

SR
378.05
05
2004



ON
DiT


72.21

page 1

an injured man



ground



Is that
you, Potter?

Debt-based, interest bearing
currency.

"descent era"

Fossil fuels are required
to produce large scale
alternatives to their
use.

"steady state economy"

(page 2)

Sep 29

\$110 million for mental
health nationally, over
four years.

Emphasis on drug use
& depression in young
people.

\$50 m for GPs to spend
more time w/ mental
health patients.

\$30 m for 'beyond blue'
\$30 m for regional areas.

→

ST. LOUIS, MO.

CE

P. POTTER



APPROVED

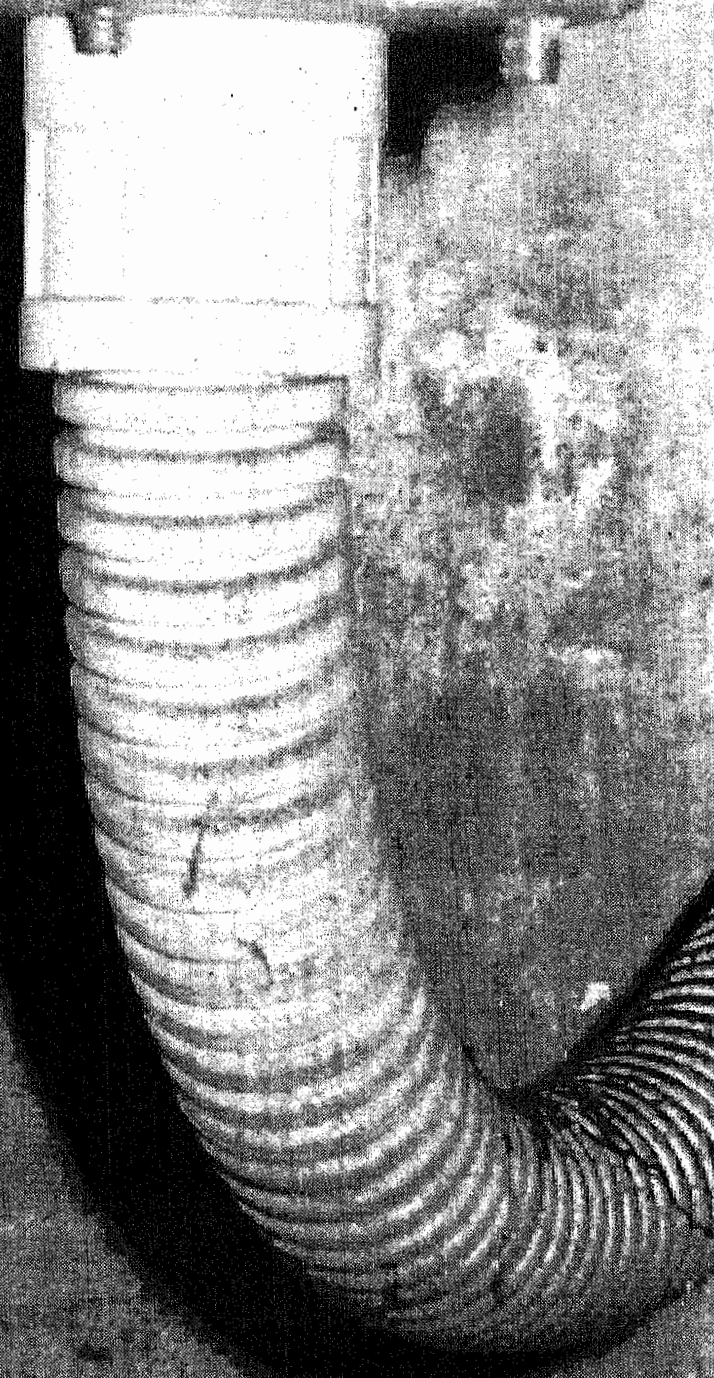
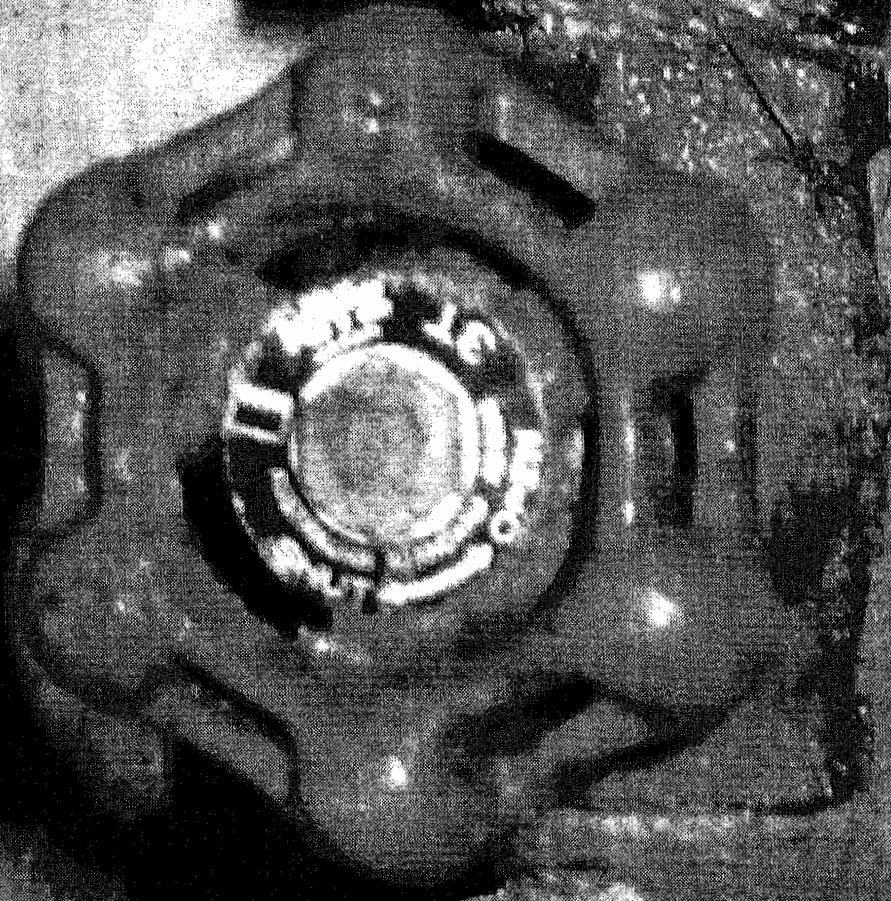


LISTED
ELECTRICAL
SYSTEM
ATTACHMENT 35-II

ELECTRIC SIGNAL CO.
MODEL

LPCB

page 3



Editors
James Cameron
& Tristan Mahoney

Advertising
Matthew Osborn

Printing
Cadillac

Current Affairs
Nick Parking
& Alex Solomon-Bridge

Opinion
Russell Marks

Music
Dan Joyce & Dan Varrichio
Füd

Esha Thaper

Film
Danny Wills

Literature
Sukhmani Khorana

Arts Team

Benedict Coxon
& Stephanie Mountzouris

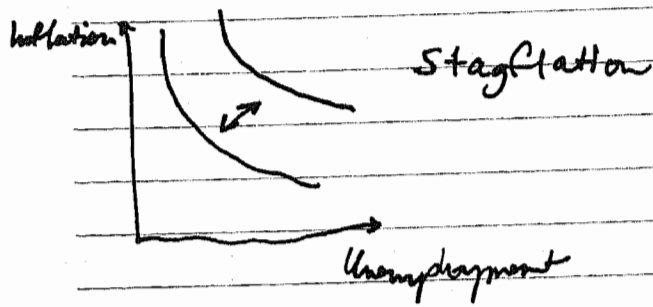
Vox Pop
Stan & Jimmy (ha ha!)

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.

Thanks to:
Salad Fingers, Potter, Cruickshank & Clark, Clementine, anyone named Dan (except you, Dan), Bek, Our mums, Oz, Cat Woman, Leo, imported cars, Steph, GOOGLE image search, Joey & Guy, everyone we've insulted (even though we really mean it, you bastards), Victorb, Rowan for being such an easy target, the patient people at Cadillac Printing, John and Kym, Latham for having a crack, Carly, Timmy, Sum 41, Potter (yay Potter!) and the number 40. Come to the End of Daly Street this Saturday, bring sledgehammers.

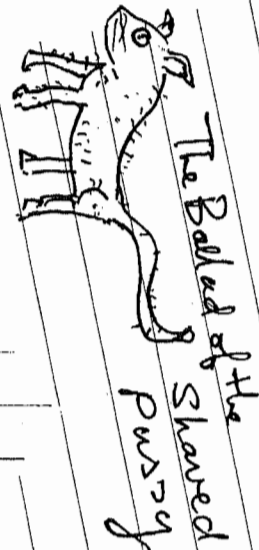
Page 4

1973 "Oil Shocks"



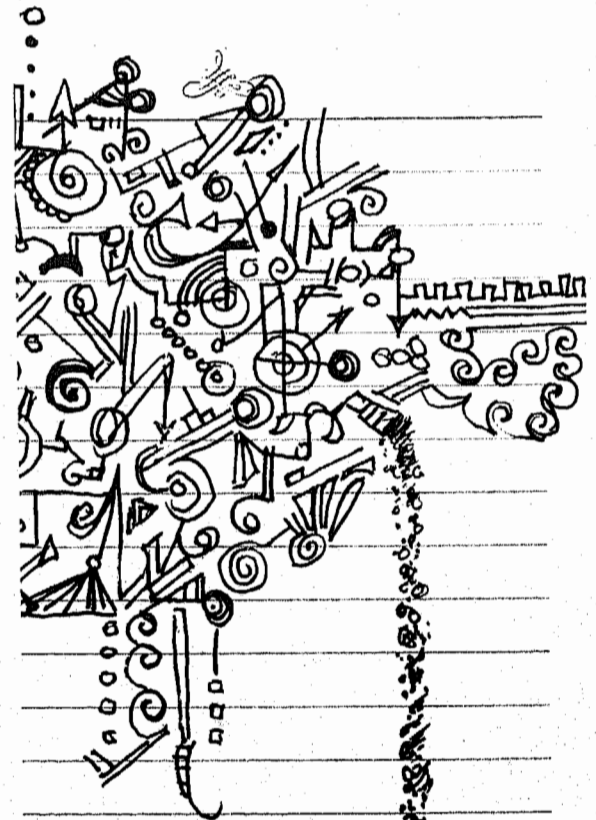
- * 1500 litres of oil is expended annually to bring food to the average american
- * Oil and gas are feedstocks for nitrogen base fertiliser.

PSST,
TELL THEM TO
FOLLOW THE
BLIND MAN.



Editorial: a year in the life of On Dit.

- * The Banned Edition.
- * The amateur layout
- * The hard drawn page numbers
- * The cynical SAVA Bashing.
- * New ideas in the student movement
- * 25% HECS thing.
- * Came crap SAVA reps!!
- * The END of Daly St.
- * Fuck the Olympics.
- End w/ Potter!



hottless ness, then redemption.

ON DIT! ON DIT!

5

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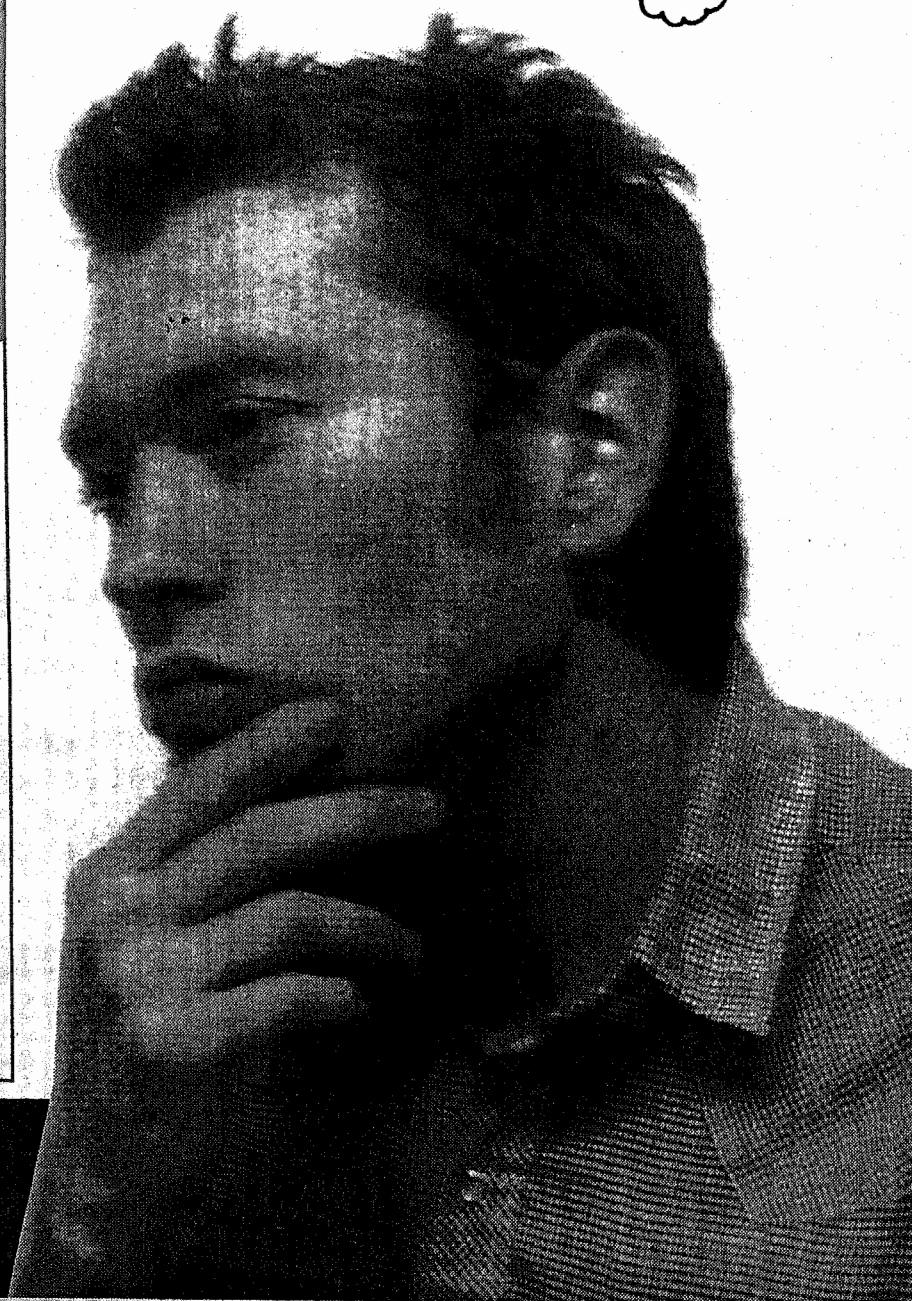


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So if we are all one consciousness experiencing itself subjectively, and life is only a dream, and we are just the imagination of ourselves, doesn't that mean that in jokes (*real* in jokes, the kind that *nobody* understands) are actually profound insights into the true nature of the human condition?

I wonder if people would buy Potter lingerie. Oooh yeah.



6

Keep keepin' it real.

Potter

PRISON CRISIS

An Investigative Report

The South Australian prison system was recently returned to the forefront of public debate in this state, after a number of critical articles appeared in *The Advertiser* warning of a looming 'prison crisis'. Overcrowding, drug abuse, ineffective educational facilities, non-existent work programs, and an overstretched parole system are just some of the many criticisms currently being levied at our Correctional Services institutions.

Are these accusations justified? Are prisoners' rights being infringed within the current system? Or is this just a necessary feature of "doing time"? I caught up with some of the most prominent figures behind this prison debate to find out exactly what is occurring within South Australia's prisons.

The Opposition Spokesperson for Correctional Services, Angus Redford, paints a bleak picture of the state of prisons in South Australia. He claims that overcrowding has reached such critical levels that "in the men's prison, we're probably running at about 40% above what the prison was designed to accommodate, and in the women's prison it would be about 40% as well." This means that more and more prisoners in SA are being 'doubled up', that is, sharing the same cell. Indeed, Mr. Redford claims that overcrowding at the Adelaide Women's Prison has become so severe that in some cases, female prisoners are being accommodated at Port Augusta - a men's institution.

Mr. Redford is also very critical of the effectiveness of rehabilitation programs offered in our prison system. "Apart from one recently announced program for sex offenders, there are few rehabilitation programs in prisons". This included "not one single work program", and few, if any, adequate educational and training facilities, being offered to female offenders at the Adelaide Women's Prison.

He says the effect of such deficiencies is that "when people get out of jail, they're not any better than when they went in". This, in turn, makes it more likely that they will re-offend; a high cost both in terms of community safety and the taxpayer's wallet.

And it does not take a genius to work out who Mr. Redford blames for these various shortcomings in the system. "It's all well and good for Mike Rann to say 'I'm tough on law and order'...[However] at the end of the day, they will have a problem. Whether it happens this year, next year, the year after, I don't know. But if riots start to happen in the jail, or if you see an offender get released and commit major crimes, then the government's going to have to be held accountable for that."

Similar concerns are also raised by Philip Scales, Deputy Presiding Member of the South Australian Parole Board. In regards to a question concerning the adequacy of rehabilitation services, Mr. Scales quickly replies that they are "totally inadequate. That's one of the beefs we have had with the governments, both the current Labor government and the previous government, that there are not programs available in prisons to address the sorts of problems prisoners have."

These problems include the high incident of prisoners lacking basic literacy and numeracy skills, the three in four prisoners who have a history of drug or alcohol dependency, and the large proportion of prisoners suffering from mental health complications, including depression, schizophrenia and anti-social personality disorder.

Mr. Scales insists that unless the prison system starts to address and assist prisoners in overcoming these issues, the recidivism rate of this state will remain at unacceptably high levels.

However, he does not appear very optimistic that such improvements will be made under the current government. "The focus of this government has been on longer sentences, without rehabilitation, or dealing with the problems that prisoners have... And if we're going to send people to jail for longer periods without dealing with these problem areas, well then, its going to be more of the same when they get out".

Thus, various public figures are expressing increasing concern toward the state of South Australia's prison system. However, Maria Bordonni,

Acting Director of Custodial Services in SA, disagrees with the notion that our prisons are in 'crisis'. While conceding that there is definite room for improvement, Ms. Bordonni insists that the prison system is far better than what is often represented in the media; and, at the very least, is comparable to the standards of the rest of Australia.

Ms. Bordonni insists that she does not "believe that we have an overcrowding problem, *per se*". Instead, she claims that the current prisoner statistics may have been skewed by a recent influx of prisoners on remand.

She also gives a much more positive representation of cell-sharing in prisons. "I would have to say that 'doubling up' actually serves many other purposes, and in fact, it's quite preferential, particularly for people when they first enter the system because it's a good way... for people to feel safe and protected".

Ms. Bordonni was also a former manager of the Adelaide Women's Prison in 1995, and claims that the prison, almost 10 years on, is looking in a much better state than when she first took over. Of course, the institution "is certainly not up to the standards that we, as carers of these people incarcerated, would prefer to have", however, the facilities on offer have been "greatly improved" over the last few years. She also asserts that, contrary to Mr. Redford's claims,

"in the men's prison, we're probably running at about 40% above what the prison was designed to accommodate, and in the women's prison it would be about 40% as well."

there are educational and employment opportunities available at the prison:

However, in the end, Ms. Bordonni emphasises that rehabilitation is about a prisoner's own choice. A prisoner cannot be forced to undertake accredited education, and cannot be forced to sign up for employment. "And its important that people have choices", she says, "but its our job to encourage... And I'd have to say, in the main, most [prisoners] very much value the opportunity to get involved in activities".

There thus appears to be contrasting opinions concerning whether SA is facing a 'prison crisis'. However, with two prominent SA figures claiming that there is a crisis, and the Head of Correctional Services conceding there is "room for improvement", there are obviously things in the prison system that need to be fixed.

This was highlighted by a recent Productivity Commission Report, which, amongst other things, found SA to have the lowest proportion of prisoners undertaking accredited education or employment in the country, and the worst parole supervision rates out of any jurisdiction.

It is apparent, then, that improvements need to be made. While the former government must hold some blame for these problems, it is the current government that has the opportunity to fix them. And after almost three years into their term of office, nothing much seems to have been done yet.

Nick Parkin



We wanted to come as close to that line of acceptability as we could. We wanted to flirt with it, dance an ironic pirouette on it. Unfortunately, at around 4:30 am, two hours before we went to print, we tripped over it. And pissed on it.

Stan, Edition 72.5 (referring to the now infamous banned 'Fetish' edition).

Slash Fiction, n.

Literary genre placing well-known fictional characters in homo erotic situations. Common to Internet fan sites and student publications.

"Fuck you, you fucking piece of shit computer!"

Stan jumped up and aimed a powerful kick at the already dented filing cabinet. It hurt, but he resisted the temptation to cry out in pain. He snuck a look at Jimmy, who was busy clicking away at the computer. It was *On Dit's* last edition, a welcome end to a long year of computer catastrophes and short tempers. Jimmy was putting the final touches on Esha's restaurant review, his foot tapping along to music feeding through his computer headphones. He had paid brief attention to Stan's outburst, but was by now so used to such events that he had learnt not to pay them much heed.

