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On Dit

Volume 72
Edition 10
24.05.2004





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ON DIT
71.10

EDITORS
JAMES CAMERON
& TRISTAN MAHONEY

ADVERTISING
MATTHEW OSBORN
0402 760 028

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CADILLAC

- CURRENT AFFAIRS
ADELLE NEARY
- OPINION
RUSSELL MARKS
- MUSIC
DAN JOYCE & DAN VARRICHO
- FOOD
ESHA THAPER
- FILM
DANNY WILLS
- LITERATURE
SUKHMAMI KHORANA
- ARTS TEAM
LEO GREENFIELD
ALEX RAFALOWICZ
& STEPHANIE MOUNTZOURIS

ON DIT IS THE WEEKLY PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE. THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED HEREIN ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE EDITORS OR THE ASSOCIATION.

SEND YOUR SUBMISSIONS TO
ONDIT@ADELAIDE.EDU.AU.
WEEKLY DEADLINE IS WEDNESDAY.
LAST ONE NEXT WEEK!

Hello and welcome to the Disaster Edition of *On Dit*. Aaaahh, flee for your lives, etc, etc.

Why disaster? Well, to be honest, the idea was more or less a clever ploy to sell our back cover to the good people at Fox Distribution.

That, and we wanted to highlight the true meaning of disaster. Our cushy post-capitalist western utopia wasn't very well-acquainted with disaster prior to September 11. Since then, we appear to be beset by one catastrophe after another.

From our horrible penchance for locking up asylum-seeking children, to the deepening quagmire in the Middle East, disasters appear to be the new black.

Best get used to them. Buy the ticket, take the ride - that's what Dr Gonzo always used to say.

Oh, and if anyone writes smart-arse letters about how every edition of *On Dit* is a disaster they can lick our Gam balls.

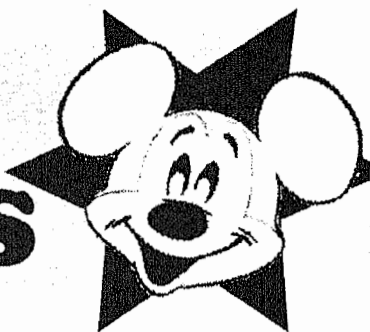
Bye!

Stan & JC

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DISNEY STUDIOS, WHERE MOORE IS LESS



Michael Moore has enjoyed a fair amount of notoriety since his *The Awful Truth* series premiered in the United States in mid 2000. The series was a healthy mix of John Safran-esque trouble-making and tongue-in-cheek *Today Tonight*-style investigative reporting. He followed up the series with a bestselling book *Stupid White Men* and then went on to make the controversial documentary *Bowling for Columbine* about gun culture in the US. Collecting his 2003 Oscar for the work he was booted from the podium after using his thank you speech to argue against the Iraq war.

His latest work, *Fahrenheit 9/11*, brings more controversy. It's a documentary exploring the ties between the Bush family, the Saudi royal family and the Bin Ladens. Miramax was going to be distributor for the feature-length doco but Disney, Miramax's parent company, has blocked the move. Moore claims it's because Disney World in Florida benefits from generous tax-breaks allowed by George W's brother/Florida governor, Jeb Bush. Disney claims it just doesn't want to be involved in partisan politics in an election year.

Censorship (and self-censorship) has an interesting history in advanced industrial societies. Freedom of the media was a symbol of the moral argument against communism during the Cold War. We read our broadsheets with interest while scoffing at the

latest tripe Pravda was pushing in Stalinist Russia. We went for coffee after seeing the latest James Bond flick and pitied the souls who were only allowed to see sycophantic re-enactments of their own revolutions at the theatre.

But how true was this freedom of the media? Chomsky points out that the 1955 Oscar winner and anti-union film *On the Waterfront* (in which a courageous Marlon Brando throws the bullying union boss into the ocean) was only part of "very self conscious propaganda running through the entertainment industry, the schools, the newspapers [at the time]". And you don't have to be a fire-breathing leftie to realise that McCarthyist witch-hunts in the 1950s purged Hollywood and most other free institutions in the US of any sort of independence. Many consider this period only as an aberration in the free world's history of open and honest media. Many others, however, from the Left and the Right, think there is much more to dredge up.

John Pilger, an Australian broadcaster and film-maker, says that "[p]ropaganda is not found just in totalitarian states. There, at least they know they are being lied to. We tend to assume it is the truth. In the U.S., censorship is rampant." He said this on his trip to Oslo to collect his Sophie Prize for "30 years of work to expose deception in the media". And he seems to have a case.

In 1998, April Oliver, after having worked for five years and winning

several awards as an international affairs writer, produced a report on the US having used sarin nerve gas against defectors in Laos during the Vietnam War. Henry Kissinger and Colin Powell put the heat on CNN executives and CNN promptly fired April and her co-producer. In February 2002, the editor of the *Concord Monitor* in the US was fired because his cartoonist criticised the Bush administration's budget so soon after the terrorist attacks of September 11.

Alternatively, at fightthebias.com, you can see an American ex-journo "spill the beans" on US media coverage. He claims journalistic integrity in the mainstream media is equated to how far left you are and political-correctness and cultural-sensitivity are put ahead of the hard facts. Other right-wing websites attack specific instances like the "liberal bias" of the US media's coverage of the 1968 Tet Offensive in Vietnam. They point to a 1986 documentary, narrated by Charlton Heston, which aimed to retell the "truth" of the Tet Offensive, claiming TV reporters had "turned a U.S. military victory [in '68] into a political and psychological defeat". Its planned airing on PBS was later blocked by PBS executives.

The truth is that, while there were 50 major media corporations in the US in 1993, there are now 5. In Australia, Rupert Murdoch owns 70% of the media. Television, the film industry, and the press are centralising at a rate that even Lenin would be proud of through

takeovers, mergers and information pools like Associated Press.

This is illustrated nicely by Disney's intervention in the affairs of its "art-house" wing, Miramax. Before the take-over Miramax was producing "low budget, quirky, art-house films"; instead, its principle aim under Disney is to bring quality cinema to the public by "transcend[ing] the art-house circuit". Thus, not only is there now an interventionist power in Miramax's affairs, more disturbingly, its films can no longer exist as the negation of Hollywood cinema. They can no longer challenge the façade of the mainstream through the use of taboo because its taboo has been successfully incorporated (and trademarked) into the very machine it was once fighting against. What was once bitter criticism and satire is now paraded as a form of post-modern irony, nullifying the negative power it once had.

Moore is seeking a new distributor and, with all the hype now surrounding the film, he'll probably succeed. Disney is standing by its "apolitical" decision and is hoping there is not too much more publicity about the whole affair. It just wants some time to focus on a new deal with McDonalds for cartoon character figurines to come with your Happy Meal.

Alex Solomon-Bridge

3



**THINK
YOU HAVE
WHAT IT
TAKES TO
COVER
A BIG
STORY?**

Write for On Dit.
ondit@adelaide.edu.au

SAUA ROUNDUP Oooh.

Not a day goes by when some SAUA rat or other doesn't ask us if we're going to write another roundup of the goings on in our Students' Association.

However, it's a rare thing nowadays for so-called 'general' students to miss the ancient On Dit tradition of the SAUA Roundup. No one but those actually involved in student politics seems to notice when this column goes missing for a week or two, or even when it gets scaled down to a few snide paragraphs in the corner of the campus news section. This despite our bumping it all the way up to page four, with pictures and everything.

We've tried to make SAUA Roundup controversial and funny, but to no avail. It seems that the roundup has become more or less an open letter to the Students Association for its own amusement. A thinly veiled in-joke, carefully crafted to more or less represent how alienated students at this university feel from their once-proud association.

To her credit, SAUA President Alice Campbell seems to be aware of how separate the SAUA appears from its constituency. At the last meeting of SAUA Council, Campbell presented a discussion paper about the issue, suggesting a few ideas of her own, along with a call to Councillors and Office Bearers to address the apparent problem of irrelevance.

Once such idea, brought fourth by Women's Officer Kellie Armstrong-Smith is a regular open mic event. Probably inspired by the series of speeches at the last National Day of Action (On Dit 72.7), the idea was to provide a public forum for students and their representatives to discuss issues affecting them, more or less

in the manner of an old fashioned soap box convention.

The inaugural event, held last Wednesday, could best be described as a fizzer. Hardly surprising, given the lack of publicity. Nevertheless, a regular forum (catered, and hopefully with live music to follow) has the potential to be a swimming success, particularly if the event, along with the issues to be discussed, could be advertised in On Dit. The trick would be preventing former private school debating champions in the Liberal Club from hijacking proceedings.

In other news, Liberal Councillor and student representative on University Council Patrick Giam wore a substantial amount of criticism for voting for the infamous motion to increase HECS at the last meeting of University Council. It was argued that by not voting against the measure, he was in breach of his 'fiduciary duties to students and their association'. This is untrue - Giam would only be in breach if his actions on the Council somehow threatened the existence of the SAUA. Shame. This didn't stop his fellow SAUA Councillors having a crack, with one Councillor describing his 'behaviour' at the August 16 meeting as 'disgraceful'.

The remainder of the last meeting of Council went by relatively painlessly. Environment Officer Stephen Kellett drew Council's attention to a recent study that found that the University of Adelaide uses some 25% more energy than Flinders University. The Environment Department plans to investigate the causes of this, and will hopefully make some recommendations to the University. Kellett's efforts at starting up a new SAUA

operated bike shed are continuing, with the completion of designs for a new structure on Ligertwood Plaza, near the Napier building. Pleasing, no?

There was one exception to the unusual expediency of the last Council Meeting. And, yes - you guessed it - it came in the striking form of Councillor David Pearson. This time, Pearson's vitriol was directed at Activities and Campaigns Vice-President Bek Cornish's approach to her 'task list'.

Some clarification is in order. At a previous meeting, Councillor Pearson (a notorious stickler for accountability) successfully persuaded Council to compel Office Bearers to present a regular 'task list', detailing all that they had done the previous week. Some Councillors and Office Bearers took offence, claiming that the new obligation was more suitable to a remedial high school than the university's peak representative body. Nevertheless, the motion was carried, and despite a subsequent attempt to rescind the idea, Office Bearers are now - at least in theory - obliged to list their daily achievements in their reports to Council. Neat.

Naturally, Pearson took umbrage when Vice-President Cornish had the audacity to list 'procrastination' as one of her achievements. Her report suggested that she was feeling a tad 'jaded' as a result of the apparent lack of volunteers for Prosh week, along with the continued unavailability of the Barr Smith Lawns. Perhaps the looming threat of Union Activities appropriating the Activities Department's last skerrick of relevance was also to blame. The result? A profound sense of existential ennui, resulting in procrastination.

Pearson, perhaps not without justification, was furious. He described the Vice-President as 'pathetic' and her subsequent protestations as 'piss weak', eventually hinting at her eventual resignation. Oooh.

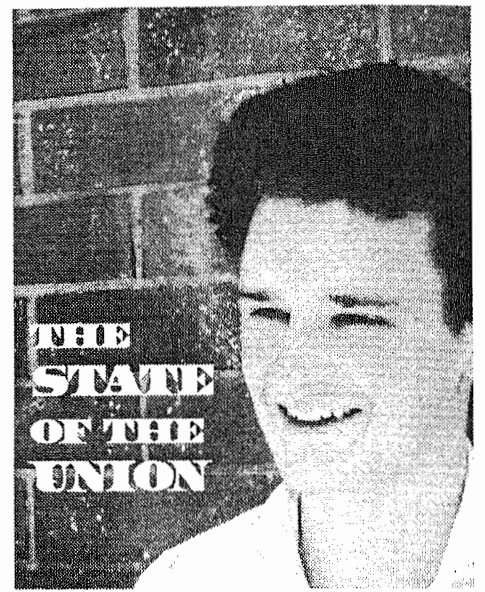
All this was too much for one of the usually smug and even-tempered On Dit Editors, who was named by the Chair for an uncharacteristically heated outburst. The eruption also resulted in a terrified Councillor Jessica Cronin migrating to the opposite end of the table. Ack! The irate editor in question (me) then proceeded to ask the chair why the fuck she hadn't named Pearson on account of his being an obnoxious fuckwank on a power trip (or something to that effect). The entire altercation was entirely regrettable, not least because it caused irreparable damage to On Dit's reputation for cool, calm self-righteousness. Smee.

At the very least, it demonstrated that so-called 'hacking' on Council rarely achieves anything, especially with regards to the work ethic of Office Bearers. Of course, Council exists in part to scrutinise the work - or lack thereof - of the SAUA, but as the ever wise and level-headed Councillor Jessica Fishlock pointed out, Pearson's was more of a personal attack than an appraisal of her work.

Fishlock rarely speaks up in Council, but when she does, she makes a refreshing amount of sense. She's super. Seems to know what's going on too. If she runs for anything, do us a favour and vote for her would you?

Tristan Mahoney
Raving Psychopath

4



First the standard disclaimer. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editors or Victor Stamatescu.

My column. My opinions. Is that cool?

I agree with Victor that we have focussed more on efficiency this year. But this can be good for students. Charged with the hard-earned money of almost 17 000 of them we should spend it where they need it.

Before anyone pulls out the old "economic rationalist" tag, I freely admit I am actually a socialist. Efficiency does not mean cutbacks.

It means we survey our Union from start to finish, fix anything cracked or broken, and improve whatever we can.

That is all it means.

In fact efficient management has helped us grow in several new directions. Into the Sports Hub, the renovated Wills, our Resource Centre, and a few other schemes which will show up in good time.

But anyway, no more plugs for the Union. Promise. I write this column to spark a little interest and debate, not just to report on what we do.

So what does efficiency not mean?

Last election some students campaigned to bring Subway on to campus. Others have suggested we replace Unibooks with Dymocks.

Outsourcing might sound efficient in that it would make us easier money.

But efficiency of that kind would also undermine student ownership and control, put profits before benefits to students, and commercialise space set aside for learning and the university community.

Surely we should try to run our student-owned services better, so we have no need for any commercial alternative. I think this is the path we are taking now when we talk about efficiency.

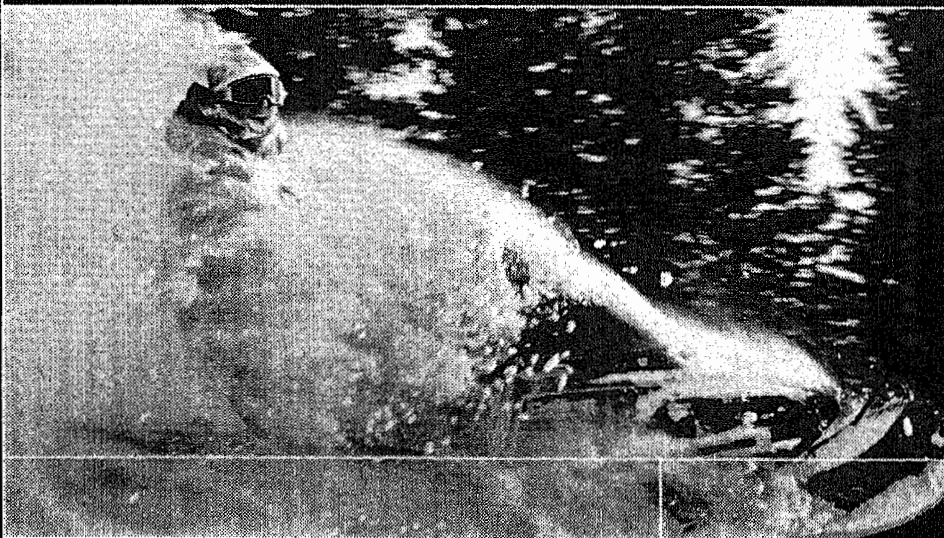
But, of course, these are just my own opinions.

Rowan Nicholson
President

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Letters

eat the rich

whEre's the PRoteSt?

Dear Ed,

All good things come to an end, and the death-knell of equitable tertiary education is upon us. Little by little the previous Labour government and the current "conga line of arseholes" or the quasi-fascist Howard government have eroded free and equitable education and are gradually replacing it with a US elitist, Dickensian, keep all the unwashed illiterate and drug-dependant model. Australian Universities are no longer venerable centres of higher learning but are becoming corporate shells, rubber stamping degrees for the well lubricated and doing research by business diktat. The question any sane person would have to ask, do we really want to live like the USA; Rampant crime, class illiteracy, two medical systems, elitist purgative judicial system etc. etc.? The bare Machiavellian paradigm which passes from all this is that to fuck over a lower class, nation or people by its government, you just have to prescribe unpleasantness a little bit at a time, like taking medicine, until a socially bipolarised landscape of hell is created.

H.G. Wells was right in his book *The Time Traveller*, about the Morelocks; Lets Eat the Rich!

Cheers,
David

it's my party & I'll rant if I want to

Dear Councillor Matthew Walton,

Re: Labored Argument

If you think that the most important thing is to be on the winning side, and that the Liberals have superior intellet, then why don't you go join the Liberal Party and stay the fuck out of mine?

Regards
Councillor Jess Cronin

P.S. Liberals may be those 'winners' that fuck the Prom Queen, but it's only because they've drugged her in the first place. (Thanks to Alice for this comment).

Dear Eds,

It's about time an anti-Iraq war protest was organised by our student union leaders, especially with the scandals recently uncovered by the treatment of Iraqi POWs in American and British custody. Although it looks as if this POW treatment scandal is unlikely to involve Australian servicemen and women on duty in Iraq, Australia is still a very active coalition partner there. Could a nationwide protest march be organised and publicised soon?

Cheers,
David Swaby

missIng

Dear On Dit readership,

Last night (last night being Wednesday) I went out with some friends and got hideously drunk at Red Rock Noodle Bar on Rundle Street. After consuming gross amounts of cask wine and then puking not so discreetly in the toilets, I headed to the Exeter and sat consciously unconscious for about an hour. At around 2:30 in the morning I stumbled across to the Cranker and sat out the front for two hours. The evening is very patchy. However, somewhere between Red Rock and the end of the debauchery, I lost my bag. It has everything in it, books, discman, mobile phone, keys, assignments and season four of Buffy on DVD. It also has an envelope full of photographs from when I was little. This is the most important thing to me. The bag is a canvas white shoulder bag with a pink transfer on the front that says "formidable". If you have seen it, or found it or know anything about it, please please please come down and let the On Dit people know. I don't care about the money or the discman or phone, but my books and the photographs are VERY IMPORTANT to me. I bought the bag in Japan and it has sentimental value. Please help me out with this if you know anything.

Thanks a lot,
Clementine Ford



Send your letters to ondit@adelaide.edu.au before Friday. Try to keep them under 700 words and free of racist, sexist, homophobic or defamatory material.

spaff monKey

Dear On Dit,

I don't care what you say, Stan, masturbating in the shower is the best thing ever. It's very clean and convenient, and boy is it ever comfortable. The hardest part is finding all parts of the wad, some of which disguise themselves as droplets of water. Although using your big toe to encourage coagulated spaff to wash down the sinkhole may leave a dangler attached to your foot, you can always scrape it off the drain's edge.

Hubert

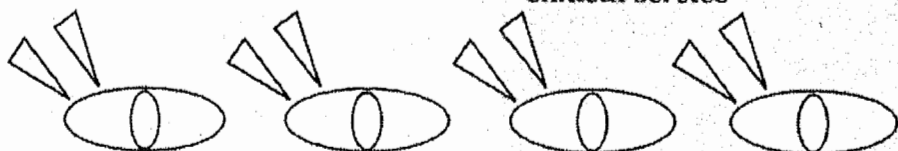
Next week is your last chance to rant before the end of the Semester, so get CrackKing!

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Lottos continued

Wedding massacre

The escalating attacks by the Israeli Defence Forces - who seem to delight in a whole lot more attacking than defending - and the recent friendly bombing of a wedding party in Iraq, costing 40 odd guests their lives, are just two of the many inevitable consequences of that historic, and hysterically dim, declaration of "War on Terror".

Common sense, clarity of thought, moderation, or any hope of reason can't get a look-in through this miasma of hatred and belligerent racism.

This never-ending war amounts to a hooded green light, and a licence for excesses of every kind, allowing the establishment of torture chambers from Guantanamo Bay to Mazar-i-Sharif, Abu Ghraib, Baxter and Nauru.

The infuriating thing about this far-flung bestiality and hideousness is that its major perpetrators and initiators, unacquainted with war and danger for the most part, are still sitting pretty and prating the same old nonsense from positions of unprecedented power.

Dave Diss

nihilism & aPathy

The news just keeps getting worse. Despite two years of bitter opposition by students and student organisations, the realities of the Nelson reforms will be felt by Adelaide University students beginning as of next year. More disturbing, however, is the apparent attitude of University officials that they need to protect the University decision making processes from the students themselves.

As last weeks' header article ('There are no more bridges', *On Dit* 72.8) demonstrated, the University administration appears to have used a mixture of guile, cunning, disrespect for the views of students and misinformation to thwart a student protest that could have stopped yet another University fee hike. It is a story which, to my mind, sums up

student activism in the recent years - a valiant and noble effort that ultimately has come to nought.

I have been critical of student activists in this very newspaper in recent weeks, however I feel it is important to express that I stand shoulder to shoulder with them (metaphorically, unfortunately, as I was not well-enough informed to know the meeting was even taking place) on this issue. We can debate the various pros and cons of the user-pays system as applied to tertiary education until we are blue in the face but, when it boils down to it, I cannot reconcile the simple funding deficit between defence and education, nor can I countenance the subtle but pervasive new social norm in Australia that advocates the elitism of vested interests over the availability of education for all people.

The only thing left to do is, as Aurelia Stapleton and others have said in last weeks edition, fight to see a new government interned at the next election. While I baulk at advocating unreserved favour for either of the two major parties, it appears to me that the first step along the long road of recovery of social justice begins with ensuring the lesser of two evils holds sway in Canberra. If you haven't already, enrol to vote. There will be a Federal election this year and, as students, you can make a difference. The preference system allows you to give your first preference vote to whichever candidate in your local area actually deserves it, but I urge you to grant at least your second preference to the Labor candidate.

Having said that, however, I must continue to express my view that the university political system should not be the playground of the two major parties. There is more than one election this year, another will be held right here on campus grounds. Last year a SAUA was elected that was largely, I believe, independent. Let's maintain that standard. The ALP and Liberal Party, in fact, as far as I am concerned any major political party, should not consider university student politics as their training ground. I believe the ineffectiveness of much student politics currently can be laid firmly at the feet of University Labor and Liberal clubs whose dogmatic approach to two-party politics and their potential careers blinds them to the complexities that their very presence brings to important student issues. In short, butt out! And if you can't butt out please

make sure you are clear about where your allegiances lie during student elections.

Don't succumb to nihilism or apathy, there is no obstacle that cannot be reversed later. We have been dealt a body blow but now we must ensure that those responsible are called to account for it. Be heard.

Brett Whittaker

Oh, you.

Dear *On Dit*,

Get that handsome editor out of sight - he's distracting the female employees.

Regards
M

Tee
he
he
he!

Please read and note carefully.

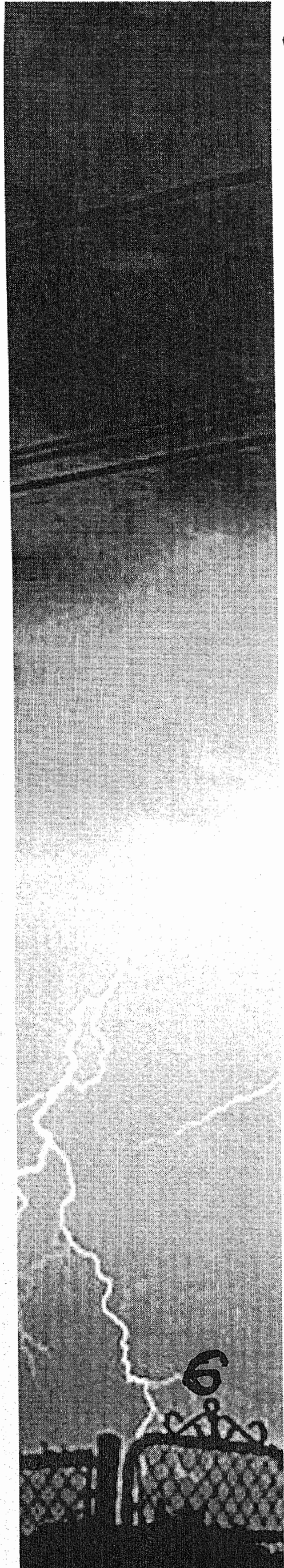
-- Original Message --
Subject: [Fwd: Re: Fwd: Re: SAUA open mike]
Date: Thu, 13 May 2004 12:09:58 +0930
From: Carmel Noon

Organization: The University of Adelaide
To: alice.campbell@adelaide.edu.au

Hi there,

Can you just advise *On Dit* that the board address is not to be used to call a board director a 'dick'. As you would understand this is totally not appropriate. The University is copied onto these emails.

Thanks,
Carmel.



