kubrick

Starring: Jack Nicholson

Kubrick's atmospheric and visually disturbing adaptation of the Stephen King story about a writer and his family who become off season caretakers of a remote mountain resort hotel. As they are snowed in and cut off from the world the hotel and its haunted secrets begin to come to life. A Stanley Kubrick classic.

With short:

Poo (1983)

Filmmaker: Steve French

The nocturnal activities of the oddly assorted inhabitants of an apartment block are brought to light through inventively eccentric animation.

**Young Australian of
the Year Awards**

Nominations are open for individuals aged between 16 - 24 years of age on January 26, 2003.

Nominations are open between August 5 and September 23 this year. Any individual can nominate a suitable candidate. Nomination forms are available at the Commonwealth Bank, in *The Daily Telegraph*, *Herald Sun*, *Courier Mail*, *The Sunday Times*, *Northern Territory News*, *The Advertiser* and *The Mercury*. They are also available at www.australianoftheyear.gov.au or by phoning 1300 130 279.

Winners of each state and territory will be announced in November. The national award winners will be announced on January 25, 2003 at a gala ceremony to be televised live through the Seven Network and affiliated stations.

Selection criteria:

- Demonstrated excellence in either a paid or unpaid capacity
- Significant contribution to the Australian community and nation
- An inspirational role model for the community

STUFF Exhibition

12-21 September
(weekdays 11-3pm)

School of Architecture, Landscape
Architecture and Urban Design
<http://www.arch.adelaide.edu.au/stuff/>



Ronnie wants you to sell your unwanted goods through the Classifieds section. That's what he did with his morals.

**Islamic
Awareness
Week '02
September 3 - 6**

Tuesday

Free BBQ and Information Desk at Union Cloisters 1 - 2pm

Wednesday

Free BBQ and Information Desk at Union Cloisters (1 - 2pm)
Screening of *Islam: Empire of Faith* at Margaret Murray Room, Union Building (12pm and 2pm)

Thursday

Free BBQ and Information Desk at Union Cloisters (1 - 2pm).
Screening of *Islam: An Empire of Faith* at Margaret Murray Room, Union Bldg (12 - 1 and 2 - 3pm)

Jama'ah Dhuhur (Noon Congregational) Prayers at the Union Cloisters (1.30pm)

Friday

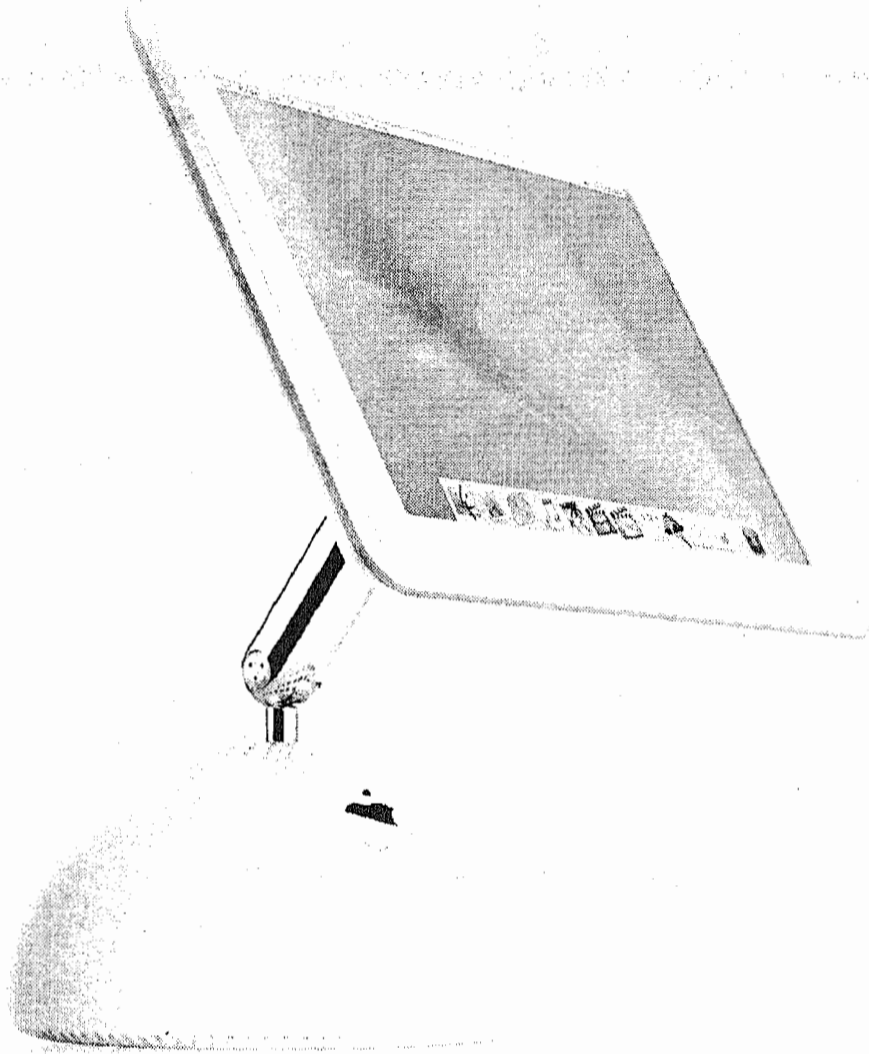
Forum at Union Hall (6pm)

Theme - "Christian-Muslim Reconciliation in Australia"
Topics

- *What Islam says about Christianity?*
- Bro. Imran Lum
 - *Practical steps towards Reconciliation* - Dr. Arthur Saniotis, Dept. of Anthropology, Adelaide University.
 - *Women in Islam and Christianity*
- Sis. Anisa Buckley.
 - *History of Muslims in Australia*
- Dr. Abul Farooque, Dept. of Sociology, Flinders University.
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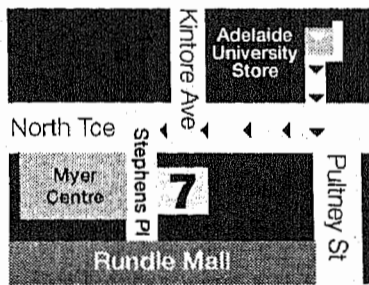
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