Stan leant against the filing cabinet and considered his co-editor. Much as he might hate to admit it, he was really going to miss Jimmy next year. How many times had he fantasised about wringing the tall redhead's neck, throttling him to within an inch of his life for crimes committed under the glow of 3 am fluorescent lights? As he stood there contemplating the outline of Jimmy's pale face, he was surprised by the sudden image of the two of them caressing in the early dawn light of Monday morning. Where had that come from? Obviously Stan had a certain degree of affection for the man that had shared the majority of the last year with him, but he had certainly never before entertained ideas of carnal lust towards him. Now that the image had taken over his brain, it was rapidly joined by a succession of others. In a matter of seconds, Stan pictured himself and Jimmy in various compromising positions around the office. There they were kissing tenderly on the couch, then more passionately by the pigeonholes. There was Jimmy's hand on Stan's thigh by the computers, and suddenly it had moved to his crotch. Now the blue movie reel running in Stan's mind was showing them in grainy black and white in the neighbouring showers, limb sliding effortlessly across limb, aided by a combination of sweat and soapy lather.

Stan's pulse was racing. It had all happened so quickly, but now the thoughts were sewn he couldn't look at Jimmy in the same way. He mumbled something incoherent about needing a cigarette and hastily escaped up the basement stairs.

Continued on page 9

The final, cataclysmic

Letters Pages

In which the Italic Hand of God goes too far...

It may be a cesspool, but it's *our* cesspool, damnit!

Dear Eds,

First of all I would like to congratulate you on your dedication to *On Dit*. Without mad people like yourselves the students of the University would be about informed as a CIA intelligence officer in Iraq. Through your efforts the student population has been kept up to date on student affairs. SAUA office bearers have been happy to collect their weekly honoraria and spend the rest of their time sitting on their hands (there are exceptions of course). But I would think writing a 250-word report once a fortnight is really not that much to ask for, and perhaps the honoraria in the future could be dependant on submission of their report.

Then again with the landslide election of the Coalition government, with possible control of the Senate, there may not be a SAUA for long. The looming threat of VSU was an issue I thought the outgoing AUU President might outline in his fortnightly column, instead he had a little rant about factionalism in student politics and the dirty back door deals that go on. Rowan obviously thought it was far more important to talk about framing a 20-cent coin than address the rumours that have been circulating since the Federal elections have been announced. Is Unibooks relocating to the Wills? Is Commercial Operations the only Union "affiliate" that will survive VSU? How many Union staff will lose their jobs? Is it the Union's priority to save "student representation" over "campus culture"? (The irony of that being that the SAUA would have to be the affiliate with the least amount of active student involvement.) Are Affiliate office bearers (particularly in the SAUA) willing to give up their precious honoraria in order to ensure the organisation survives? And I think most importantly, what is the AUU's VSU emergency plan?

I'd also like to take this opportunity to suggest that if the SAUA wants students to consider them an important part of student life then they should put aside factional differences, work at working well together, and make the SAUA an open, friendly, inclusive student organisation, instead of the exclusive, factional, bitchy, lazy cesspool it has proven itself to

be this year.

The Higher Education Support Amendment (Abolition of Compulsory Upfront Student Union Fees) 2003 (i.e. the VSU bill) is currently before parliament and may possibly be voted on before the end of this year, the students of the University deserve to know how VSU will impact their daily lives. But hey, maybe framing a coin is more important!

Rantfully yours,

Danna Cooke

Angry, angry young man.

To all the HACKS,

Its good to you hacks doing your bit. Isn't it great! You guys do a great job, dont you? Well who really cares good old Howard has control of the senate. So there it is...game over, on your bike. All the bitching and bullshit that you tried to do this year and what happened...nothing...no sorry it was even worse than nothing! So good to see or hear that the coin won in the end, because with Howard in control in the senate the union probably wont exist in 2 years.

Thanks for taken my money

BT

Gosh, BT, you are quite obviously a psychopath. If anyone's taken your money, we're glad the Union's taken it, and not a weapons dealer. - Ed

Angrier young woman.

I'm writing this letter to complain about the denial of the basic human right to SIT DOWN as enforced by draconian Barr Smith Library staff.

Like so many university students, I am forced to work a shitfull casual job to keep the proverbial Telstra/AGL/Origin cock out of my arse. When I'm not at uni, I'm at work. The shifts are long and tiring, the majority of which are spent on my feet. So you can imagine the sparkle of delight in my eyes when I spied the oasis of not only a desk, but two chairs in the Barr Smith Library reserve section. Compounded with the sorry fact that my library

card is "maxed out" as I have several major assignments all due within a week of each other, the opportunity to comfortably note directly from books in the reserve section went down a treat. Another student soon snagged the other chair with glee. Half an hour later, a group of aforementioned draconian library staff entered the room, and gathered around our table like my grandparents at a buffet. As they weren't directly speaking to me, I continued working. "Oh look," spat a particularly bitter woman, "people are ALREADY doing the wrong thing and using these tables for items other than newspapers." Much muttering ensued, and the grey-coifed swarm bustled away. Fellow Student and I arched a simultaneous brow. "Do you think they want us to move?" she snickered. "I'm more than happy to move," I replied. "When they speak to me like an adult and actually ask me to go elsewhere, I will."

Several minutes go by, and the Pre-Pension-Posse (PPP) return. "Oh, I know!" the be-spectacled member exclaimed, "The sign isn't big enough!" He bustled past me to remove the sign, half-concealed by my book, which declared in size 12 font: "FOR READERS OF NEWSPAPERS ONLY." He returned with a bigger sign with bigger writing, and with an overly-demonstrative sigh of satisfaction, stuck it in the middle of the desk. By this time, not one word had actually been spoken directly to me. We had been sniped at, mocked, and barged past, but not spoken to like normal human beings using the service which our student fees pay for.

This is where I'd like to re-iterate that I would have been more than happy to move from the desk if a newspaper-reading student had entered the reserve area.

And according to the gleefully-applied sign, they would have every right to ask us to move. But I didn't move, BECAUSE WE WERE THE ONLY PEOPLE IN THE ROOM. There was no Heaven-esque line up to access the crumbling, musty delights that are the 100 year old Chronicle newspapers.

Finally, the senior member of the PPP returned (I assume she's the senior member - she was the rudest and loudest one), and curtly stated that we had to move. "You see," she continued, "this area is for newspaper readers only." But it gets better. "Actually - it would be good if you just left the reserve area.

You can borrow your book and study

I don't care what you say, Stan, masturbating in the shower is the best thing ever.

elsewhere." And with that commanding final remark, she again left the room.

For lack of a better phrase - what the hell is with that shit? Apparently, to back your arse into the wonderous plastic construction that is a chair is a privilege, not a right. What's that? You're reading a mildew-infested newspaper? Take a seat! Hang on... are you READING A BOOK??? You can photocopy it, please. Or better yet - get the fuck out.

The library staff at Flinders don't seem to have the same issue - the reserve area is dominated by a large table surrounded by chairs, and individual study cubicles line the walls. Contrary to the probable PPP popular belief, the room is not swarming with students grinding their arses into chairs with furious abandon - the vast majority still choose to photocopy what they need and leave a few minutes later. But if you can't crack a \$50 note for the photocopiers at 9pm, you're free to take a seat for as long as you want, regardless of what you're reading.

Why is this such a problem for the Barr Smith Library? Several weeks ago I was told I was not allowed to bring a chair into the room. And oh look - the single table near the photocopiers has been raised, so even if I did haul a chair into the room espionage-style, it would be useless. I can imagine the look of achievement-induced hysteria dancing across the twisted faces of BSL staff as they cheered in unison, "Haha, student scam! FOILED AGAIN!"

Could someone please respond to this rant with just one reason why sitting is not allowed in the reserve section? (That is - unless you're reading a newspaper).

Diana Fay

Half arsed? Us?

Hello there,

So it official, another three years of living under the totalitarian force of the Howard Government, and if that's not bad enough we now have Family First to put a good dose of righteous Christian values in our lives.

So what really sucks about this? For a start, there's now no chance of dentistry becoming available under Medicare, which means my teeth will continue to rot away until I start to resemble the fundamentalist Christian that tried to stuff his propaganda down my throat as I came to uni today.

But even worse than that, I have now discovered that this fine publication will no longer be released weekly, and here I was thinking that with 25% increases in HECS our university would have plenty of cash to finance it's a newspaper they have been printing for, I don't know how long, but it's a bloody long time. The demise of On Dit may not bother some of you, after all it seems a lot of the readers

believe this 'newspaper' is trash, and not worth the exuberant amount of paper that is used in its printing, nor the vast amounts of cash, Jimmy, Stan and Co. spend on drugs while putting it together. However in my vast and infinite wisdom, I believe this paper is not trashy enough. Unfortunately if this rag isn't coming out weekly, it will mean the standards of articles will increase, and this is definitely not a goo thing. If you are anything like me you too crave a weekly dose of poorly written, barely researched banter from stoners and various other slackers that prefer to be known as students.

My only hope is that next year the editors of On Dit dispense with the notion of having professional layouts and instead cram as much useless information between the usually inspiring cover art as is possible. It really is a shite state of affairs to be in when the first funding cuts that are made are to freedom of speech, but hey 1984 was a long time ago, so I guess it was a little overdue. In the hope that On Dit, remains the voice of students and not the breeding ground for the next generation of Advertiser journalists I bid you farewell for another year.

peace etc

Colwin

Aren't you nice? Although VSU is a major threat to On Dit in its current form, we doubt any cutbacks will affect the annual number of editions for at least a year. What's more, with such a delightfully marketing-orientated AUU on our side, On Dit is expected to substantially increase advertising revenue. Nevertheless, rest assured, should anything threaten On Dit's status as a weekly, Jimmy and I will burst out of retirement and start bustin' some user pay ass. - Ed

Maths people are strange people.

Dr. Carl and the rest of personkind,

Psychologists have couches - psychiatrists hand out pills. Although I think with your experience of the mental health system, you don't need

to be told - it's for the rest of the readers. Speaking of the MHS - both ways of looking at the various nouns and adjectives in that label are accurate descriptions in at least this state, and I'm guessing we're not completely atypical here in SA. The best ward in the state is probably 4G at FMC, but don't tell them I said that.

If van Gogh had been medicated we would have produced just another impressionist, if at all a painter.

The line between sanity and otherwise is not ill-defined; it doesn't exist. What is sanity anyway? An excuse for being boring, humdrum and typical?

David Roberts

has not been diagnosed.

PS

Last week, Mathematical Physics at the University of Adelaide died through no fault of its own. Rest in peace.

Prez sez...

Dear Michael Crosby,

Thanks for the letter last week. You raised some things that have been playing on my mind since the truly shocking election result a few weeks ago. On election night, I was wondering if people such as myself now have any right to continue to go out into the community and be voices of dissent, given the huge mandate that Howard has just received.

I mean, we've always been able to justify our disdain for Howard. The first time it wasn't a vote for Howard; it was a vote against Keating. The second time Labor actually won the popular vote and the campaign; they just lost the election. And the third time? Well, Howard stole that on the back of September it and the abhorrent Children Overboard and Tampa affairs.

This time, however, he's won it on his own back. He's been legitimated by Australia, along with everything he has done and everything he stands for. The Iraq war, his racist immigration and multicultural views, his neglect of Aboriginal issues. I could go on for pages and pages. It made me so angry

that the Australian people thought all of this was all right so long as interest rates were low (even if some of them didn't know what they are, as one guy told me on election day).

It made me angry. I thought that the only way people are going to learn is when they suffer, when interest rates go up regardless of what Howard does. Some people were already saying that Howard only won on the back of a scare campaign on interest rates, but I'm not buying it this time. That played a role, no doubt, but there were wider forces at work.

Every major newspaper in the country stated clearly that we should vote for the Howard government, bar the Sydney Morning Herald, which didn't say either way. I think that says a lot about our democracy at the moment. It's not just the people's fault, and we can't blame them for the way they voted, as much as some of us really want to.

People are increasingly cynical about politics and politicians (including student politics) and it's little wonder when you look at the media, where all of our papers in Adelaide are owned by the one man. *The Australian, The Advertiser, The Messenger*, even the bloody printing press in South Australia is owned by him. And they're all pumping the same message, whether it's the election, support for the war, or the need to privatise education. The media is now a business, and it's there to make a profit, not to provide a public service. The fourth estate is fast disappearing, and we're left with a very powerful propaganda machine that is making most people switch off.

Before the election I didn't realise how bad all of this was. Now I guess it's fair to say that it's worse than at least those on the progressive side of politics thought. It's up to us, then, to work harder than ever, and to find new and innovative ways to re-engage people in this process. We're needed now more than ever to be the voices of dissent. So to all those depressed people out there, chin up. And Michael Crosby, well, you're just full of shit.

David Pearson

SAUA President-elect

Jimmy's gaze lingered on Stan's small frame disappearing up the steps. He sighed, and pushed his plush black leather chair away from the computer screen. A year's worth of frustration had culminated in this final moment, the last night he and Stan would ever spend in the dingy office. The only thing that had placated his raging lust for the last ten months was the prevailing belief that once it was all over, he might be able to express his true feelings to the only man who had ever made him quiver. Jimmy's sexual appetite - and it was great - was no match for the excitement that Stan stirred in him. He hadn't always felt like this. Back when they first decided to run for the editorship, he had considered Stan just a good friend. Odd, but pleasantly so. Jimmy didn't know whether or not it was the succession of late nights or merely the lack of sunlight, but early in the piece he had begun to view Stan as something much more than just a co-worker. Jimmy could barely contain himself through those long nights of layout with

that cynical, acid tongued whippet by his side.

Time was rapidly running out. They would be finished in less than five hours, and Jimmy was no closer to telling Stan how he felt. Every time he opened his mouth to say something, he faltered. He had never felt like this before! He was infamous for his ability to pick up anything that sashayed past, and he had certainly dated a string of strumpets this year. Stan often jibed him about his exploits, and Jimmy always laughed it off. If only he could tell him how he really felt - that he would give them all up for the chance to press his body against Stan's, to trace his fingers down the other man's spine and finally, at last, feel the soft touch of Stan's plump lips against his own.

Continued on page 20

Student politics seems to have degenerated so greatly that we are now witnessing its core players celebrating the fact that they have spent the majority of their time at Uni wasting their time and our money.

Anonymous student, Edition 72.15

Letters continued

Youth grows pale...

I'd like to take up a view that is gaining prevalence amongst students, an exemplar of which is DRC's article last week. The 'facts' of the political world are both compelling and depressing. My concern is not with those who can see the limits of political cooperation but those who seem to revel in the persistence of them. I guess they consider themselves connoisseurs of 'high' politics keen to demonstrate their ability to participate in the grown up world, berating the idealism that they associate with youthful naivety. Morgenthau, one of the most ardent realists seemed to be disappointed by his pessimistic conclusions and longed for something to prove him wrong. Those that see the limits of politics but no room within or space outside of them are doomed to the conservation of a soon to be archaic ideology. The challenge for political thinkers (as no doubt many young liberals consider themselves to be) is to find a way to work within and stretch out those bounds. As a fellow student remarked recently, for every *is* there is always and *ought* and to strive for the latter does not mean the disintegration or loss of the former. Simply because communism failed and others capitalised, so to speak, and the mess it left behind, doesn't mean that what we have now can't be cautiously and intelligently reworked to provide better outcomes for people (that is what economics is supposed to do) rather than deferring problem solving to ideology (and capitalism is an ideology). Indeed, wild and destructive revolution seems to have been the product of reticent parties clinging to once useful but eventually obsolete systems of organisation. Some other bright spark once said, that "if there is no hope for change, then there can be no change", and so the loss of idealism deprives us of the possibility.

Nothing personal against DRC, as an editor next year I would really like him to continue to write convincing articles but valid counter-arguments are always available and I encourage more students next year to create positive, well-written and compelling responses, that is what a good paper should be about.

On another note, I hope to never again see such a ridiculous column from a Union President or any other office bearer (ie Rowan's State of the Union last edition). You have about 200 words each week (and perhaps I've wasted mine here) to give students a reason to care about the Union, instead you simply replicated the kind of smug back patting that we see revolting during federal Question Time. Anyway I'm

sure others will bring it up so there's no need to labour the point, 2005 SAUA people should hereafter save such false pride for internal email.

See y'all next year...

Apologetically righteous,

Dan Joyce

Uh oh...

Russel Mark's article about VSU misses one important point. If the student union would stay out of politics, and stop running political campaigns (using your "student service fee", I might add) then I would be happy to be a part of the union. If the student union would stay out of politics, then this whole VSU debate probably wouldn't have started.

To the editors: you label Michael Crosby a "rude son of a bitch" for his letter but don't make any comment about the extreme rudeness in Jade's letter. Please try to be more balanced.

Regards

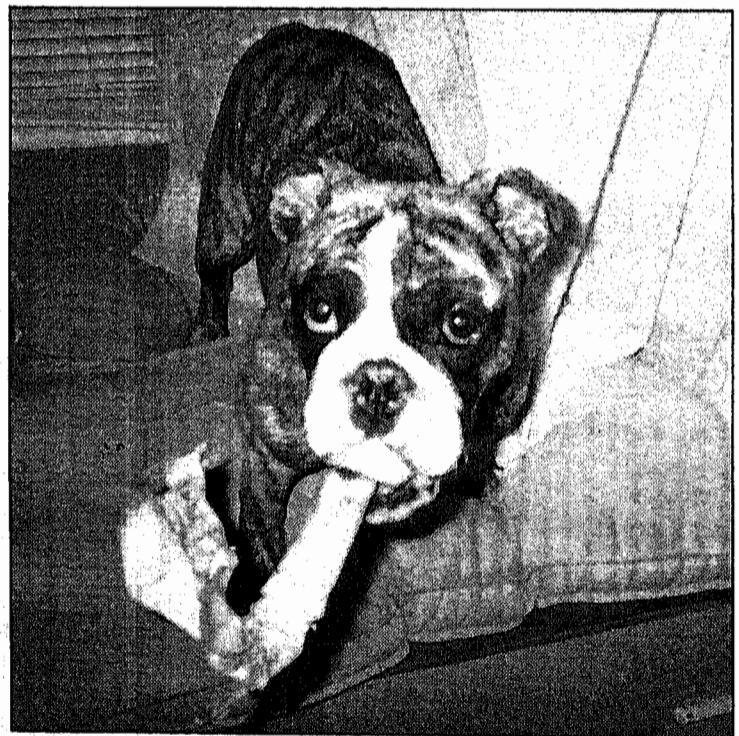
Daryl Van Den Brink

Yeah, we suppose that was a bit harsh. Far be it from us to exercise any editorial bias against the federal government's outright hostility towards student unionism. It's not as if we particularly care about the fact that compulsory unionism pays for the food we eat on campus, the welfare officers who provide us with free legal advice, the sports and clubs that keep campus culture alive and the paper, ink and meagre goddamn honoraria we're granted to pull this nightmare of a paper together each week, you stupid bastard. What? You think we should pour an equal amount of scorn on students who write in about their concern for the environment? Oooh, sorry about that, fuck knuckle. In case you hadn't noticed, On Dit is quite obviously a left-leaning STUDENT newspaper, so it's our bleeding job as editors to look out for the interests of students, not to mention our own skins. Just because you can afford to buy your Commerce textbooks with the money you make from the soul-crushing lackie job your old man hooked up for you at his drinking buddy's cousin's brother-in-law's smarmy law firm for bratty gits doesn't mean the rest of us should lay down our arms while Howard prepares to bend our union, our association and our 72 year old newspaper over a barrel. Balance. It's not a question of 'balance' anymore, Daryl. What people don't understand is that we don't have any particular ideological barrow to push - we're just a pair of simple dudes who aren't particularly looking forward to the inhuman shitstorm that will inevitably descend upon our little corner of the student movement.

This person has an axe to grind,



this person has a barrow to push...



...and this guy has a bone to pick.

This guy just needs a decent night's sleep. He also needs to overcome his addiction to insensitive editorial rants and cheap google image seraches.

----- Original Message -----
Subject:
Re: Union President's column
Date: Thu, 05 Feb 2004 20:15:43
+1030
From: On Dit
<ondit@adelaide.edu.au>
To: Rowan Nicholson
<rowan.nicholson@adelaide.edu.au>

Rowan,

Thanks for getting your column in so promptly. If only the others were like you.

Sigh.

A word to the wise: students nowadays are cynical. The moment they read anything like "It's hard to imagine the University of Adelaide without our Union." they'll turn the page.

You're a complex man, Rowan. You're practical, yet idealistic. Mature beyond your years, yet haunted by the drama of youth. You and I aren't so different. Shave off ten IQ points, add a history of substance abuse, and you're me.