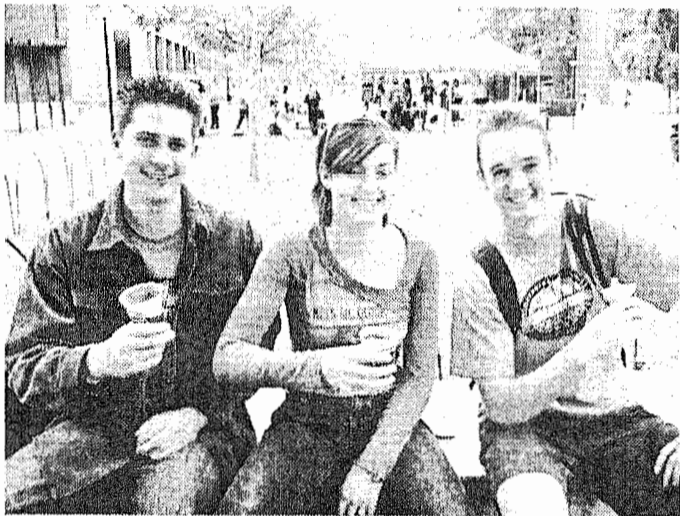
VOX POP

Is someone or something pissing you off? Are the ways of the world frustrating you beyond belief? Well here's your chance to have a rant and tell us what really gets on your



Anja (IT&T Engineering 2nd year)

(Reading a magazine) That stupid bitch in this magazine... damn survivor woman...
Reality shows in general are really crap and piss me off. Except the transsexual one... Miriam, but only because it's funny.
Permanent textas and stairs...
Elevators suck. Especially the one in Engineering North. It's the most claustrophobic lift at Uni. If I hip and shouldered it, it would collapse.
My mother pisses me off big time... but dad's worse. Bastard.
Everything on the news is crap because I've heard it all 1000 times before.
And I hate the smell of Listerine strips. Nasty



Simon (Petroleum Engineering 2nd year), **Sky** (Chemical Engineering 2nd year) and **O'Brien** (Petroleum Engineering 3rd year)

Sky: People who drive under the speed limit are so annoying. Especially when you are in a hurry. Hat drivers f**king hell, they are the worst!

S: Beer prices at Unibar

OB: yeah beer's way too expensive.

S: ...actually nah...I don't care, the prices are pretty good.

OB: Yeah on second thoughts, the government taxes are too high.

S: And there aren't enough car parks.

OB: On weekends it's only 20cents for 3 hours!

S: Yeah but who comes to town on Sundays...wait...why do you have to get 50% to pass? It's too much...and the library is too big...and everything should be closer together so you don't have to walk so far...especially from the train.

OB: There are too many leaves on the ground...and I know who does it!

S: ...and you can't play footy on the lawns.....they are full of sludge...and there's a sign that says ball games are prohibited...#\$\$%@...no footy...%^&*....

OB: And it's about to rain

S: Oh yeah the weather...bloody winter...

OB: Who voted for winter? I didn't...

S: The guy to girl ratio in engineering sucks...and I want a men's officer!

OB:...hmmm....can't complain about anything really....

Melissa (Civil Engineering 3rd year) and **Lisa** (Civil Engineering/Physics 4th year)

Lisa: I hate it how architecture students use the engineering computers...and how the physics building is STILL being renovated 6 months after it was supposed to be finished. Not being able to walk on the lawns sucks... (Sub Ed - yeah thanks to the fringe) Oh the fringe being here in O'Week! That was so annoying! Who built the train station so far away from uni? And why the hell are there ants on this piece of watermelon?

Mel and Lisa: Too many 21's. Costs waaay too much.



Mel: I hate those stupid square blocks they've built on North Terrace. It's crap, if you are walking there with a big group you all have to squash up to get through... (Sub Ed - yeah kill the council, what were they thinking?)

Lisa: They put up the parking!! \$3 for 3 hours on Victoria Drive now...that's double! (Sub Ed - they have also risen it on Memorial drive. Those 4 hr parks used to be \$1.10 for 4 hrs, now they are \$4 for 4 hrs. Someone needs to write a letter to the council)



Brett and Stuart (Mechanical Engineering 2nd year and B.Science 3rd year)

S & B: Petrol!

S: I've been going to the petrol station for the last 4 to 5 days waiting for the prices to drop. It hasn't dropped.

S: Petrol should be free

B: Should be back to the 60cent per litre days.

S: Realistically it should be between 85 and 95 cents.

B: Yeah 87 cents!

S: You have to catch the bus in to uni just to save money.

B: But it sucks. You either drive and waste money or catch the bus and waste time. And it's stinky.

S: And there are so many school kids...

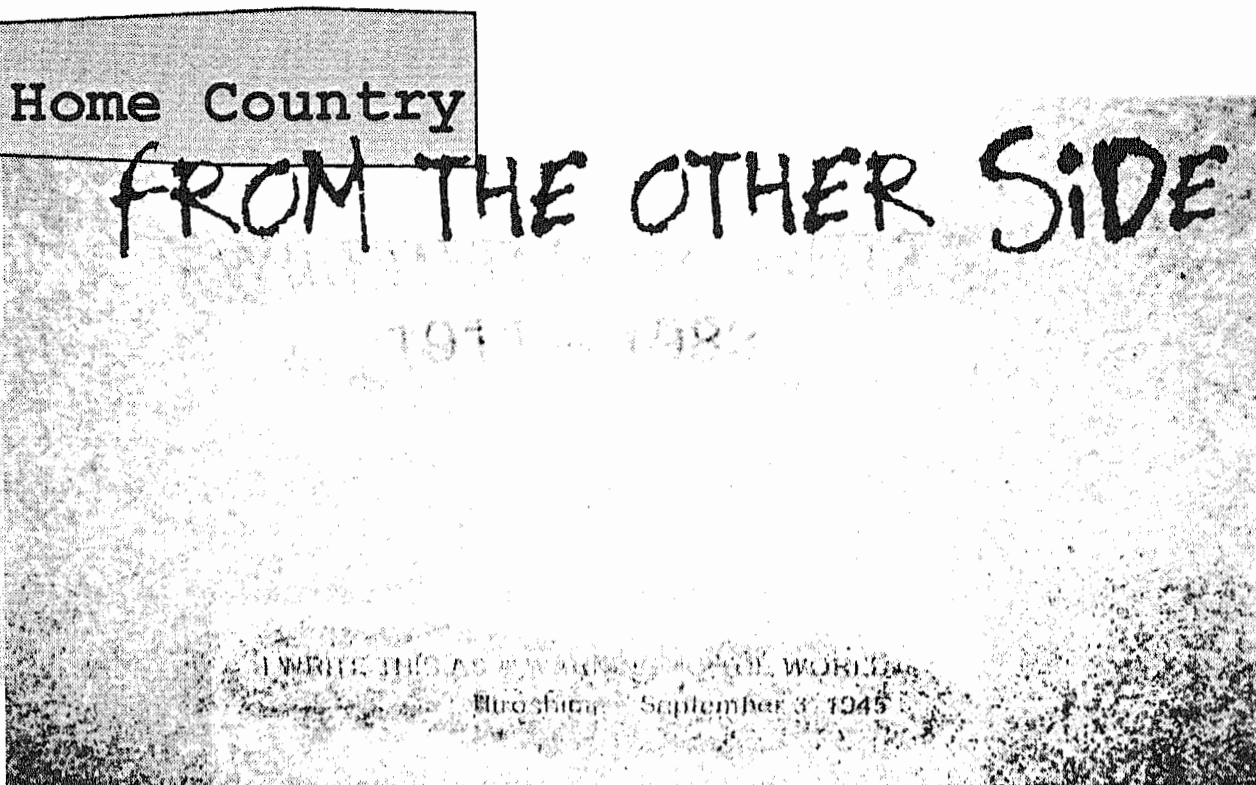
7 (SEVEN)

Yearning For the Home Country

FROM THE OTHER SIDE

We are now coming up to the sixtieth anniversary of the most destructive use of a weapon of mass destruction the world has seen so far. On 6 August, 1945 the US, on behalf of the Allied war effort, dropped an atomic bomb on the Japanese city of Hiroshima. Shortly after it dropped another one on Japan. We know all about the bombs. But how much do we recall these days of the Australian journalist and campaigner who first alerted us to their dreadful consequences and who took an interest in another kind of mass destruction - the use of lethal bacteria as a weapon of war. At a time when we have our own pre-occupation with such weapons it is timely to have another look at this man's career. Terry Hewton reports.

8



It was under pressure from the American government that, when Burchett lost his passport in mysterious circumstances in North Vietnam in May 1955, the Holt government refused him another one. They also refused to grant passports to his family thus effectively exiling him and his family from his country of birth.

In the expansive and overgrown Sofia Central Cemetery in Bulgaria's capital is a simple grave. What first catches your eye on its otherwise bare headstone is a worn message visible on close scrutiny: 'I WRITE THIS AS A WARNING TO THE WORLD. Hiroshima - September 3, 1945'.

And above this inscription, a less worn one: 'WILFRED BURCHETT 1911 - 1983.'

Burchett was the first western journalist into Hiroshima less than a month after the dropping of the bomb. He reported on the immediate aftermath of its detonation for the *British Daily Express* under the by-line that appears on his headstone.

In particular he reported horrific radiation effects when the official line was blast damage only.

Even more controversial was his activity in reporting the Korean War from the 'other' side.

While this reportage was extremely valuable in serving as an alternative source of news it did see him in a strongly compromised situation and rendered him susceptible to accusations of treachery.

It was at this time that Burchett published his claim that the US was engaged in bacteriological warfare - an accusation rejected by the authorities at the time and since as false and propagandist in intent and which remains unconfirmed to this point in time.

The other and even more serious (and unproven) accusation aimed at Burchett in this conflict was that he participated in the mistreatment of allied prisoners of war.

It was under pressure from the American government that, when Burchett lost his passport in mysterious circumstances in North Vietnam in May 1955, the Holt government refused him another one. They also refused to grant passports to his family thus effectively exiling him and his family from his country of birth.

Following the death, first of his father in 1969, and then his brother in 1970, a grief-stricken Burchett wanted to return to Australia. On each occasion he was denied permission to do so.

In 1970, in defiance of the ban, he returned to Australia in a light air craft. The reception he got was mixed: some supporters, but some with placards reading, 'Burchett Back to Hanoi', 'Burchett Traitor', and the like.

It was not until Whitlam was elected in 1972 that his passport was restored.

Despite this he remained outside Australia travelling in, and reporting from, countries sympathetic to his outlook.

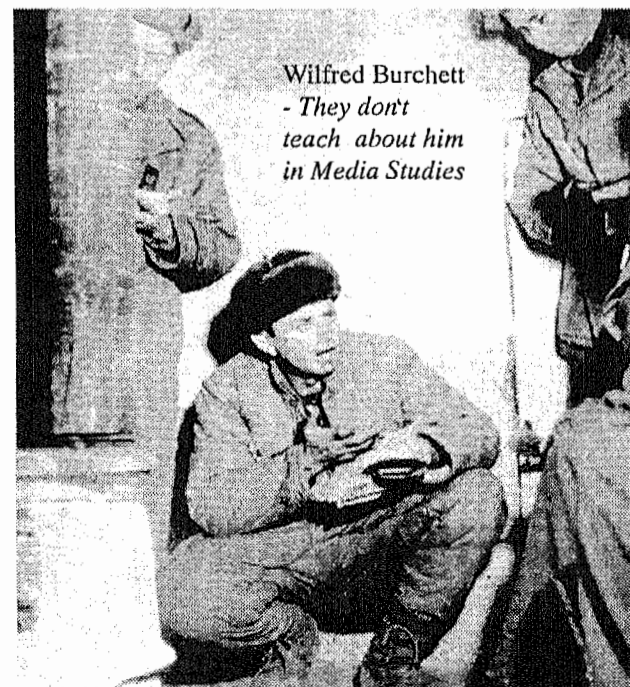
He observed and reported the Second Indo China War from the 'other side'.

He ended up in Bulgaria, his wife's home country.

I remember a commemorative function held in one of the UK House of Commons Committee rooms in the year of his death. The speakers at this function were authoritative and credible in their praise of his life's work.

At this meeting John Pilger was hailed as the Wilfred Burchett of his day in recognition of the bold and fearless style of combative journalism the two have in common. Pilger himself was there and spoke in praise of Burchett.

In 1997 Burchett's widow, Mrs Vesselina (Vessa)



Ossikovska Burchett, and his daughter Anna Wilfredovna, were spending much of their time in a modest apartment in gracious surroundings overlooking a park in Sofia.

It was there in that year that my wife and I caught up with them.

According to Anna and Vessa the thing him the most was his alienation from Australia.

'Do they still hate him in Australia?'

This was Anna's opening to our discussion.

She continued: 'He was very bitter[at his treatment by the Australian government]. It was a very individual bitterness...'

'When his father and then his brother died he tried to visit Australia. They [ie the Australian government] wouldn't let him. He went anyway. In a small plane. But he was very upset by it all ... the crowds shouting at him ...'

According to Anna the experience had a lasting effect on him: 'He lost his connection with Australia. He did not know where is his country. He was like me... cosmos... moving everywhere.'

What could Anna tell us about his very latest writings?

'He was writing up until shortly before his death. He wrote his last book here in Sofia.'

Has it been published?

'Yes it has. By a small publisher in Britain.'

'He has written an autobiography... I have it at home. It is not published yet. My brother wanted to put it on the Internet... We have to do something about it. Perhaps we should put it into the [Burchett] archive.'

John Pilger had started working with him on a film story of his life... But then he [ie Burchett] died... This stopped the project.'

With some emotion Vessa focussed on the Korean War allegations against her husband.

'Until the end of his life', she said, 'he was convinced that they - the Americans - were using bacteriological warfare during the Korean War.' She added: 'He has written plenty about this but it has not been published.'

She also made reference to the Burchett archive. Neither woman specified its contents but it is presumably an archive made up of a miscellany of his unpublished writing.

Vessa continued: 'There is an American specialized library in Boston University which is keen to have it. And of course the Australian library in Canberra is very interested...'

'We have not yet decided... [but] we think we will give them to the Australians. We

think Wilfred would have liked them to go to Australia.'

Again the conversation went to Burchett's attachment to his country of birth and the hurt he had experienced at the imputation of treachery.

Vessa: 'The most important thing was that Wilfred was never against Australia. It was the policy of the United States that he was against...'

'We were considering going to Australia. Whitlam's Australia was different... There were many Australians visiting us in Paris... Jim Cairns visited us there... Whitlam and Burchett had correspondence.'

Which is in the archive?

Vessa: 'Oh, yes, yes. I hope so. We will take nothing away [from the archive] even if it is

'The most important thing was that Wilfred was never against Australia. It was the policy of the United States that he was against...'

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against Wilfred'.

The picture the two women painted, then, was a tragic one of an Australian patriot who died in a foreign country unreconciled to an enforced alienation from his homeland - of a man who was made to pay too high a price for honest and fearless, if naive, reporting and campaigning.

That interview was in 1997 - now nearly 7 years ago. Insofar as I am aware the situation with regard to Burchett's recognition remains more-or-less the same now as it was then.

The issue for us now is whether a more definitive understanding of his life can add to our understanding of Burchett and the historical events he was part of. If it has not already happened a look at the Burchett archive would be well worth a try for what it might reveal - on the US bacteriological warfare claim for example.

A few years ago in Adelaide I asked Pilger if he thought it would be useful to pursue the Burchett story. His response was luke warm. He praised him highly as a fine journalist but concluded that 'no body wants to know about Burchett any more'.

If Pilger's response is any guide it looks as if any rehabilitation of Burchett's reputation in Australia will have to wait a while if, indeed, it is to come at all. Certainly to this day opinion on him remains sharply divided and the questions of loyalty overshadow what were undoubtedly his fine qualities as a reporter and activist.

When the Bomb is discussed these days Burchett doesn't seem to rate a mention.

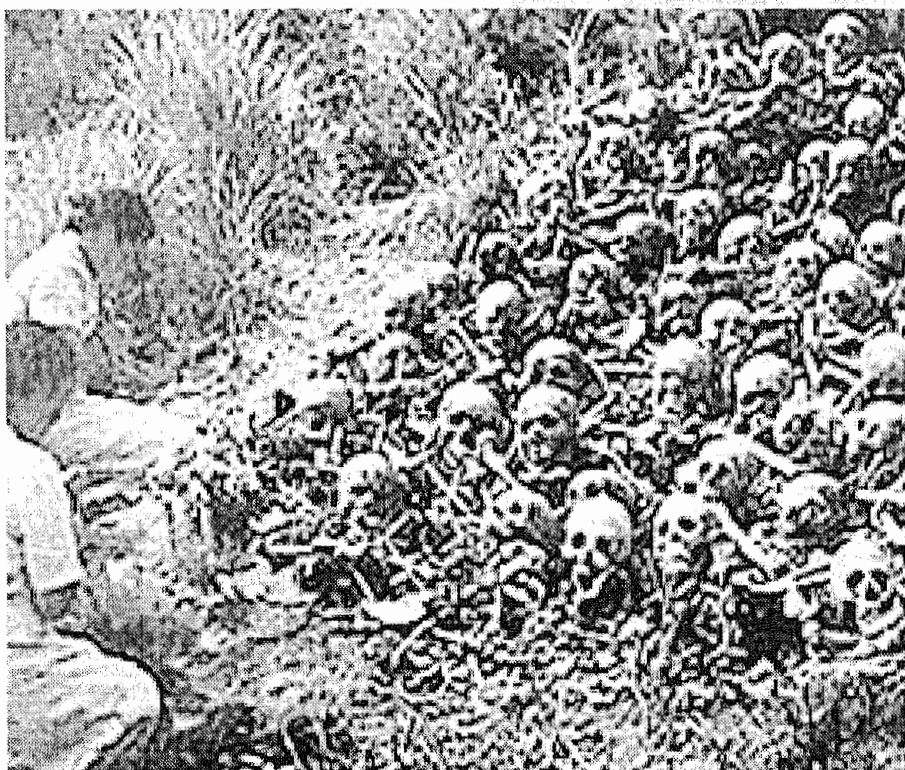
He surely deserves better than this.

Whatever our view of his wider activities Burchett's 1945 'warning to the world' does, arguably, as we approach Hiroshima Day 2004, deserve a place of honour in our efforts to ensure that such an atrocity does not occur again.

Terry Hewton



One of the mass graves of Hiroshima victims



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Green-Left Lies and GM Crops

Ignorance is a key weapon in the arsenal of lobbyists against genetic modification (GM). In a 1998 survey gauging public sentiment towards GM food, respondents were asked the question: 'Do you currently consume any foods that contain DNA?'. Two thirds confidently answered 'No'. Yet ever since humans moved away from hunter-gatherer subsistence, genetic modification has been a fact of life in food production. The first conscious effort at genetic modification in agriculture is attributed to the 18th century Austrian monk, Gregory Mendel, who systematically cross-bred sweet peas. Since then, hybridisation and controlled cross-cultivation have led to consistent improvements in the yield and nutritional content of crops. When Francis Crick and James Watson discovered DNA in 1953, we gained the capacity to cross-cultivate with a greater degree of precision. Rather than the mate-and-wait methods of conventional plant cultivation, genetic modification allows plant breeders to develop crop varieties more suitable for diverse growing locations. While the potential for GM crops in the developing world is significant, the issues associated with first-generation crops are of greatest concern to Australian farmers. The most common first-generation traits are herbicide tolerance and insect resistance, although drought- and salt-tolerant crop varieties are also being developed and trialled. In 2001, 130 million acres of GM crops (principally soy, cotton, canola, and corn) were grown in 13 different countries. More than five million farmers now grow GM crops in North America, Argentina, China, South Africa and elsewhere. Where farmers have not been encumbered by stifling bureaucratic regulations or outright moratoria, they have enthusiastically adopted GM technology, reaping the benefits that come from agronomically—and economically—superior varieties of crops. If genetic modification of crops is just another step in the process of more efficient and sustainable food production, why does the prospect of GM crop production in Australia elicit such rabid reactions from certain quarters?

The Environment

Anti-GM lobbyists argue that direct genetic modification of crops is unnatural and will deal a devastating blow to delicate ecosystems. They often cite a study from Iowa State University, which concluded that Monarch butterflies experienced an increased incidence of poison-induced death when they ate the leaves of insect-resistant corn. This study has since been

discredited because it conveniently ignored the fact that Monarch butterflies are not normally interested in eating corn leaves, and that the quantities of leaf matter the butterflies were force-fed was far in excess of what they would normally consume. (*How the Hell do you force feed butterflies? That I gotta see - Eds*)

The creation of uncontrollable 'superweeds' is another misplaced concern. The likelihood of herbicide-tolerance being transferred to wild weeds is effectively nil because the tolerance characteristic requires the genetic insertion of novel genes which could not occur through natural breeding processes. In the unlikely event that the tolerance characteristic were somehow transferred, say by way of mutation, then the offending weed could be eradicated by applying a type of herbicide other than that to which the weed had supposedly become tolerant. In any case, integrated weed management techniques can satisfactorily handle any problems associated with weeds or volunteer plants in subsequent crops. The various 'environmental' arguments used against the adoption of GM appear more concerned with preventing agricultural progress than with preserving ecological systems. Yet by using less herbicide and pesticide, the environment is likely to experience a windfall benefit from the adoption of GM crop varieties.

Concentration of supply

GM technology is also opposed because it is being developed and sold by multinational companies (MNCs). As any good socialist knows, MNCs monopolise supply and reap obscene profits and so their products should be boycotted or banned. But what sort of a philosophy is it that will deny farmers an opportunity to improve their practices simply because a company extracts some profit from the transaction? Of course companies want to make profits. But so do farmers. Unless you are a government or a thief, you only make a profit if you provide a product or service that someone wants.

In 1997, Canadian canola grower Percy Schmeiser became a poster boy for the socialist cause when he took on the agrichemical giant Monsanto after the company alleged that he had been illegally cultivating Roundup-Ready canola, a Monsanto innovation. Schmeiser denied the claim and in turn filed a counter-suit against the agricultural group for 'contamination' of his crops via pollen flight from bees and drifts from vehicles transporting GM seeds. Unfortunately for Schmeiser, the Canadian Federal Court found that he obtained his seed by less fanciful means

('borrowing' and breeding samples from other farms) and had knowingly used Roundup-Ready canola, thus violating Monsanto's plant breeders' rights (PBR).

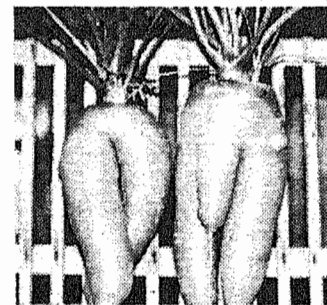
Schmeiser toured country town halls in Europe and Australia presenting himself as the victim of a multinational corporation and proselytising that GM technology will spell the end of agriculture. Yet the irony is that he actually found the GM technology useful—so useful that he was trying to produce as much of the herbicide tolerant seed as he could without being caught and without paying for the use of the technology. Moreover, were it not for the existence of the profit motive and defined and enforceable property rights, the herbicide-tolerant GM technology he found so practical would never have been created in the first place.

Most farmers know better than Schmeiser. They understand that the theft of PBR amounts to little more than modern-day cattle-rustling. As stewards of their private property, Australian farmers have a strong incentive to ensure their land's ongoing sustainability. The profit motive ensures this. Many serious farmers are quietly looking forward to the opportunity to take up first-generation GM crop varieties. Adopting herbicide tolerant and insect resistant strains means that farmers will be able to reduce chemical application by up to 70%, and more confidently practise minimum-till cultivation. As a result, farmers can increase their gross profit margin through lower net input costs and higher yield volumes. By reducing tilling and spraying applications, valuable management time can be freed up for the farmer to undertake other activities. The health benefits for farmers and their families in reducing their exposure to potentially harmful chemicals is also an important consideration for primary producers.

Market Access

A concern often raised in the rural press is the fear that Australia will lose its 'clean, green' image and hence lose agricultural export markets in Europe if we adopt GM crops. The EU parliament has determined that, until further notice, it will only permit imports if they are certified GM-free. EU legislators argue that the precautionary principle must apply to this 'new' technology.

Yes, we know this is juvenile, but it's an article on genetic engineering, and we just had to. I'll just make it small and tuck it away in this corner and maybe no one will notice our immaturity.



HOLDING AGRICULTURE TO RANSOM—AGAIN

Genetically modified crops are not the first agricultural development to be held to ransom by a coalition of green-left lobbyists.

- In the 1950s, dairy co-operatives warned Australians that consumption of margarine would cause cancer because of 'unnatural' hydrogenation. The influential National Party leader of the day, 'Black Jack' McEwan, came up with a novel way of dealing with this new product to appease dairy farmers: instead of an outright ban, legislation was passed that margarine be coloured pink so that people would not confuse it with butter. That margarine was considered a healthier and more convenient alternative to butter was apparently less important than protecting dairy farmers from competition.
- The pasteurisation of milk is even more confounding. From the time Louis Pasteur found a way to kill the harmful bacteria that breed in untreated

milk, it took nearly a hundred years for pasteurised milk to be sold without some form of stifling regulation or punitive tax. For many years governments agreed with small-scale dairy operators that pasteurisation was an 'unnatural' process, and gave too much power to the downstream processors. It therefore had to be restricted. Today it is unthinkable to sell milk that has not been pasteurised.

- The commotion over GM crops also bears an uncanny resemblance to the impassioned town-hall debates during the interwar years when tractors were replacing the use of horses in broadacre agriculture. Concern about the environment and monopolistic tractor manufacturers, not to mention the loss of business for local saddlers, were cited as reasons for sticking with horses and leaving expensive tractors to renegade Americans.

Since they cannot be 100% certain that nothing will ever go wrong with the technology at any point in the future, the argument goes that GM agricultural products represent an unreasonable risk to the people of Europe and must therefore be prohibited.