For this reason, your presidential column could be so much more. A weekly snapshot of the state of student representation. Something to remind students about what their movement is capable of, about the perils they face, about that guilty sense of apathy that has already become a sad cliché. You know these things Rowan. That's why I voted for you, and that's why I granted you 300 words a week in our newspaper.

Sure, you can plug various AUU services, but only to a point. We'd feel dirty if we printed any more bland promotion for free. We get enough of that from the SAUA. At least for the time being, On Dit is the property of the Students' Association, and not a PR machine for the AUU.

Keep those columns coming, Rowan. We're relying on you to set an example to those dullards in the SAUA. Attached are the publication dates and deadlines as per your request. Let me know if there are any problems.

Yours in Union

Stanley

THE STATE OF THE UNION

It's not you, it's student politics

Leaving the Union is like breaking up with someone. You have to move on, but you've lived and breathed it for two years. How can you say goodbye to all that power? How can you give up your free parking space?

It's an abusive, obsessive relationship. You'll take any slap or blow for the sake of some deep instinct you don't fully understand, let alone trust.

And, like any obsession, it can bring out the worst in you. Think of all the worthy battlers who never get what they deserve, or all the political climbers who do. Indies, Unity, and—yes—even my beloved NOLS. No one is immune.

But it needn't be that way, right?

When I got involved two years ago, my faction—the only one I can really speak for—was hopelessly petty and divided.

But we survived. We turned it round. And we did it because we believed in something bigger and more important than our own personal interests.

We are part of a movement—the student movement—which is worth fighting for, which represents why many of us are here at university. It teaches us the skills to think critically, to challenge how society works, and to help change it.

Sometimes we forget this. I have, more than once. So I want to leave behind a few wee words of wisdom for those of you who are taking over.

1. First, only get involved because you believe in something. Forget your career in the Labor Party, diplomatic core, or fast-food industry. None of them will ever care that you were a student politician.
2. Keep your study going. Even play some sport if you meet the minimum standard of hand-eye co-ordination. Do not get so sucked in that you become a washed-up hack in the seventh year of your BA.
3. Don't worry if you don't know what DUFF stands for. Most student politicians are full of shit, anyway. It's more important to work hard.
4. If you stick to your principles they'll last you forever, so resist the urge to make decisions for any other reason. Never blindly follow anyone, even your friends.
5. Be tolerant. That snotty Young Liberal in boat-shoes probably has a mum who loves him, just like you.
6. Process is almost always more important than results. If you have to break the principles you believe in to get somewhere or do something, then what are you actually fighting for?
7. Drink only Coopers Pale Ale. Other beers are for losers and non-student-politicians.
8. Don't accept whatever your head-kicker tells you. No one can speak for your faction or "binding network of independents" as a whole unless you have delegated that authority by democratic vote.

9. If you agree to something, stick to it. Student politics has its own code of ethics. If you lose your respect or reputation now you may never get it back.

10. Read *On Dit*. Someone has to, even if it's just some "smarmy git".

No, I didn't follow all these rules, especially not the one about *On Dit*. In fact it took me two years to learn them.

But *you* can follow them. Next year our Union will be under threat from voluntary student unionism, so those of you who are taking over are going to have to learn them much faster and better than I did.

And remember—student politics can bring out the best in us, too.

Rowan Nicholson
Outgoing President
Adelaide University Union

♪
Tra la la la
♪
♪
♪
♪
Snee.



Look closely at our new Union logo. What do all those little squares mean?

Rowan Nicholson, Edition 72.1

11

If Only Stirling Was More Like This...

By Timothy Wetherell and Russell Marks

The Hicks' house was a little harder to find than Downer's mansion, but the company was a great deal more pleasant. The outer-northern suburbs of Adelaide seemed hardly the place for a person the Bush administration labelled 'worst of the worst' to have grown up. Yet there it was, the brick home in Salisbury Park, home to Terry and Bev Hicks, parents of David, who recently marked his third anniversary in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Both Terry and Bev have become accustomed to dealing with the media. They've been asked all the questions, and provided the answers they could. This interview would therefore be very informal, a kitchen-table affair.

We began by asking Terry about his recent trip to Afghanistan, Pakistan and the United States to find out what happened to his son. It was the first time he had travelled overseas, apart from a visit to Kangaroo Island.

Terry: It's a culture shock to see how people live after wars and during wars. You don't really stop and think that really, we're in a dangerous place. They were still fighting, there were still bombs. I didn't see any radical Islam while I was in Afghanistan. The second Madrassa we went to, you walk in and you get this sense of it being very calm. It's very hard to explain, but while these blokes were going through the books looking for David's name, because there's no computers, everything's handwritten, Curtis [the filmmaker] went and laid down in the corner and went to sleep! And they were all like that. Couldn't do enough to help. But all the Madrassas we went to were all learning colleges. Age groups varied from 80s, downwards, all learning. And when I say learning, there's not just a few dozen, there's hundreds. They sleep where they learn.

Tim: We saw the film, *The President vs David Hicks*, in which you protested inside a wire cage the size of David's in NYC. Tell us about that experience.

Terry: That was very interesting, because I found that they knew about Guantanamo Bay, but they couldn't relate the cage bit. They just didn't know what that was about till we explained it to them. My job was to change their attitude.

Russell: How do you feel about the Australian government's response to David's incarceration?

Terry: A change of government, I think, will help us; if it doesn't change, we'll keep hammering. I think what the Liberal government has done is bastardise David, demonised him, said he's guilty, all this sort of thing, without him even facing court. Two and half years down the track, woops! Now we've got hearings coming up. So, their attitude is, we don't want him back. If he's found guilty, I'd say that the

pressure will be on the Americans to keep him where he is. Because if he comes back here, regardless of this new change of laws... the Law Society says hey, he's on Australian soil so he abides by Australian laws. And he has done nothing wrong. I think over the last 10 months, people's opinions have changed. We used to cop it all the time, "he's guilty". Now all of a sudden people are saying "well, hang on, why has it taken two and a half years to charge him". When he was charged with attempted murder and conspiring to commit a terrorist act and whatever... people surprised me, they stopped me in the street and said "what the bloody hell is all this bullshit?"

Tim: Tell us about the environment surrounding your first meeting with David in five years.

Terry: There were 5 of them, to escort one person. When we went in the room to see him, he was shackled, and these 5 guys take us in, and at first I didn't take much notice of the shackles because I'd been steeling myself, that's how Americans work. The first thing I noticed was, geez, he's put on bloody weight! There's a reason for that: he was going to face 80-odd bloody media, and they can't bring some scrawny looking half-starved person in, so they feed him up. But we don't know what happens after the lawyers leave. [We met him for] 10 minutes before his hearing. He still looks fit, he still looks after himself.

Bev: Mentally he's not fit.

Terry: No, mentally he's not coping. No-one would after 2 1/2 years of that. Since July last year he's been isolated. He has no guard now, it's all monitored. Can't even go to the toilet or anything without somebody watching him.

Bev: They took the guard away because they got too friendly.

Terry: They started to get too friendly.

Tim: Where are the Americans getting their evidence from?

Terry: From the other detainees in Guantanamo Bay. What they do is, well, I'll get to a cup of coffee, but if you tell us that you saw that bloke talking to bin Laden, I'll give you 3 sugars. It's so-called coerced information. It's just stupid.

Russell: What are your views on the makeup of the military commission?

Bev: One of [the alternate commissioners] had a good friend die in September 11. He got up and said "I will not let my emotions cloud my judgment."

Terry: Yeah bullshit.

Bev: Come on. Be real. The man who's a judge [Army Colonel Peter Brownback], he's a good friend of the guy who appointed him [Major General John Altenburg], he's a godfather to the children, he's been to all the children's weddings. [Brownback] retired, they brought him back to do this commission with a 20% pay rise. He goes out after he's finished this with an extra 20% on his super, on his pension. That's not bad, is it?

Terry: It's a bit funny. When they said they had four people to deal with, I thought they would have had four separate hearings, but they haven't. And I thought Josh Dratel [David's chief US civilian lawyer] was very good, he asked, "how are you going to handle multiple hearings?"

Bev: "Are you going to confuse them?" Oh, no.

Terry: They're right what they say: it is a kangaroo court. You've got one civilian lawyer, trying to battle the odds against military who've been appointed by underlings of Bush. And the

farical thing about all this is that it doesn't matter what they come up with, if the judges say these 4 guys aren't guilty, then it has to be referred back to the man who's the head of it, who is President Bush, and he makes the determination!

Bev: He has the last say.

Tim: What has your experience with the media been like since David was detained?

Terry: The only reason I like the media is, now, we know how to manipulate them.

Bev: That's not a good word to use.

Terry: No, it is a word. Because they manipulated us at the start. They demonised David, they belted him because of what the government said. We were manipulated by ASIO and the Federal Police who said we weren't allowed to speak to the media until they said it was okay. But in the meantime the media had a great time.

Bev: And then Stephen Kenny came along and said "no, stuff them, we're talking to the media."

Terry: And so we went on the 7:30 Report. But even then it was a tough road because they were trying to hammer the hell out of you. But then they started to change-

Bev: The media have been very good to us.

Terry: -because all of a sudden they started to see that there was a great story at the end of this, we'd better start looking at other pros and cons of it all. So some of them did their homework, and now anything that happens, they're there in a flash. They will ring us. ABC are very good. There's one lady [Leigh Sales] who's based in Guantanamo Bay for the ABC. Whatever happens, she rings.

Bev: Most of the media ring us. That's how we get most of our information! Nothing comes through the government. Something happens and about a week later we get a letter from the government, and sometimes we don't even get a letter at all. As soon as David was appointed to go to trial, and people started jumping up and down, the Attorney-General's department started writing us letters. But always, the ABC's the best.

Terry: But we don't get that much from the government. You watch Downer. "We're in constant contact with the family, we're letting them know what's happening", and I'm sitting there biting my bloody tongue thinking, "you've never even bloody spoken to us!" We went to Canberra with the documentary film crew, because [Greens MP Michael] Organ was bringing up the question in Parliament. So we went across, and we thought we'd have a word to [secretary of the Attorney-General's Department, Robert] Cornell, because Downer wasn't available that day, he was off jaunting somewhere. So Stephen Kenny went through and tried to arrange a meeting with Cornell. Cornell knew darn well that we had to be on a plane at 5.30 to come back to Adelaide, he saw us a quarter to 5, and virtually just gave us a reprimand. Reckoned we had too much to say, so Stephen told him we'd be saying what we liked till you start cooperating.

Bev: We've never had anything to do with Downer or Howard. Terry spoke twice to Howard on talkback radio. The second time he spoke to John Howard, the secretary of the department rang Terry and slapped him on the wrist! "How dare you speak to John Howard without an appointment!" On talkback radio! They said you're supposed to go through your lawyer, Terry said he'd already been in contact with his lawyer

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

Foreign Minister Alexander Downer, as told to Russell Marks & Timothy Wetherell, Edition 71.12

this morning, who'd told him Howard's on talkback radio, ring him up!

Terry: My answer to this bloke was, "I worked for a government department for 30 years, I know what you blokes are like. So don't you bloody tell me what to do." I said "you're a bloody public servant and we pay you!"

Bev: *The Australian* and the *Age* have been wonderful. *The Australian* applied for FOI for David's interrogation on the ships, but they still weren't allowed to have it. Then Downer came out and declared it secret information never to be released!

Terry: When David was handed over to the Americans, the Americans contacted the Australian government and told them how it was going to be handled. Under FOI, you can get this information. David wrote a report to ASIO in 2002 on his treatment. Now, they deny that they've got it. ICRC also received a report from David in late 2002, but they keep out of it. But we do know that ASIO and the AFP had a written report from David, but they deny it. I spoke to David, and David asked us, "what the hell's happened about this report?" Because they told him that with this report, he would get back here.

Bev: Quicker.

Terry: Ruddock gets up there and says there's been no report. "We're happy with our investigations". On the abuses, "yes, we've had our inquiries and nothing's shown up". Well hang on, nobody from the American doctors' federation or anywhere else has actually been in to see the detainees.

Tim: Are you able to tell us exactly what they did to him?

Bev: No.

Terry: All I can say is that it wasn't very nice. He was physically beaten, but there was other things as well.

Russell: After 5 years, what do you talk about?

Bev: The first 10 minutes was giving our love, hugs and kisses, thankfully he had his hands free. Tears, emotion. Talked about the family. Afterwards when we walked back in, he felt more at ease. In the beginning he was very worried about people listening. We were told that no-one would be listening but they had a window that we had to keep in front of. He was very concerned and we said no they're not listening David, and he said "I don't know". So he was a little bit edgy in the beginning. But when we went back in after the hearing, he couldn't get it out quick enough. Just wanted to tell us all he could tell us. And we have to give those guards in charge of that room their due there-

Terry: All 5 of them!

Bev: The guy that was in charge, he at least gave us extra time. He came in and he said "I'll give you 5 more". I heard him say to someone "no, they've come so far, they deserve to have another 5 minutes". So we had about 40 minutes in the end didn't we?

Terry: The soldiers are there under sufferance. After the hearing, we had a press conference with the American media. I said to Stephen Kenny, this is American media, how're we gonna handle it? He said just be yourself, but don't give them full tote odds. I said, nah, I won't do that. So I told them, David's endured 2x10-hour physical beatings. There was one smart-arse, she stood up and said, "What do you think of the military? What do think of the American public?" I said, "hang on a minute, I have nothing against the

American military or the American public. It's those up there that pass the messages down that I'm not happy with." After that finished, one of the American guards came up and said, "you know, I've never really thought about it like that before." Because if they don't do as they're told, they're out, and there's no welfare. There's no welfare in America for them to fall back on, that's why they've got people sleeping in the streets and everything.

Tim: Were you surprised at Mori's conduct?

Terry: At first we were. But he was great. He rang, didn't he? He rang, and introduced himself on the phone. I said well, what are you supposed to be? He said I'm representing your son. I said well you've got two things that are not going for you at the start: you're military, and you've been appointed by military, so he hasn't got a chance in hell. And Mori said to me: "I can tell you know, I'm not rolling over for anybody, I don't care who they are". And I said wow, sounds good, now's your time to prove it. And he did. Certainly did that, didn't he?

Bev: Apart from Stephen Kenny, he's been the best thing that's happened to us!

What was originally going to be a half-hour interview kept us at the Hicks' residence for well over two hours. What was evident throughout the interview was the Hicks' determination to see their son back in Australia. Terry comes across as very pragmatic; Bev feels betrayed by her government and displays her emotions far more readily. Their fear is that this will one day cease to be a media "issue", and the fate of David and Mamdouh Habib will no longer be of concern to the Australian people.

During the 2004 Fringe Festival, a play titled 'Camp X-Ray' depicted David's life in Guantanamo Bay. Local filmmaker Mario Andreacchio is attempting to turn the play into a film; the script has been written, but at this stage US lawyer Dratel is unsupportive.

As Stephen Kenny said recently on campus, this is a matter that may not be concluded within the next five years. The US Supreme Court now has jurisdiction over Guantanamo Bay; the least worst-case scenario for Hicks et al appears to be a drawn-out legal battle. Meanwhile, those people detained in Cuba will continue to be subject to torture and other harsh and coercive treatment in breach of the Geneva Convention.

All the while, Terry and Bev Hicks must wait it out in Salisbury Park.



It's a shame it's so hard to prove your innocence after pictures with high-power weaponry are taken. Oh wait...

...In a completely unrelated story, the Bush Administration has renewed its call for a ban on gay marriage. I guess Bush feels that the only time that naked guys should be on top of each other is in an Iraqi prison.

James Cameron, Edition 72.11

LUST ON CAMPUS

Let us introduce ourselves. We are Rock Man and Love Puddin' and we're here to provide you all with some invaluable advice that will greatly improve your uni life. Let's talk about sex. There's a lot of talk about sexual acts on campus, especially when you first get here and especially about doing it in the Barr Smith Library (more on that later) but you soon realise that it's mostly just that – talk – with little real action. This is such a pity. We have discovered that doing the dirty (or whatever you like to call it) at uni is awesome for so many reasons and we wanted to share some handy hints and tips so you too can get out there and experience the joys of lust on campus.

Sex on campus can at first seem a little daunting. The prospect of getting caught is both exhilarating and damn scary, so for starters it's good to do it when there are as few people around as possible. Holidays are, therefore, quite useful. You probably don't want to be at uni much over these periods but no doubt you will have to pick up an essay or see a tutor at some stage anyway so you might as well make the most of these opportunities. Once you become more confident you should move up to doing it during the term – the busier the time of day the better.

Night time offers you the opportunity to utilise some outdoor venues that are a little too conspicuous during the day. Be warned – due to our overzealous women's department and their war on campus safety, uni is incredibly well lit at night. No nook or cranny is overlooked. You may be able to find a few light shadows if you look hard enough but our advice is to just be daring and do it right under a light bulb! We quite enjoy the back steps of Union Hall. The landing is just the right size, there's a nice view of the maths lawns lit up at night, plus seeing all the cars zoom past on Frome Road (the passengers of which could easily glance over and for a split second glimpse your writhing bodies) is an extra buzz.

The location is the next important consideration. You should really aim to get through as many different and interesting locations as possible. This will probably require some research due to the fact that many degrees can be completed in just one building and so often students don't venture any further around our reasonably extensive campus (consider the incestuousness of the med, law or engineering students). There is a whole campus to explore so have a good look about the place.

Obviously you will need to find a temporarily unoccupied space. Tute rooms are probably best although doing it in a lecture theatre will be a thousand points higher on the daring scale. Other spots can include laboratories, corridors, alcoves and bathrooms (if you get desperate). Have we missed anywhere? Also, the higher stairwell landings of such buildings as the Schulz, Jordan

and Napier are also relatively quiet.

Now as for sex in the Barr Smith Library goes – we believe it is a popular myth/fantasy and nothing more. Our investigations into this matter have not been fruitful. The shelving arrangements and scattered desks leave practically no privacy whatsoever and the private booths – though good for a surreptitious blow job – are too open and poorly situated to get away with a decent shag. Feel free to prove us wrong!

Now, we are not expecting a scandalous mass orgy in the middle of the Barr Smith Lawns (mmm... orgy) but what we are really hoping for is a bit more easy lovin' around our uni. It is probably useful to think of this as a lighthearted competition. It can be just with you and your partner(s), between friends or even between your department/degree. There are no strict scoring rules but basically the more daring the situation, the more reward points. The only real rule is that to make it a real official sexual act, at least one partner involved needs to cum. Plus the act should be conducted safely and willingly at all times. They are our only stipulations.

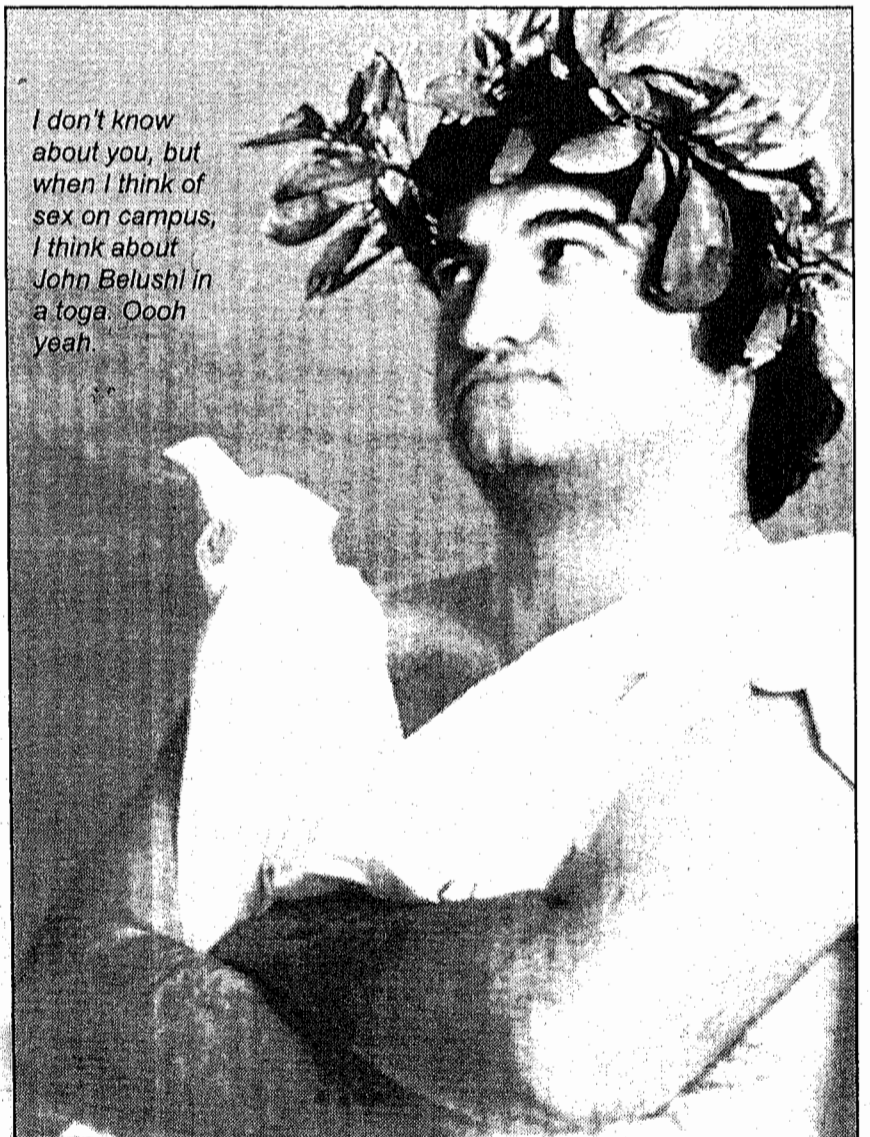
Well what are you waiting for? Go! Get off your arse right now, find an enthusiastic partner in crime and get at it! We dare you!

Lots of Licks

Rock Man & Love Puddin'

Look out for further words of wisdom from us concerning LUST ON CAMPUS in future editions of On Dit.

I don't know about you, but when I think of sex on campus, I think about John Belushi in a toga. Oooh yeah.



Why does everything

have

to

be

about

rutting

?

I don't think people realise how easy it is to be totally gay, even in Adelaide.

Richard, Edition 72.18

~~89~~ 14



Love is like a Chiko Roll

NB: This is a soppy, pensive article about love. I promise to watch lots of German pornography over the holidays and return next year with obscenely graphic sex articles, which shall get *On Dit* banned. Again.

'Love is like a Chiko roll,' I declared in one of my less insightful moments last night. 'Too right,' my ex replied. 'It's greasy and bad for you.'

I asked someone recently if they'd ever been in love (it's one of my stock questions, shortly followed by "what are you passionate about?" and "are you a sadist or a masochist?") and he replied "The Ancient Greeks had seven different words for *love*. How can we define love?" I took that as a no - if you can't say yes without hesitation, then it's definitely a no - but he was still right. Love is an intangible concept; love is defined not in words, but through experience.

This time last year, I had never been kissed. My experience of love was from afar and unrequited. You could say this year has been somewhat of a learning curve. From innocent to sex columnist. I fell in love just before my eighteenth birthday this year. I fell in love with his mind. I loved the way he made me laugh. I loved the fact that he listened to terrible French Canadian crescendo-driven orchestral rock, that all his clothes had once been owned by dead people, that he had the most extensive and amusing collection of expletives and that he lived in an insane boho house which always had magic mushrooms drying in the oven and marijuana seeds embedded in the carpet. I wanted to discuss Dylan Thomas with him, to listen to him play mournful minor chords on a sad, secondhand piano and to feed him starchy foods (he's very skinny). But he couldn't or wouldn't love me and my heart was broken for the first time.

When this fell apart, I did too. At the time I felt I was unloved but I realise now that I never had a greater display of warmth, loyalty and utter compassion. I called on seven friends to select a day to spend with me so that I could make it from one day to the next. And they all did.

Cassia, my Rapunzel, offered me her endless innocence, kindness and freshfaced outlook on the world. I defy anyone to suppress a smile of pure joy when in her presence. Natalie, my bubbly golden Champagne, offered me her vulnerability, her tireless spirit and fragile strength (that sounds like an oxymoron, but if you've ever seen someone who possesses both fragility and strength, you'd understand). Natalie inspires the uninhibited delight you felt as a child, dancing when no one was watching. Jenny, my Senorita, offered me her unreserved and unrestrained insight into the world, her exotic beauty and her adorable eccentricity. Her ability to comfort and delight is instinctive and effortless; she's living proof that absolute beauty can be internal and external. Amy, my lucky star, offered me a hero, showing me that it was possible to be beautiful, intelligent and strong in every single breath. The whole world is brighter thanks to the sparkle in her big blue eyes.

I met someone in the mourning period of my first "relationship". He was in love with a fiery redhead who didn't return his feelings, at least not in the way he wanted. I felt a kinship with him and his pain - there may have been some projection on my part. There was nothing more exquisitely sad and perfect than the way he watched her as she left a room. He's the kind of person who inspires respect from a diverse range of people. He has a natural instinct for power

and a capacity for knowledge that is second to none. I grew to admire him and considered him a friend.

Othello says: 'I kissed thee, ere I killed thee.' A modern and less melodramatic equivalent could be: I fucked it up when I pashed him. The admiration I felt for him splintered: I cared for him as a friend at the same time as wanting him for something else. We're a culture obsessed with "coolness" and emotional objectivity (now that *is* an oxymoron). Love is a dirty word; so many people hesitate to use it, to risk rejection. People are comfortable with hate - there is no personal risk in disliking someone. Hostility, apathy and indifference are coward's options. Like that someone said, the English word "love" encompasses so many things. I'm not afraid to say that I began to love him. I loved his vulnerability. I loved the way he felt everything so deeply. I loved the way he rubbed any available surface when he was distracted and the way his hair became bigger when he was stressed. I loved that such an intellectual pragmatist could have such unadulterated emotions. I loved that he had Marx next to Asterix on his bookshelf. I loved the goofy grin he had when he got drunk on red wine.

Unfortunately, I'm not very good at disguising my emotions. I didn't realise that I could feel all those things and still not be romantically *in love* with him. I jeopardised a friendship by acting like a fool (something I take to an art form - I did it with my ex too, but he tolerated me, I got over it and we're good now). But I've had an epiphany (a word I learned from an episode of *Angel*, which I think should have a perfume named after it - something with vanilla and sandalwood).

I was partying on the weekend. I was with some friends for an intensive period of time and I realised how many quirks I loved about so many people. I love Jenny's vanity. I love that Tara can look like an Amazon Queen and James can be twice my size and yet they both have all the innocent charm of two big kids. I love that Kate is always able to maintain a sunny exterior no matter what she's feeling. I love that Wade sends me text message poems at eight in the morning that make no sense in any language. I love that Russ can crack the funniest jokes without a flicker of a smile on his face and offer endless compassion. I love that Jess can be a hard-ass with the heart of an angel. I love the people who selflessly offer their time and energy to make life worth living and I was with so many of them this weekend (I have to stop naming them or my editors will call me self-indulgent. Which I am. So sue me.)

Long after Saturday night had become Sunday morning, I looked at *him* and realised I do love him, but in the way that I love so many people. And unlike in capitalism, the market value of my love does not go down because it's readily available. Love and sex are completely unrelated things. They can be simultaneous but more often they are totally independent of each other. I hope I always endeavour to see the best in people and that my expression of my love always far outweighs the expression of my hate.

Love is nothing like a Chiko roll. Love is blurred, indefinable and intangible. Love is like nothing else on earth for nothing offers equal pain and elation. I can survive without processed chicken; I live every moment for the love I can offer the world.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey

GET INTO A C
CHIK

GET INTO A C

CHIK


GET INTO A C

CHIK

GET INTO A C

CHIK

GET INTO A C

 Please d
Rubbish

I'd like to get one thing straight. I am not a boyfriend stealer. I'm a good girl.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey, Edition 72.10

15

Australian democracy: more politics of the absurd

So, now we have a sporting executive in charge of further education in this state. Mike Rann – Mr. Popular – is doing it again.

The appointment of former Port Adelaide chief executive Brian Cunningham to the top post of Chief Executive of the state Employment, Training and Further Education Department because he is 'a motivator and someone with outstanding business skills' speaks volumes on the state government's values when it comes to education.

Running a football club... a large department store... a government education department – it's all more-or-less the same thing. No need to know anything special about education. In such things appearance not substance is what counts. He's a man with all the bells and whistles so he gets the job. That's the way it goes these days – whether you are appointing a bank clerk or the Chief Executive of a major government department.

Certainly he has a teaching background. But that was eons ago. If he manages to achieve anything in this portfolio it will be despite, not because of, his knowledge of education.

Still, in the current social and political climate nothing surprises. It's the topsy turviness of Australian politics in the new millennium that seems to be its defining characteristic. Fair is foul, and foul is fair. Nothing political is quite as it seems. Little as it should be. The old conceptualisations no longer work. Left is right and the right can sometimes be surprisingly left wing.

The leopard of Australian politics is indeed changing its spots – frequently.

Of course, to some degree this has always been true. But now it is true with knobs on.

At the moment it's a disconcertingly crazy national picture. Even the elements are behaving oddly. The weather is currently all over the shop helping to reinforce a Shakespearean impression of a society in which disorder in nature echoes that in human affairs.

And so the catastrophic federal election campaign and result hardly comes as any surprise at all. It was clearly symptomatic of whatever it is – it's not by any means clear what it is – that is ailing the body politic in this country.

Despite the fact that, arguably, we have an aspect of war criminality in the running of our foreign and defence policy, and the population knows it, we voted the government back in anyway.

The election saw some very unlikely alliances. It saw the Tasmanian affiliate of a major left-leaning union – the CFMEU – jump into bed with the Liberals on the basis of a forestry deal. And it saw some ALP preferences going, not to the Democrats where they belonged, but, of all places, to Family First.

It has seen in this state an inexperienced and untried young candidate, Kate Ellis – the darling of the ALP factional right here in Adelaide – win a seat despite a national trend away from her party while a very good experienced and idealistic candidate – Clare McCarty of the Greens – didn't get within cooee of the Senate seat she was after.

And as a result of the emergence of the religious right as a strong minor force in that

election we may well have a situation where religious nutters will have an inordinate say in how we run the country.

So, why is all this happening?

Christ only knows. I certainly don't. The federal election result makes it even more clear that something is indeed rotten in the state of Denmark here and no one seems to know why.

In some ways, at least, it's the Weimar Republic all over again.

A tremendous physical as well as an economic and political insecurity in the population coupled with a desire for strong and decisive national leadership without being too fussed about the morality of that leadership. Significant sections of the population looking for a scapegoat (for 'Jews' substitute 'asylum seekers') as a focus for a racism and xenophobia being exacerbated by this insecurity.

Major instability of one kind or another in parliamentary democracy. A need in some to identify with foreign adventures (Iraq) in a way which seems somehow to bolster a sense of national assertion. It's a kind of 'we'll show the bastards' mentality that makes them feel better about Bali and September 11. A resurgent patriotism (everywhere you look now there is an Australian flag flapping in the breeze) in the population affecting the way it behaves – the way it votes.

All of this in large sections of the population feeling alienated and disempowered and experiencing a need to immerse themselves in the larger Howard-led national identity.

And so on.

Certainly the objective circumstances in which all this is taking place are no where as extreme as it was in the 1930s and 1940s. But in principle it must be the same kind of thing.

The echoes of the past might be faint ones, certainly, but they are there all right – and disconcertingly so.

On a lighter note, and in similar vein, one of the candidates in the federal election goes by the name of Tony Musolino.

The first point to emphasize is that there is no connection with you-know-who of course. There was no suggestion in the campaign that there was even the slightest skerrick of a similarity, between this candidate and those of the little man strutting around Italy in the 1930 and 1940s.

Just the same, the sight of his posters stuck up all over the federal seat of Hindmarsh did seem a reminder of how utterly bizarre election campaigning has become in the current social climate.

In this ultra image conscious campaign he must have felt it. I assume, with a name like that, he made a mental note not to say anything about making the trains and buses run on time as he went about the place kissing babies and promising the world to his intended constituents.

If nothing else – he got bugger all by way of votes – his candidature served as a reminder of where it might all go if we can't fix the problems in our body politic.

Still, to be fair, no doubt he had some good policies and deserved more votes than he got. What's in a name, eh? Good on him for having a go.

16 After electing a party who a week from the election looked unlikely victors, it is almost certain that the Spanish population believed in a connection between the terrorist attack and participation in the Iraq war.

Adelle Neary, Edition 72.5

The main thing now is to see whether the recent election result helps to cause the beginnings of a polarization in the nation – sees the start of a hardening of attitudes over such things as our foreign policy and particular aspects of domestic policy – asylum seekers, health and education among them – that could lead to instability in our social and political processes.

The oligarchy that really calls the shots in our society will continue to thrive. The elite in our society will continue to do well. The poor and weak will continue to get shafted. But it will be stable. It will be a smooth ride.

The question, I suppose, is, how strong the apathy factor is in all this? Whatever the views out there in the electorate the point is whether anyone in the voting public gives a shit enough for a hardening of attitudes and a polarization to take place. If we are, in general, too switched off to care much one way or the other then the one thing we will have is stability in our moribund democracy.

It won't inspire. It won't rouse the passion. The pulse won't quicken. But it will be stable.

The oligarchy that really calls the shots in our society will continue to thrive. The elite in our society will continue to do well. The poor and weak will continue to get shafted. But it will be stable. It will be a smooth ride.

On the other hand, if something does happen to awaken the masses – usually it requires a sufficient level of hardship in sections of the population to make them get off their backsides and start agitating for change – then we could get the kind of destabilizing polarization that would put some life back into our democracy.

But this seems unlikely in the short to medium term in this country. Alas, it seems most likely that deadening popular apathy will be the main cement holding the country together in that time.

Still, perhaps underneath it all things are going in quite a different direction. Who knows.

If we all wake up in say 15-20 years time to find barbed wire in the streets and tanks outside Parliament House, whatever else it might signal – however regrettable it might be in other directions – we will at least know that, despite appearances, there was the potential for some dislocated strong popular feeling on important national issues buried deep in Australian politics at the start of the new millenium after all.

Of course, blood in the streets is the last thing any of us wants to see for the country.

The point to make here is that while Australian politics continues as a three-ringed circus we can not take the stability of our social and political system for granted.

If the worst comes to the very worst we could pay a very high price indeed for our present political apathy a generation or so down the track.

Terry Hewton

The top 10 reasons why Labor lost the election

10. Voters "not sure if Latham's ready."
9. The troubled and tumultuous history of Liverpool council.
8. Didn't interest rates rise under Labor, and stuff?
7. Latham's aggressive handshake with Howard "un-Australian."
6. Labor too conservative – resemble Liberals minus John Howard, yet still lost.
5. Labor not conservative enough.
4. The wrath of the forestry union.
3. The wrath of the taxi-drivers' union.
2. Though the distribution of wealth continues to sift the nation into distinct social classes, voters value the "sound economy" that has made us the envy of the world.
1. Australian public proves unable to overcome self-centred notions of merit, and seeks out parties and policies that promise instant cash lining the pockets, while they wallow in the joys of consumerism, living a decadent lifestyle on a moderate income, accumulating debt and feeling obliged to vote for elitist principles. Swinging voters appear unable to equate federal policy and government ideology with their own personal daily struggles. They are equally unable to identify the long-term benefits of implementing social policies such as equitable and accessible education, and universally available health care. (They all suck.)

PC

War is an option whose time has passed. Peace is the only option for the future. At present we occupy a treacherous no-man's-land between peace and war, a time of growing fear that our military might has expanded beyond our capacity to control it and our political differences widened beyond our ability to bridge them. . . .

Short of changing human nature, therefore, the only way to achieve a practical, livable peace in a world of competing nations is to take the profit out of war.

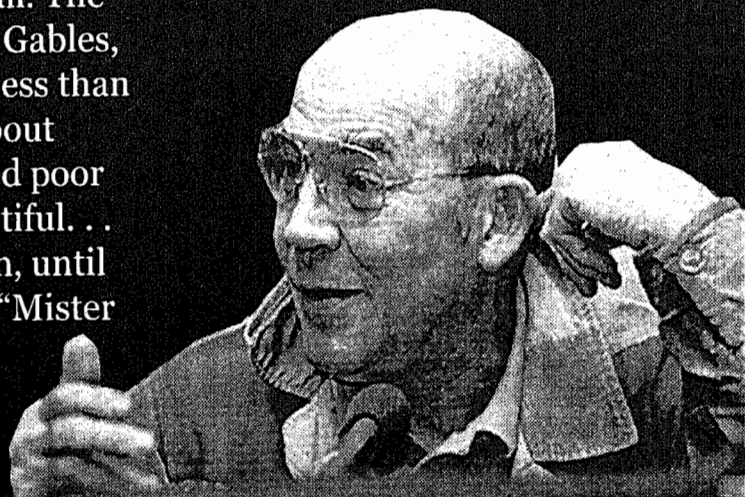
- RICHARD M. NIXON,
"REAL PEACE" (1983)

Did you see Bush on TV, trying to debate? Jesus, he talked like a donkey with no brains at all. The tide turned early, in Coral Gables, when Bush went belly up less than halfway through his first bout with Kerry, who hammered poor George into jelly. It was pitiful. . . . I almost felt sorry for him, until I heard someone call him "Mister President," and then I felt ashamed.

Richard Nixon looks like a flaming liberal today, compared to a golem like George Bush. Indeed. Where is Richard Nixon now that we finally need him?

If Nixon were running for president today, he would be seen as a "liberal" candidate, and he would probably win. He was a crook and a bungler, but what the hell? Nixon was a barrel of laughs compared to this gang of thugs from the Halliburton petroleum organization who are running the White House today -- and who will be running it this time next year, if we (the once-proud, once-loved and widely respected "American people") don't rise up like wounded warriors and whack those lying petroleum pimps out of the White House on November 2nd.

- Dr Hunter S. Thompson (who else?),
Rolling Stone Magazine, October 2004



If Latham thinks up more "troops home before Christmas" lines in the shower before his morning radio interview (knowing that Kevin Rudd will be quite capable of handling it with Tony Jones that night on Lateline) it turns the whole party machine into nothing more than an over-sized beaurocracy of spin.

Alex Solomon-Bridge, Edition 72.8

OFFICE VOX POP

1. You're stuck on a desert island. Which On Dit staff member would you prefer to be stuck with and why?
2. What has been your favourite event / junket that you have used On Dit to sneak into this year?
3. If VSU arrived, how do you think On Dit could make extra money?
4. If you had control of the Australian Senate, what would be your first order of business?

Nick
& Alex



Nick:

1. Lachy C - 'cause if anybody can brew alcohol from coconut milk, its him.
2. The MTV Music Awards.
3. Centerfolds (as in, more than usual).
4. Industrial relations reforms, VSU, a widened Pacific Solution, death to homosexuals - oh wait, i think somebody else is already planning on doing these anyway.

Alex:

1. Lavinia, because she would be the only one who would make a lame-arse pun when I went off in search of coconuts for dinner.
2. I managed to get on the John Kerry campaign bus where I made sweet sweet love to Mrs Kerry in the toilet at the back.
3. Run a sham dating service through the paper where lonely bachelors send "OVERT FLIRTATION" to 198 675 for only \$5.95 per message pair.
4. Wishing I had the numbers in the lower house too.



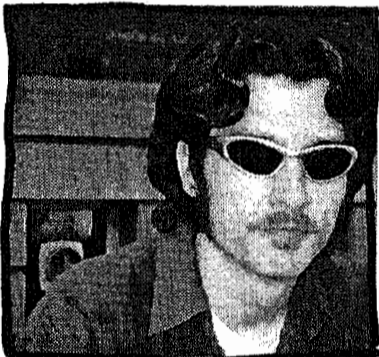
Alex R

1. Any of the current affairs guys, their leftist values would ensure that we could strive together for the betterment of all.
2. I would say the fringe, except i didn't get a pass because i was too lazy and i got drunk instead.
3. I dunno, i'm sure Potter knows though, he knows everything.
4. Nationalisation of the banks. yeah, the dream lives on. yeah, fuck the constitution. Evatt was the man.



1. I don't know. Anyone got a pocketknife?
2. Alcoholics Anonymous.
3. Being floated on the Stock Exchange. I'm sure that the fund managers would flock to us.
4. Driving its members into Lake Burley-Griffin.

Benedict



Dan J, Clementine & DanW

>1. DJ: Just one? Yak could probably devise a way to make the island walk to mainland, though Esha seems to dine quite lavishly these days and would taste quite delectable in comparison to Yak's cabbage ridden Eastern European body. Hmmm.

C: Yak, because at least I might die laughing instead of starving. If he dies first, I would have to eat him. I think he would taste like sunshine dust.

DW: Fashion diva Steph Mountzouris. If I'm going to die a horrible death of starvation I'd need to have the right advice to ensure that it was done in style. That and she's, like, totally dreamy.

> 2. DJ: Mandy Kane's industry gig. I still weep when I think of that tragic clown and his angry PR agent.

C: I'm working on a trip to Thailand next year funded by the tourism board. It's actually looking quite promising, which is nice.

DW: Speaking to Rolf de Heer. Thankfully he was able to tolerate my blind adulation without hitting me even once. What a nice man.

> 3. DJ: Prostituting sub-ed's is a fools gold, we should just blockade the stairs and charge admission to the men's toilets in the Union basement.

C: When VSU arrives, we will have to moonlight as hitmen. At 10,000 bucks a pop, not only can we rid the world of liberal scum but make a pretty penny for the paper to boot. Everyone's a winner.

DW: I would say sell our souls, but I think Clem did that already with her Badass Boys of the Bible series. Arthur Davies was right, the devil does take many forms.

> 4. DJ: Go with the trend, invade Antarctica!

C: I'd have the Japanese embassy overturn my deportation record, in the spirit of diplomatic harmony.