The real motivation for the GM moratorium, however, is to restrict further import competition for European farmers. It is an inconvenient fact that a French farmer who has a 50 hectare block with mixed crops and some assorted livestock is unable to match the prices of an Australian farmer with a 1000 hectare property specialising in two crops for cash export. Fortunately for uncompetitive European farmers, agricultural bureaucrats are able to cajole billions of dollars worth of subsidies out of Brussels.

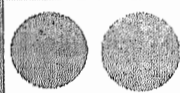
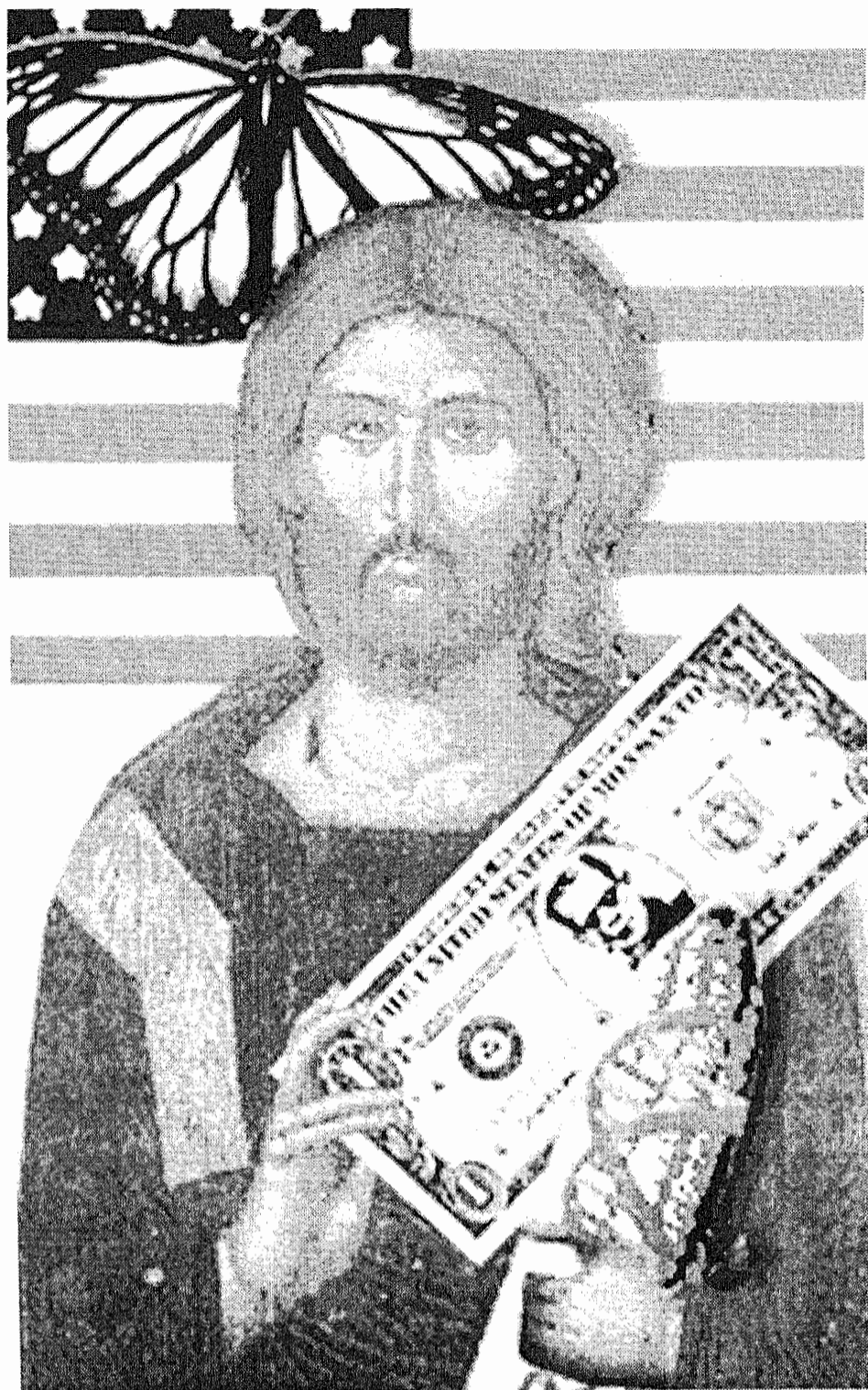
GM crops would give large-scale New World farmers yet another advantage by making their output even more price competitive. The European farm lobby has attempted to neutralise this threat by having GM crops banned and, as a back-up plan, recommending the imposition of draconian labelling, traceability and identity preservation requirements. These extra burdens on producers from the New World who use GM technology ought to keep EU farmers in business for a little while longer. Interestingly, genetically modified ingredients used in traditional EU exports—in yeast for beer, in the distilling process for wine, and in the maturation of dairy products—do not have to meet similar segregation

and labelling requirements.

Australia appears to be inching towards adoption of genetically-modified (GM) crops. Genetically-modified Bt Cotton has been grown in Australia since 1999, and in July 2003 herbicide-tolerant LibertyLink canola from Bayer was approved for commercial production by the Office of the Gene Technology Regulator (OGTR). However, GM canola has since been subjected to state-imposed moratoria and will not be commercially adopted for at least the next two growing seasons. It would appear that State governments have succumbed to anti-GM lobbyists who wish to turn back the clock on agricultural innovation.

The question for this farming generation is whether and/or for how long Australian governments will yield to the protests and scaremongering of opponents to agricultural biotechnology. It would be a tragedy if the opportunity to adopt GM crops and maintain world's best practice in agriculture is hijacked by a short-sighted coalition of naysayers. Genetically modified crops may not be an instant panacea for farming viability and world hunger but like the invention and adoption of the tractor, GM technology is a step in the right direction.

DRC
(Thanks to PK, an expert in the field).



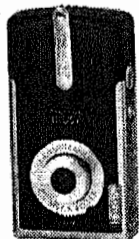
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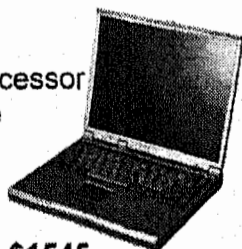
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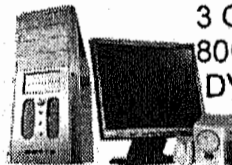
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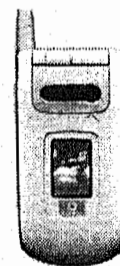


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THE OTHER WOMAN SYNDROME

I wldve lovd it if ud grabbd me by the cock n led me outside. 1st i wldve kissd ur neck then slid my hand in ur pants n slowly startd rubbn u then push ur skirt up n kissd my way down between ur legs n teased u wit my tongue til u squirm wit anticipation. lickn, suckn n kissn ur warm wet pussy til u sob then move back up and ease myself inside u. grindn hips id fuk u harder n harder til u cum again n again then pull out n let u take me in ur mouth n suk me, scrapn ur fingernails down my chest n strokn my cock til i cum ;)

This is the best pornographic message I have on my phone. I mean, c'mon, this guy has imagination! Unfortunately, he also has a girlfriend.

I went to a girlfriend's 25th recently and something naughty happened. I met some of her friends including a hot looking guy who, for anonymity's sake we'll call...The Cheat. Now it was obvious fairly quickly that the girl sitting on The Cheat's knee was in fact his Girlfriend. It was one of those good house parties where even though no one knows anybody, they relax quickly and have a good time (albeit with the help of a bathtub full of beers, but I digress). We were having a tipsy good time when a fight over a camera began (Don't ask me why, I can't remember). During this tussle, The Cheat picked me up by the waist and somehow the line between platonic giggles and downright flirting was crossed. We kept making excuses to touch - fake injuries that had to be kissed better, palm readings - and much significant eye contact was exchanged.

We progressed to the Cumberland Arms in Waymouth where I was chatted up by a few

blokes, all quite decent and even a hot dike, but nothing outrageous happened, no sparks, no dulcet choir of angels announcing the ETA of my soulmate. I went to the ladies and in a darkened hallway, I bumped into The Cheat. I was giggling about my conquests and somehow, with no blame on either party, we ended up in an embrace with his hand on my bum. He leaned in. He was so close; I could see the stubble on his jawline (very manly) and the perfect shape of his mouth. The moment seemed to stretch. Then he pulled away saying, 'I can't do this.' I stood tall (in my four inch Witchery heels, thank you very much) and said 'I know you can't' before walking away with dignity intact. I felt bad. I liked The Girlfriend. We'd chatted for ages, we had a lot in common and I'd just engaged in a mutual groping session with her boyfriend. Bad child.

The Cheat and The Girlfriend went to leave soon after and as I was standing in a circle, saying my goodbyes to The Girlfriend, I felt a hand touching my thigh, brushing my fingertips. I glanced over while The Girlfriend said goodbye to the birthday girl and yes, it was the Cheat, looking at me with those 'touch me' eyes, you know the ones where the pupils have expanded so much the eyes look completely black. So, maybe my fingers brushed back, just a little.

That was last weekend and I haven't stopped thinking about him. I met five other potential boys that night, all promising, all funny, all good looking. But none of them had that unattainable appeal.

Before we go much further, I'd like to get one thing straight. I am not a boyfriend stealer. I'm a good girl. I didn't get my first kiss until I was seventeen. I have had two boyfriends. I do not get with random people. I have no social life. This birthday was the first time I'd gone out in ages. If anyone had asked me at the beginning of the year what I thought of people who played with other girl's boyfriends, I'd be harsh and unforgiving.

In an attempt to assuage my guilt, I talked to my two handfags (my gay friends insist on being referred to as accessories). I described my dilemma and awaited their censure. Nope. One was already the "other woman" as he delightedly referred to himself. The other had lost his virginity to a married man and his current lover was also married (with three kids no less).

I turned to my mother and her close friends one day at lunch. I asked them what they thought of cheating. They all retold stories of husbands/boyfriends who had cheated. Bastards. Then I asked if they had ever been the other woman. Reluctantly, every one of them admitted to having had at least one relationship with an attached man. Hussies.

I sought out the male perspective. I threw

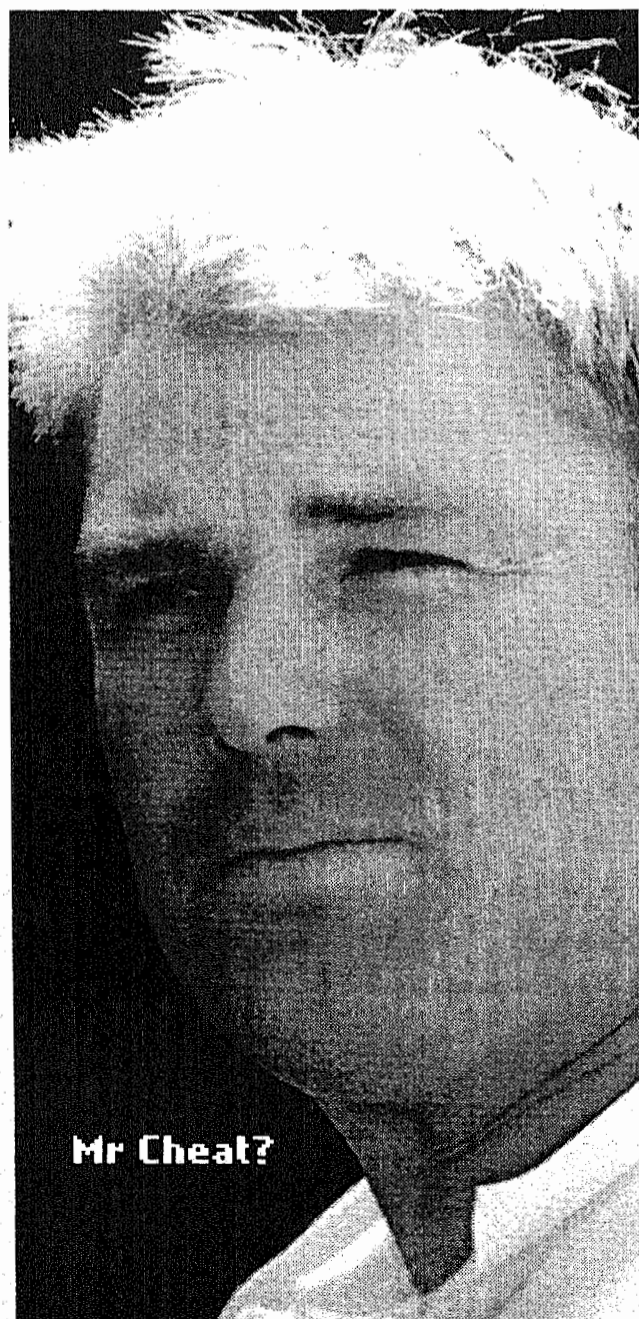
away a men's magazine in disgust which defended the male's genetic predisposition to "spreading his seed". Apparently, if you put a pair of rats together, they'll hang away like a Salvation Army drum...for about a month. The male rat loses interest. Put a new girl rat in the cage and they're back to Salvation Army drumming (I apologise to any Salvos, but really it is too good an analogy not to use). So really, it's the girl rat's fault that he cheats... She can't hold his interest. How apt that men would compare themselves to rats in their defence. I spoke to male friends and some were predictable ('kissing isn't *really* cheating') and some were sweet (I would never, ever, ever, ever cheat. It's just *wrong*). Oh, and men have different standards for cheating. A man who cheats can't be blamed and if he gets away with it, he's a legend. A girl who cheats is a whore. Think about it, a guy told me. It's so much harder for a guy to get laid. For a girl to get laid, she just has to walk into a pub.

What constitutes cheating? Had The Cheat even cheated? One of my (very possessive) girlfriends said even a look was cheating. Her boyfriend did dump her on Valentines Day for her sister, so I decided her opinion might be slightly biased. One bloke I know said it was the instant bodily fluids were exchanged (*ewwww!*) My favourite definition: cheating is anything you wouldn't want your girlfriend/boyfriend to see you doing.

So the problem is the next step. Do I lead him down to the bottom of the Barr-Smith, push him against the 632's and tell him I'm not wearing any underwear? Or, do I grab him by the ear and drag him to his girlfriend who can castrate him and throw his penis from a moving car, Bobbit-style? It's a quandry. He's hot, intelligent, funny and if he lives up to his txts (and they get a lot raunchier - he said he got his tongue pierced cos he likes going down on girls...how is it fair that this guy is taken?!), I'd be very, very satisfied. Purrrrrrrr. Or I could hold onto my morals...This does not seem like a fair trade. There's some kind of perverse appeal about another girl's boyfriend; he's already been broken in. Perhaps some of us are just perfect other woman material.

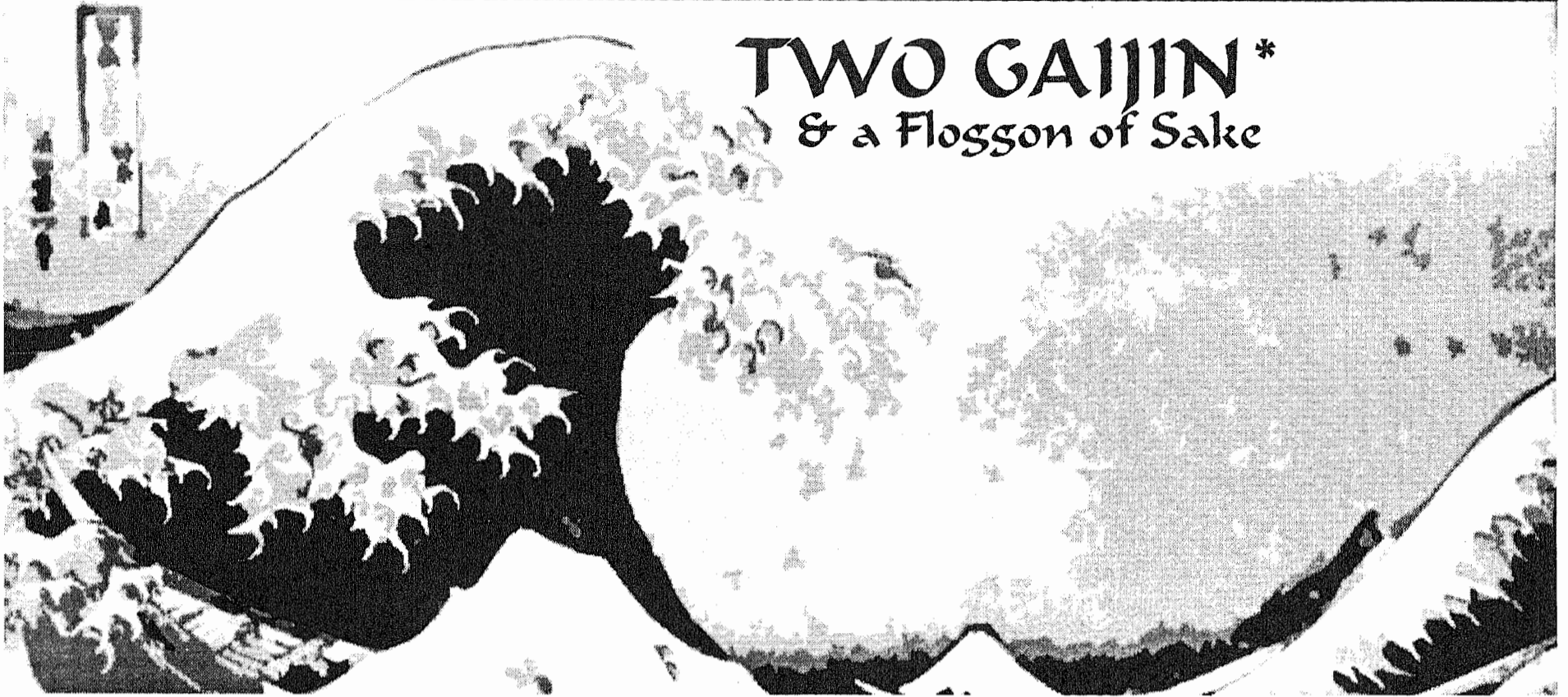
Lavinia Emmett-Grey

After reading this article, it's only a matter of time before your friend puts two and two together. Just to be sure, the next time he sends you a smutty text message, forward it to his girlfriend and watch the mayhem. Ho ho. Meanwhile, if you are a real connoisseur, you would be wise to send your mobile number to ondit@adelaide.edu.au. We'd be more than happy to send you the FILTHIEST messages this side of test cricket. - Eds



Mr Cheat?

And now, for your amusement, the filthiest and most disturbing travel story we've printed in a long time, dubiously titled...



TWO GAIJIN* & a Flagon of Sake

So here we are, Melissa and I, with ink on our hands and egg on our faces as our fingerprints are immortalized forever in the files of the Naha City Criminal Division. It's been seven hours. The office smoke is clinging to our hair, we're about to fall asleep on our feet and I just saw a man being brought in on a leash. The first typhoon of the year is beginning to hit its peak outside.

There's something about a flagon of wine that is very enticing. Ridiculous, yes, but enticing. After six months in different parts of Japan, my friend and I finally get together for a visit. Jittery with nervous anticipation, I anxiously look through the glass doors in ARRIVALS waiting for her familiar face to bop up and down amongst the sea of the all too unfamiliar. And there she is, lovelier than before and twice as appreciated. A little awkwardness permeates the air, but this is quickly brushed aside as we become lost in a sea of 'How are you?!'s and 'It's bloody hot innit?'s. Back at home we very quickly become focussed on the important matter of what to have for dinner, and it is here that I introduce Mel to the wonder of the vino flagon. Ah Carlo Rossi, how I love thee! Almost as thin as paint stripper and twice as nasty, Carlo Rossi sails down your throat like an acid-driven white water rafting adventure, and usually comes up just the same. The benefits of drinking such a beverage are of course that one can get hideously drunk with friends not seen for six months for as little as \$7 AND pretend to be a pirate as you lift the blighty bastard up to your mouth and chug for everything your sailing bones are worth. Carlo Rossi - teacher, mother, lover...

Unfortunately for us, as with most lovers, this one screwed us royally and slipped out before we had time to hit him with a shoe. After many devoted nights together, Carlo was consumed with such a relish that Mel and I quite lost our senses and became a little, shall we say, completely pissed. After mistakenly deciding that we weren't in fact drunk enough and with the rain gearing up outside in preparation for the typhoon onslaught, we donned our shortest skirts and hit the town in search of some much desired cans of Chu-Hi (a cheap and deadly vodka beverage that is deemed safe enough to sell in conveniences but really, really isn't). While Carlo Rossi may come cheap, its power-up on its victims' arrogant self-awareness is priceless. In no period of history has there been the presence of two such wonders of nature. We should be enshrined in legend. There should be sculptures of us in the Louvre. We are walking bottles of sauce ready to pop and pour on the luckiest bystander. Enter the wandering traveller Yuki, who for decidedly questionable reasons decides to join us in our quest for liquor. Chu-Hi desires abandoned, we end up in Good Life Cafe, Skanky Gaijins drinking Black Russians while Bemused Japanese watch on in disgust. Yuki is quaking in fear at our brazen behaviour, and once or twice I

think positively flinches as our inebriated heads swing around to leer at him suggestively while gurgling random Japanese sexual innuendo. Severe language barriers aside, we somehow convince him to traipse home with us through the driving rain, our skirts following a short distance behind.

By this stage, the alcohol has caught up with me and any notions of sexual experimentation have dissipated. For reasons that are now resigned to the cosmos, I have donned one of the ugliest nightdresses in the history of fashion and passed out on my futon, a dribbling mess in sheaths of emerald green sateeny. Melissa is running him a bath in her underwear, and Yuki is no doubt looking for the door. As so happens in scenes of seduction, nothing goes quite to plan and her failure to discover the hot water system leaves them both feeling a little cold. They decide it's best to go their separate ways, although Melissa does manage to institute a bit of reaching in action at the gate before discovering she needs the gate key to release him from what is no doubt a nightmarish situation. A quick double back reveals that Yuki has vaulted the barbed wire fence leaving her now empty wallet on the rain sodden ground cavorting with her abandoned morals. She races to wrench me from my slumber.

"He's gone! He's taken it! He's taken \$500!"

I jump up, suddenly alert yet still exceedingly drunk and yell, "Calm down! Don't worry, we'll find him!" Throwing on a pair of thongs and a jacket, we run to his hostel fuelled by our impending poverty and indignation. Hell hath no fury and all that. We crash in to their cosy dwelling to witness the criminal entertaining the troops with tales of our moral bankruptcy. Thankfully Melissa has had the foresight to put on some pants although my green sateeny nightie is still sadly on display.

"Alright Yuki," she asserts. "You've had your fun. I just want my money back."

Blank looks disguise the urge for convulsive laughter.

"Just give it back or I'm going to the police!"

Yuki has apparently been struck by sudden amnesia, so we take the liberty of searching his backpack. We decide that we will use his discman as collateral against our losses, but resume yelling for retribution. The guesthouse owner has taken it upon himself to act as translator and agrees to accompany all three of us to the nearest police station. In our fervour, the discman lies forgotten on the table and I have forgotten my shoes at the door.

Up and down we travel with the typhoon across Naha. The police try not to laugh as I say the same sentences in Japanese repeatedly, while I drunkenly congratulate myself on being so impressively fluent. They come and check my apartment, where we discover that on his

original exit, Yuki brazenly thieved the contents of my (sparser) wallet. The inspectors sigh. The case will have to be referred to the top cop shop and the excitement of their evening has drawn to a close. They arrange a police car to transport us and sadly wave goodbye, no doubt expressing sentiments of how odd gaijin can be and how ugly their night attire is.

Seven hours in the Naha City Criminal Division is a long time. It seems that Changing Rooms has yet to debut in Okinawa, and the drab nicotine stained walls and scuffed linoleum match our sombre moods. Inspector Nakahara entertains us with the translation program on his computer, warning us against 'letting the strange man into our house' and telling us that 'the smiling face is good for the beautiful girl'. Later, we see him miming genital molestation to his colleagues as they all chortle merrily. This is more criminal action than they've seen in a while, and they waste no time changing from their normal business shirts into colourful numbers more appropriate for such a festive occasion. Melissa and I are forced to stretch the truth a little when asked if we had been drinking ("only one or two glasses") and we're quite frankly shocked when asked what we had been wearing. Luckily, I can simply point to my garish number, while Melissa has the more unfortunate task of trying to explain that she had been cavorting in knickers. In retrospect however, they did have Yuki next door feeding them all manner of scenarios, each one probably more truthful than the last. The situation is made uncomfortably worse when we're requested to empty our wallets and our conscientious nods to practising safe sex are revealed. I wouldn't be surprised if those crazy cats have mounted the photograph of Mel and I awkwardly pointing towards our respective spreads, "just to demonstrate that these items do in fact belong to you." Unfortunately, they can find no evidence of Yuki's criminality, but we're comforted by the fact that his entire Okinawa holiday will be spent confined to the urban sprawl of Naha. Our adventure over, we crawl home to bed unable to appreciate the post typhoon debris that has accumulated across the city. We have no cash, no transport and no hope of recouping our losses, but we do have one ace up our sleeve. Fifty thousand American servicemen with money, time and morals to burn, and powerless to resist the lure of the shortest skirts in town.

Clementine Ford

Clementine would like to apologise profusely to anyone exposed to her hidden skank factor recently, while Melissa would like everyone to know that she kissed the handsomest man in the world last week.

* 'Gaijin' is both the singular and collective term for foreigner in Japanese.

"The Nation Yawns"



Although Howard didn't give a hoot, Johnny Cash was more than compassionate enough to return from the dead and put on a free gig at Woomera

Yet again, the federal government has been accused of breaching its human rights obligations under international law, this time by its own Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission (HREOC).