4. I know it's not particularly funny but... sanctify homosexual unions. If we ever hope to proclaim ourselves a progressive society this has to be the first step.

1. Stan, because he would eat less, which means more for me.
2. The endless toffy parties at the Art Gallery.
3. Re-decorate the office with Coco Channel carpet.
4. Promote love and reconciliation. I'd say SORRY.

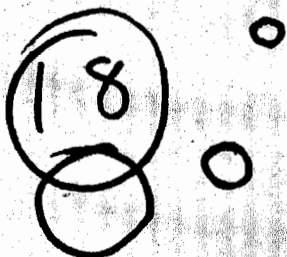


LED

Ben V.



1. Stan reminds me of Tom Hanks, though I could eat the insects that get caught in Guy's hair (Wogan-Provo that is, not Sebastian)
2. Crazy Horse Mega Strip 2004 featuring Miss Nude Canada
3. Crazy Horse Mega Strip 2004 featuring Miss Nude Canada
4. Crazy Horse Mega Strip 2004 featuring Miss Nude Canada



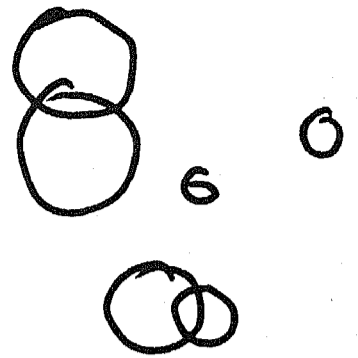
On Dit 2005



Esha



1. They would all be entertaining and witty in their own way (very much needed to prevent panic), but Steph would be able to make me look good if we were ever to be rescued.
2. I haven't really been to free events, but I have received free and discounted food galore. No longer the starving student, that's for sure.
3. Send staff members to busk in Rundle Mall. That, or charge 50 cents for each copy, but I think more money would be made busking.
4. Oh, maybe pass a bill that would reduce HECS debts to a mere \$15000 or so.



Joey & Guy

- 1.J: Mmmm. Tough one. Guy (if he brought his pot), JC (if he brought his playstation) or Stan (if he promised not to be such a grumpy fucker).
G: Stan. He's dreamy

- 2.J: All the legendary Daly St parties. Even the pyramids must eventually sink into the sand. We will remember.
G: I guess the Vox Pop thing gave us an excuse to meet loads of hot chicks.

- 3.J: Meth lab.
G: A sort of bi-monthly 'blue' edition of On Dit that could be sold in various establishments on Hindly Street.

- 4.J: Meth lab.
G: First in front of the firing squad would be John Howard, I suppose. Failing that, free beer and education for all. Hurrah!

dam V



1. Either Stan or Dan J, because having lived with both at least I would know how to manipulate them into sharing their food stash with me. Honourable mentions: Esha, because I haven't seen her since the start of the year, and we'd have plenty of time to get to know each other. Stef, because with her help I'd be the best dressed Robinson Crusoe this side of the Carribean. Benny V, so we could drink home made rum and trade guitar licks under a coconut tree.

Russell



1. I was going to say the MAC-daddy known as Incoming. Of course, we did only know each other socially: I never had to work with him. Unfortunately, he was torched last Friday. Thus I remain, shipwrecked and alone with my thoughts...
2. I must say that I did enjoy the visit to Alexander's Stirling abode. He managed to squeeze us in between the Filipino Foreign Minister and his afternoon round of putt-putt.
3. I'm not sure tendering our bodies for sale is an option, given that pasty-white skin doesn't fetch the prices it used to. How about selling out to Murdoch?
4. Introduce "Anti In-Joke legislation" to protect the wider On Dit readership (hahahaha) from potential feelings of incomprehension, inadequacy and alienation. I wouldn't rush the fridge magnet order.



Steph

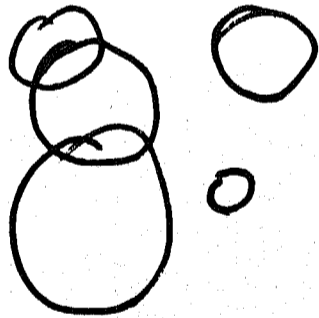
1. Well, Jimmy Trash (for the vinyl stash and the debauchery), Danny (for the movie stash and the moon-in-cancer good naturedness) and myself (for the sake of good ol' fashioned narcissism).
2. It Girl, or should I say, Shit Girl fashion parade. But only because of Leo's magnificent viking-esque beauty. Long live vintage Bally.
3. By pimpin' off ridiculously good looking subeditors to the mercy of spiritually deprived ex-librarians. And running a neat carwash. Hot pants included.
4. The smiting of certain Australian swimming heroes and their filthy endorsements of metrosexuality and pearl necklaces on boys. Thorpedo? More like, Bore-pedo! Eh? Aw c'mon JC, Zappa wasn't that bad...

2. As great as it was getting sloshed with Dan J at Mandy Kane's album launch, after careful deliberation (i.e I remembered it) I would have to say getting sloshed at O'Ball 2004. Hanging backstage under the guise of music journalism, becoming a Pornland groupie for the first time, flirting with Katy from Little Birdy, and heralding the rise and rise (and simultaneous mental decline) of O'Co extraordinaire Victor Stamatescu made for a very fun evening. The aftermath however, was a different story.

MATTYO



1. I would choose Jimmy Trash - his endearing biological abnormalities would keep me entertained for years on end.
2. For the most part, I have squandered my On Dit privileges this year, but I do have the honour of sneaking into the Hillsong Conference in the section allocated for media. Praise Jesus!
3. Beats the hell out of me. I haven't been able to make On Dit any cash this year. **BASTARD!**
4. To force through legislation requiring every aging Aussie rocker ie. Mark Seymour, Nick Cave, Tim Rogers, Paul Kelly, Mark Holden and all of the Skyhooks to challenge marginally held Coalition seats in 2007. And then get horribly drunk with Andrew Bartlett just for kicks.



Sue (she's a cat now)



1. No one. Because two nerds marooned on a desert island cannot paint the town red.
2. The death of the ambivalent author and the birth of 'good and evil'.
3. On Dit and money? That's as incompatible as poetry and sanity.
4. Writing a book on the post-modern catastrophe of having 'busy eyebrows' for too long.



3. Vox Pop on steroids; speak to more students, ask them unpublished questions about their buying/eating/ sexual habits, and then sell the information to marketing agencies and PR hacks, anxious to corner the 'yoof' market and indoctrinate the next generation of well-to-do breadwinners.

4. Make higher education free ("Fees bad!"), invest in renewable energy, legalise gay marriages, ban cigarettes, introduce hemp farming. On the second day I might introduce legislation legitimising polygamy.

Continued from page 9

They had already seen each other naked, having drunkenly compared manly prowess one cold night back in winter. Stan had started it, demonstrating to Jimmy his ownership of a cock "slightly above average length, but extremely fat". It had taken all of Jimmy's self control not to allow the subsequent viewing of his own masterful member to betray his hidden desires. How he had thrashed himself afterwards, in the privacy of the basement toilets. Somewhat sated, he had returned to find Stan sleeping peacefully on the couch. He had resisted the urge to stroke that perfect face, instead burying himself in the pages of layout he had remaining.

Jimmy was brought back to the present by the sound of Stan's feet slapping against the basement stairs.

Stan entered in silence, but nodded slightly at Jimmy. Sitting down, he busied himself with entering quotes onto the edition template. The tension in the room was palpable. Both could feel it, but neither was quite sure if the feelings were the same on both sides.

Instead, they continued in silence.

"Done and done! That's it Jimmy, no more fucking all nighters to get through. We can have real lives again!" Stan looked at Jimmy triumphantly. Jimmy managed a weak smile back, as he internally fought the tears that threatened to spill out. Noticing his emotion, Stan placed a comforting hand on Jimmy's shoulder. Their eyes met, as they became aware that the older man's hand had lingered just a moment longer than necessary. Mumbling, Stan began to move his hand away. Without thinking, Jimmy slapped his own hand down on his shoulder, pinning Stan's delicate fingers to the curve of his clavicles.

"Don't..." Jimmy whispered hoarsely. "Don't move it."

Stan raised his eyes to meet his friend's. At the pivotal moment, they needed no words to express the depth of their primal urges for each other. After staring into the glassy pools of Stan's eyes, Jimmy tilted his head and slowly lowered his lips to the luscious treat of his friend's mouth. Stan raised his head to meet him and they devoured each other in a frenzy of moist exploration. After all this time, they were finally tasting the depths of each other. Their impatience for relief quickly became obvious.

Dude!

Continued on page 37

SAUA Office Bearers



Alice Campbell
The Boss

Random notes from your president

This is obviously my final OB column of the year so I've decided to be my usual random self. I just got back from SAUA retreat, a training weekend away for all the newly elected SAUA representatives so I am rather dazed but very excited about the emergence of a new generation in the SAUA.

Throughout this year as SAUA President, I've developed valuable skills like grievance counselling, dispute resolution, confrontation and the art of yelling, and making up answers for stupid questions while somehow losing my creativity and ability to confidently speak in public. I've spent a lot of time whinging when people visit me in my office, particularly about two certain office bearers who've overstayed their welcome in student politics and did virtually nothing but cause turmoil and take students' money every fortnight. I've also put in very late office bearer columns.

During the retreat last weekend, I have got to know some fantastic students who will make brilliant representatives for Adelaide Uni students. I have the upmost confidence that the SAUA office won't be a place where students in trucker caps dance and sing along to Milkshake by Kelis. In 2005, all the office bearers will be available to speak to on a regular daily basis and everything will be better-planned and organised, through commitment and dedication from everyone. Well, that's what I hope will happen.

There's lots of people I should thank for their assistance this year but I'm sure it will cause issues if I forget someone so I'll just quickly thank the SAUA staff. Firstly, Naomi for being such an enormous help with everything all year and playing good music, Lea for being

so entertaining, fun and helpful since starting a few weeks ago, Emma for all her help and tips on Snood and Peter for all his creativity and enduring SAUA retreat.

I'm going to now end this column with some common words and phrases said regularly around the SAUA office and I'm so tired now I don't care if it's not funny or remotely interesting: "oh well", "for fuck's sake", "potentially", "get a fucking clue", "indeed", "can you sign this invoice?", "seriously dude", "sweet", "fuck off Phil", "whatever", "I've totally forgotten what I was saying", "it's all good", "god she gives me the shits", "nah it's all chilled", "Alice how do I...", "Howard's so fucked", "go speak to Naomi," "shut my door", "is that really necessary?"

I need a holiday.



Aurelia Stapleton
Education Vice-President

Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

Charles Caleb Colton

Firstly, over the next few weeks as we all hand up our essays and assignments, sit our exams and / or drown ourselves in despair over our lack of commitment during the semester and subsequent need to cram desperately, let us all be aware of the fact that should you have any serious academic grievances, there is help at hand. You can contact me or one of the education and welfare officers (8303 5401) from the union to discuss the issue and decide upon any further action.

What luck for rulers, that men do not think.

Adolf Hitler

Secondly, as you would know HECS is going up next year - thankyou Johnny, Brendon, Peter, Tony and the idiocy of just over half our population. Now we will all have to put up with even more crap from student politicians about how our higher education system is going to pot for at least another three years!

Defeat is not the worst of failures. Not to have tried is the true failure.

George E. Woodberry

Lastly, I'd like to thank all of you who actually gave a damn about our higher education system this year and actually did something about it. Keep fighting!

Time goes, you say? Ah, no! Alas, Time stays, we go.

Henry Austin Dobson

And so that's about it from me, Aurelia Stapleton, your friendly Education Vice President of 2004. I leave you with this:

Maude Flanders: I don't think we're talking about love here--we're talking about S-E-X in front of the C-H-I-L-D-R-E-N!!

Krusty: Sex Cauldron!?! I thought they shut that place down!

Oops wrong one! I meant:

Lisa, if the Bible has taught us nothing else, and it hasn't, it's that girls should stick to girls sports, such as hot oil wrestling, foxy boxing and such and such.

No wait. That's not right either.

The truth? You can't handle the truth. No truth-handler, you! Bah! I deride your truth-handling abilities!

Hmm. No. How about:

To alcohol - The cause of and solution to all of life's problems.

Perfect.

XOX



Kellie Armstrong-Smith
Women's Officer

The Beatles once wrote a song called 'The End.'

Well, here is my end as Women's Officer.

I want to thank you, my reader, for your audience this year. Whether you have hated me or loved me, cursed or appraised, agreed or denied, made-fun-of or been-made-fun-of, each to your own, I thank you for reading my articles and I will miss writing to you.

It's Women's Week and the sun is shining. A good ending.

But I would be remiss if I didn't pass on something to my female readers before I go. This is the last thing I can pass on before I relinquish my title and let my hair loose and take up cheerleading and other un-stereotypically feminist things. You may find this something useful in your future or you may even need it now.

Two words as the clue that will set you free:

Harriet Rubin.

Find her, and you'll find The Answers.

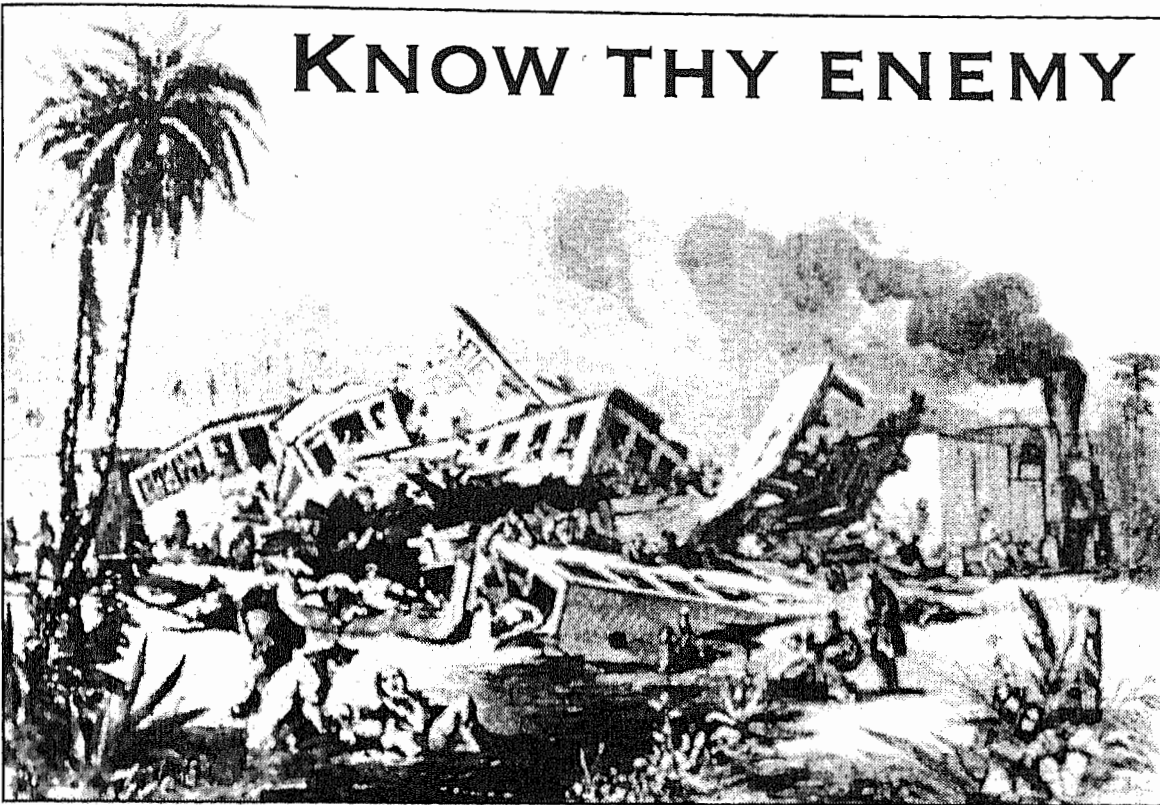
Farewell and good luck,

Kellie.

20 why is it when u try 2 discuss how 2 make the saua better with the president, offering realistic answers 2 problems that plague the ass. she slags u off in onD?

Anonymous text message recieved by editorial staff. Who are you? No one tells us anything anymore. Email us.

KNOW THY ENEMY



John Winston Howard

Prime Minister & Member for Bennelong

Sworn in as Prime Minister of Australia on 11th March 1996 as the 25th PM since federation. Elected to the House of Representatives 1974, 1975, 1977, 1980, 1983, 1984, 1987, 1990, 1993, 1996, 1998, 2001 and 2004. He has been an active member of the Liberal Party since his days in student politics at Sydney University.

With his wife Janette, he has three children and is well known as a self-described cricket "tragic". There are so many achievements but we don't want to miss Lavinia's sex column. Along with Menzies, Curtin and Chifley (Aaron's choice), he will go down as one of the greats, even among university students. You know the rest.

Peter Costello

Treasurer & Member for Higgins.

Deputy leader of the Liberal Party for a decade, Costello may never see the Liberal Party leadership with Howard holding on so long and new contenders such as Abbott and Nelson emerging. The Goods and Services Tax (GST) may now be his greatest achievement along with a massive nine budgets. Married with three children – note his budget comment regarding children (one for the country!!), a policy likened by feminists in this paper to Nazism.

Another student politician, this time at Monash University and partly responsible for the destruction of the Trot-infested Australian Union of Students. A republican and of the moderate faction – but we shan't hold that against him here.

Tony Abbott

Leader of the House, Minister for Health & Member for Warringah

Elected to Parliament in 1994 in a by-election, Abbott has been one of the biggest critics of Unionism in Australia and is a fervent Catholic with outspoken views on abortion.

The Rhodes Scholar is also an ardent monarchist and has written 2 books in its defence. As president of the Sydney University Students' Association at university he was a strong advocate of VSU¹. Educated by the Jesuits, Abbott was a seminarian at Manly before leaving and taking up a job as staffer for John Hewson.

Ultra-conservative and, following on from his boxing days at Oxford, Chief Government Head Kicker (and doing a fine job). Married with three girls. One of Santa's little helpers². Our tip for John Howard's successor.

Dear God. - Ed

John Anderson

Deputy Prime Minister and Leader of the National Party. Member for Gwydir.

John Anderson was born and raised at Mullaley on the Liverpool Plains in North Western NSW and operated the family mixed cropping and beef cattle enterprise

before entering Parliament in 1989. He holds a Master of Arts from the University of Sydney and has a strong interest in history. He is passionate about sustainable natural resource management, and believes Government policies must be focused on maintaining families as the foundation of our society.

Anderson is a practicing Christian who is very conscious of the need for politicians to keep faith with the community. John is married to Julia and they have four children: Jessica, Nicholas, Georgina and Laura.

Ron Boswell

Senator for Queensland, Leader of the National Party in the Senate

Big Bad 'Bossie' was elected to the Senate as a representative for Queensland in 1983. He has held the position of Leader of the Nationals in the Senate since 1990. Boswell's special interests include small business, telecommunications and rural affairs, particularly improving services to regional and remote Australia. He has always been a strong supporter of many industries including the sugar, pharmacy, newsagent, dairy, hotel and fishing industries.

Ron's achievements include: fighting the far right political movement in Australia and defeating One Nation's Pauline Hanson for a Senate seat at the 2001 election under the banner - "He's not pretty, but he's pretty effective", and leading the fight against embryo stem cell research and gay marriage in the Senate.

Nick Minchin

Senator for South Australia, Deputy Leader of the Government in the Senate

First elected to the Senate in 1993 the former State Director of the Liberal Party is a staunch monarchist and Malcolm Turnbull critic (let's see how they get along in the party room).

Nick's achievements include making the Native Title Act more workable, implementing the Government's policy to hold the Constitutional Convention and delivering sound economic policy. A staunch monarchist and advocate of VSU.

Alexander Downer

Minister for Foreign Affairs and Member for Mayo

Alexander Downer has been Australia's Minister for Foreign Affairs since the election of the Howard Government in March 1996, and has held the seat of Mayo for the Liberal Party continuously since 1984. Born in 1951, Mr Downer was educated at Geelong Grammar School, Victoria; Radley College, Oxford, United Kingdom; and the University of Newcastle on Tyne, United Kingdom. He holds a Bachelor of Arts (Hons) in Politics and Economics and is a Doctor of Civil Laws (honoris causa).

Some of Alexander's achievements include being

Ignoring the Prime Minister's warning against post ALP trainwreck triumphalism, two Smug Young Liberals give us the lowdown on the key figures in John Howard's cabinet. Snooty bastards.

Australia's longest serving Foreign Affairs Minister and not selling out the East Timorese to the Indonesians like Gareth Evans and Gough Whitlam did.

Kevin Andrews MP

Minister for Employment and Workplace Relations Member for Menzies.

Kevin Andrews was appointed Minister for Employment and Workplace Relations in October 2003. Taking the mantle of chief Government Union Basher from Tony Abbott, he will be responsible for re-introducing VSU legislation into the Parliament. Andrews was responsible for introducing an Anti-Euthanasia Bill in Federal Parliament, overturning the Northern Territory Law.

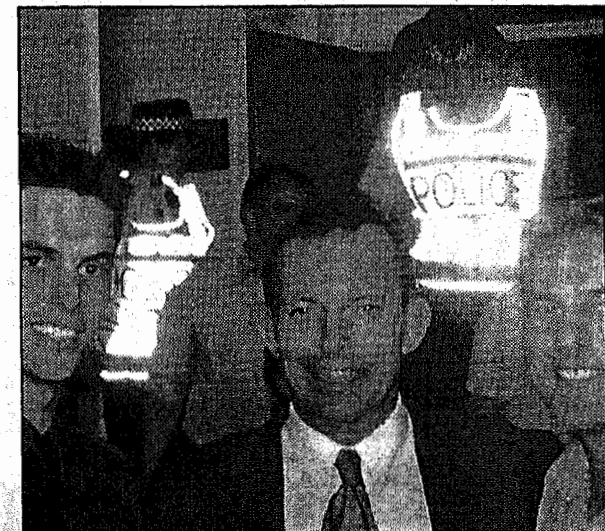
A former barrister, Mr Andrews entered Federal Parliament in 1991 as the member for Menzies in Melbourne's eastern suburbs. He was re-elected to the House of Representatives in 1993, 1996, 1998 and 2001. Mr Andrews started his career in law, obtaining a Bachelor of Laws from Melbourne University and a Master of Laws from Monash University. He and his wife Margaret have two daughters and three sons. Another of Santa's little helpers.

All the best with the exams, watch and wait for more on VSU.

A couple of Santa's little helpers (may or may not be Sam and Aaron)

¹ VSU: Voluntary Student Unionism – they can't force you to pay fees anymore.

² For those of you who know little political history, BA (Bob) Santamaria led the fight against Australian Communism in the 50s and 60s. Although never a member of the ALP or DLP he was the mastermind behind the ALP's 1954 Split, keeping it out of Government until 1972.



On second thoughts, we don't want to know. We stopped caring a while ago. If anyone needs us, we'll be in Mexico. Or possibly 17 Daly Street, Adelaide THIS SATURDAY NIGHT drinking a whole lotta gin. Tell the door guy Potter sent you.

Eat pork: It makes you big and strong like Allah, or whatever...

-The Disheartened Writer/Cook

I'd just like to clear something up. My gorgeous Persian girlfriend, Lord bless and keep her immortal soul, is a Baha'i (lovely religion, really). Anyway, she roasts the most fantastic chunk of pork: You'd never find a better hunk of *fleischen* to gnaw the crackling from, but her sheik muslim friends poke fun at her for pandering to my Saxon roots. "Don't you know how bad that stuff is for you?" they say in accents that make them sound like they're fresh off the SBS set of *Pizza*. "And it's against God, too".

Right. Well, let me inform you, good readers, and give the final word on the eatery of one of the noblest creatures on this planet. The pig was the first creature to be named in the Garden of Eden, did you know that? It was also the smartest at the time, dolphins not yet having evolved from blue whale sperms, and the ancients say that there actually was no tree of knowledge, that God invested the wisdom and knowledge of the difference between good and evil, our system of moral values, within the unsuspecting porcine. Why else would the pig be best-flavoured of all animals. Don't try and deny it, folks. If you roast any kind of flesh, I can guarantee that pork will always come out on top: beef, lamb, fish, chicken, or whatever, pork will always reign supreme.

Now, silly God, Allah, or whoever you might claim to worship, he has a penchant for tricks and games (The Devil, Dr. Mephisto, is really God in drag, kinda freaky, huh?), and it amused him to make the pig an easy animal to capture and eat. Adam and Lilith (Eve was just some slurry whore in the desert who mothered two of his children) had a good rapport with Vishnu, the many-armed Hindu god of catching things, and together they caught and slaughtered the first of all pigs, whose name was Horace. On

slicing poor Horace's throat though, the jugular vein squirted blood so hard that it sprayed the unfortunate trio from head to toe, at which point Vishnu lost his nerve, and freaked out, fleeing the garden forever. Adam and Lilith relished the saltiness of the blood, and realized the difference between good and evil, and that you had to cook things and adjust the seasoning to make them taste good. And lo, it was at this point that they changed the human diet forever, dedicating themselves to a life of omnivorism and carnage. God/Allah was most displeased, and decided to make them into Jews for their crime, cursing them to an eternity of arguing over the price per pound for Kassler chops.

So I say "Fie on you," my pious yet ignorant friends. The Porcine is the noblest animal to eat. It is slow, intelligent, and full of sacrilegious flavour: How could we just ignore God's design? The pig is far from dirty, as they are one of the few animals that will not shit in a place they regularly eat; yet dogs, heralded as man's so-called best friend, sniff and lick each others bums all the time, then they lick our faces, then their genitals, then some more bums, and then you know what? They like to chow down on big, fat turds. No really, believe me dog owners, its true. They love eating faeces, the smellier, the better. So, all you pork-wowers: Think twice before you declare the pig ungodly, unsavoury or unclean. If anyone is going to say pig-eating is bad, it's the guy who knows that a pig's capacity for human language recognition is nearly as good as a chimp, not the ignoramus who says they're "dirty". Now, everyone fuck off.

Given that this is possibly the final episode of a rather short-lived, yet popular series, I feel it is my duty to explain a little of the authorial intent behind all this. Most importantly, I should clear up that none of what I have written is true. I know, I know, it's pretty disappointing, but I made it all up. Some of it is a little bit true, maybe, but I hide behind the disclaimer of Gonzo to give me some journalistic immunity. If those Big-Shots, in their cushy offices at City Hall can hide behind parliamentary privilege, then I have Gonzo. FUCK EVERYBODY. See, I can say stuff like that, but it doesn't really mean anything, now does it? The final word, though: I am a passionate, albeit unqualified cook. I also am a struggling new writer. I am disheartened about life, and my perspectives are somewhat errant; see the first half of this article for evidence. And if there is a cross-section of society

that bitches, whinges, and snivels more than the hospitality industry, I'd like to write a series about it. Of course, I realise that I haven't always been completely faithful to my supposed subject matter; really this shit is just about me. Think of it as unscripted comedy. These are all first drafts, you know?

This is the last edition of *On Dit* for the year. I was worried this piece might be a little forced, things always are under duress of an obligation, even if it is only to yourself. The important thing to do is REMEMBER MY NAME! I'm in this game for one thing and one thing only: complete and total world domination. Fuck America, and Fuck Iran, and Fuck Australia for whoring itself to the cause. Yes, that's right: If you voted Liberal, may your soul rot for failing to speak against

injustice in the world: I fucking-well mean it, too. I'm taking charge from now on, and don't any of you forget it. Religion and god-worship is right out, so you can forget about it. Get off your smelly little prayer mats, turn away from Mecca... spit the blood of Christ right back in that boy-loving priest's face. The hypocrisy is intolerable, and so is religious preference, so here's the final word: Get fucked!

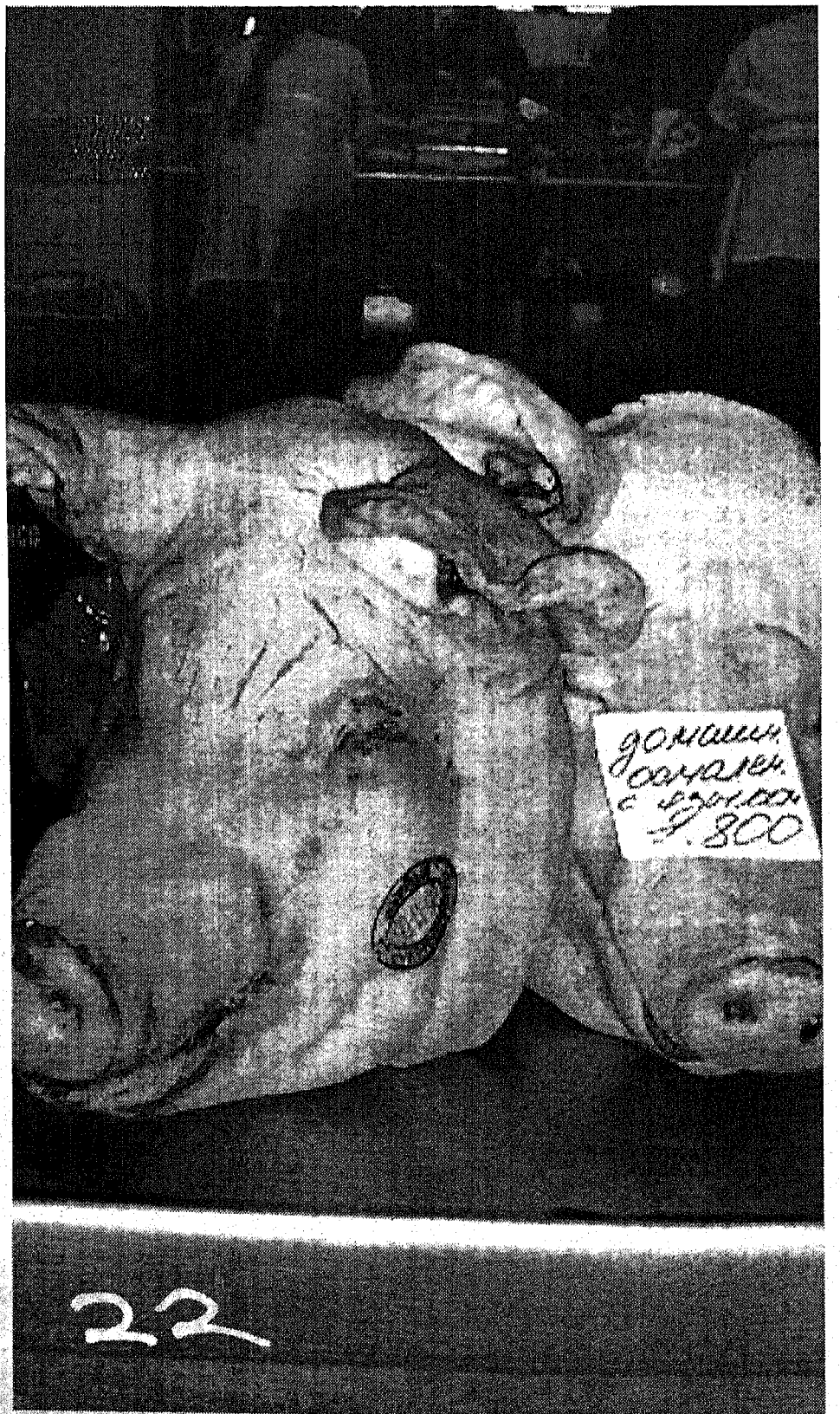
To my now fast-dwindling legion of fans, I wish you a good night. With any kind of luck, this is not the last you will have seen of me. Thankyou for your support, and good bye. Please forward your hate mail via *On Dit*, or the Upper Sturt Post Office.

Respectfully,

Hagemann



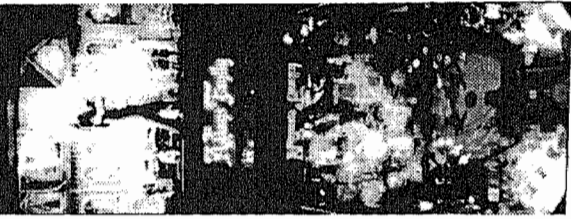
This somewhat dishevilled writer/cook, although against Islamic attitudes to pork, is a great advocate of their policy on beards.



A Blog-A-Licious look at...

Crown and Sceptre Hotel

308-312 King William St, Adelaide Ph: 08 8212 4159



When you haven't even heard that a place serves food, maybe it's a fair warning that your meal might not exactly be exemplary. Not that I was in any way biased towards the Crown & Sceptre – in fact, I was intrigued that we were going to be eating at a place that I only associated with a weird night out about a year ago. This was the second time I'd been there, but this time there was plenty of steak and club sandwiches consumed to cushion alcohol-fuelled accidents. So sensible of us.

But before we started drinking, we had to eat dinner. The dining area appears to have been done up, with atmosphere setting red walls, a snazzy bar area, and gnarled light hangings. It's all very contemporary, and when I perused the menu, I could see that the theme continued there. Instead of wedges with sweet chilli sauce and sour cream, they came with green chilli sauce. In retrospect, it's obvious that the food was just jazzed up pub fare with a little twist. Points for trying, but I'm not really sure that they pulled it off.

Let's start with the wedges. Okay, so the wedges themselves were okay, but I can't really say that the green chilli sauce was all that great. People, what's wrong with sweet chilli sauce? I'm all for a bit of novelty, but not just for the sake of it. The other people on the table

didn't seem to have too much of a problem, but you know what it's like when everybody says something is good, just because it's different? That was the feeling I was getting.

So, we finished the wedges. I had ordered the kangaroo fillet with sweet potatoes. Mmm, how appetizing, I hear you thinking. Unfortunately, it wasn't to be. I had tried to be smart and choose from the section of the menu that was "contemporary," but it was obviously a little too advanced. So advanced, that I wasn't even asked how I would like my kangaroo. I can deal with blood pouring from the flesh of my meat, but a slow drip is better. The chef was obviously in some kind of rush, as my potatoes didn't appear to have spent much time in an oven. There was a certain novelty factor in biting in to my sweet potato and finding that my teeth didn't go all the way through. It would be great if I could stop my bitching, but I can't. There was more: really sour tasting mustard. It was a green-seeded mustard (they seem to like that colour), and I tried to scrape it off before I gave people bite of my food, just so they wouldn't suffer like I did.

Usually, when I hate a meal with such intensity, other people seem to delight in theirs, and this time that was almost true. Though one guy ordered a vegetable curry and

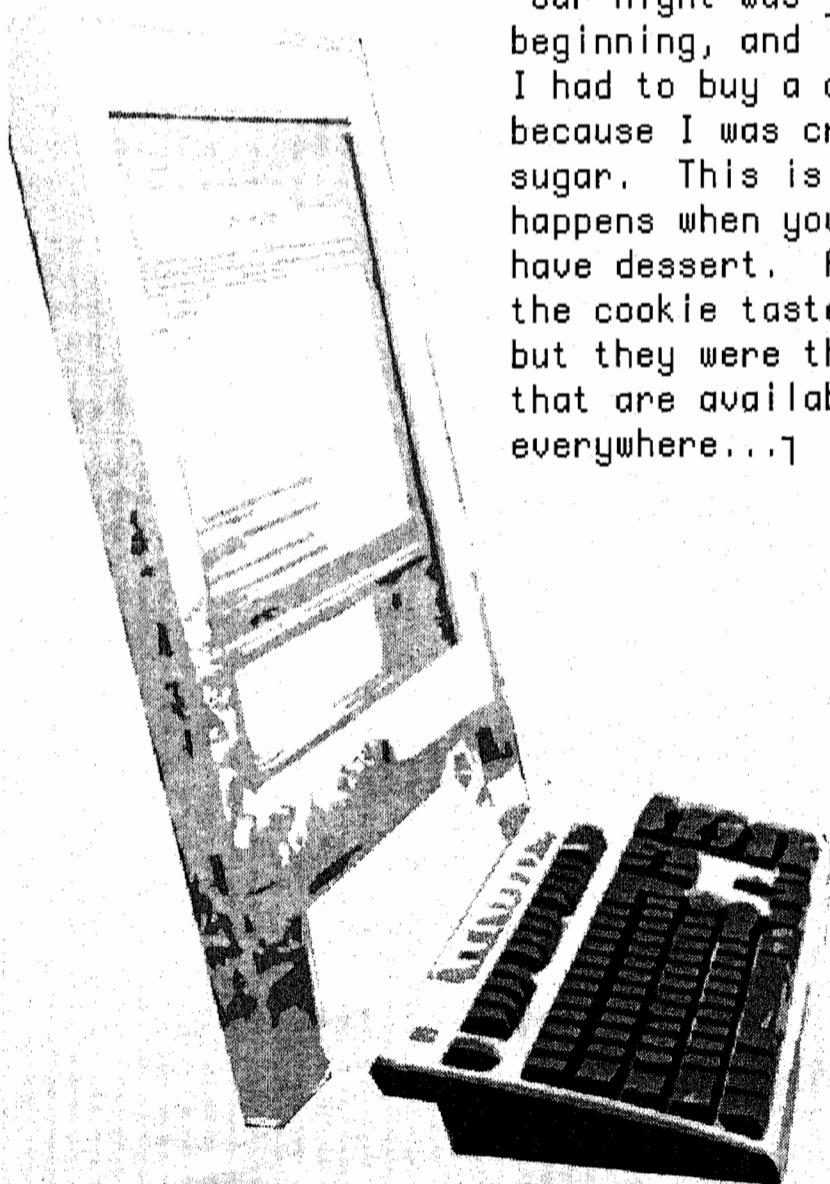
seemed irritated that there was no meat in there. Apart from that, people seemed pretty satisfied, especially the ones who had stayed away from the contemporary menu.

Contemporary...whatever. I don't even know why people apply that word to food. I opted for no dessert, since I didn't want to have more to complain about in this review. We got kicked out of the dining room since it was getting past their food serving time, and a party was starting there. Kicked out in a polite way, of course.

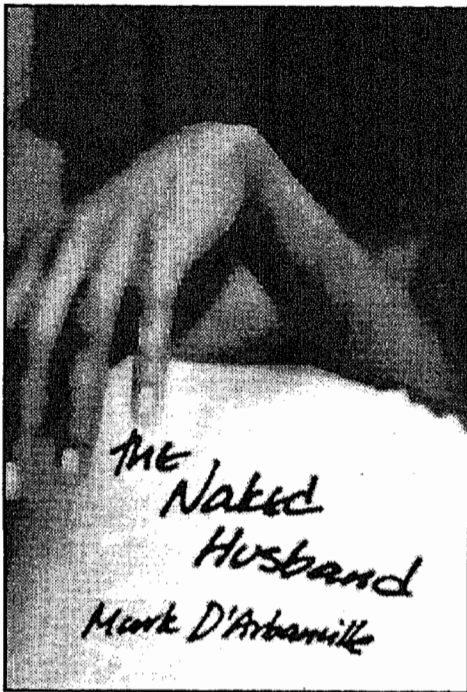
Our night was just beginning, and later on I had to buy a cookie because I was craving sugar. This is what happens when you don't have dessert. At least the cookie tasted good, but they were the kind that are available everywhere. If a chocolate cookie had tasted bad, this review would have been worse. Much worse. Oh well, not every meal can be winner. Eat there if you want a schnitzel, but not a steak. Unless of course, you have vampiric tendencies. And for those undercooked potatoes, I'll have to be stingy and give this place a meagre one and half spuds out of five.

By Esha T.

Our night was just beginning, and later on I had to buy a cookie because I was craving sugar. This is what happens when you don't have dessert. At least the cookie tasted good, but they were the kind that are available everywhere...]



LITERATURE



The Naked Husband
Mark D'Arbanville
Bantam

"Our marriage is a carousel without ponies or lights or music. It just goes round and around in frustrated silence. I am too scared to step off, there is no better reason than that. Round and round and around, going nowhere..."

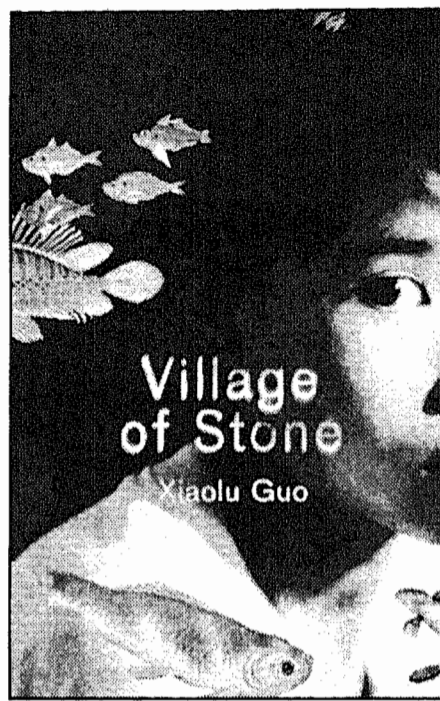
Anyone who has ever been in a relationship knows how hard it can be to find out you don't love the other person anymore, imagine if you have been married for a number of years and realise that you have been living a lie, you do not love your wife anymore. This is exactly what happens to Mark. A man used to solving problems and being able to fix things is faced with the ultimate dilemma: should he stay with his wife, Sue and try to save a virtually unsalvageable

marriage? or should he explore the passionate feelings he has for Anna? Anna, a woman he meets when away on business, a woman who is also married, helps Mark realize that he is stuck in rut, and that he is in his marriage not for love but for guilt. Mark has to learn to come to grips with his life, and rediscover what love is.

Written in the first person, this novel is a gateway into the male mind. It is a very personal account of a marriage that is crumbling beneath the pressures of being perfect, and living up to the expectations of what everyone believes a marriage to be. This novel questions love and these so-called expectations- "Why is it so important to be so fucking perfect?". Although there are no distinct parts within the novel, there are in a sense two parts to this novel. The first part deals with Mark, and his feelings of loneliness, guilt and frustration, whilst the second part creates a lot more depth by adding the voice of Sue; through her journals we discover her feelings about Mark and her marriage. With this we realize just how easy it is not to communicate and to just accept things the way they are without ever questioning why.