Ironically, Attorney-General Phil Ruddock was forced to table the 900-page report in Parliament on Thursday, 13 May, conforming with protocol established in s.46 of the *HREOC Act*. Ruddock was Minister for Immigration, Multicultural and Indigenous Affairs during HREOC's period of inquiry.

The report, titled *A Last Resort?*, should be disastrous for the government. It is the report of a wide-ranging investigation into the policy of detaining children in immigration detention under the *Migration Act*. HREOC found, as have many agencies, organisations and individuals in the past, that the current practice of detaining children breaches its obligations under the 1989 *Convention on the Rights of the Child*.

HREOC, which has been a major critic of the federal government's mandatory detention since 1992, found numerous breaches of the *Convention* between 1999 and 2002. Its major findings were that:

(1) Australia's immigration detention laws, as...applied to unauthorised arrival children, create a detention system that is fundamentally inconsistent with the *Convention*;

(2) Children in immigration detention for long periods of time are at high risk of serious mental harm. The Commonwealth's failure to implement the repeated recommendations by mental health professionals that certain children be removed from the detention

environment with their parents amounted to cruel, inhumane and degrading treatment of those children...; and

(3) Children in immigration detention were not in a position to fully enjoy the...rights:

a. To be protected from all forms of physical or mental violence;

b. To enjoy the highest attainable standard of physical and mental health;

c. To enjoy a full and decent life [with a disability], in conditions which ensure dignity, promote self-reliance and facilitate the [disabled] child's active participation in the community;

d. To an appropriate education on the basis of equal opportunity;

e. To receive special protection and assistance to ensure the enjoyment of all rights under the *Convention*, for unaccompanied children.

A Last Resort should be disastrous. It is certainly damning. However, as Robert Manne points out in his *Age* column on 17 May, "the nation yawns". The day after the report was tabled in Parliament, the front pages of both the *Age* and the *Sydney Morning Herald* were Budget-dominated (understandable, given Peter Costello's Budget speech was delivered in the House of Representatives on Tuesday 11 May, and Mark Latham Replied on the Thursday). The *Advertiser* didn't even report it.

HREOC was established by the Hawke government in 1986 to administer various pieces of discrimination legislation, and monitor Australia's compliance with international human rights instruments. Since the 1995 *Brandy* case

in the High Court, HREOC has had no binding, authoritative power, and all cases requiring such decisions have been referred to the Federal Court.

Throughout its 18-year history, HREOC has enjoyed a tumultuous relationship with governments, particularly the present Howard administration, whose conservative rhetoric regarding same-sex marriage and IVF access for single and lesbian women has been questioned by the Commission. In response to these issues, the government appointed conservative journalist and economist Pru Goward as Sex Discrimination Officer in 2001. Goward had co-authored, with her husband David Barnett, John Howard's official biography in 1997 (Barnett, a former press secretary to Malcolm Fraser, a former speechwriter for Howard, was a member of the National Museum board that failed to reappoint inaugural director Dawn Casey in 2003, despite her being awarded a Public Service Medal the following Australia Day). Goward, however, has consistently been more provocative than Howard had hoped; she has most recently been highly critical of Peter Costello's 2004 Budget.

HREOC releases have criticised Howard, Alexander Downer and Daryl Williams' repeated attempts to widen the powers of the Australian Security and Intelligence Organisation (ASIO) since 2001. The Commission acted as intervenor in the *MV Tampa* cases (*Victorian Council for Civil Liberties v Minister for Immigration* [2001] FCA 1297 and *Ruddock v Vadarlis* [2001] FCA 1329), among others.

The government's response has been

progressively more resentful. Most notably, a bill introduced by then Attorney General Daryl Williams on 27 March last year purported to restrict HIREOC's capacity to intervene in court cases involving human rights. The *Australian Human Rights Commission Legislation Bill 2003* would revert the Commission's name to the pre-1986 "Human Rights Commission", and requires the Attorney General's consent to be given before the Commission can intervene, thereby directly aligning the Commission's actions to the government's political agenda. The government had introduced a similar bill in 1998, but it was defeated in the Senate (following which the government considered proposing a Constitutional amendment to remove the Senate's power to "block" bills). This time, the majority report of the Senate Legal and Constitutional Committee recommended that the bill pass through the Senate with minor changes. A dissenting report by ALP, Democrat and Green Senators opposed the bill in its entirety.

In 1997, HIREOC produced its renowned *Bringing Them Home* report, the result of its two-year inquiry into the Stolen Generations, prompted by a 1994 letter from the Minister for Aboriginal Affairs in the Paul Keating government, Robert Tickner, to the Attorney-General, Michael Lavarch. That report, passages of which were read aloud by a grieving Kim Beazley in the House of Representatives, prompted demands by both Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal Australians for an official Apology, an annual Sorry Day, and a fierce academic and public debate. The Stolen Generations are now part of Australia's lore, its shame, its culture and its history; *Rabbit Proof Fence* has reached international audiences.

For its horror, however, *A Last Resort?* is not the explosive shock that *Bringing Them Home* was. Australians have known of the damage, to children and adults, being caused by mandatory immigration "detention" almost since its inception twelve years ago. Zachary Steel and Derrick Sillove are psychologists who have devoted their careers during the past five years to investigating the effects of detention on individuals. Their shocking findings have been reported as far afield as London's medical journals.

A Last Resort? is merely the latest in a long line of reports, by various organisations, that detail the horrors of immigration detention. Prominent QC Julian Burnside has devoted his career to asylum seeker cases, and last year published *From Nothing to Zero*, a collection of letters written by detained persons. HIREOC itself conducted a string of inquiries into allegations of human rights abuses in detention centres between 1994 and 2002, uncovering some strange Departmental practices involving Monty Pythonesque plane flights back and forth across Australia to ensure asylum seekers were never in the same place as United Nations delegates, HIREOC commissioners and representatives of other human rights organisations.

Frank Brennan, a lawyer and Jesuit priest, published *Tampering with Asylum*, also last year. In it, he deplores the current policy of mandatory detention. He admits that a short period of mandatory detention is generally warranted; it is important, he says, that asylum seekers, necessarily arriving in Australia without proper authorisation or, in many cases, identification, are screened for health and security purposes. It is the second stage of refugee processing – determining whether the

asylum seeker has a fear of persecution – that does not warrant continued detention for anybody, let alone children.

In 1915, Patrick McGarry, MLA in the New South Wales Parliament, argued, during a debate over a bill that would give the Aboriginal Protection Board the power to remove Aboriginal children from their parents even where there was no question of neglect:

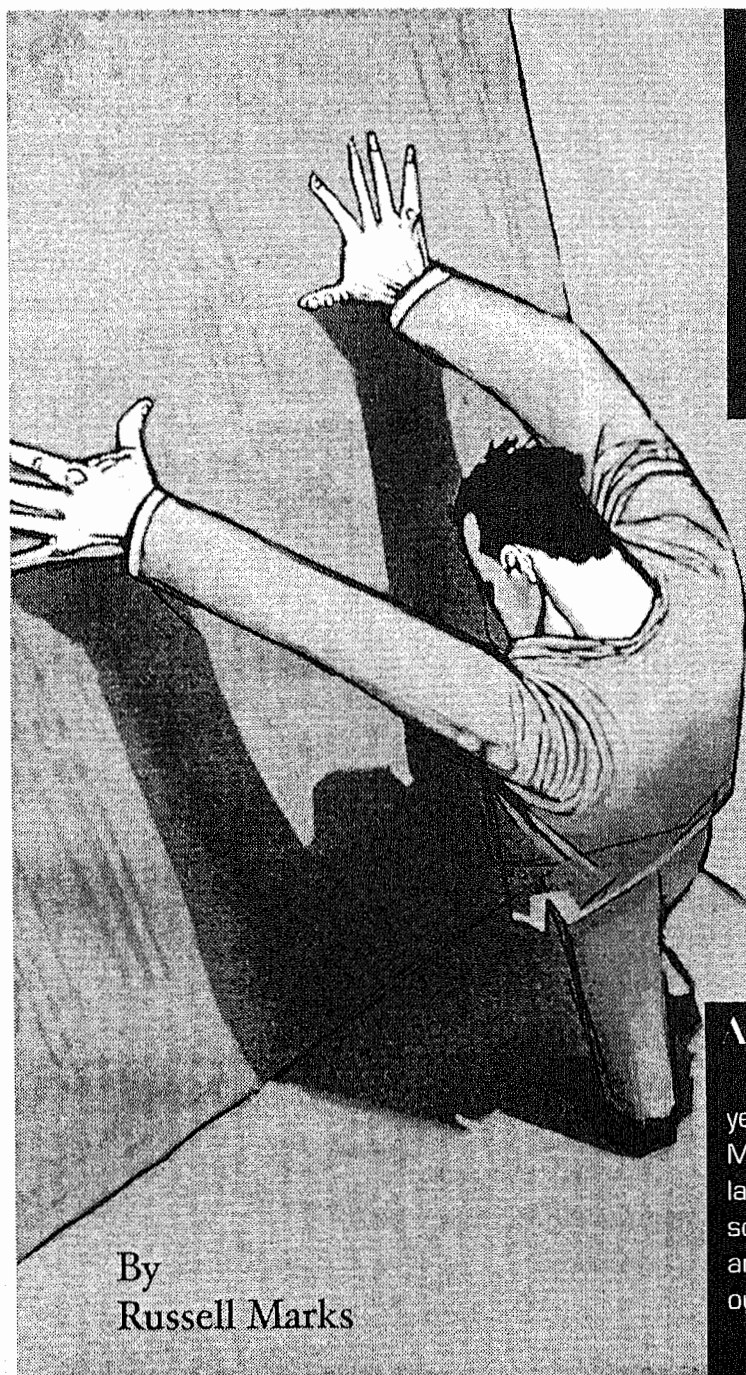
These people are unfortunate because, in the interests of so-called civilisation, we have over-run their country and taken away their domain. We now propose to perpetrate further acts of cruelty upon them by separating the children from their parents. The mothers and fathers of these children love them...and honourable members would not perpetrate a cruelty of this kind even upon an animal.

That bill was passed. Now, most (white) Australians claim they "did not know" what manner of evil was being perpetrated during their lifetimes. Evidence shows, however, that there was vigorous debate over legislation providing for such evil acts.

What will be argued in five, twenty, fifty years' time, when the true horror of Australia's present mandatory detention policies are revealed, and accepted by the majority? There are hundreds of books, films, reports, investigations, documentaries and letters out there which partially reveal those horrors. But these files have yet to breach the mainstream.

Meanwhile, children are describing their detention centres as "graves", "prisons", "cages", "hell holes". A teenage boy, who was eventually found to be a refugee, said this:

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By
Russell Marks

I know what most of the people don't know about the detention centre, like how it is, but I think every Australian knows what a prison is, what a prison looks like and what happens in a prison. All the people, even in prison...know when they're gonna be released... So even they know, like for six months, for ten years or for twenty years so they are there and after that they're gonna get their freedom. But in detention centre...no-one knows when they're gonna be released. [T]hey've been there for two years, [those] who came before us, they're still there. So just imagine how they would be.

HIREOC report, "A Last Resort?", page 80 - it was originally obtained from a child at a Brisbane focus group in August 2002.

Another detained man wrote:

Since the Court rejected my application I became like a zombie, I mean I am mixed up and I always feel depressed, frustrated and even same time my mind can take me very far and to think of committing suicide. I think jail is better than this hell hole. I lose my hope since then. This country is full of racism which will never end, especially with black man like me. Whenever they see my skin colour walking in the compound they desire to send me back to Africa because I am a black man. Julian Burnside (ed), 'Mental Anguish in Detention' in "From Nothing to Zero: Letters from Refugees in Australia's Detention Centres"

And, finally, a child:

I am 9 years old. We have been in detention two and a half years. I like to watch TV. My favourite show is Simpsons. My favourite food pizza. I came from Iraq. I speak Arabic language. I go to school in the detention. We have small school, one class and one teacher for all different ages. I am very sad because very long time in a jail. I wish to go out side of detention.

also from the Burnside book, in the chapter 'Children in Detention'

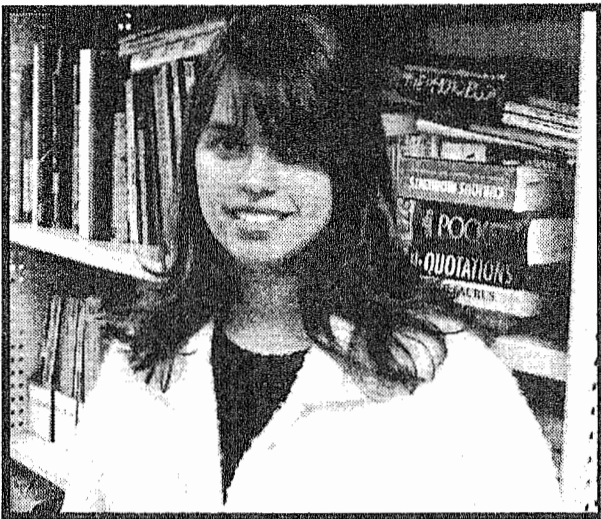
Run for it!

SAUA OFFICE BEARERS

Lookout!
Some of them
are attempting
irony!
Aaaaaah!



ALICE CAMPBELL
PRESIDENT



AURELIA STAPLETON
EDUCATION VICE PRESIDENT



SAM NONA & CODY MORRIS
ATSI OFFICERS

Our Artistic Federal Government

John Howard, Peter Costello and Dr Brendan Nelson have just released an amazing new book! It's titled "How To Make Students Pay, Edition 9". It's a thrilling tale about the introduction of the user pays system in universities, including continuous HECS increases, more upfront fees, the abolition of a subsidy scheme for textbooks and, of course, the commercialisation of research. Complete deregulation of fees is also under the spotlight, while the spectre of VSU still lurks, will it succeed? It features an inspiring foreword by David Kemp and Amanda Vanstone. All this and more from Taxpayer Publishing!

Other titles in this series include

Thanks To Me, You Can't Afford This Book
by John Howard,

I Fantasise About Power
by Tony Abbott

and

Screw You, Feral Lefties
by Alexander Downer.

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I should also mention an exciting new television project that is coming out soon. Directed by John Howard and written by Peter Costello, the \$4million project will show Australians just how fantastic our new higher education system is. Financed by Taxpayer Films, Australians will be amazed at how you can make such a ridiculously unfair system look egalitarian. Dr Brendan Nelson, star of the project, wants Australians to understand that the new higher education system is actually looking out for Australia's battlers. He believes Aussie battlers shouldn't have to pay for something that they can't access anyway, with their inability to access higher education being enhanced by the new system. Keep watching your television in order to view this project.

Watch out for more exciting enterprises from this creative team that brought you "Let's Abolish ATSI" and "The Tampa Incident". I know I will!

What is Shigella dysenteriae?

My favourite textbook in my ever-growing collection is the one I had last year for Microbiology. It is all about germs. Bacteria, viruses, fungi - they were all there with detailed descriptions and up close colour photographs of the weird and wonderful diseases they cause (have you ever seen an acute outbreak of Neisseria gonorrhoeae?). Some, like chickenpox (thank you Varicella zoster), were quite familiar, while others you just don't see in Australia anymore thanks to vaccines and improved sanitation. Either way, once you start poring over these morbid yet fascinating pictures you just can't stop. You start to edge closer and closer towards hypochondria. Especially when you find out that will be directly working with that nasty Salmonella typhimurium in Wednesdays practical!

Unfortunately, the thing that is most disturbing is not my fascination with reading about disease pathogenesis, but the fact that future students may not be able get such a text book to read and study in the first place. The Microbiology textbook in question was \$120.00 reduced to about \$110 due to the government's 8% educational textbook subsidy scheme (ETSS). This federal budget, however, does not include funding for this scheme - in other words, it will end in July in time for semester two.

This means from now on you will be paying 8% more for your textbooks!

Now, maybe 8% doesn't seem like much but when you have to pay around \$100 per book and you need one or two per subject and you do two to eight subjects per year for three to six years that adds up to a significant amount of cash. Don't you think?

In the greater scheme of things, budgeting a few million dollars for some textbooks is not going to bankrupt the nation, however, it will help thousands of students around Australia and their families who struggle with exorbitant education-related fees year after year. Just do me a favour and take this into consideration when you're reading all the government budget propaganda out there at the moment.

aurelia.stapleton@adelaide.edu.au

Hey avid readers. I thought I would start by broadening your academic by giving you a brief history of the infamous Indigenous flag.

Harold Thomas, an Aboriginal artist, designed the Aboriginal Flag in 1971. The black represents the Aboriginal people, the red the earth and their spiritual relationship to the land, and yellow for the sun, the giver of life.

The Aboriginal flag was first raised in Victoria Square in Adelaide on "National Aboriginal Day" in 1971 and was adopted nationally by Indigenous people in 1972 after it was flown above the Aboriginal "Tent Embassy" outside of the old Parliament House in Canberra. The flag was official proclaimed a "Flag of Australia" on 14th July 1995 after it was passed under section 5 of the Flags Act 1953.

Now onto the business side of things. The annual "Experience Uni" program was held this month. Over 60 enthusiastic senior secondary Indigenous students attended this year from all over SA. The purpose of this program is to introduce the students to university life and encourage them to pursue tertiary studies. Hopefully we will be seeing some of these students enrolled here in the next few years.

In celebration of Reconciliation week (Tuesday 27th May - Thursday 3rd June) the SAUA ATSI department, in conjunction with Wilto Yerlo, Centre for Australian Indigenous Research & Studies (CAIRS), Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music (CASM), University of Adelaide for Native Title & Reconciliation (JANTaR) and Post Graduates Student's Association (PGSA) are holding a FREE BBQ on Monday 31st of May near the Barr Smith Lawns. There will be a performance by CASM and guest speakers. For the brave and bold there will be a limited number of Kangaroo snags, but be quick because they will go fast. Hope to see you all there.



BEK CORNISH
ACTIVITIES & CAMPAIGNS VICE PRESIDENT

Student Art Competition

Thank you to the students who have shown an interest in the Student Art Competition; it looks like it will be a worthy and exciting venture for our department and whilst the actual competition will be next semester please come into the SAUA and register your interest so that you have plenty of time to submit work.

Prosh

As you would know from previous columns Prosh was postponed due to the Barr Smith Lawns being unavailable to us. Prosh organisation is still going ahead however and the event will be in the first half of next semester. As of this week we will continue our fortnightly Prosh Helper meetings starting this Thursday in Rumours Café at 3pm. Please feel free to come along and get an update on the event program as it stands, suggest any further ideas and see how you can help during the actual event.

Student Bands

An excellent number of Adelaide Uni students in bands have forwarded to me their details and I have created a substantial database of talent within the University community. I look forward to showcasing their talents to you as of next week so look out for posters around campus with details of these performances.

The SAUA Activities Department Restructuring Concepts

There has been some major changes to the Union Activities Committee in recent times extending its responsibility for the running of campus activities and events, bringing into question the current day relevance of the SAUA Activities Department. Whilst this could potentially be seen as a negative concept by some given the long history and achievements of the SAUA Activities Department, we have taken a positive and productive approach to dealing with these ideas. Some concepts see the SAUA department disbanding and allowing for the Union committee to streamline organisation of campus events, others see a modified version of the SAUA department as it stands. Either way we will be hosting a series

of forums to formulate an official SAUA stance on the direction of our department, hopefully something that everyone will be happy with, starting this week. The first run of forums will be directed at official SAUA and AUU representatives to enable us to establish a direction, however there will be opportunities for general students to participate in the discussions and suggest ideas. Keep reading this column for details.

Next Activities Committee Meeting

I have called an Activities Committee meeting for this Friday, in the Students' Association office at 1.30pm. Feel free to come and participate within this forum as we are always open to new ideas on how to strengthen campus culture!

bek.cornish@adelaide.edu.au



KELLIE ARMSTRONG SMITH
WOMEN'S OFFICER

THE WAR ON BOYS

You'd be shocked to know it, but hordes of men, legions of young boys, and battalions of old grandfathers are suffering in silence.

It's almost too late for the thousands upon thousands of young boys studying at school. Under current conditions, young boys, the future soldiers and prime ministers and workers of our great nation, are being turned away from their manhood. Boys trying to find their place in the world, trying to find a sure footing in the treacherous environment that is childhood, are being encroached upon by a hideous enemy.

This enemy is silently and cunningly washing away the masculinity of our brothers. This enemy acts with beauty, but it is a deadly beauty that, like the Sirens, will ultimately dash young minds against the rocks of failure.

This enemy is everywhere.

This enemy is sly.

This enemy is woman.

And she is castrating our males.

Thanks to the pitiless screams of Feminism, the raging morass of unfeminine Furies, this enemy has found its way into our most cherished hearts; the world of education.

Gone are the days when the young boy could look to learning, to filling his mind with information in the company of men.

Instead of enjoying the warm spring of their youth amongst the comfort of other boys, the male youth of today are swamped by ratty and catty females. No longer can boys lift their heads from their algebra and see the commanding and inherently noble presence of a man.

What they see when they look up from their homework, from their Horace and their Shakespeare, from the Invasion of Normandy and Napoleon's bitter cry on the slopes of Russia, is not a man just like them.

What they see is, the enemy.

The Woman.

This would indeed be a grim picture but for one thing. Men are not going to recede into the background whilst the girls take home all the quiz wins, the perfect scores, and the A+ report cards. They are not going to fade while the girls shine.

Two greater, nobler servants of the masculine cause could not be found than in the Honourable Prime Minister, John Howard and Dr. Brendan Nelson.

Dr. Nelson spoke out against this hidden maggot-fest of feminism and womanhood. "It is becoming critically important to our country," he told the Sydney Morning Herald on the third of this month, "that we do not produce a generation of young men that feel they are ill prepared for life, who have gone through education without having had a significant man in their life."

In an effort of courage that brings to mind the blue-painted face of William Wallace, Dr. Nelson took the boldest step since Man Walked on the Moon. He proposed a "very small change" to the Sex Discrimination Act of 1984.

The Sex Discrimination Act is the trashiest piece of literature to come out of the 80s. It says silly little things like;

'It is unlawful for an educational institution to refuse or limit your access to any benefit other students are provided, or expel you because of your sex, marital status, pregnancy or potential pregnancy.'

Changing this silly act is, as Howard and Nelson know, common sense. It will allow employers to offer One Million Dollars worth of scholarships to men to provide them training as primary school teachers. A bit like Survivor. A bit like Big Brother. Only this is more important than Sarah-Marie's bunny ears.

This is Survival of all Men and all young boys in the education system.

This is the future of Mankind.

"It's a very dramatic move to amend the Sex Discrimination Act in a bid to develop more male teachers in the schools - how would it work?" a reporter asked him back in March.

"I don't think it's dramatic," said John, "I think it's common sense."

Clearly the reporter didn't agree with him, and decided to prod a little more. "And what evidence is there, Prime Minister, that this would have a positive impact?"

"You don't have a field of evidence because it's illegal at the moment to do it."

"We all know that if a boy grows up in a family where there's no father," said Howard, "and no older brother, and he's constantly in female company, if he goes to school and he's again in female company all the time..." but he had to trail off, for so great was his emotional distress, he couldn't speak.

Kellie's column continues on page 30. Why? Don't ask me, these things are only supposed to be 300 words. Kellie likes to mix things up a little. Keeps us on our toes, I suppose. She's like that - I think she went to one of those progressive hippie schools. - Ed

Howard Follows Bush Again: This Time in Electoral Deception.

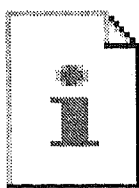


Those of you who have read Michael Moore's book, *Stupid White Men*, would know all about the sham that was the 2000 presidential campaign. An election where more Americans voted for the other guy, yet Bush still got in thanks to a number of really dodgy practices. The whole election was a sham. It was manipulated by the Republicans and the Democrats alike. Now—lo and behold—our beloved leader John Howard is trying to follow the Americans yet again.

In the US election Bush paid to have someone go through the electoral roll and remove anyone who was suspected of being a former criminal. This included people's names who sounded like criminals. In some US states ex-criminals can't vote, which excludes 31% of all black men in Florida, a demographic that was never going to vote for good ol' Bushy or his little bro. Johnny's trying the same thing here. He recently put a Bill before Parliament named something like 'The Enrolment Integrity Bill'. Integrity Bill? That's a laugh. It's a bit like the 'Backing Australia's Future' Bill that we've all come to realise is doing so much to back Australia's future. (Sorry, I get distracted.)

So this Bill is about removing all prison inmates from the electoral roll, and thus removing their right to vote at the upcoming election. Howard also wants to cut the electoral roll the day the election is called and allow only 3 days for existing voters to update their enrolment. What is so dodgy about this? If you have ever looked at the stats for Howard's supporters, he doesn't have many in our demographic. So by cutting the electoral roll the day the election is called, he can cut out the potential 83,000 first-time voters who signed up in the week after the previous election was called.




Doesn't Johnny care about the youth of Australia? You know—the future leaders of the nation? The ones who the government should be encouraging to exercise their democratic right? The right which millions around the world would die to have the opportunity to exercise? People like you and me who, have never actually had the opportunity to vote in a federal election—shouldn't we get a vote? Well not according to Johnny.



These Weapons of Mass Destruction cannot be displayed

The weapons you are looking for are currently unavailable. The country might be experiencing technical difficulties, or you may need to adjust your weapons inspectors mandate.

Please try the following:

- Click the  Regime change button, or try again later. If you are George Bush and typed the country's name in the address bar, make sure that it is spelled correctly. (IRAQ).
- To check your weapons inspector settings, click the **UN** menu, and then click **Weapons Inspector Options**. On the **Security Council** tab, click **Consensus**. The settings should match those provided by your government or NATO.
- If the Security Council has enabled it, The United States of America can examine your country and automatically discover Weapons of Mass Destruction.
- If you would like to use the CIA to try and discover them, click  **Detect weapons**
- Some countries require 128 thousand troops to liberate them. Click the **Panic** menu and then click **About US foreign policy** to determine what regime they will install.
- If you are an Old European Country trying to protect your interests, make sure your options are left wide open as long as possible. Click the **Tools** menu, and then click on **League of Nations**. On the Advanced tab, scroll to the Head in the Sand section and check settings for your exports to Iraq.
- Click the  **Bomb** button if you are Donald Rumsfeld.

Cannot find weapons or CIA Error
Iraqi Explorer

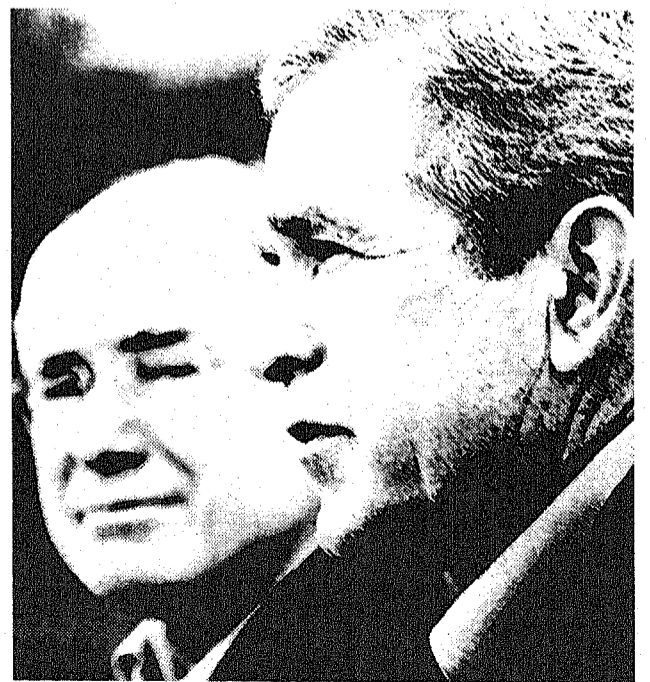
Bush went to Iraq to look for Weapons of Mass Destruction and all he found was this lousy T-shirt.

Those 83,000 people are unlikely to vote for him, so he'll just cut them out. It's looking disturbingly like Bush's electoral deception. Isn't it just a little rich for this crusader of democracy to attempt to exclude those we should be encouraging to participate in the democratic process? This crusader who's helped kill a few thousand Iraqis, so he can bring 'democracy' to the Middle East. I'm sorry, but this man doesn't know the meaning of democracy, and this Bill shows it.

Many of you might not give two hoots who gets elected at the next election because it's really only a choice between Latham and Howard—and how much of a choice is that? But it's a good idea to cast your mind back to that great Aussie flick *Looking For Alibrandi* and remember it's not about electing the best person for the job, because as it said there's probably no such thing, but it's about keeping the worst person out. And that, surely, is John Howard.

David Pearson
SAUA Councillor

18



"Loving Gaze"
Charcoal and Ink on Canvas,
Anon.
Private Collection

BATTLE ROYAL

“At the dawn of the Millenium, the nation collapsed. At 15% unemployment, 10 million were out of work, 800,000 students boycotted school. The adults lost confidence, and fearing the youth, eventually passed the ‘Millenium Educational Reform Act’...AKA: The BR Act.”

And that's it. Approximately eight generous minutes of explanation as to why the audience is hurled into two hours of Japanese schoolchildren frolicking around a tropical island with a random weapon each and the knowledge that the collar around their neck will explode in three days unless they are the final survivor of their class. Awesome.

Japanese ultra-violence/trash has always had an endearing quality that Western cinema has never been close to tapping into, despite larger budgets. Although there is approximately 40 students on the island, and therefore almost an identical number of deaths, not a single mutilation passes by without an individual and extraordinary circumstance, “Why...I loved you,” “But...I thought you loved me” and “But...I loved your best friend” are all used, but never a single repetition of a style of death is observed. And full credit to the writers and directors for maintaining such a high quality of murder themes. The spoilt nervous fat kid who

opens up with a crossbow on the other children as they enter the island dystopia is a nice touch, but the stereotypical “whore” character is absolutely gorgeous. It is awkwardly pointed out early on in the film that she is one of the only girls on the island that is having her period, thus highlighting both her sexual “maturity” and giving an explanation to her chaotic and blood thirsty nature.

The movie continues with just as much subplots and dialogue as brutal violence, moving in waves, flotsam and jetsam, so that you never actually become desensitized to the ridiculousness of the situation and the bloodshed, but also have to keep continually thinking to roll with the bizzarro plot. Absurd devices of logic are planted to explain the sickness of characters and lack of coherency, for example Shakespeare-esque flashback soliloquies are employed to create emotional ties between characters, only to crush them by murdering childhood sweethearts in front of each other. Cor Blimey.

Topping that, the dialogue is peppered with side-splittingly funny quips and one liners, the kind of stuff that you would swear in front of your grandmother just to hear - it seems no matter what an axe-wielding Japanese schoolgirl says it's hilarious.

Maybe the reason Americans haven't been able to consistently simulate the mood of movies like *Battle Royal* is because they take their violence so Goddam seriously. A hero has to emerge, otherwise balance is out of kilter, and they must use violent force to achieve it - even in a comedy (like *True Lies*). Whereas *Battle Royal* gasses children and throws them onto an island to defend themselves. I always look at good, sincere trash films as a scummy view into our real nature. Good doesn't

always win, in fact it very rarely rears it's delicate, gold-plated ears. Evil, debauchery, sin, it's all over the fuckin' place and if you don't like it in your own special way then life is going to be pretty miserable. So watching something like *Battle Royal*, that is as scattered as my own mind, that does laugh at what is essentially a brutal defacing of what God gave us as Divine Law, and yet in some perverse way is saturated in love, honesty, and friendship, is an uplifting experience. And I think Japanese culture gets that - at least in their cinema. I mean, the film is shot on the most exquisite of islands, seemingly untouched by any human development sans the menacing military base. And more often than not, all of the characters can be seen enjoying the views, smells, and gifts of nature. The very typical Japanese cinematography of the beauty of just being is also very prominent. The deranged teacher that escorts the children to the island, and that cold-bloodedly kills is also depicted as a lonely old man, loveless and to be pitied. I'm a sucker for that kind of work. The only annoying part of this movie was that it was quite heavily and obviously influenced by *Lord of the Flies* and *Series Seven*, two awesome films but sadly individual enough that I kept being snapped to reality by scenes I'd seen before. But you know, I love Russ Meyer films for Christsake.

Jimmy Trash

19

CineAsia is on till the end of June. Go to the Mercury cinema's website or ring 8410 1934 to find out more details.





The Cooler

Director: Wayne Kramer
Cast: William H Macy, Alec Baldwin and Maria Bello

"The Cooler"

OK, how the hell are reviewers like myself supposed to stay depressed at the state of the American film industry when gems like *The Cooler* slip through undetected? It's hardly fair to inflict beautifully vivid, rounded characters interpreted by such able acting talent, speaking wonderfully quirky, recognisable dialogue, in a confronting and intimate little story. And that's what they're trying to do here. The thing is, if this sort of thing keeps happening we'll begin to expect absorbing cinema from the Land of the Free, and that would be a major mental shift for me, I'll tell ya!

Anyway, you get the general impression – I found the film mildly amusing. Don't you just love it, though, when, right out of the blue, you get a delightful surprise with something? This one only sort of snuck up on me. You expect decent work from William H Macy with *Fargo* and *Boogie Nights* under his belt, and Baldwin's proven he's got chops with the lines when he's cast right as in *Glenn Gary*, *Glenn Ross* and his strongly small role in *Notting Hill*. Here, our suspicions are confirmed. In *The Cooler* Wayne Kramer, in his directing debut, has also found the marvelously luminous Maria Bello to play opposite Baldwin and with Macy, and boy does she know how to play!

Our main protagonist is Macy's Bernie Lootz, a surname that fits his relationship with luck, and this is a film about both luck and relationships. Bernie is in debt to Baldwin's Shelly Kaplow (That Academy Award nomination was well deserved – Man!). Shelly's an old-fashioned Vegas casino operator who's being muscled in on by mafia types with Harvard MBA's, and plans to do some refurbishing. As a cooler, Bernie is paying off his obligation by visiting his appalling luck on patrons on winning streaks. Something magic happens (in reverse!) whenever he's even close to the action. They might lose all, but the most depressed person would feel better around Bernie because everything he touches seems to turn to dust. Life seems to be toilet-bound by definition. That is until he meets Maria Bello's Natalie and together they lead us to some quite extraordinary places.

Somehow, both hesitant, lonely people form a remarkable bond, and I say that advisedly, too. This film has, without doubt, some of the sexiest screen sex I have ever seen, and in ways you're probably not going to expect. This film ain't prissy at all, but there's an achingly intimate and abandoned fun that infects the time they spend together – incredibly refreshing to see after so many sleep-inducing fuckfests. The viewer begins to understand that love can actually find a funky, earthy path between two seemingly different people, somehow. And that age and history and the worst luck on the strip can change with the next roll – and I was thinking *dice* there, people! Try and stay with the programme!

Wayne Kramer's handled this story's many facets with considerable sensitivity and style. Although the surrounding narratives at times need a little polishing here and there, films like this are still bound to get our expectations of the Americans up for sure. With directors like this coming on-line and the film's gifted actors all turning in such transparently real performances, what chance have we got?

David Wilkins



The Company

Director: Robert Altman
Starring: Neve Campbell, Malcolm McDowell and James Franco

Almost single handedly inspired by its star Neve Campbell, *The Company* is the anticipated follow up to Robert Altman's highly successful *Gosford Park*.

Although she's achieved moderate success in the movies, Neve Campbell's first taste of performance came on the stage as a ballet dancer. At the age of nine she was given a place at the National Ballet School of Canada only to have her ambitions betrayed by a series of tragic injuries. Her long-term desire to make a dance film has been realized after the fortuitous disintegration of a few other Altman projects during pre-production.

Ry (Neve Campbell) is an aspiring Dancer in Chicago's Joffrey Ballet dancing troupe. Given her first major opportunity after the injury to another dancer she impresses Alberto Antonelli (Malcolm McDowell), the company director, and gains a lead role in their newest performance. As rain patters and the audience hide themselves in umbrellas she dances a beautifully tender few minutes, becomes even more of a company favorite and is promised another major position in the next big performance (which is planned as some kind of fairy tale come acid trip). From there we follow Ry as she meanders through the preparations for the big performance and attempts to forge a love with a seemingly mute chef named Josh (James Franco). The climax of the film is the big performance that doesn't go completely to plan, but is rather spectacular none the less.

Robert Altman has come to prominence through a series of films (*M*A*S*H*, *Short Cuts*, *Nashville*, *The Player*, *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* and so on) that make claims toward "acutely attacking the conventions of genre filmmaking" and *The Company* tries to do the same thing by attempting to make "a new kind of dance movie". It can't be said that it's a traditional back stage musical in the way that *42nd Street* or *Moulin Rouge* are, nor is it a 'fly on the wall' pseudo documentary like *A Mighty Wind* or *This is Spinal Tap*, but a weird amalgamation of the two. While this concept could be interesting *The Company* isn't a joyous cocktail of the two styles, but rather a misguided mashing lacking the cohesion required to be anything substantial.

The real flaw is the lack of character development. All we know about company director Alberto (Malcolm McDowell) is that he likes yellow cravats and calling his dancers "babies" and we seem to know even less about Ry. Because of that her burgeoning relationship with Josh is completely uninteresting and there's really no reason to care how she performs other than the purely aesthetic attraction.

It can't be denied that the dance sequences are fantastic, the opening avant-garde electronica sequence, Ry's dance during the downpour and the final performance are all splendid, but there's so little in between these set pieces that it's difficult to maintain much interest.

**

Danny Wills

Van Helsing

Director: Stephen Sommers
Starring: Hugh Jackman, Kate Beckinsale, Richard Roxburgh and David Wenham

Set in gloomy 19th century Transylvania, *Van Helsing's* story revolves around the tale of legendary demon hunter Gabriel Van Helsing. Employed by a secret sect of the Holy Church, Van Helsing has orders to hunt down and destroy all evil that threatens the existence of mankind.

After receiving his orders from his superiors in Vatican City, Rome, Van Helsing and his bumbling; and at often time's comical sidekick 'Friar Carl', depart by sea to troubled Transylvania. Once they reach their destination they are to seek out the last descendants of the Velarious family line and help them combat the ultimate evil that plagues the town.

Hugh Jackman (Van Helsing) and Kate Beckinsale (gypsy descendant Anna Velarious) play fairly type-cast roles, though they are in their element, obviously having a lot of fun with the characters. Richard Roxburgh (Dracula) also gives a stellar performance, playing one of the best Counts the screen has seen since Gary Oldman in Francis Ford Coppola's rendition of *Bram Stoker's Dracula*. The visual effects are fantastic; showcasing some of the better CGI I've seen in a while. Alan Silvestri's musical score is wonderful, highlighted by a great Flamenco-esque guitar motif which is played almost every time Van Helsing appears on the screen. The script work leaves a little to be desired, but then this is a 'Balls to the wall, no holds barred, Hollywood action flick!' What did you expect?!

So if complex plots and thought provoking dialogue is your thing, you may want to give this one the flick. However, if you're even the slightest bit interested in B-grade, cult cinematography or spaghetti Westerns give this one a look.

***1/2

Aedan Siebert

five classic cinematic disasters

While there certainly have been worse films made than those featured here, we're aiming to pay *homage* film *disasters*. Those that aimed for the stars but ended up swimming through the dark sewers of failure. We admit that there are many deserving films omitted from the list. To the admirers of movies disasters such as *Waterworld*, *Barb Wire*, and *Howard the Duck* we offer our sincerest apologies. Their exclusion is not a reflection on their lack of disastrous qualities but rather an honor to those that were disastrous enough to warrant their exclusion. So without further ado, the illustrious masterpieces:

COOL AS ICE

DIR. DAVID KELLOGG, 1991

Cool as Ice was released at the height of Vanilla Ice's short lived career as a rap superstar. Conceived as a bizarre rap bastardization of *Rebel Without a Cause* it was sold with the hilarious tagline "How do you melt a girl's heart of stone? Just add Ice". Vanilla Ice plays Johnny Van Owen, a thug stranded in a small town trying to bed Kathy (Kristen Minter) a naïve and virginal girl previously too innocent and proper to get involved in Ice's rebellious games. He seduces her with lines worthy of the great poets like "drop that zero and get with the hero". Though some convoluted series of events he manages to save Kathy's family from corrupt cops and win the day for all the white boy rappers with elaborate patterns shaved into the back of their heads.

SHOWGIRLS

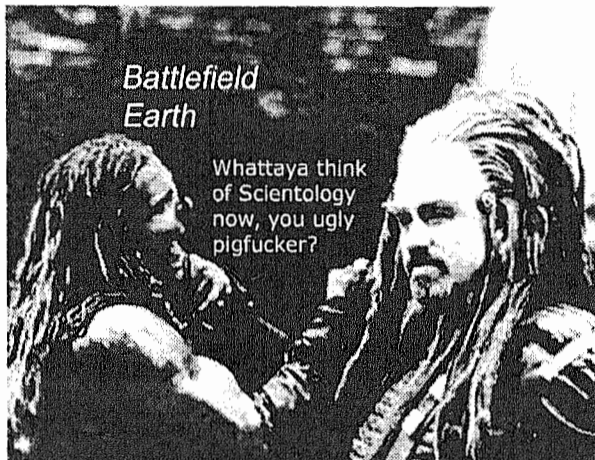
DIR. PAUL VERHOEVEN, 1995

Paul Verhoeven is the misogynist *auteur* who has given us other pseudo-art exploitation erotica such as *Basic Instinct*. *Showgirls* is allegedly a remaking of Joseph L. Mankiewicz's 1950 6 Academy Award winning *All About Eve*. Here, instead of Anne Baxter as a young actress aspiring to one day be the acting equal of Margo Channing (Bette Davis) and do Ibsen and Shakespeare on the stage, we have ex-*Saved by the Bell* star Elizabeth Berkley (who looks like seven different kinds of plastic molded into female form) as an aspiring "Showgirl" who pays her dues as a stripper and lap dancer. The worst thing about this movie, besides the obvious commodification of the girls, is easily the dialogue with passages such as "What is it you think you do? You fuck 'em without fuckin' 'em, well that ain't right. You got too much talent for it to be right! Bitch I'm telling you tha truth!" becoming so commonplace that they almost lose their comedic value twenty minutes

PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE

ED WOOD, 1956

The classic 'so bad it's good' movie *Plan 9 From Outer Space* is the culmination of Ed Wood's famously disastrous career. *Plan 9* isn't the worst movie ever made, nor is it the worst movie Ed Wood ever made, but it is a huge disaster. In *Plan 9* alien invaders attempt to conquer the world by raising the dead. The acting is inept, the dialogue bizarre, the sets laughable, the plot non-existent, the mood changes wildly unpredictable and the continuity non-existent but it maintains an oddly lovable quality. Ed Wood is almost as famous for his love of movies as he is for his ineptitude. He was a man who idolized Orson Welles but had not even one percent of his talent. In preparation for this film Wood shot some footage of horror icon and long time muse Bela Lugosi in his garden. Midway through filming Lugosi succumbed to a long term drug addiction and Wood continued on with the film using a much taller stand-in in his place who inexplicably holds his cape over his face the entire time. *Plan 9* is a disaster from people who love making movies and, as such, retains a certain endearing dimension.



Cool As Ice

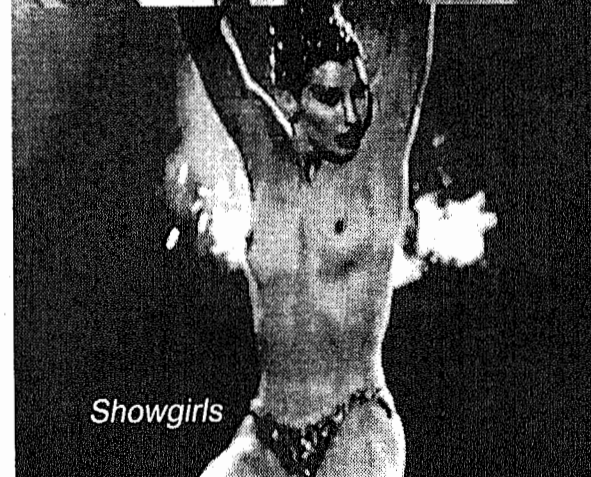
FILE PHOTO NOT AVAILABLE

(On account of it being so crap.)



"You will make a lot of money on a cheap pseudo-philosophical bandwagon..."

Johnny Mnemonic



Showgirls

Plan 9 From Outer Space



BATTLEFIELD EARTH

DIR. ROGER CHRISTIAN, 2000

If there was even any doubt about the disastrous qualities of this movie one only need consult the video blurb which boasts the movie is "Mortal Kombat meets Independence Day". It seems to me that to promote a like this is like promoting a Prime Ministerial candidate as Adolf Hitler meets Joseph Stalin, and this film is all that and less. Based on one of the best selling science fiction novels of all time, *Battlefield Earth* stars John Travolta as Terl, a member of an alien race, the Psychlos, who control earth in the year 3000AD. The Psychlos have erased all memory of their pillaging of earth from those which they have conquered and now have earth people believing that they are gods who have ruled for eons. The only hope for humanity is with a renegade group who have avoided enslavement and hope to usurp their rulers. Although all this by itself is somewhat disastrous consider that L. Ron Hubbard, the man responsible for founding the church of Scientology, wrote the novel on which this film was based. These are people who believe that there is a dead alien inside all of us, and that if we can remove them, we will receive super powers. Dude...

JOHNNY MNEMONIC

DIR. ROBERT LONGO, 1995

Picking this one up in the video store I quietly thought to myself "Beat Takeshi... Henry Rollins... that guy from *The Matrix*... this'll be fucken cool!" but unfortunately *Johnny Mnemonic* is a disaster of epic proportions. It's the near future and the hurly-burly of post-post-modern living has given rise to a new mental disorder known as "Nerve Attenuation Syndrome". Keanu Reeves plays the titular Johnny who has had an operation to implant a microchip in his brain that allows him to carry large amounts of data from place to place, person to person. He continues in this dangerous profession in the hope of being able to buy back his childhood memories... um, I think. Perused by Yakuza boss Takahashi (Beat Takeshi) Johnny travels from Beijing to New Jersey where he meets a cavalcade of assistants and assailants including Spider (Henry Rollins), who is ultimately killed in some bizarre crucifixion-like ceremony, and a sentient dolphin... hmm.



Well there you have it kiddies, I have no idea how these movies got made, but in some sick morbid way, I'm tremendously glad they were.

Lavender Hope By Stephen House @ Holden Street Theatres 13-29 of May



Lavender Hope shows that contemporary theatre can have wit, humour, tragedy and a happy-ending. This enjoyable new theatre piece has a dash of originality combined with biting cynicism, yet the 'feel-good' factor is never lost. Stephen House, as writer and director, has crafted a clever composition that weaves its way through tragedy, comedy and pertinent social-comment; with thoughtful symbolism and, importantly, touching performances.

The intimate Holden Street Theatre is minimally covered with effective divisions of space and simple, representative furniture. *Lavender Hope* involves the intertwining destinies of several worlds and each is represented in their respective corners. Nic Mollison's lighting adds to this division as he continues to build his reputation as one of Adelaide's foremost lighting designers.

The set also acts as a mock cat-walk as we are confronted with the parading of characters pretending to lead model lives. The characters collected may seem unrealistic but together they function to create a questioning of dreams and reality. As each gets more lost in their own sense of destiny and desire, defined by the man who moved too late, they come closer together and closer to an understanding of each other and themselves. House subtly comments on the divisions in society through his representation of different classes and their actions, most notably the fake kisses of the rich but he also uses honest, confronting humour to draw the audience in with laughter.

No scene is funnier than the confrontation of 'slut' The Freyer (Martha Lott) and capitalist king Nicky. This scene reveals the comedy of the writing but more

impressively the depth of Justin Moore's talent. As the powerful Nicky, Moore displays a depth and control that imposes his presence on every scene. Moore also captures with delicate intimacy the reconciliation of Nicky and Grace (played with a dignified and moving realism by Irena Dangov). Sarah Dunn also proves that she is more than an 'emerging' Adelaide talent, by matching Nathan O'Keefe's intensity, in the intimate and strange relationship between Stella and Baby. Dunn brings a mature actors' grasp to the immaturity yet quasi-savant and damaged Stella, particularly in scenes with the delightful, drug-addled and desperate Art (played with conviction by Carmel Johnson). James Edwards as the dreamer and wannabe actor Quin, isn't as convincing as the rest of the ensemble but his performance improves in the second act as his character comes into sharper

focus. For all these performances there is one imposing stage-presence which marks *Lavender Hope* and all who see it. That is Nathan O'Keefe's Baby; striking looking, sympathetically and sensually played, O'Keefe demands audience attention from the opening scene and more importantly deserves it.

House as director never lets the energy wane and as writer never leaves the dialogue lagging. *Lavender Hope* is undoubtedly a clever piece, but it also an uplifting story, which makes it a pleasure to watch. This pleasure is magnified by the outstanding ensemble and the effective set. And I can't conclude without mentioning the magnificent costume collection, a range of lavender coloured everything, for anyone hoping for a good night at the theatre.

Alex Rafalowicz

The 4 Noels

On their way to Adelaide



Our quirky town is currently preparing for its next big festival, the Adelaide Cabaret Festival. And it seems that a few interesting acts are coming our way. The Cabaret Festival is sure to entice with its wide range of musical shindigs. *On Dit* was fortunate enough to catch up with physical comedy trio *The 4 Noels*, a group of three Kiwi actors who are soon to take part in this Cabaret spectacular.

The 4 Noels, originally from New Zealand are made up of actors; Jessie Griffin, James Pratt and John Forman. The troop is currently travelling around the country performing their unique shows, some of which they have played out over 300 times.

When in Adelaide *The 4 Noels* will perform their latest piece, *A Night at Fat Willy's*. Inspired by films and the legends of organised crime, the show is set to be a winner just like their last performances during the Fringe in 2002.