To be honest I was unable to finish this novel, and this is in no way a reflection upon D'Arbanville's work. I personally found the subject matter too raw and written in such a way that made the emotion too real and somber. Having said that, I do think it is worth a read because D'Arbanville has created a highly charged emotional piece of literary fiction, where the characters are exposed to the emotional elements that reign down within human relationships, something we can all relate to.

Rebecca



Village of Stone
Xiaolu Guo
Random House

This book inhabits parallel and often contradictory worlds - an isolated Chinese village and overcrowded Beijing, the brutality of a mute pedophile and the slowly-evolving love of adult life, a mother's vision of her aborted foetus and a father's desire to see his only daughter. Coral Xiang, the protagonist who transcends these myriad boundaries between the past and the present, is a beautifully etched character, beautiful despite her childhood shame and grown-up passivity. And her thoughts on her immediate surroundings, whether they be a ceiling supporting twenty-four storeys or an underground hole covered by a bed, shed much light on a feminine quality that is more 'mature' than 'innocent': "He untied me from the bed, bound my hands and feet and placed me in it. Then he moved the bed back over the hole. It was a darkness blacker than death... Now no one would ever discover the mute's secret. No one would discover my buried shame".

Speaking of gender stereotypes, this book does well to shatter contemporary

(western?) notions of male and female roles in society. In a memorable passage on living with her boyfriend, Red, Coral philosophically comments, "Nothing can ever be captured. The only thing that never seems to resist capture is the male body. Red's body". Why do these abstract sentences appeal to me? Not because it is an instance of the objectification of the male body; I don't read bra-burning feminism in these lines, I do read Freud, or maybe Ms Freud.

However, the book is not a socio-cultural revolution in the making. It is replete with snippets of conventional wisdom applied to a modern (or post-modern?) context. This combination of the old and the new defines today's China, and is quite well-captured through the story of a village outcast finding refuge in the city, and re-visiting the village so she can keep living in the city. When Coral returns from a trip to her ancestral village, she uses her late grandmother's advice to better her life: "The road home is a long one. As I walk this road, I recall my grandmother's words: 'Everyone has a past life, a future life and a present life'. If that is true, I feel as if my present life has only just begun".

This review would be incomplete without reference to the all-powerful, metaphor-laden sea that provides a source of livelihood to the village folk, that brings back no returning father or hope for young Coral, and that swallows up Red's prized frisbee. The sea re-surfaces in Coral's superficial city life in the shape of an eel that is posted to her by an unidentified source. Thus begins her journey to the depths of her consciousness, sorting out the damaged fragments of her past and readying herself for the present. And yet another golden rule is spelled out: "It makes no difference how far we travel or where we go, but it is important to be perfectly clear about where we come from".

Whether or not you like moral advice, this book is better than a course in ethics.

Sukhmani Khorana

The amazing world of Potter Poetry

Readers explore the mysteries of Potter through verse.

Potter Haiku #1

He was that weird dude
Whose name no one
remembered.
Now he's made it big.

Potter Haiku #2

Like a golden calf,
A false idol we've made.
How the women dig.

Potter Haiku #3

Is that who I think?
Oh! Potter, Potter,
Potter,
Keep keepin' it real.

Sarah

Potter, potter, Potter

no ho ho.

Big election signs+profile of a star
We want you near, not far
away where we'l;l miss your ant-ics;
don't be bothered with semantics
Who else feels like making a Potter
picture
so big
it'll
cover
The

Schulz P

Schulz P

Schulz P

Schulz P

David Roberts

Literally Literary
(or Non-Potter Poem)

The writer's writ
Disobeyed.
Vernacular veracity
Extinct.

Ubiquitous forever
The typist's typification.
Sententious sentences
By romanising George.
Quoting quotients
Of predatory humanitarianism.
Objectively objecting
To non-fictional infidelity.

Metaphorical metamorphosis
Jilted.
Lingual lingerie
Kindled.

ABC in abeyance
Or abdicated?

Sukhmani Khorana

Anyway, we have decided to give everyone a chance to piss on their fellow man, or woman, or womyn; Lord knows we all have the right to a golden shower of glory.

2004:



A FACE (value) ODYSSEY

Get ready to start worshipping certain red-and-white Coca Cola iconography kids, because Christmas is just around the corner and 2004 is nearing its conclusion. It has been rather an eventful year for us Adelaideans - Port Power won the AFL premiership, Hungry George's finally opened its doors after a long hibernation and North Terrace was butchered like an Elizabethan mistress creating more traffic furore for proles and pedestrians alike. But amongst all this action, the general vibe of our quirky little city remained fairly unchanged. We were still as indifferent, inbred and immersed in our comfort zone than ever. When The Kings Head became the new Exchange, you could almost smell the cries of joy emanating from party animal 18-year-olds with no taste and no sense of direction. And as for the Youthworks-garbed post-adolescent youth, well, things haven't quite recovered since. Street fashion sauntered down this lacklustre path to the point where 2004 will inevitably be remembered as the year when people ceased to care and couldn't be bothered to even re-hash the 70s. Sounds a tad harsh? The evidence is damning, really.

Let's start with the ascent of our friend, the asymmetric cut chiffon ra-ra skirt. A walk down Rundle Street on a Saturday night meant dodging through an army of over-sexed, undernourished femme machines all wearing the same floaty, mediocre uniform. Whilst these babies initially flew off the Whistles rack for \$200, they can now be safely purchased from Town Mode on Hindley Street for a measly 25 bucks. Then there was its singlet counterpart, complete with pale pink ruching and silver sequin detailing à la Sass and Bide. Note to anyone who paired this troublesome twosome together- you just ended up looking like a complete tramp. What did you expect? Wearing tacky party outfits with Bacardi in hand and shoes that you can't even walk in doth not a true style goddess make. And you spent all that time bitching about Paris Hilton...Pot? Kettle? Black?

Still in the vein of these fashion maladies was the trend of the 'prim' and 'ladylike'. I expected great things from this craze; Jackie O lilac suits, pillbox hats, clutch purses, perfectly coiffed French rolls and a never-ending supply of hand cream and chamomile tea. Instead, many-a micro-mini Supré ensemble from Stonyfell to Semaphore was adorned with a single strand of pearls (Malibu Stacy- with new hat!) and apparently that constituted dressing with decorum. The truth of the matter is that everyone

who attempted ladylike in this manner couldn't quite pull it off because whilst wearing brooches is all nice and pretty, making out with some spotty-faced insecurity plagued jock at the back of London Tavern certainly is not. So yet again, Adelaide's female population struggled in the aesthetic stakes and are still none-the-wiser regarding the consumption of pricey Boost Juices and Havaianas, but I'm hopeful that 2005 will hold better things to come.

But don't think that guys fared any better. If anything, the boys surpassed the girls in the average-o-meter via that bastion of contemporary masculinity and consumption spending, metrosexuality. When YD opened its doors, it was a stroke of luck for all the legions of thrifty metro try hards out there who thought that wearing \$15 Hendrix imprinted pop-art t-shirts was a sure-fire way to style-it-up at Heaven. Even now, a stroll down the mall means having to swat away these miserable items like flies. Then there was that incessant fascination with those god-awful Velcro-strapped Diesel trainers. Two words: Chuck Taylors. Another two words: chick magnet. Get the hint?

Surprisingly, millinery took over the throne of must-have accessory in the guy stakes, albeit in the most conceivably ordinary way possible. Dudes said bye-bye to the over-saturated Truckers Hats and hello to the overpriced spawn of Satan variety commonly referred to as Von Dutch hats. More like, Von Not Much hats if you ask me. I just need to ask one little question: why? Did you really think that they held any intrinsically significant aesthetic value at all? Did you not stop to realise that you just paid \$99 FOR A BASEBALL CAP. Correct me if I'm wrong, but that money could have been more wisely spent on a lovely pair of leather shoes, or a knitted woollen cardigan that would make your mothers proud. After the Royal Show, boys were flaunting imitation Von Dutch hats left, right and centre which is alright I suppose, given the fact that I'd rather the \$15 go to some blood-thirsty carnie rather than the capitalist machine. Von Dutch anything is unoriginal, annoying, shabby at best and plain ugly at worst, so just do us all a favour and banish them to the dark sides of your wardrobes. Pretty please.

In the end, no one cared much this year and those that did had a myriad of eyes rolled at them for being self absorbed enough to co-ordinate their lime green eye shadow with their shoes. We've had the faux-feminine pulled off with the callousness of a generation X-er, the fauxhemians with their

Gloria Jean's lattes and unkempt mops and all the surfers who have mysteriously become emo. All in all, fairly average if you ask me. What happened to white Scarface suits, fireman's jackets, jelly sandals, lollipops, four leaf clovers, everything wild, wonderful and downright wacky? I'm anticipating great things from 2005 but I'm not sure if you people can fulfil my expectations considering any iota of advice that I've painstakingly extracted from my consciousness this past year has been ignored, but no biggie. Just remember that paying top dollar doesn't necessarily equate to looking top dollar. Stay off drugs, be good to your parents, indulge in the wonder that is life and always, always remember that your masculinity/femininity is the most powerful weapon you possess.

Stephanie Mountzouris

WHAT'S HOT

Acting out nativity scenes with little kids to preach the true meaning of Christmas, then pulling out a Spiderman action figure to confuse the poor buggers.

Wearing lipstick to sleep. Especially red lipstick. Any more fabulous and you're probably Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Giving in to the gluttonous demands of post-scientology cults, Landmark style.

WHAT'S NOT

Guy Sebastian's impending bulimia. Wonder what Paradise Community Church has to say about radical image transformations and its subsequent effects on attention starved, confidence lacking pre-teens? Tsk tsk.

Being in a band. Not enough nowadays to transform your average geek into a guitar-wielding sex god. Jeff Buckley riffs aren't all it takes to impress girls, ninny's.

Channel 7. You'll get more entertainment value out of a library bookcase, trust me.

As much as bright, candy coloured pimps and ra-ra skirts scream "I'm a girl! Being bubbly and spunky is a lifestyle choice!" I'm confident that at least 95 percent of girls who participated in this warped neo-eighties romantic revival had no idea who the hell Punky Brewster was. And that is never a good thing.

After twenty editions of uninformed and unwanted opinion we arrive here, at the last *On Dit* for the year. A lot of lame film related clichés come to mind – the house lights are coming up, the curtains are closing and the credits are rolling on 2004. But rather than wallow in self congratulation it's time for the glitz and glamour of the 2004 *On Dit* Film Awards where we award meaningless prizes to people who are completely unaware of our existence, and most likely much happier for it.

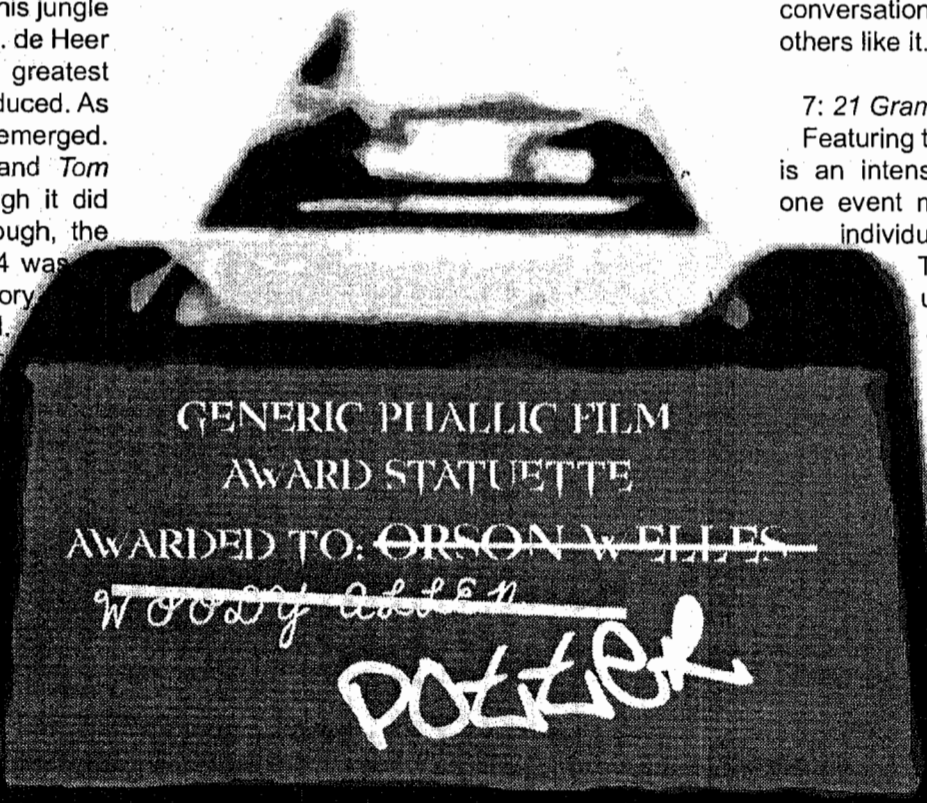
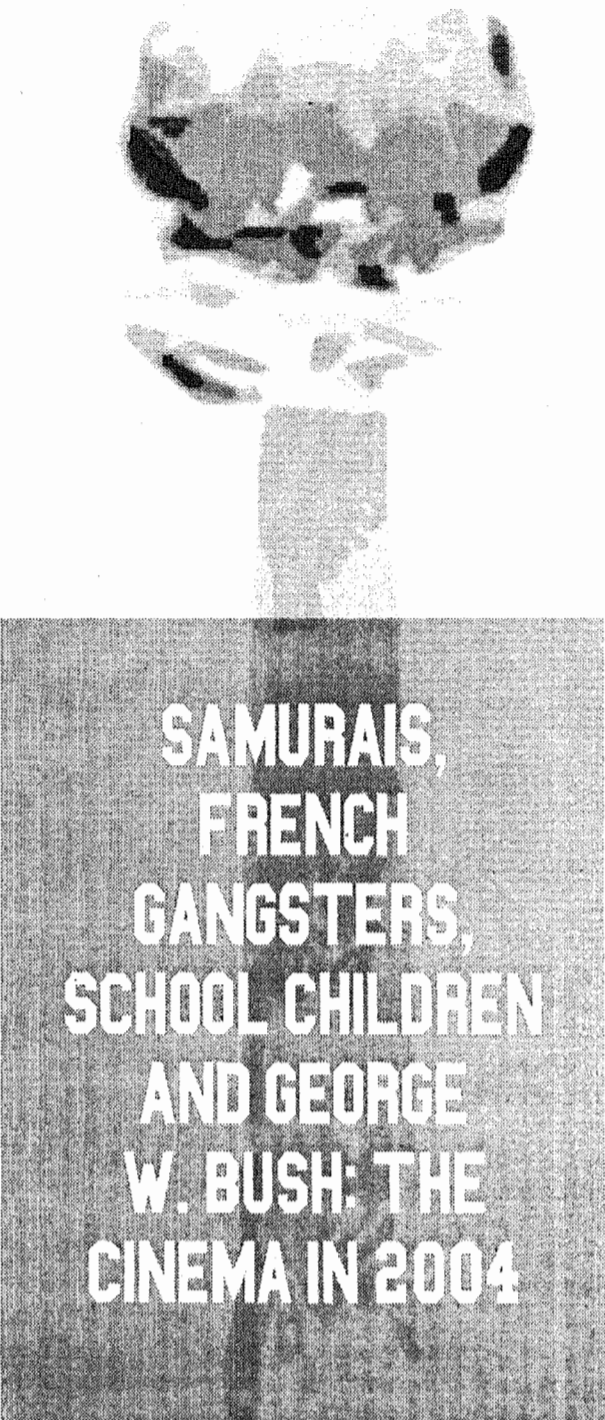
2004 has been something of a mediocre year for the cinema. While not entirely disappointing there has been nothing to match the quality of films like *Lost in Translation*, *Far From Heaven*, *Donnie Darko*, *Mulholland Dr.*, *Adaptation*, *8 Femmes*, *Mystic River* and *25th Hour* that have come in the recent past. Without doubt the major film event to hit us this year was the conclusion to Quentin Tarantino's exploitation epic *Kill Bill*. The result seemed to leave audiences divided. Many who loved the first seemed to deride the second for its lack of punch, while just as many lauded it for its subtler touch. We saw the Oscars come and go with little fuss and the major prizes awarded to Charlize Theron (who should have handed her statuette straight to Tony G, her make-up man) and the deserving Shaun Penn for his brilliant performance in Clint Eastwood's *Mystic River*.

In past years we have seen the work of many of the top *auteur* directors heading the 'top ten' lists. This year there is a marked absence of big name directors on the scene. Instead some relatively unknown names are making their mark. Sylvain Chomet, Nicolas Philibert, Isabel Coixet and Cate Shortland are amongst many new names on the scene.

It's promising to see a shift away from the dominance of American cinema also. Some of this year's top films, such as *The Triplets of Belleville*, *To be and to Have*, *My Life Without Me*, come from outside the US.

A year that began slowly for the Australian cinema picked up toward the end. Early in the year it looked as though things were very grim for our industry. The much respected Richard Franklin had released his thriller *The Visitors* to lukewarm responses and very few other Australian films had made any impact (with the notable exception of Rolf de Heer with his jungle epic *The Old Man Who Read Love Stories*). de Heer continues to prove himself as one of the greatest talents the Australian cinema has ever produced. As the year wore on a few glimmers of hope emerged. *Under the Radar* was a mild success and *Tom White* was very well received even though it did relatively poor business. Undoubtedly though, the big success for Australian cinema in 2004 was Cate Shortland's debut *Somersault*, the story of a young girl cut loose in a chaotic world. It's beautifully shot by cinematographer Robert Humphreys and, while flawed, its undoubtedly a step in the right direction for our national cinema.

The second big event after the hotly anticipated *Kill Bill* was the dropping of Michael Moore's *Bowling For Columbine* follow-up *Fahrenheit 911*. Welcomed by the left and scorned by the right it proved to be artistically inferior to *Bowling For Columbine* but true to its core aim (let's just hope it succeeds - can you imagine Bush and Howard for another three years?). Moore's success with *Bowling For Columbine* opened up the floodgates to



a torrent of new polemic documentaries. *Super Size Me* was the "*Bowling For Columbine* of fast food", *The Corporation* was the "*Bowling For Columbine* of big business" and the newly released *Outfoxed* must then be the "*Bowling For Columbine* of media manipulation". Other less political documentaries such as *Capturing the Friedmans* also found a certain level of success thanks to Michael Moore's past successes.

Another big event was the return of Charlie Kaufman. With the successes of *Being John Malkovich*, *Adaptation* and *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind* under his belt he was already, without a doubt, the best writer in cinema today. *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* only served to further confirm this position.

2004 also seemed to be the year of the sequel and the remake. We saw the good (*Kill Bill: Volume 2*, *Before Sunset*, *Shrek 2*, *The Stepford Wives* and *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*) as well as the bad (*The Bourne Supremacy* and *Resident Evil 2*) and some that were, according to our own Mrs. Clementine Ford, just plain ugly (*Spiderman 2*).

Here in our little subterranean office we've been running our square, bloodshot eyes over the tapes of this year's films in an effort to bring you a definitive list of the year's best films. They should all be coming to DVD quite soon so we urge you to check them all out if you get time. Drum roll please....

10: *Somersault* (Cate Shortland, Australia)
While flawed, *Somersault* is one of the best Australian films in many years and definitely a step in the right direction.

9: *The Old Man Who Read Love Stories* (Rolf de Heer, Australia)
Another Australian success. *Old Man* is a quiet jungle epic with strong performances across the board. On paper it's a thriller, but in such assured hands as de Heer's it becomes a dreamlike exploration of romance and fiction.

8: *Coffee and Cigarettes* (Jim Jarmusch, USA)
Jarmusch is the bastion of all that is cool about the American independent cinema. With *Coffee and Cigarettes* he's produced a witty episodic conversation movie that will surely inspire many others like it.

7: *21 Grams* (Alejandro González Iñárritu, USA)
Featuring the incomparable Sean Penn, *21 Grams* is an intense portrayal of the devastating effect one event may have on a collection of unrelated individuals. Naomi Watts and Benicio Del Toro support Penn perfectly, as the raw unbridled emotion of the movie hurtles it along to a shocking conclusion.

6: *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* (Michel Gondry, USA)
The latest collaboration between *Human Nature*'s Michel Gondry and Charlie Kaufman was a beautifully imaginative portrayal of the complexity of love. Joel and Clementine arrange to have the memories of their turbulent two year relationship erased, but discover that sometimes memories are etched into the fabric of our beings and aren't so easy to destroy. *Eternal Sunshine* is a waking dream that explores the presence of pain in love and our own

It is at times a taut thriller, but it is mostly a simplistic, self-righteous masturbation session for middle class, white, American Christians.

desire to withstand it. [Well, thank you Mr. Blow the Picture for Me - Ed.]