These Noels all met in Melbourne while studying at the John Bolton Theatre School. Since then the guys have made films together, been on radio and television and received a few major awards. One in particular was the Moosehead Award which they were presented in 1999 for their play *The Magnificent*

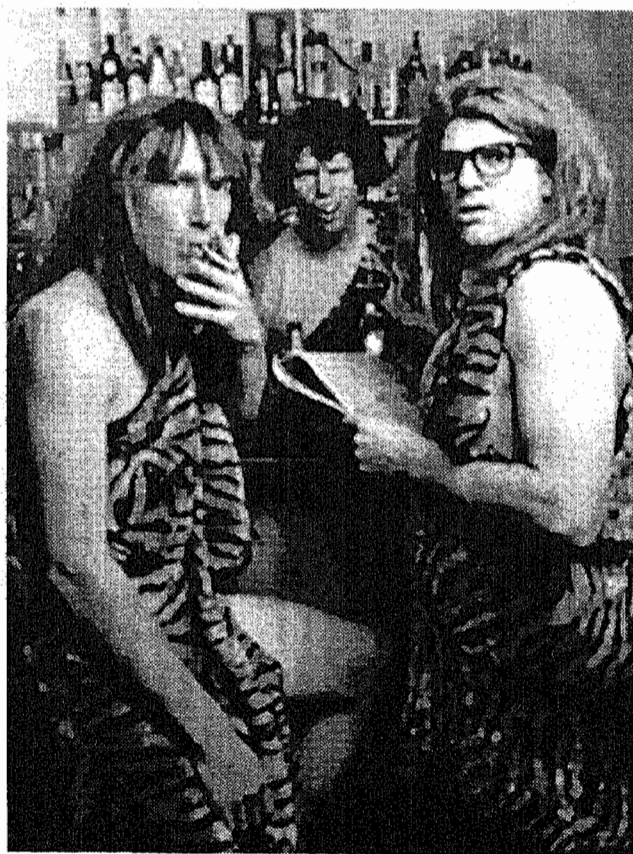
Seventeen. The Moosehead is awarded to innovative young performers and is designed to foster the arts. From this the guys were given assistance to develop a show for the Melbourne Comedy Festival.

From their beginnings at theatre school together studying everything from direction to playwriting, *The 4 Noels* have done quite a lot. Especially memorable moment for the troop was performing at the Edinburgh Comedy Festival and travelling throughout Europe in 2000. A film by *The 4 Noels* also screened on SBS in 2002. But talking to Jesse Griffin, it seems that as much as they love making films, the stage is still their favourite.

A Night at Fat Willy's will be a humorous affair as these three actors play multiple characters in a show that blends together music and slapstick comedy. The tale follows dodgy detectives and police as they hunt down an infamous gang boss and club owner. Filled with all the usual suspects and a few extras, it seems that once again New Zealand talent is sure to entertain.

Leo Greenfield

TWENTY
TWO.



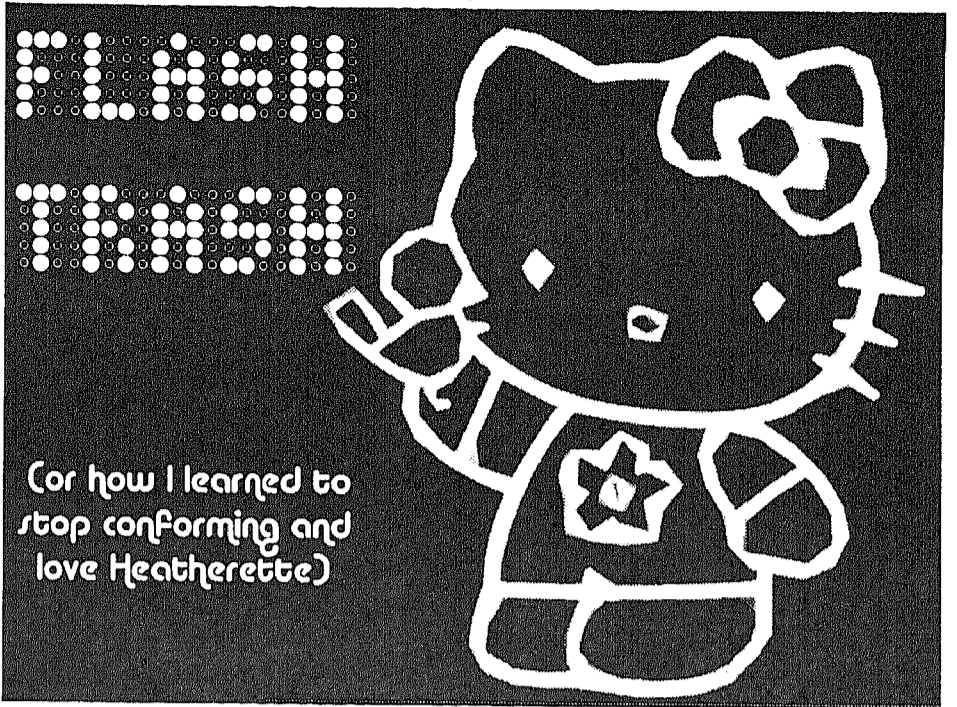


Apparently 'ladylike' clothes are in fashion. Yeah right. How wearing a miniskirt (even if it is in tweed) and stiletto pumps (even if they do have a bow) constitutes for Old World feminine glamour is anyone's guess. It seems like Adelaide's female population is frolicking around town in wannabe-vintage brooches and fedora hats, looking more like Grandmothers on E than preppy princesses, without a care in the world. Bad move girls. Merely adding a string of pearls to a lusty, leggy and lithe Supre number does NOT make one chic. The thing is, if we're so desperate to wear miniskirts, why not dress like full-blown tarts rather than conceal our sexual inhibitions through faddy seasonal garments? That's the way supercool New York label Heatherette sees it. Technicolour popism + unabashed extrovertedness = the height of downtown fashion.

The rise of Heatherette to the forefront of the fashion scene can be attributed to a little thing called hype. Having the likes of David LaChapelle (luminary pop photographer/artist) and Patricia Field (Sex and the City costume designer) as comrades and supporters of the zany brand goes to show the age old proverb it's not what you know, but who you know. As the brainchild of lovers Richie Rich and Travers Rains, former professional ice skater and Rodeo rider respectively, Heatherette has fast become one of the most covetable American fashion labels

with a fan base that spreads from Britney Spears to John Galliano. But don't be mistaken in believing that the wares of Heatherette have sprung forth from any old mediocre degree at Parson's school of design. Rather, a fusion of Japanese popism, neon club culture and street-trash-cum-punk-princess hath given birth to a totally eclectic, yet unmistakably original style that screams "look at me!" in such a way that not even Courtney Love could achieve with such virility. The Heatherette look is not for wallflowers, prudes or conservatives- take Exhibit A, their muse and flamboyant advocate Paris Hilton as evidence.

Because the garments comprising the Heatherette brand are mostly outrageous, gaudy and generally attention seeking, it comes as no surprise that the poster girl for the above traits has become the duo's ambassador. The Divine Miss P took to the catwalk for the Spring/Summer collection, strutting in her inimitable brand of conceitedness with Tinkerbell the Chihuahua trailing not far behind. Her outfit? A floaty, chiffon multi-layered mini dress complete with pale pink ribbons, bows and a dazzling tiara embossed with the sparkling visage of Hello Kitty. Undoubtedly Heatherette's finest hour, the exposure gained from Hilton's involvement was enough to catapult the label out of the depths of New York cyber-cool into fashion mainstream. Subsequently, Hilton has become a walking talking advertisement



for the brand, sporting zealous Heatherette garb at the premiers and openings that she so insists on dominating (God bless narcissism) and ensuring the duo of worldwide fame and sales. Not only that, but major fashion mags such as I-D, The FACE and ItalianVogue have all featured Heatherette in editorial spreads, spreading the convivial virus around the greater fashion public. It all goes to show that the combination of underground cred plus having the worst dressed woman in the world as an advocate will do wonders for a career. George Gross, take note. No one gives about pretentious traditionalists in Cooltown.

So if I've tempted you with the Heatherette guide to living/dressing and you're now grabbing your EFTPOS cards from your rip off Vuitton purses, hold your horses 'cause Heatherette isn't available in Australia yet. Fortunately, you can put pieces of this look together with the limited aesthetic resources available to us in this old town quite effectively, providing you too have egotistical tendencies. If you enjoy looking in the mirror a lot, this look is for you. Search for anything Hello Kitty- it has become the label's trademark icon. Bright stockings, fluoro satin bomber jackets, multicoloured hair clips, tiaras, sewn-on ribbons onto just about anything... The choices just keep on coming. Aim to look like the resulting debris of the collision between an ice-cream sundae and a highlighter, and you'll be bitchin' it up in no time. When a look has sprung forth from urban obscurity, downtown disco hopping and finally hanging out with celebrities, you know it's got to be cool. But when Paris Hilton is involved, you know you need to replicate it at the soonest possible moment.

*For more info on Heatherette, try www.heatherette.com.

Stephanie Mountzeuris

WHAT'S HOT

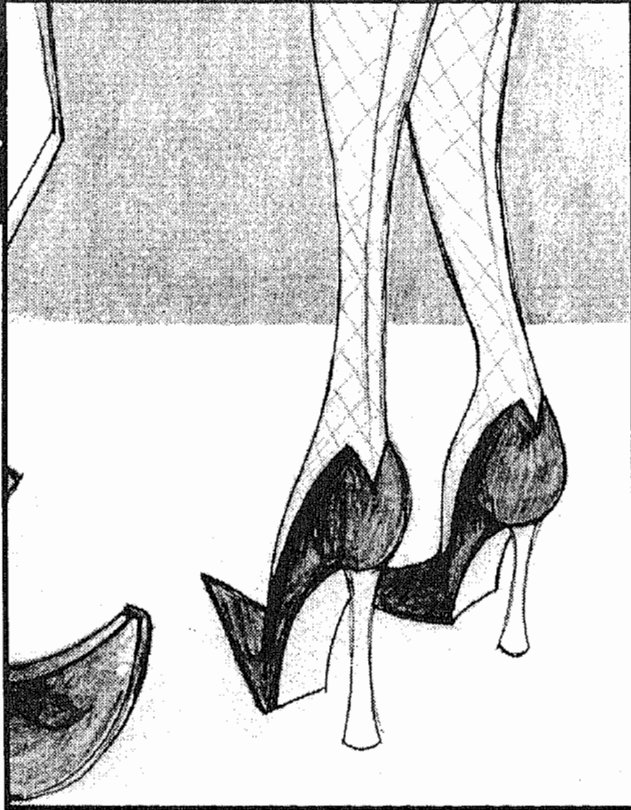
- Computer games from the 1980s. Commander Keen, Pac Man, Space Invaders et. Al. May I add that pong is still as tricky now as it was in 1987.
- Hanging out with your grandparents.
- www.english.com. Full to the brim of the humorous English mistakes that appear in Japanese advertising and product design. Add a plate of nachos, a kitschy and easily amused friend, and you have the best entertainment money can buy.

WHAT'S NOT

- Tripping over the bricks on North Terrace and then pretending that you intended for it to happen by running off. Klutzes of the world unite; It's ok to stack it in public. Well, it's ok as long as you have fabulous shoes.
- Spring. Chlorophyll? More like bore-ophyll.
- The Advertiser. If the mainstream news nowadays revolves around Nicky Visser's lovelife, you know something is seriously wrong with our society.

23

Spicy Curiosity



The Fashion Wasteland

Melbourne is dotted with consumer complexes. As far as the eye can see, there is a shop for this and a shop for that. But as I wandered around the city I wondered, just how much stuff we really need in our lives? And what happens to all these mass produced products if they're not bought?

One well known shopping chain in Melbourne is *Dangerfield*. Famous for its quirky yet affordable merchandise, *Dangerfield* stores look as if they have been decorated with the delicate handiwork of a truck driver. It seems a semi-trailer filled to the brim with an odd assortment of things has backed-up opposite *Flinders Street* station and emptied itself. But shockingly that's not the worst of it.

Down the stylish *Brunswick Street* one can find an array of interesting places, from cool cafes, to unique stationery shops and notable night time haunts. One memorable place is the quaint little sadomasochistic gallery. On entering, one is greeted with warm and friendly staff and surprisingly S&M goods are totally commercialised.

But the most memorable setup on this street is the *Dangerfield* and *Alannah Hill* discount store. This gigantic store houses racks and racks of leftovers and a neat selection of circa 1970's furniture. It truly is a far cry from other retail chains. I've worked in kiosks and bars, and the amount of wasted food and drink is amazing. But nothing could prepare me for what I was about to see.

In the centre of this drab emporium filled with the rotting garments of fashion was a glass stair case. Curious, my company and I assented to find a place that made me deeply question my love of consumerism, the *fashion wasteland*. To my horror, discarded manikins and fabrics filled the huge room and towering above it all was a mountain of jeans, t-shirts, buckles and belts. With all the homeless in the world this sight was truly decedent.

The mountain must have stretched for at least ten metres, pushed up against the windows it sizzled in the hot sun. Spilling over onto our feet it was like a great tided of rubbish. In the shadow of the great mount was a man sweeping with an over sized broom. He swept and pushed at the rubble, maintaining the mound. By his side was his trusty companion, a medium sized black dog. While the man toiled away the dog scratched, sniffed and dug at the clothes and accessories, all ready for sale down stairs.

Words and illustrations by
Leo Greenfield



Public Love

With all the talk of our Princess Mary, it seems that very public love is all the rage. But are public displays of affection the way to go? Last week's Law Ball seemed to answer this question for us. Masses of our fellow university students flocked to the Adelaide Festival Centre for a classy night out.

Student socialites gathered sporting stylish attire. For the guys, slimline suits matched business-like shirts. Italian ties made a big impact, as well as brown suits with pink shirts. It was great to see a few opting for a less traditional and certainly less hired look. The ladies saw a cocktail winner with the very popular and seductive *Little Black Dress*. But those who chose racy red were certainly head turners and out to impress. Fashion aside, now its time to deal with the issue of *public love*.

And what could be more public than expressing your affection (or lack of) to a large portion of the student bod? On arrival things seemed a little slow - there was a particular lack of dancing. But those with faith knew things would heat up. And therefore the dance floor becomes the centre of our debate. Conservatives be warned and take note: dancing can add spice to any lacklustre relationship. Dancing is the best sex-mediator.

So it seemed that dancing would be the main form of expression at our Law Ball. There is always a science to the art of dancing. Some have it, some don't and some sit and stare. *Rule number one*, never just watch, that's poor form. *Rule number two*, never judge. I commend those who got out there with their friends and whopped it up. It's great to see a whole lot of bumping and grinding. And it's even better when it involves more than just one couple. I'm sure Princess Mary would approve.

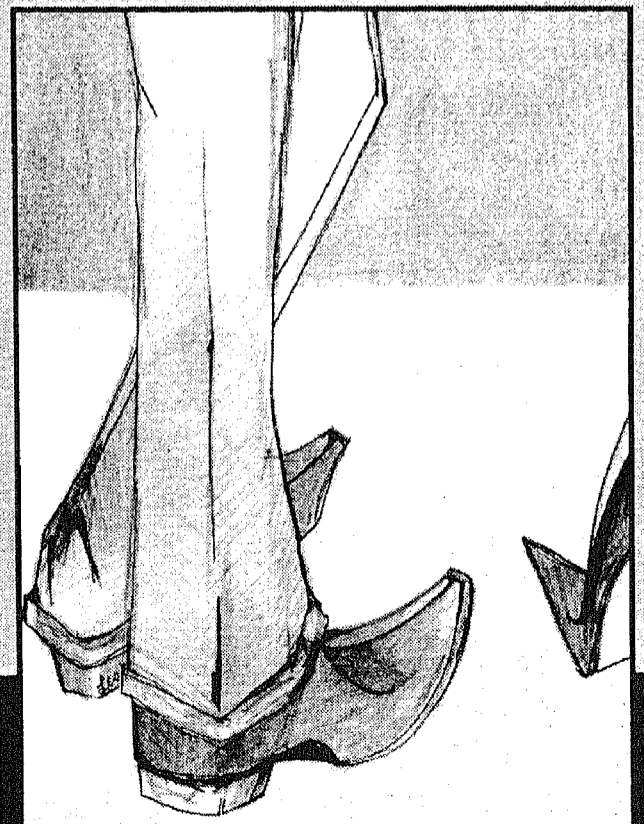
But as I'm sure with all university affairs, towards the end things start to get a little out of hand. Without mentioning the excessive amounts of alcohol, some things are best left in private. A peck on the cheek from a gilded carriage riding through Copenhagen and mass orgy dancing are acceptable forms of *public love*. But drunk and random pashing of strangers (and friends) is one thing the public can do without.

Leo Greenfield



Elizabeth Montgomery-Smythe (2nd year Arts/ Law) relaxes after a hard night's networking.

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Next week

Is glamorous clubland all that it seems?



South Australia's Own

Drift Café

271 Morphett Street, City
Ph: 8212 0711

Have you been taking care of yourself lately? The answer is probably 'no.' Are all those late nights, hangovers, and food from the oil slick that is the Mayo, starting to take their toll? To rid yourself of some guilt, your solution is easy: Drift Café. I know Morphett Street seems awfully far away for us North Terrace dwellers, but think of how your thighs will thank you after a long walk. Oh, the virtue! Not only that, but the food in Drift Café alleviates that feeling of righteousness, for your wallet, body, and tastebuds.

One of my fellow diners, Marco was extremely sceptical about the vegetarian aspect of the meal. "Oh, I didn't know that," was the unenthusiastic response I received as we trekked down Rundle Mall. I told him it was vegetarian *and* organic, but his excitement didn't grow. But really, after you eat at Drift, you too will see how overrated meat is. Not that I'm converted, but I understand the appeal of vegetarianism a little more. The pale green colouring of Drift camouflages it on the streetscape, but the stars and general pinkness of Adelaide Dancer's Boutique will alert you that you're near.

The couch was free when we entered, and couches are always a novelty, so the three of us were going to squeeze in, but we thought three people on a couch with vegie burgers wasn't the best idea. I visualised spillage.

The personable Victoria – who recognised my voice, greeted us. Talk about observant – I mean, my voice isn't *that* distinct. We sat and Owen had some chai tea to begin with. It was served in a quaint little pot, but I declined tea in favour of a smoothie. Marco agreed to share with me. Not just any old smoothie though – you could choose from practically any fruit you wanted. (Within reason. I didn't see anything like rambutan on the menu.) Intriguing combinations like apple, pineapple and ginger seemed appealing, but we chose a mixture of strawberry and mango.

I make smoothies where I work, but they didn't taste like that one did. I'm ashamed of myself – I thought I had talent. Victoria seemed to be doing all the preparation, and while we waited three of us got to indulge in a fantastic gossip session, without the worry of people overhearing us. It's an environment conducive to eager chats – it just has that private feel about it.

I could smell our food – I knew it was ours since it was quiet that day – and our conversation turned to our stomachs and their need to be filled. Our first course was bruschetta. I've had bad experiences with chalky tomatoes, but these were A-grade, and it was wonderfully garlicky. Talking ceased between full mouths and hyperbole about the food. I could have eaten about 10 slices, but one had to suffice. Next came our roll, with roasted capsicum, eggplant, pesto, mushrooms and cashews. The cashews were a great touch – very original. We somehow divided it in to three – and I resisted selfishness by giving the largest part away. My third kept falling apart, (what kind of karma is that?) but the messiness didn't bother me – my bread was the spoon that scraped it all up.

Our last course was a vegie burger. We had three choices but the one we chose had the most in it. It was much better than McDonald's version of the vegie burger, and not that much more expensive. McDonald's will never be able to claim "organic" in their menu. The vegie burger was similar to the roll, except for the pattie, which, upon my examination, seemed to consist of chickpeas and rice. They change their patties daily according to the menu, so you could be in for a surprise if you actually take heed of my advice and eat there.

I think my overall verdict would have to be: flavour. A vegetarian café doesn't mean salads and deprivation. Trust me, I did not feel the absence of chicken *at all*. Everything was delicious and very filling – those sourdough rolls will do that do you. Like I said before, you'll never have such a tasty, virtuous meal. I was feeling so vitamin-ized. Still, what's a meal without dessert? Victoria told us most of the sweets were made on site. I think we decided to buy dessert mainly because she was so personable. Owen had a Greek biscuit thing, which I had a bite of. It was moist and syrupy, and basically divine. Marco had a muffin and Anzac biscuits. He promised to keep one for a friend, and she's lucky if he stuck to his word.

Drift is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner. I'm quite enamoured with the place, and since they're starting soups and pastas, I am *so* there! Use one of your massive timetable breaks to make the trek to Morphett Street. Or "get up and go" on the City Loop, or City Free, or whatever that free bus is called. No excuses, and I promise, you'll thank me for it later.

ET

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Indulged yourself lately?

Send your recepies, bar stories and restaurant reviews to ondit@adelaide.edu.au.

If you want us to review your establishment, email us or call 8303 5404 and make a booking.

Remember, Heaven hath no mercy like a well fed restaurant reviewer.

(Feed us for free and we won't can you.)



Hand-made by the Cooper family.

LIVE AT THE DAN

This week Student Radio begins its new initiative to get Adelaide bands a chance to get their music out in the world. This Tuesday, Close Call will be coming in to play their tunes over the radio on Local Noise. This will be the usual 1-hour show, where the band plays for 40 minutes, play some of their favourite records and have a chat about their thing. However, as of this week, the band that plays on the Tuesday night on Local Noise will follow this with a gig at the Dan O'Connell in North Adelaide on the Wednesday night. Thankfully, the Dan O'Connell is really keen on the idea and will be offering food and drink specials over the whole night. In combination with Local Noise TV on Sunday nights on C31, whoever the band is, they will have a mini-world tour (of sorts) for the week. For more details, check the local music section on pages 28-29.

Sunday night saw the musical stylings of Wolf & Cub grace our screens. This Sunday night will see Close Call playing for your pleasure, plus a few bits taken from the Live at the Dan set. So turn up to the Dan on the Wednesday night and get your goofy mug on the telly. You can catch Student TV Sunday nights at 10pm on C31. If you're unsure how to tune in, check out www.c31.com.au/tuningin.asp for more details. If anyone is still interested in getting involved (this means practical experience in television production, media students I'm talking to you.. slack arses), then contact us at student radio to get down and jiggy with the rest of us. C31 are also looking for volunteers to help out with the running of the station. If you're keen on helping out, give them a ring on 8302 6573 for more info.

the Jade Monkey. These gigs will feature many of the artists on the CD. Featuring the likes of Leighstardust, Sex Hurricane 1975, Roo Shooter, Home for the Def and many, many more, this CD set will be well worth your local music pocket money. Tune into Student Radio for more details or check out www.homeforthedef.com to get the electronic low down.



BLANK TAPES

volume 5a & 5b

Thanks to the size of this 96 track, 4-disc set, Adelaide's favourite bedroom music label, Blank Tapes have decided to space the launch of their new compilation over an entire month. Every Thursday night in June, Blank Tapes will be hosting a night at

BIO
DJ's C CE
ATURDAY at 11pm

Check out DJ's Choice this Saturday night to hear the best in reggae, dance hall and the freshest vinyl this side of yesterday. Join Duncs and Adam as they musically pass the dutch and deal out the finest Jamaican tunes.

STUDENT TELEVISION

Student TV is happening, and with a couple more people joining the team this week, the program is looking slick.

WHAT'S ON THE RADIO THIS WEEK

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tuesday 25 may

saturday 29 may

monday 31 may

9pm	<p>Local Noise present CLOSE CALL live on air</p>	<p>The G-Spot richard, sam, reuben & doug host a soap and candle convention at Auswitch</p>	<p>the flux capacitor ben and phil talk about all the good things Pol Pot did for Cambodia</p>
10pm	<p>too loud to be culture random student radio goons learning to fly with Al Queda Airlines</p>	<p>transmission matt & hannah reinact nasa's challenger landing</p>	<p>flava in ya ear mark & suniljit go skiing with Stewart Diver</p>
11pm	<p>radio magnifico ben and rhys catch a train to Granville</p>	<p>dj's choice duncs & adam playing with fire in canberra</p>	<p>the vinyl lounge if they turn up potter and mark perform Timothy McVeigh's rendition of Oklahoma</p>
midnight	<p>live from the moon luke & tom speak to the Ukrainians about nuclear energy</p>	<p>can i borrow a feeling? alice w and friends playing cricket with Robert Mugabe</p>	<p>all tomorrow's parties adam & luke get tank driving lessons from the Chinese Army</p>

Local Music



LOCAL MUSIC:
WHY OUR SCENE
IS FUCKED.

Our scene is fucked. Not for lack of bands. Not for lack of talent either. It's fucked for a number of reasons. Firstly, because of the government and its attempts to stop live music to appease the moaning of the newly arrived residents in our CBD. And don't act like their whining isn't working. The Austral isn't playing live music out the back anymore. The Sevens Stars shut a couple of years ago. The Cranker almost stopped playing bands for a while. The Exchange hardly ever plays bands anymore. And all because this new breed of city dwellers can't be bothered soundproofing their buildings (well, the building companies can't). THE MUSIC WAS THERE FIRST. THEY SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THIS INTO ACCOUNT. What's worse is that half the places that say they play live music book fucking cover bands. The enemy. More like the enemy than the press is. Cover bands. The words make me feel ill. And they make more money. Our scene is fucked because we don't put up a fight about it. There'll be somewhere else to play, we say and then lie down in our beer soaked, ganja scented bean bag of apathy and pretend to practise.

Our scene is fucked. And it's not just the governments fault. I am sick of playing and watching gigs where every band is the same. Metal bands play with metal bands. Rock bands with rock bands. Punk with punk. Emo with emo. Hip hop with hip hop. Its boring. Be diverse. Open up the minds of the kids that come to your bands show by throwing on a band that's completely different. I want to see shows where Truth Corroded play

with the New Pollutants. Red Monika play with Embodiment 12:14. I want shows where you can't tell what the next band is going to sound like. We can have our little cliques and cool scenes but the Adelaide scene is not going to be a force until every scene supports each other. It was awesome when Barcode played with Red Monika. It's brilliant when people from different spectrums can bond and influence each other. If all you do is listen to the same shit day after day, you'll make boring sounds. Boring sounds means less gigs means more cover bands means HELL ON EARTH.

Our scene is fucked because most kids aren't interested. They seem to think that the massive acts appear out of thin air all of a sudden, like test tube bands, when the reality is that almost every performer has had to slug it out in front of no one. (Yes, even Nickelback). Come on, people. Instead of just drinking on a Friday night, go drink and watch a band or go to a local rave, or local hip hop. Support the local industry because there is so much talent starving out there, playing to crowds of five when they should be playing to five hundred.

Our scene is fucked because promoters exploit young, innocent bands. Our scene is fucked because barely anyone has the balls to start indie labels here. Our scene is fucked because the only zines are RiU, DB and various Uni Press. Our scene is fucked because I know that this won't change anything.

Sleet.

first real show, and showed great skill in both his own compositions and the interpretation of covers. (How I loved that Tool medley!!!)

Poppy. Poppy. Poppy. Poppy. You've never heard of her. Neither had I. But woh!!! This is one amazing songwriter. She was emotive, powerful, calm, gentle, fierce, sad, angry, frustrated and everything in between. Her vocal control was like that of no local singer I had ever seen, moving quickly from breathless whispers to upper register intonations, sliding octaves and using all facets of mic control. She was like a Tori Amos on guitar and found her own sound completely, transfixing the crowd for the entire set. She controlled the dynamics of her instruments, both voice and guitar, with precision, switching from gentle picking to stormy riffing in moments. Unfortunately though, the guitar was sometimes lost, the mixer not adjusting the levels for the gentlest parts. Luckily, it did not diminish the power of her performance. The only other thing I can say is if you find a release from her, buy it. If you see her on a line up, go to the show.

Note: Sorry to the performers I missed. I can't see everyone.

Sleet

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Jimmy Trash's Rebuttal

I think Sleet presents a pretty bleak and apathetic view of the local music scene. I see a lot of recent developments in the scene as taking giant leaps forward in making live music a desirable activity. Granted, about two or three years ago Adelaide music was in dire straits, with the bill to put noise restrictions on pubs near residential apartments being passed despite huge rallies, and live venues such as the Music House, Seven Stars and even the Uni Bar refusing to play any local gigs at all or being shut down. However last week I was chatting to members of Melbourne band City City City and they couldn't get over the quality and availability of Adelaide bands.

The ratio of bands to venues is high, and a few scenes really seem to be thriving. The Jade Monkey continually hosts the most exceptional nights of bands and is one of the highest quality venues in Australia. The Austral is still fighting their for their cause (even if the band room is being relocated to the cramped restaurant area) and the Cranker hosts four or five nights of live local music a week. Even Radio Adelaide gets local bands onto C-TV every Sunday night. I don't know of any other state that can boast that kind of promotion.

The whole deal with local music is that it is a supply and demand market. The more people that get into it will inevitably cause a flux in the places that want to cash in on it (Jive, for example). Kids host quick and illegal gigs in the alleys adjacent to the Rhino Room once every couple of months just because they can. People turn up for the quick get together before the cops show up, and although it does prove that there should be more venues, it also proves that there is a whole conglomerate of kids that don't yet have a place to check out bands but are still exceptionally keen.

(in this case the kids on the street are punk rockers - the experimental and garage kids have the Jade Monkey, the hardcore kids have the Enigma Bar, the rockers have the Cranker, the kids with the most friends have Jive and everybody can get a gig at the Rhino Room).

And there is a quite a few zines with a lot of local music content, check out *The Shit*, *Verboten*, *West Side Angst* etc. in the Big Star basement.

But I do agree that bands should extend out of their comfort zones and mix up genres. It'd be fun.

So lets do it. Next time Uber-Stomp plays it will be with a Tibetan fusion band.

Everest

@ Exeter Hotel
Friday, 7th May

I've been hearing interesting things about Everest of late. Almost like the early sounds of industry hype. And what with one of their first releases being played on British radio, it was necessary to check out their show. I had heard one of their (if not their only) early demos a year ago and had been impressed by the loose and raw sound present upon it, emanating youthful exuberance and stylised pop sensibilities hailing back to early 90's grunge. There was only a small crowd at the Ex for the show, which was somewhat surprising for a band that's name has been bandied around of late. It was probably because of this that, whilst Everest seemed to enjoy it, they lacked the real energy that makes rock shows amazing. However, their songs were well constructed, if somewhat heavily influenced by Nirvana, and the guys showed a knack for catchy hooks and lyrics. The peak of the night was the bass-heavy track sung by the bass player, which showed the true potential of this young group. Everest are worth checking out, especially if you have a soft spot for the grunge of old. They are definitely talented and will only get better the longer they slog it out. And hearing the new wave of Nirvana influenced bands is far more satisfying than listening to another Jet track.

Sleet

LIVE REVIEWS

Kyriakkos Pitrakkos and Poppy

@ Jade Monkey
Wednesday 5th May

Acoustic shows are often hit-and-miss affairs. It seems that any old person off the street thinks they can pick up a guitar and strum a tune. (Hey, I know I do). Generally, though, it just sounds like bad country. THIS WAS NOT THE CASE FOR THESE TWO PERFORMERS. Diverse in their sound and moods, both caught the attention of the crowd and managed to keep it. Kyriakkos held the stage with the quiet but ferocious anger of a caged tiger (or maybe even a smaller Henry Rollins). His music screamed tension but gently caressed the listener into submission. His vocal reminded me of Eddie Vedder, or the singer of Alice in Chains and, at times, Maynard of Tool fame. Musically it moved from being gentle acoustic to high on metal without distortion and he moved effortlessly between the two. He seemed incredibly confident on stage, which was surprising for someone who declared it as his



It reads like an all-star line-up of Adelaide rock from the 90s: Yakspit, Marble Index, Waiting For Venus and Lifo, but Russian Teammate are convinced that they're a more than the sum of their parts. I managed to catch up with Brendan Moerman and Jared Bertram from Russian Teammate recently over a pint or two to discuss the band, the Adelaide music scene and Jessica Simpson. 'I'm having an affair with that girl,' Brendan says, with a convincing grin. From the moment we start talking, it's clear as day that in Russian Teammate, it's all about having fun and playing music for the sheer enjoyment. But despite having members from such an illustrious history of local music, Brendan and Jared agree that carving a niche is still hard work. 'People often have blank stares when we tell them the band we play in,' says Jared. 'but there's some freedom in that.' But being relatively inconspicuous leads to the most obvious, and most detested moment in an interview. 'How do we describe ourselves? I hate that question. You have to hear us. We don't sound like Jet and there's not much of a Latin influence.

More than that and it gets difficult.'

While starting up as a pop rock outfit, taking their cues from the likes of Teenage Fanclub and the Lemonheads, Russian Teammate have evolved rapidly into a sophisticated, left of centre group, with crashing guitars, infectious melodies, heartfelt lyrics and a distinctly modern use of samples. While they're not Machine Translations, Death Cab For Cutie or Idlewild, it's will soon be difficult to say the names of these bands in a sentence without invoking the name Russian Teammate.

Their debut EP, *Songs About Leaving* (the name of which was taken from an article about the passing of the late Elliot Smith), was recorded earlier this year, with the help of Darren Thompson, of Adelaide rockers Thinktank, who has also had a hand in the production of Blueline Medic, Seraphs Coal and One Dollar Short (Check out the adjoining review for more thoughts on the Russian Teammate record). Jared and Brendan were upbeat about the sound of the EP. 'There's a whole lot of nifty little production tricks that snazz it up a bit,

Brendan reveals. Incorporating noise from the front bar of the Crown & Anchor, trucker CB radio and Brendan's Dutch grandfather reading from a book on raising children, there's little doubt that Russian Teammate are among the more complex bands kicking around.

They're also the most willing to experiment and stretch themselves. The ear-bleeding shows of the past may be numbered, with Jared indicating that if anything, the EP 'is about as rock as I want to get.' All I can recommend is that you check Russian Teammate out before everyone else thinks they're cool and mess up your hip little world.

Matty

Russian Teammate launch their EP *Songs About Leaving* at Jive on 28 May with The Departure and Shane Shepherd. On Dit has two double passes to the show, so come on down to the office this Wednesday at 3pm to compete for the tickets!



Russian Teammate
Songs About Leaving
Express Lane

One of the more ambitious EPs to come out of Adelaide in recent years, *Songs About Leaving* is a aching beautiful release that is nothing short of brilliant... for a debut. Russian Teammate have taken indie rock by the horns, infused it with a remarkable sophistication yet have managed to retain a sense of fun and avoid any wankyness that too often accompanies such music. While on

clocking 21 minutes, the six tracks are varied yet they all have the same RT sound - a feat which most bands don't achieve until at least their second shot at recording. 'Chasing Aeroplanes' is mildly angsty, with an epic plea for things to start making sense. But with abundantly more subtleties than your average emo outfit, it leaves a pleasant, lasting impression. While 'Down in Retail' reminds me of Big Heavy Stuff, there's moments on the EP that remind me of virtually every other indie group that I dig. This is not to say RT are musical kleptomaniacs, far from it, rather that they have their finger on the pulse and are pushing the line as much as they can. Using pedals and samples to create an intense atmosphere (particularly on the subdued bonus track 'Daffodils'), RT have fashioned a rich and imposing benchmark. 'Dead Fashion' is a fist pounding cry, where guitars soar and whisper, creating a dynamic sound a few degrees warmer than the Pixies. I think I've said all I can - this record is amazing.

Matty



With the relatively recent retirements of Sprawl and The Killchoir Project and the current hibernation of Enemy Of? it would be easy to declare a lack of talent and innovation within the Adelaide metal scene, but as this record proves there is plenty of great things going on in Adelaide for those with even the slightest motivation to find it. Five piece rockers Later That Night... have produced a five track EP of intelligent brutality. Later That Night... do wear

their influences on their sleeves: Deftones, Glassjaw, Refused, but inject more than enough of their own style of unique progressions and unexpected tempo changes to create a distinctive sound. The track 'Carvings of Our Own' had been available on the internet for a while before the release and is probably the strongest track on the record but by no means upstages others gems like 'Before December Rains' and 'What We Have Lost' (which is like some bastard child of an orgy involving grindcore, dance, quiet ballads, protest rock and art rock). The tracks are well ordered to give a cohesive feel to a fairly short recording. One can only hope there is more to come from Later That Night... in the near future.

Danny Wills

29

HIGH PASS FILTER

dan V talks to
Melbourne
percussionist
Larry de Zoete



The last time I heard or read anything about Melbourne band High Pass Filter was many years ago, and then they seemingly disappeared from view. Though it looked like they were no longer, the band is still very much alive, having recently released their long awaited album *Soft Adventure*, which they began working on as far back as 2001.

Speaking to drummer/percussionist Larry de Zoete, one can sense he's happy to finally have it available. "It has been a long time between its inception and fruition. I guess it's been worth it ultimately because the album is out and it's been well received, so it justifies our faith in persisting with it."

A large part of the reason why the album has taken such a large amount of time to be released comes down to the fact that many of the band members have been busy with side projects. As Larry explained: "There's five of us involved at a creative level and we do things very democratically. When we're all not focused on this, then it gets harder. Ben Green (Turntables/ synths/ vox) has been involved in the forthcoming Dr. Octagon (the tripped out alter-ego of rapper Kool Keith) album, and our trombone player (James Wilkinson) has been doing stuff with the Snuff Puppets (in Europe and Japan).

Larry himself has been playing in Leather Pet, which he informed me "consists of the High Pass rhythm section, so it's me and Anthony (Paine- bass), and then as many other members of High Pass who happen to be around.

Basically anything less than full strength HPF is Leather Pet." Do they play HPF stuff, or are they more of a looser jam band? "A bit of both really, it's almost like our vehicle for testing out ideas we haven't fully worked out yet with High Pass Filter."

Listening to *Soft Adventure*, it's clear that the band all have quite formidable chops. I asked Larry how he came to the play drums. "My dad had been a drummer in marching band, so there was a drum kit in the house since I was a kid. I learnt all the basic rudiments, and at some point in my mid-teens sold my soul to rock 'n roll and never looked back!" Those formative years were spent listening to "a lot of early punk stuff- The Saints, The Clash, and particularly The Specials, which then put me onto the whole reggae thing, and because I grew up in New Zealand it was already big with the Maori and Pacific Islander community."

As to how HPF came to be, Larry details: "It was originally Brian May, who's since left, who had the idea of starting a dub band- he started talking to Kellie our guitarist, and they met Anthony at a party and said, "now we just need a drummer". Anthony was like "I know just the guy!" because he and I had been in a band prior. That was 1995, and from the four of us it grew- we acquired Ben and James, and that's where it really stabilised for a very long time but then, when it came to record, just before we started *Soft Adventure*, Brian decided to move to Japan!"

Ex-member Brian ended up guesting on the album, alongside quite a few other collaborators, including Tasmanian pianist Micheal Kieran-Harvey and Minimum Chips vocalist Nicole Thibault. Were they sought out for a particular role, or did it just turn out that way?

"It was more that we needed someone who could do a particular thing and then went, "here's a person that can do that". As far as a producer, we had decided pretty early on that we wanted Francois (Tetaz) as producer. We had known him for quite a while, trusted him and knew his reputation." From Larry's account, the band have nothing but praise for the man who helped them realise their album. "He was excellent as a producer, he was very sympathetic and pretty much let us go and work things out for ourselves, but if we reached an impasse he would push us into a new direction."

Part of that strategy meant keeping everything spontaneous and fresh in the studio. "Something that we wanted to do was treat everything like a single take- even though it was recorded in the digital domain it was either a single take or not, it wasn't like "we'll take the bass part from here and then the guitar part from there and then sit one track over it".

All the basic tracking was done live, but final arrangements and final overdubs were open to play with in the digital domain. That's why you get a track like 'Wasteman', where we kept thinking of more and more things that we could put in there! Like, "wouldn't it be great if we had some classical piano? Wouldn't it be great if we had a couple of singing a soprano voice part?"

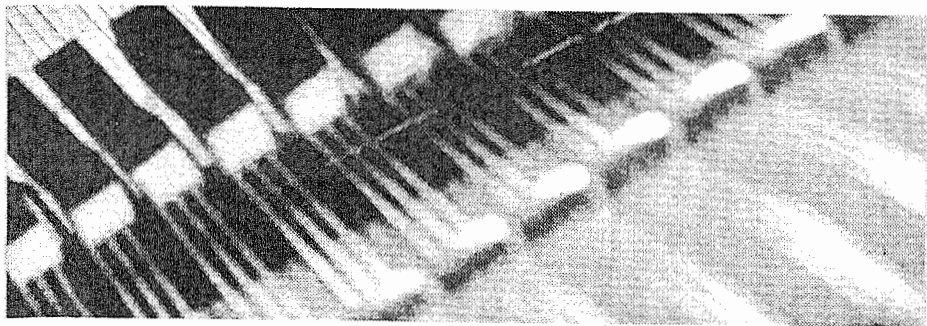
The first time I encountered the music of High Pass Filter, they were described as a dub band, with background influences drawing from such diversified genres as rock and free-jazz. Listening to the *Soft Adventure* though, it's clear that they delve into areas apart from just straight dub and ska sounds. I queried Larry as to how important dub is these days to the HPF sound? "It's still very important to what we do, but less so in a traditional roots sense, and more in terms of the over riding aesthetic we bring to everything. Space is still a big part of what we do and that's kind of the overriding thing with dub; that you bring in a sound engineer as part of the creative process. All the tunes are crafted so there's space at performance time for some intervention by the person that's shaping the sound (i.e the mixer). For the last 7 years we've had the same engineer, so he knows us very well and he comes to it with that creative freedom in mind." That person is HPF's live sound engineer Martin Sharkey, who Larry and the boys consider an integral member of the HPF family. "He might not get a song credit, but apart from that, in terms of live performance he's absolutely essential."

Though vocals have always been present in the HPF mix, the band still consider themselves as a largely instrumental band. Far from feeling constrained by this, it's actually what inspired Larry and his band mates from the outset. "Instrumental music offers the ability to have that slightly higher level of spontaneity in a live performance, where every time you play there's always this element of unknown." As such, improvisation plays a big part in the live delivery of HPF tracks. Says Larry; "It's really important, it keeps the edge on, stops you from being complacent and it enforces all the basic musical discipline, like listening and paying attention. It creates some great moments that you'll never capture again."

Logistically, a HPF tour to these parts in support of the album seems unlikely in the short term as the members are busy with other things and Ben still has some commitments to the Dr. Octagon project, but Larry said there is the possibility of some Leather Pet shows in the interim. In the meantime, fans will have to keep their eyes and ears peeled.

dan V





Lush Life Festival Theatre

Opera and jazz, intermingled with the ASO (Adelaide Symphony Orchestra), the jazz trio Redfish Blue, Adelaide Uni's own Chris Soole on saxophone, and a mother-daughter frontline of Katie and Maggie Noonan. Could anything be more appropriate? So tickets I did book.

Entering the Festival Theatre it felt very much like I was walking into a downscaled Barbican. Despite the fairly vast nature of the venue, the hushed mumbling created a fairly intimate atmosphere, anticipation tingeing the air. The ASO sat center stage, and the traditional tuning swept gracefully from left to right before the appearance of Guy Noble, our conductor/flight attendant for the evening (this guy had a wicked sense of humor). Then erupted into another seamless performance, from the experienced and highly credited orchestra, of Gershwin's *Girl Crazy: Overture*. This medley of jazz had everyone's toe tapping, heads leaning in to pluck from their memory the various familiar motifs that crept intricately through. Throughout the evening they interweaved their supporting sound with a precise eloquence. The only disappointment was that the whole orchestra was miced-up - when going to see a live concert in such a theatre doesn't one expect not to have to listen to

reproduced noise through speakers but rather to the actual live performance?

The amazingly talented Katie Noonan entered the stage with some ad lib and a stunning red frilled dress (although it appeared she had some issues with the straps, continuously fiddling with them) before preempting her mothers performance of 'Madama Butterfly: Un Bel di' with the jazzier 1916 version of 'Poor Butterfly'. Katie's performance was somewhat overpowered by the orchestration at points, but nonetheless was a great rendition. Her mother's following performance was more balanced, but the climaxing high notes were slightly out (as was constant for the remainder). 'Summertime' was unfortunately not a well-matched duet, but the subsequent numbers made up for that.

The second half took a more leisurely pace, brightening towards a grand finale with two bonus performances of the Flower Duet and Elixir's cover of 'Yellow Brick Road' (Katie being a member of Elixir's ethereal jazz group). Before this however, the opening of the second half was the most outstanding performance of the night. Redfish Blue took Katie's composition 'Breathe In Now' to another level. Sam Keevers opened solely with the piano, it's clarity pure and ringing through a strangely silent theatre. The

following interpretation by the trio was moving and unique, and as Katie commented haphazardly "much more interesting" and very much in toe with the general style of the evening. The ensuing performances of opera and jazz were highlighted with Maggie's 'Song To The Moon' and Katie's 'of Les Feuilles mortes (Autumn Leaves)', which through the French she embraced and interpreted so tenderly.

The unbilled 'Dôme épais', from the opera *Lakmé* (the Flower Duet) was filled with emotion and portrayed stunningly the sad tale of lovesick Lakmé conversing with her servant. The two voices soared beautifully together, intermingling curiously well for women with such contrasting backgrounds, the second most stunning performance, and one which without the rest of the concert may have been a little disappointing. 'Yellow Brick Road' went onto awake many from their trances, the upbeat 'dag' song beginning to burst the bubble we had all been immersed in for the duration. Thus culminated an evening transported briefly from reality by tremendous talent on all accounts.

Jenn

Continued from page 17

It seems that the Catholics are unhappy with female schoolroom-domination too. This bastion of maledom, the rightful palace filled with men, realised urgently that with only 14% of Catholic teachers being male, something had to be done.

Namely, a deal with the Sex Discrimination Commissioner, Pru Goward.

It is here Mr. Nelson, the only other great man to speak out in defence of the crying and silent voices of boys the world over, knew that something was amok. He, unlike the Catholic brothers, could sniff out Ms. Goward's dangerous intentions. After all, she is a woman, and therefore one of them. One of the enemy! So when she made a deal with the Catholics, that unfortunately let girls receive financial assistance as well as boys, Mr. Nelson would not cease railing against the abominable injustice.

"The agreement has been reached under coercion because the Catholic Education Office is desperately trying to attract more men into teaching."

Desperate, indeed.

But it seems that only Mr. Nelson is aware of the torture and mistreatment Ms. Goward and her crony, the Human Rights Commission, is capable of. Being at the forefront of the only compassionate political party in Australia, he knew deep in his soul that he had to speak out. Only he had the courage to let the rest of the world know what others were too petrified to say; that while everybody was reading the newspaper, the coercive Sex Discrimination Officer was practicing Chinese water torture on the Catholic Church.

This is just one of many defiant moments in history. A moment of courage on behalf of our great Mr. Nelson and equally courageous Mr.

Howard.

A moment of injustice, where the foresight and clarity of these two men is swamped out by the powerful, insidious forces of the enemy and her minions.

A moment of heart breaking unfairness, with the verdict of an unfair Discrimination Act left standing.

When boys go the library, they will continue to have to put up with female librarians. And yet who has been the keepers of information throughout history? Men.

When boys go to geography to study borders and boundaries, they will have to look into the made up face of Ms. Maplemother. Yet who has conquered lands and discovered new worlds? Men.

When boys enter a room for an exam, who will be judging them but the brooding stare of an old hag? And yet, who created the greatest tests of the human mind, if not Men?

Comrades, we are encroached with the blemished fact that there are more female teachers in the primary level then there are men.

We cannot leave the fate of the male nation to the hands of women. That would only lead to disaster. Only lead to destruction and vice. To war, and chaos, and total world-annihilation of all that we admire in culture.

In the words of the great Brendan Nelson, hear me thus:

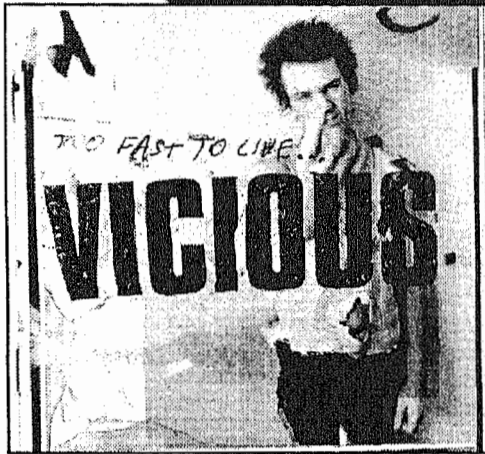
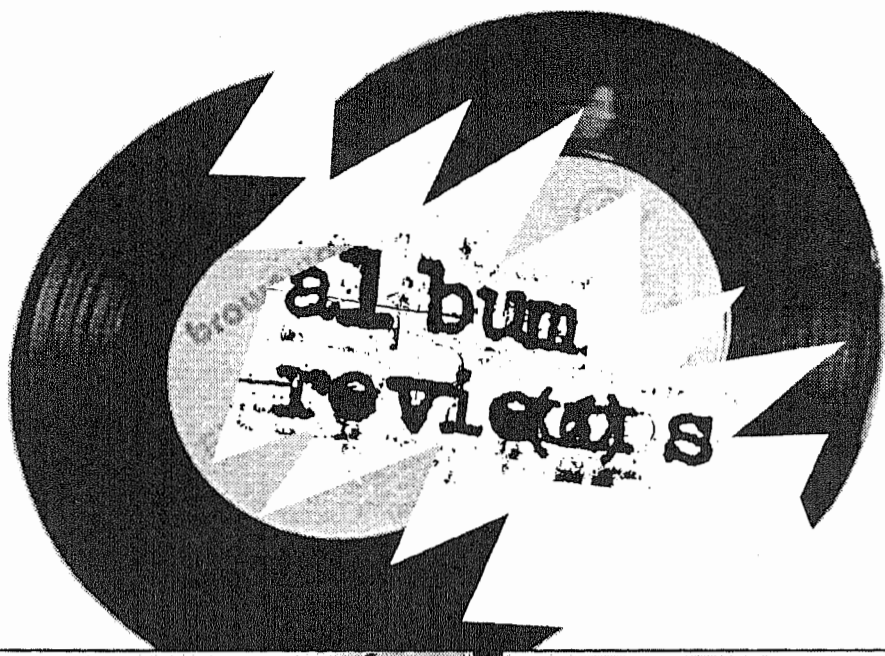
"It will do this country no good if we produce a generation of young men who are disengaged, who are disillusioned and who feel ill prepared for the future."

For the boys that are left behind in school rooms everywhere, may we have a minute's silence.

Kellie

31





Sid Vicious
Too Fast To Live
EMI



Various
East Coast Blues and Roots Festival 2004 15th Anniversary
Label?

If you are not aware Sid Vicious was the bass player in one of the most important bands ever, The Sex Pistols. Sid Vicious is considered by many to be the ultimate rock star; he dated his heroin dealer Nancy, killed her and then committed suicide, oh and he could hardly play his bass and the band often unplugged him on stage. This LP is a collection of his solo singles, demos and a live bootleg show Sid and the Pistols guitarist played in the US. The first track 'Something Else' is not unlike a teenage 50's pop tune, with Sid vocally sounding a little like both Elvis and John Lennon. So perhaps he did have some real musical talent behind the heroin and many other troubles. The record has a number of versions of the infamous cover of 'My Way,' which is a classic.

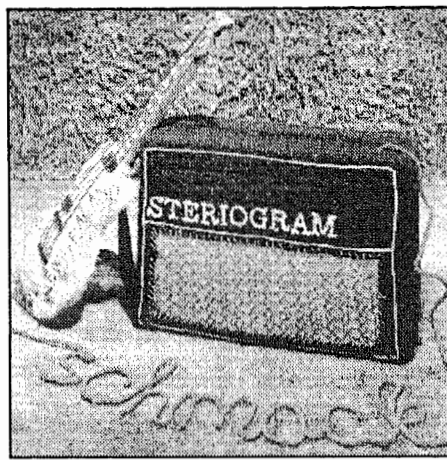
On 'My Way' Sid is trying to sound like Johnny Rotten and recreate his swagger and attitude. A couple of the live tracks are ok, although very rough and show how average Sid usually was on stage. However, the fact still remains that even though Sid was a poor musician, he had that 'it' factor and without his band The Sex Pistols the world would never have been familiar with Kurt Cobain, Liam Gallagher or Mr Craig Nicholls.

Alex Moran

32

Yeah, well, compilation CDs always seem a little soulless to me, especially when they consist of a bunch of studio tracks meant to somehow capture the magic of a live event such as this. I get the feeling that listening to James Brown belt out "Sex Machine" in the comfort of your lounge room is sadly inferior to actually being there in the presence of the man himself, sweat, cape and all. Having said that, this is a very decent set of songs which represents some of the better known acts at this year's festival (JBT's "Zebra", The Cat Empire's "The Chariot", Fun Lovin' Criminals' "The Fun Lovin' Criminal") as well as those "hidden gems" whose performances start off small and end up being huge by the end of the festival purely by word of mouth (Burning Spear's "Marcus Garvey", Taj Mahal's "Fishin' Blues"). Probably of more benefit to people who were actually there and want to reminisce than those of us unfortunate not to live on the East Coast, this CD basically makes me lament that no such festival exists in, or travels to, Adelaide. However it is a wonderful, diverse collection of, well, blues and roots music (with a little jazz as well), which would be amazingly cool to watch in a live setting. Sigh....

dentarthurdent



Stereogram
Schmack
Capitol Records

"We're on the road again and there ain't no time for sleep. Workin' real hard again cause it's where we want to be." Working hard they have been. Tyson, Brad, Tim and Jake started out together in 1999. By 2001 Jared joined the group as the new drummer, whilst Tyson moved onto rapping vocals as the band's direction took on a more hip hop feel.

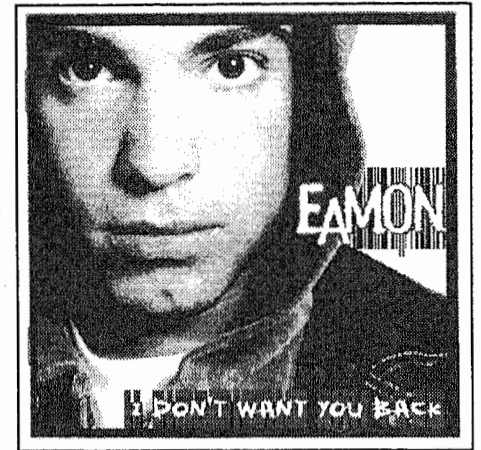
The opening track of this album describes *Stereogram's* journey before they were signed to Capitol Records. Forming in 1999 they discovered that their live performance skills had allot to be desired, so hit the road in order to overcome this problem. Travelling around their Native New Zealand, they performed up to ten times a week, in schools, pub and bars. Finally producing some well received gigs at Big Day Out in 2000 and 2001, they were discovered over the net and were soon signed and off to the USA to produce their debut album, *Schmack*.

The album itself is a mix of rock, hip-hop and punk. This makes it unique and interesting, but at times it feels like they're trying to hard. The opening track reflects their journey to stardom, the lyrics showing that despite the difficult times there's nothing they'd rather be doing, and sets the scene for the rest of the album with an up beat, in your face style. Their current single *Walkie Talkie Man* sets the theme for the album insert, as video and booklet alike have some very intriguing images all made from yarn. Other good tracks include *White Trash*, which is bound to be a noted anthem, very catchy and invigorating, and *Be Good To Me*, which is somewhat reminiscent of Linkin Park's repertoire, though the sound is less textured. The rest of the songs are generally quite good, not too far apart from each other but having their own little quirks.

In general the album is good. [Good? - Eds] Sound musicality, but I feel that the rapping occasionally doesn't fit well nor compliment the sound of the rest of the band. Almost as if they're trying to be something

they're not. Nonetheless the album does achieve the sense of fun and playfulness that the bands psyche reflects...let the good times roll.

Jenn



Eamon
I Don't Want You Back
Jive/Zomba/BMG

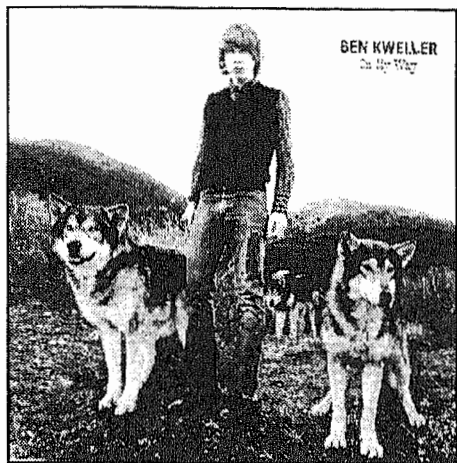
Anyone who describes Eamon by equating him with Eminem is a loathsome fool. After reaching #1 with his expletive driven 'F**k It (I Don't Want You Back)' and maintaining the coveted position for weeks, people unfamiliar with the song may have presumed that it would be angry and loud, based on the Slim Shady precedent. I assumed as much, and was more than a little surprised when I heard the single for myself, and concluded that Eamon is much more like the foul-mouthed member of *NSYNC whom we never saw.

There's much to dislike about the album, and little to give this review any semblance of balance. The beats and synths are dated by around ten years, the ballad feel is completely detached from the misogynist lyrics, making you feel like you're listening to a corporate wet dream rather than any reflection of life and relationships. Any monkey with a computer, a copy of Cubase and a basic knowledge of words that rhyme could have make this album. Take these lyrical revelations from 'Something Strange' for instance: 'I'm seeing something I ain't seen before/could it be you're acting like a whore/when I met you everything seemed right but the truth is you fucked on the first night/you're slinking slow now I know you're a ho/know I shoulda listened when my friends told me so/I thought this would last/But I realised that you're just a piece of ass/ I know your game, chicks are all the same/ You're looking kinda funny and you're acting kinda strange.'

How Eamon has managed to convince himself that he is a credible artist is something of a mystery to me. Maybe Eamon knows, maybe he's been screwed by the production – apparently he's a Christian, but I doubt that very much. I only hope that the hordes of teenagers who rush to buy this

record learn a little bit about how they have been manipulated by hype and how gullible they are. I felt degraded by listening to this as much as I did.

Matty



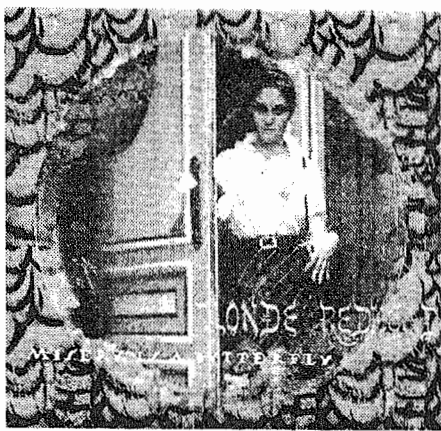
Ben Kweller
On My Way
ATO/RCA/BMG

On My Way is a fitting title to Ben Kweller's latest album, an album which builds on the song writing skills Kweller demonstrated in *Sha Sha*, his previous release. While there have been no notable developments or changes to his musical style, *On My Way* is again defined by Kweller's distinctive and often plaintive vocals, which may not appeal to everyone but will grow on you given time. Consistent throughout the album is Kweller's unique and raw style of rock 'n roll, driven primarily by his vocals and the guitar while being interspersed with sections of piano or harmonica as well, all of which Kweller plays himself. However, while the music itself is enjoyable, I found greater pleasure in listening to Kweller's lyrics, which deal intimately with people and relationships. One sublime example is 'Believer', a gentle love song where Kweller sings 'When you're hurt you heal others, when you're in need you give/ Because of you I am living the most that I can live.' I could give plenty of other beautiful examples, but I'll let you find out for yourself.

Another highlight of the album, which would be awesome to see performed live, is 'Down'- brimming with raw energy, this track shows Kweller's less gentle side as he angrily shouts his message to the listener. Angst has never sounded so good.

'Hospital Bed' is another quirky track that seems tame enough, until Kweller breaks into the chorus, at which point the song takes off with toe tapping enthusiasm. All up, *On My Way* is worthy of adding to your collection, especially for existing Kweller fans. Newcomers take note though, as it may not grab you straight away, or at all. But if it does, it'll fit just like a warm new beanie.

DaveG



Blonde Redhead
Misery Is A Butterfly
4AD

New York based pan-cultural trio Blonde Redhead offer their first record in years in *Misery Is a Butterfly*. Tokyo-born singer/guitarist Kazu Makino suffered from a horrendous accident whilst horse riding in 2002. As could be expected, the life changing experience of having her face surgically reconstructed and the long, slow recovery that followed has informed the lyrics throughout the album. As a result, the album's replete with several core lyrical themes; frailty, fear, loss, isolation and vulnerability, all entwined within some beautifully sad songs.

Though there is some steam lost in the album's second half, and on their own, some of the songs may not stand up to critical scrutiny, when absorbed as a whole, *Misery Is a Butterfly's* strengths become apparent.

One of these strengths is the surprisingly clean and vivid production courtesy of Fugazi's Guy Piccioto. The compositions are also buoyed by the nervously sentimental strings of (ex-Lounge Lizard, and recent employee of Mr. Lou Reed) Jane Scarpatoni and Eyvind Kang, which form an integral part of the atmosphere of the record. This is most effective on the title track, which, with it's sensual string drone and simple piano melodies, is one of the more magnetic songs, only made more dramatic by its instrumental break down and Mikano's hypnotic siren song. The band further display their versatility on 'Falling Man', whose jagged and discordant angular guitar work and spindly vocals from Milan-born Amadeo Pace hints at the band's more ragged past.

Often accused of aping Sonic Youth, the long hiatus has seen Blonde Redhead move into their own artistic territory. Opening track 'Elephant Woman' is aesthetically related more to folk-tronica than post-punk, as evidenced by the electronic percussion augmenting the supple acoustic drums of Simone Pace. The synthesized arpeggios that burble alongside the hazy guitars of 'Pink Love' provides another reference point. On 'Melody' they manage to

juggle two seemingly incompatible contrasts, conjuring a mood that is both gorgeous and oppressive.

The album's closer 'Equus' provides the book-end to the equine theme which pervades the album. Unlike the other cuts, it possesses an optimistic and summery vibe that signals there is no animosity toward the animal which had flung her into a world of pain, but rather love and affection for the 'timid creature' who she wants to ride and 'be part of'.

In today's musical climate, where it seems every band feels the need to be abrasive and subtlety is fast becoming a thing of the past, Blonde Redhead offer an invigorating change of pace. *Misery is a Butterfly* is a lushly produced, and lavishly packaged album. Its particular brand of melancholy, and sepia toned sonic pallet calls for some special attention.

dan V



High Pass Filter
Soft Adventure
Inertia

Melbourne's High Pass Filter first came to public attention as an instrumental Australian dub act, utilizing horns, turntables and synths along with guitars, bass and drums. Their latest release *Soft Adventure*, ahs been three years in the making and features a sophisticated sound which recalls the avant-funk of a Bill Laswell project, like the futurist hip-hop rock of Praxis, but with a more 'indie' sound in place of the metal shredding.

The first track 'Wasteman' is perhaps the most detailed. It has a grand sense of majesty from the inclusion of bells, choirs and virtuoso ivory tinkling from guest pianist Micheal Kieran-Harvey. Underneath it all, turntablist Ben Green drops deft scratch effects. 'N.C.O's' slow, simple bass line gives free reign to the band's strong dub influence. So too does the heavily filtered guest vocals of Minimum Chips vocalist Nicole Thibault and light trumpet melody on 'Quango, which shimmers over a tight drum and bass groove, all the more impressive given that the majority of tracks were compiled from single takes recorded live in the studio with a minimum amount

of studio trickery.

'Lord Bryon' adds rootsy slide guitar to the mix, but elsewhere there are more prog-influences to be found, including the slow, minor chord crescendo of 'Eat System' which grows and swells to Mogwai proportions, and the closing moments of 'Smart Bomb', which recalls the interwoven guitar parts of King Crimson's Robert Fripp. Similarly, the dark vibe of the ten-minute plus 'Deepwater' and the fuzzy growling bass line that devours the tune at its end proves that High Pass Filter's not simply a chilled out dub band that plows the same old musical road of any one genre.

Throughout, the work of producer Francois Tetaz, whose background in the avant-garde and sound design has been utilised to full effect, ensures the audio collage of dub delay effects and auxiliary percussion is rendered with stunning clarity and detail.

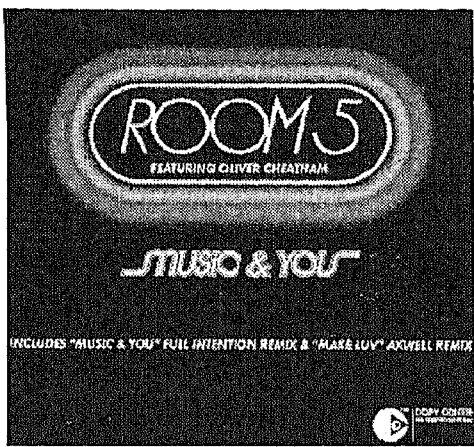
It's important to note that though the emphasis is very much on the musical aspects of the tunes, (and this review probably draws attention to this fact), vocals are used to quite a large extent throughout the album. But they are used in an unobtrusive, supportive way, much like another instrument or supporting texture, rather than being the focal point. This should assuage those that may be put off by purely instrumental albums. There's no doubt that the music of High Pass Filter is an acquired taste, but the some of the laid back tunes, with their warm textures and atmosphere wouldn't sound out of place (as hesitant as I am to say this) on 'chillout' compilation, even though in actual fact they would probably out class the majority of songs in that dubiously dubbed genre.

The question then becomes who will support this music? Which radio station will champion something that is different to the concise, chorus driven rock mainstream listeners are accustomed to, even though HPF have an accessible sound? Those unfamiliar with the band who are willing to give it a listen may be pleasantly surprised by what it has to offer. It's meld of organic dance music, live drum n' bass, surfoid melody, jazzy ambience, trippy dub soundscapes, rocking funk and flourishes of turntablism could easily come undone in lesser hands, but it's all coherently held together by a band replete with confidence and restrained musicality.

dan V

33

Ben Kweller has a new album out, and we've got a few to giveaway to you, our ever faithful readers. However, competition will be fierce and it won't be easy! To win, write us a haiku about Ben and send it to: onditmusic@yahoo.com.au with your student number and contact details. We'll get back to you eventually.



Room 5
Music & You
Pias/ EMI

Room 5 is the latest project from Belgium-based producer, Vito Lucente, who also works under the Junior Jack moniker. *Music & You* features the huge hit single 'Make Luv', based around the mid-80s Oliver Cheatham, his 'Get Down Saturday Night' and the title track which is another collaboration with Cheatham. Other highlights include 'Think About You' and 'U Got Me' both based heavily on samples. The album is mostly the filtered disco loop house sound that was big in the late 90s and is heavily inspired by Stardust's 'Music Sounds Better With You.' The individual tracks themselves are all well produced funky house, but the formula wears thin over the ten tracks.

Music & You isn't a particularly interesting album, and at times the filtered disco loop with sampled vocal hook formula is repetitive and boring, but that said it's a nice collection of party tracks.

Glitz Mullet



Your Wedding Night
Your Wedding Night (EP)
Trifekta/ Shock

Anyone could be forgiven for considering the song 'L-A-C-H-L-A-N', currently occupying a coveted spot on Triple J's Hitlist, as a bland grapple for Peaches style controversy kudos, couldn't they?

NO, because my name is Lachlan and I've never heard a song about me before. Apart from those sung over a poorly tuned guitar with on-the-spot lyrics by a drunk guy called Camden.

And that is the reason I hold

this song particularly close to my heart.

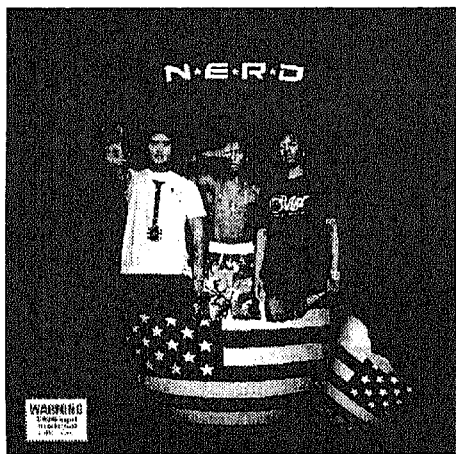
Now, more objectively.....

Musically, the EP follows a similar tread, with simple chords and drum beats prevailing over anything innovative, but it's the attitude that's the focus with this Melbourne trio (two gals, one chap). Half sung, half sexually moaned vocals occupy every song, with no topic sacred.

Dancing with erections, oral sex and lusting over a very sexy namesake of mine are all in an EP's work for Your Wedding Night, and then there's the finale 'Money Shot'....

There ain't much of this kind of music in Oz so Your Wedding Night can only be a good thing, and apparently the live show can get pretty psycho too. Judging by this EP, I believe it.

L-A-C-H-L-A-N



N.E.R.D
Fly Or Die
Virgin

Fly or Die is the second LP from N.E.R.D, most people will know them for making some of the best pop songs of the last decade under the alter ego The Neptunes.

N.E.R.D's first record was a classic album, which mixed hip-hop, rock, pop and soul as well as containing a couple of mighty singles. The ideal place to start is the first single from the new album 'She Wants to Move,' which is based a guitar riff that sounds like Santana...Hmm. The song does not even compare to past N.E.R.D singles 'Rock Star' or 'Provider'. The highlight of *Fly or Die* is the pop stomping bliss of 'Drill Sergeant' which will make any human being jump up in joy. The underlining thought when listening to this record is that it is quite good, but really fails to live up to the extremely high standard The Neptunes usually deliver. Still, *Fly or Die* is miles ahead of other hip hop and pop records being released at the moment.

Alex Moran

34



Janet
Damita Jo
Virgin/ EMI

I don't think anyone is surprised to see Janet covering her breasts with her hands on the cover of her latest effort, *Damita Jo*. It's not just the album cover that is similar to 1993's Janet, but also the subject matter - sex.

Aside from its awful title, 'Sexhibition' is a funky groove and the Jay-Z sampling 'Strawberry Bounce' gets *Damita Jo* off to a decent start. The production is again left mostly to Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis who have produced all her albums since 1986's breakthrough *Control*. Dallas Austin is brought in to produce the first single 'Just a Little While'- a nice guitar based pop song, and one of the better tracks here. The standout tracks on *Damita Jo* hardly compare to the hits from her 2001 *All For You* album, or in fact any of her singles to date. Janet suits the more up-tempo tracks, and things pick up a bit midway through the album on 'All Nite (Don't Stop)' and 'R&B Junkie'. Quite simply, *Damita Jo* was a rush released to capitalize on the publicity from the Superbowl "wardrobe malfunction" scandal, and at the expense of releasing a fully finished album with any real hit single potential.

Glitz Mullet



Three Days Grace
Three Days Grace
Jive

Three Days Grace, a Canadian three piece (before a second guitarist was added) came together, according to Peter Wood (*The Advertiser*, Tuesday May 6)

"out of boredom", and chose to form a band over "playing sport or doing drugs". This is about as logical as it is hardcore, and it is no justification for establishing a band. Ten years later and they have presented us with this self-titled album and an opportunity to see them play in Adelaide (along with another Canadian act, which we will leave nameless so as to prevent future bias).

The album has all the elements needed to be a hit; hard hitting and tight drumming, dirty guitars, a guy singing with angst and a quality modern studio sound. Unfortunately, the presence of these elements rarely equates with the worth of an album. I become involuntarily sceptical when the name of a producer litters a band's song credits, more so now than 30 years ago when men like George Martin helped the Beatles along, and Eddie Kramer gave Hendrix advice on gems like *Purple Haze*. I believe that unless the producer is helping the band to create revolutionary music, clearly not the case here, then involvement from an outside force isn't necessary

Because the amount of production is so blindingly present on albums like this, the overall sound comes across as lame; there is no presence, no human element and this prevents any sound from connecting with positive aural receptors in my head. The beginnings of a few of the tunes are bearable until the singer cuts in. While realising I have unusual preference for singers of high pitch, this particular singer does nothing to create memorable melodic lines and rhythmically his singing is unvaried. Then there are the harmonies...Harmonies generally embellish vocal lines that are already rich in melody, and sometimes they can cover for unmelodic vocal lines. However, in this case, it hugs the lead vocal like a grizzly bear with abandonment issues (also a huge problem with modern punk). If you pieced them together, a single amazing tune could be written from the few solid riffs scattered haphazardly throughout the album, but what seems to exist here is some good ideas that should have been further attended to or extended upon.

This album contains nothing that is musically new. What we listen to here we have heard somewhere beforehand, either on Triple M, or pumpin' on some bogan's car stereo. This kind of music has a very short tether, but bands attached to this tether keep trying to stretch it out, much to the frustration of those who know that you can't stretch a chain.

Tony M.

Clubs & Classifieds

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Contact Dion
8250 1549
tandanya
@optusnet.com.au

**AU Film Society
Thursday 27th May**

Largo (2004)

Directed by Brenton Priestley
Largo is a story of two brothers.
Will (Lachlan Rhys Mantell) is a
quiet, religious young man, and a
talented pianist. His twin brother,
Jake (Drew Mantell), doesn't share
Will's talent or passion, and is torn
between jealousy and pride. Between
them comes Richard 'Largo' Larghus
(Brenton Priestley), a foul-mouthed
chain-smoking British pianist. Brash,
bold, belligerent, Larghus has the
vocabulary of a sailor and the ego of
an admiral.

Largo follows the brothers over the
course of their first year at University
with their entry into University,
and the problems that they face as
Wilhelm tries to balance his study,
his family, and his music and Jake
finds himself inexorably drawn into
a criminal underworld. Will these
brothers choose to make the ultimate
sacrifice for one another?

Bending genre barriers, *Largo* is
a drama, a comedy, and a tragedy,
resonant with all the absurdity,
laughter and tears of real life.

After the screening, there will be
a question and answer session with
selected members of the cast and
crew.

**This is a special screening and
therefore entry is by gold coin
donation.**

**See you all at 7pm, Union
Cinema, level 5 Union Building.**

As per section 13.3 "The
election of President,
Deputy-President,
Honorary Secretary and
Honorary Treasurer will
be held by a secret
ballot over a period
of three consecutive
academic days prior
to the Annual General
Meeting and the results
declared at the Annual
General Meeting. The
newly appointed officers
will take up their duties
immediately after the
declaration of results."
the following positions
will be contested:

Deputy President
1. Victoria HARDS
2. Vanessa CHENG

Honorary Treasurer
1. Jeremy DOWLING
2. Adrian OEST

Voting will take place
in the Sports Association
Office from 9am - 5pm
on Monday 24th May
- Wednesday 26th May
with the results being
declared at the AUSA AGM
on the 27th May at 1pm in
the North Functions Room.

Only ordinary members
shall be entitled to
vote.

**Notice of an Annual
General Meeting**

**The Adelaide University
Sports Association Inc.
will be holding its
AGM on Thursday 27th
May from 1pm in the
North Function Room
(formally the North
Dining Room), level 4,
Union House, from 1pm
and followed by AUSA
Council.**

All welcome to attend.

JC: So, what's with all the half-
arsed spirals?

Stan: It's the disaster edition - you
know, cyclones and water
spouts and all that. Plus they
look a bit like the SAUA logo,
so I was hoping it would
make up for all that stuff I
said on page 4.

JC: You mean calling Pearson a
fuckwank? What exactly is a
fuckwank?

Stan: Why are you doing this to
me? I'm tired. Leave me
alone.

HAND DRUMMING CLASSES

Gain the Ability to Play Numerous Rhythms and Improvise Freely.

Beginner to Intermediate Level.
Some Drums Provided.

Experienced Teacher, with Book and Instructional CD Included.

When:
Wednesday Evenings, 6 - 7:30pm.
2004 dates: Term 3: 28th July - 15th Sept. Term 4: 6th Oct. - 3rd Nov.

Where:
Shultz Building; 3rd Floor,
Room 302.

Cost:
Term 3 (8 weeks) \$115*
Term 4 (5 weeks) \$80*
* Includes Initial Purchase of \$20 for Book and CD.
* Payable Upfront or by Installments.

Deposit: To Secure Your Place and Drum if Needed;

**\$50: Term 3, by 1st July.*
Term 4, by 1st September.*** Payable by Cheque or Money Order.

Contact: Nicholas Payne : (08)5563354 or 0421159739.

Adelaide University
Visual Arts Association
Inaugural general meeting
Thursday 20th May, 4 pm,
Margaret Murray Room,
Union House.

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

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

For further information
contact Peter Drew @
Peter.drew@adelaide.stude
nt.edu.au
Ph: 0403 690 489





A ROLAND EMMERICH FILM

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M 15+ RECOMMENDED FOR MATURE AUDIENCES 15 YEARS AND OVER
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WRITTEN BY ROLAND EMMERICH & JEFFREY NACHMANOFF
DIRECTED BY ROLAND EMMERICH

SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON

WWW.THEDAYAFTERTOMORROW.COM

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IN CINEMAS MAY 27