5: *Before Sunset* (Richard Linklater, USA)

Richard Linklater continues the saga of Jesse and Celine from 1995's *Before Sunrise*. The couple meet by chance nine years later and continue their conversations about love, death, life, the universe and the possibility of a future together.

4: *My Life Without Me* (Isabel Coixet, Canada)

Ann is a working class young mother married to her high school sweetheart who discovers one day that a stomach tumor has left her with only two months to live. Rather than taint the last memories her family will have of her, Ann chooses to keep the news of her impending death a secret. She embarks on a mission to experience life as she has never known it - to make love to another man and have him fall in love with her, to change her appearance and to find another wife for her husband. *My Life Without Me* is an honest portrayal of a young woman's determination to face death on her terms.

3: *Kill Bill* (Quentin Tarantino, USA)

Originally conceived as one big film *Kill Bill* was released in two parts in a diabolical scheme designed to make Miramax pictures rich as Nazis. It seems to have succeeded. As a whole *Kill Bill* is more than the sum of its parts, it is joyfully gratuitous at times and wonderfully underplayed at others. Contrary to popular belief, Tarantino is no artist, but he certainly is a brilliant entertainer.

2: *To be and to Have* (Nicolas Philibert, France)

Set in a one-room schoolhouse in the French countryside *To be and to Have* documents an entire

school year as teacher Georges Lopez shepherds his pupils through their troubles, academic and otherwise. It's a strange documentary; austere but without any 'grand' moral. It's a deliberately steadily paced meditation on the joyous innocence of childhood. It celebrates small marvels, like a child learning to tie a shoelace for the first time, or a teacher's patience, in a way that is difficult to convey adequately in words.

1: *The Triplets of Belleville* (Sylvain Chomet, French Canada)

Triplets is animator Sylvain Chomet's feature debut. Chomet's style of filmmaking is quite amazing; it's terrifically humorous, inventive and original. He tells his story almost completely free of dialogue and has justifiable confidence in his images. We follow a small curmudgeon named Madame Souza as she attempts to save her son "Champion" from French gangsters who abducted him during the Tour de France. The images are as deliriously fantastic as the plot, displaying a childlike reverence and imagination. Chomet's head must be a splendid place to live.

Honourable mentions go to *Big Fish*, *The Cooler*, *Dé Lovely*, *Fahrenheit 911*, *The Fog of War*, *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*, *Love Me if You Dare*, *Love's Brother*, *Monster*, *Mean Girls*, *Metallica: Some Kind of Monster*, *Owning Mahowny*, *Outfoxed*, *Paycheck*, *Shark Tale*, *Shrek 2*, *The Stepford Wives*, *Super Size Me*, *Tais-toi*, *Thirteen*, *Tom White*, *Twin Sisters*, *The Visitors* and *Zatoichi*.

The prize for best male lead goes to Richard Dreyfuss for his subtle and modest turn in *The Old Man Who Read Love Stories*.

Best female lead goes to Uma Thurman for *Kill Bill*. Over the course of the two films she had to be sweet and charming, scorned and murderous, cool, calculated and bloodthirsty depending on what the scene required. Add to the emotional range the amazing physical feats that she performs - swordplay, martial arts, wire stunts, *speaking Japanese* and you have an awe-inspiring performance.

In a year where directors seem to have taken a back seat, the best has to be Tarantino for *Kill Bill*. The choreographed fight scenes, the 'House of Blue Leaves' segment, 'Crazy 88 and absolutely stunning steadicam shot in *Volume 1* and the nuanced character scenes of *Volume 2* underscore him as a brilliant storyteller.

Well that's it kiddies, we come to the end of the year hoping that we've brought some kind of emotion approaching enjoyment into your lives. We've loved having you and hope that we've been able to share with you at least a small portion of our boundless love for the moving image. The cinema is a wonderful place, full of hope, desire, dreams and nightmares. We love the cinema in all its incarnations for the beautiful fraud that it is. Nevertheless, it's important to keep in mind that that cinema, ultimately, is nothing more than a beautiful fraud. As comfortable as those darkened rooms are, and as beautiful as the flickering images can be, the cinema is, as Fassbinder called it, a "holy whore" - a hypnotist with a silver tongue, who will both enlighten and deceive us 24 times a second.

Love always,
Danny and the film kids.

Saved!

Director: Brian Dannelly

Starring: Jena Malone, Mandy Moore & Macaulay Culkin

Brian Dannelly makes his directorial debut with the sacrilegious teen comedy *Saved!*

Mary (Jena Malone of *Donnie Darko* fame) is the epitome of the virtuous young Christian girl. She's beginning her senior year at American Eagle Christian High School and seems to have the world at her cute little conservative feet. She's the member of the "Christian Jewels" (a faith-based pop band at her school) and has the "perfect Christian boyfriend" in Dean (Chad Faust). Mary's immaculate life begins to fracture when Dean tells her that he thinks he might be gay. Mary decides that the only truly Christian thing to do is to have mad hot sex with Dean to cure him of his "faggotry". Despite Mary's devotion and diligence Dean's parents decide to send him away to "Mercy House", an all-purpose sin rehab centre where he will assumedly be cured of his abnormality. A few weeks pass and Mary realizes that she is pregnant. She decides the only way to avoid ostracization is to hide the pregnancy from her peers. She receives support from her

friends Roland (Macaulay Culkin) and Cassandra (Eva Amurri) but far less kind is Hilary Faye (Mandy Moore), the militantly 'pure' drama queen. Along the way Mary develops a crush on Patrick (Patrick Fugit), the son of her principal Pastor Skip (Martin Donovan).

Saved! has gathered a certain amount of word of mouth press on the streets and people seem to be expecting some kind of unrestrained, scathing and wickedly black comedy. Unfortunately *Saved!* is not what people may be expecting. Ultimately it is far too modest to ever be truly subversive. The beginning is promising, with Mary having to compromise her chastity to save her boyfriend from the level of hell kept especially for 'Homos', but Dannelly fails to build on this black comic foundation and do anything truly forceful. Predictably *Saved!* argues for tolerance - late in the film Mary declares that "God wouldn't have made us all so different if he wanted us all to be the same" - This needn't be detrimental to the film, it's a good message, it's just that the execution is a little too hokey to be truly effective.

The real highlight of the film is Martin Donovan's supporting turn as Pastor Skip. He plays the 'hip' pastor with a controlled energy in an impressive exhibition of nuanced acting. Pastor Skip is

trying to connect with the kids at his high school by modernizing Jesus. He gives his speeches to the backing of hip-hop and tells his kids that he's going to "kick it Jesus style". Donovan has taken a character that, on paper, would have been a complete caricature and lent him a strong humanity making him impossible to dismiss.

It's been called the "Christian *Mean Girls*", but in the end, for all of its surface blasphemy *Saved!* almost feels like a pro-Christian work. Undoubtedly it condemns militantly fundamentalist Christians (who seem to be spawning at an unprecedented rate) but is very careful not to condemn Christianity as an institution. This isn't the 'Christian *Happiness*' people seem to be hoping for, it's probably not even the "Christian *Mean Girls*" people have claimed. It's more like the Christian *American Pie*. It flirts with the idea of being truly rebellious but then reels itself in at the last minute with a resolution that renders any of the dissident that may have flashed past in the previous two hours invalid.

***1/2

Danny Wills



This film is about an American tragedy. But wait...the real tragedy is the film itself!

Simone Bannister - Edition 72.8

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In a Filmmaker's Den

On Dit chats to
Emily Barclay
and Trevor Haysom

WARNING: Some spoilers on the film.

I've just sprinted three blocks to the Radisson Playford Hotel, Adelaide, to carry out my first interview (for which I'm nowhere near prepared enough). Colour me bloody nervous.

Things don't always turn out the way you expect them to, though, and just as Emily Barclay, one of the leads in the upcoming New Zealand film *In My Father's Den* looks almost unrecognisable in person in comparison to Celia, her persona in the film (as is pointed out to me, the change to reddish hair and the casual, uni-student demeanour and attire have a lot to do with it). She's also one of the freshest, most easygoing individuals I've ever had the pleasure to meet. In fact, it's Trevor Haysom, one of the producers, that I'm suddenly more nervous about. Not because he isn't a nice guy - he is - but because I look at my scrawled mess of notes and realise I've got nowhere near as many questions to ask him as I do Emily. Fortunately, they're both sympathetic when I tell them this is my first interview.

Geronimo.

The first thing that strikes me about Emily is her comfort despite being surrounded by people mostly much older than her. She's relatively new to the acting world, in fact: this is her first feature film - her prior work has mostly been on television (appearing in NZ's *Shortland Street*) or in TV movies (*Terror Peak*, *Deceit*). She's only broken away from uni recently herself - she tells me she was majoring in Film Studies and Women's Studies. Is it something she'd like to jump back to?

"Yeah, I'd like to, you know, if time allows, if I'm not working." After all, Emily is working on another play at the moment that's due out in November. From there, things seem to be a bit open-ended. But, like many actors from this end of the Earth, she's eager to travel.

"It's a really invaluable experience to be able to live in another place. You know, when you go there as a tourist you only experience 60% of what there is. When you're actually living there it's really different." Having moved around Australia in recent weeks to promote the film, she must be getting used to it.

Over to Trevor, who I'm worried I've left out of the conversation, I ask him if he was approached or was the approacher with the film.

"No, I read the book. It wasn't a very well-known novel, but the themes have stuck with me. I saw it as having some potential to be made onto... well, originally, the smaller screen, but Brad [McGann, the film's writer/director] had bigger ideas for it, to develop it into a feature film. And he wasn't doing anything after *Possum*, so he started writing it in 1998." As Trevor's telling me this, Emily has noticed a woman in the Radisson wearing a matching teal skirt and coat that look like they're made out of Satin, or possibly some sort of reflective, space-age fabric. Then back to talking with Trevor

about the film, and working with Brad McGann on *Possum*, his first short film.

"Shorts are really a sort of calling card for a director to go onto longer films projects." A way of bringing Brad into the film industry gradually, perhaps? "Well, that was one of the reasons we worked together on *Possum*, was because Brad didn't want to go on to make a feature. The pressures on a feature are enormous." Guess he got there after all. What about the themes of the movie? The notion of addressing repressed secrets?

"I think people have secrets that they can't tell, that they run away from. It's quite universal. What I really liked is that it gets into a sort of vein, where it scratches the underbelly of society. It sort of has a look at secrets and lies. Celia's death sort of helps Paul to face his secrets - it's sort of like Celia's death helps bring Paul back to life."

Emily adds, "Also, you can take it back further - basically, if these secrets weren't repressed in the first place there wouldn't have been damage caused." I ask her about working with the cast, knowing most of her scenes were with Matthew MacFadyen, who plays Paul. Did she see much of the other cast members?

"Yeah... I'd go out with them every night. Miranda [Otto] was only there for a couple of weeks, so I didn't really get to know her very well, but everyone else, especially Matt

and me, had a great relationship." Back to her age, which I find sort of fascinating. How was it, being by far the youngest of the central cast members?

"It wasn't as daunting as I thought it would be. Everyone was really supportive and treated me as an equal. Especially Matthew, he was such a generous actor, he gave me so much, and made it a lot easier for me. His subtlety was really sort of an inspiration to me [because] he gave such a detailed performance. He was quite an enigma, and every time I'd be there going, 'God, how did he do that?' because he's so natural, and yet so calculated without ever putting that [calculation] across. He does exactly the right thing, at exactly the right time." Soon she reveals that she was a little nervous about her relative inexperience. "I felt like I had no idea what I was doing, I just did it - and I'm bloody lucky it came out okay." Modesty is always appreciated, and this is no exception.

We wrap things up from there, and Emily tells me they're only going to be in Adelaide until the next day - then adds that it's going to be her 20th birthday. "I'm getting old," she jokes. I gesture towards Trevor - and Emily, getting the hint, laughs. She's really quite young for an actor - and here's hoping she'll go far.

Brian O'Neill

ANCHORMAN: THE LEGEND OF RON BURGUNDY

Here's an oxymoron for you, the non-lowbrow lowbrow comedy. *Anchorman*, better described as silly than as downright stupid, is totally ridiculous, totally strange, meandering and... totally fun. It's a beacon of hope to find a comedy of this kind that doesn't feel the need to delve right into toilet humour and can instead aim for the wacky - while understanding that overplaying things a bit works well, but that it shouldn't be pushed too far.

Ron Burgundy (Ferrell) is San Diego's top rated newsman in the male dominated newscasting world of the 1970s. He aspires to be network anchor, as does the ambitious Veronica Corningstone (Applegate), a new female employee who, when Burgundy is late for work, gets a shot at reading (much to the dismay of Ron's overzealous colleagues). Ron and Veronica get involved, and their relationship is put under threat as Veronica becomes a bigger success at the station, and a whole lot of other stuff happens that I'm not going to spoil too much because, well, it's too f***king funny to give away. To give you an idea of

the humour, though, Ron and his team, including weatherman Brick Tamland (Steve Carell), with an IQ of 45, and ladies' man Brian Fantana (Rudd) bump into the number two team, headed by Wes Vantooth (Vince Vaughn):

Vantooth (to Burgundy's team): Nice suits, I didn't know the Salvation Army was having a sale!

Tamland (to Vantooth's team): Oh yeah? Where'd you get those suits? The... toilet store?!

To entice you: there's a hilarious sequence involving animated unicorns, Jack Black, Luke Wilson, Ben Stiller and Tim Robbins all have priceless cameos, there are some priceless moments involving Ron's tendency to read whatever gets put on the teleprompter, and most importantly, the jokes are actually funny. Here's hoping it's a trend.

Brian O'Neil



YING XIONG (Hero)

Director: Yimou Zhang
 Starring: Jet Li, Tony Leung Chiu Wai, Maggie Cheung, Zhang Ziyi

I thank Quentin Tarantino from the bottom of my heart for helping produce this. After all, though Jet Li may star in Hero, this is as far from monstrosities like *The One* and *Cradle 2 The Grave* as you can get in a martial arts film. A large part of that probably has to do with the fact that Li actually gets to speak in his native language (Mandarin), and seems a lot more comfortable in delivering his lines. Having a \$240 million budget with Yimou Zhang (Raise the Red Lantern) as director, and a cast including Cheung (In the Mood for Love) and Ziyi (Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon) certainly doesn't hurt, either.

Nameless (Li) attends a meeting with the powerful warlord and King of Qin (Daoming Chen), one of seven provinces in a pre-unified China. Nameless, a minor official, claims to have defeated three of the strongest assassins in China - and three of the king's greatest threats. As Nameless regales the king with his account of how he killed one of the three assassins, Sky (Donnie Yen), before turning the other two, Broken Sword (Wai) and Flying Snow (Cheung) against each other, the king suggests that the course of events may have run differently from the way Nameless tells them.

Although nothing this good could ever truly be disappointing to write about, there are few ways (if any) to fault Hero. Here is a film that is so rich emotionally, visually and philosophically, as to leave the audience feeling a tad overindulged. Without giving too much away, the audience is treated to three different sequences of events that gradually reveal the motives of Nameless, the three assassins, and the king. Several of the fight scenes are rather breathtaking, with particular credit going to a certain battle featuring Flying Snow in a gorgeous autumnal setting, leaves being flung around as she and her assailant fight. These are coupled with beautifully controlled performances - Cheung again deserves mention, expressing Flying Snow with a precision that is almost imperceptible. Hero, as its title suggests, illustrates heroism and sacrifice in numerous forms, almost all of which take their toll on the characters, and which will likely leave some make on their audience as well.

I run a great risk in raving about a film like this - after all, I don't want to cause people to expect too much of any film and come off disappointed. My advice is to try and free yourself from expectations - certainly, don't expect another *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, as the two films are hugely different. That said, I'm going to live dangerously and say that this film blew me away. So there.

****1/2

Brian O'Neil

THE CLEARING

Director: Pieter Jan Brugge
 Starring: Robert Redford, Willem Dafoe & Helen Mirren

Robert Redford and Willem Dafoe star in Pieter Jan Brugge's (producer of *The Insider*, *Heat*, and *Bulworth*) first experiment in the director's chair.

Robert Redford is Wayne Hayes, an aging businessman who has built an enormous corporate empire from the ground up and now that he is older he seems to be enjoying the benefits of his labour. He lives in a good neighbourhood, in an impressive house and appears to live a life of quiet contentment with his wife Eileen (Helen Mirren). However, their prosaic suburban existence is torn asunder one morning when Wayne is accosted by an armed man (Willem Dafoe) and driven deep into an unrecognizable forest. His wife Eileen becomes frantic when she receives ransom notes and, in an act of desperation, calls on the FBI. Once they're inside her home the FBI proceed to turn her life, and soon her family history, upside down and Eileen is forced to speak truths about her marriage that she would rather have kept silent.

Pieter Jan Brugge has been a producer for many years, most successfully on a pair of Michael Mann films, *The Insider* and *Heat*, and his first attempt at direction is an encouraging start. The films he has produced have largely been thrillers and, while he hasn't left the genre entirely, *The Clearing* is undeniably something quite different. Here he's made something best described as a domestic thriller. Two stories run parallel, there's the story of Redford and Dafoe in the forest as they vie for power over each other, and the story of the Hayes family as they await his safe return, all the while uncovering distressing family secrets. Brugge's handling of the story is competent and assured; it's logical, uncomplicated storytelling. He seems to have managed to avoid the influence of the directors that he has worked with in the past and found a personal style. It may not be groundbreaking, but it is his none the less.

It goes without saying that the performances are strong across the board. Redford is good again, as he has been for the last forty years, Helen Mirren is commendable in a subtle role and Dafoe is outstanding as he continues to prove himself one of the best character actors in Hollywood today.

There's so much going for *The Clearing* - a good script is well handled by Brugge and very well acted by a good cast. Unfortunately though, it just fails to reach critical mass and take off. It flirts with investigating a few different concepts but fails to tackle any of them head on. It seems interested in class politics, the concept of 'the American dream' and the functioning of the United States as a modern meritocracy but fails to garner any big insights. There also seems to be some attempt at criticizing the prosaic nature of suburban life but it resolves itself without any kind of profound revelation. *The Clearing*

is a valiant effort, and by no means a failure, it's just that it's one or two eureka moments short of being a great film.

***1/2

Danny Wills

GARDEN STATE

Director: Zach Braff
 Starring Zach Braff, Natalie Portman,

If I had to name one filmmaker I really didn't see coming in 2004, Zach Braff (star of TV's *Scrubs*) would be an easy choice. *Garden State* is one of those films that sounds a tad unspectacular when you try to describe its story, but actually experiencing the film is a completely different story. Put simply, after watching *Garden State*, I practically wanted to hug myself. Braff, as director and actor, fares well - as a writer, he has penned here some of the most real, vulnerable characters seen on screen this year, at the same time imbuing them with smart, darkly funny undertones slightly akin to the style of *Six Feet Under*.

Andrew Largeman (Braff) has been on lithium and a variety of depressants and tranquilisers since he was deemed dangerous by his parents at the age of ten. Having therefore been in a sort of spaced-out state of mind for about sixteen years of his life (his success as a TV actor while living away in Los Angeles therefore becomes a small in-joke), he stands at his mother's funeral, which he has returned home for after nine years, with an almost completely blank expression on his face. He sees a couple of his high school friends hanging around nearby, including Mark (Sarsgaard), who he discovers now works as a gravedigger (and, incidentally, is there to bury Andrew's mother). Andrew regards all of this with almost no expression - but his medication is about to start wearing off. Having forgotten to bring his many meds with him, Andrew goes to the local hospital to pick some up, but instead he meets Sam (Portman) - a quirky, up front girl with a slight penchant for impulsive lying. As Andrew decides to try giving the pills a miss for a while, Sam becomes his gentle entryway into experiencing something more than numbness. As Andrew begins to realise that there may not have been a need for his medication in the first place, he gradually decides to confront his father (Holm) about it.

Natalie Portman, skilful in portraying offbeat characters like Sam (see *Where the Heart Is*) has perhaps her best film role to date here. One scene in particular, in which we see Sam quietly moved to tears as Andrew tells her about the death of his mother, is about as starkly, emotionally honest as anything we're likely to see. This is the sort of experience Andrew moves towards, experiencing anger, sadness, excitement and love for what may as well have been the first time in his life. His gradual transition out of numbness is heightened for us, the audience, because we are being reintroduced to these feelings as well

after the oft-emotionless, surreal nature of the film's beginning. Braff's skill in writing truly naturalistic dialogue is far-removed from the cheesy, condescending content often presented in films, and it helps us to appreciate the importance, and the silliness, of feelings. This is a part of what makes us human - and if there's a filmmaker to plumb this and other philosophical depths, promising newcomer Zach Braff has shown himself to be capable of drawing characters about as human as they come.

Brian O'Neil

DODGEBALL: A TRUE UNDERDOG STORY

Director: Rawson Marshall Thurber
 Starring Vince Vaughn, Christine Taylor, Ben Stiller

White Goodman (Stiller, apparently at the manic end of a bipolar problem) is the owner of a large fitness chain, Globo Gym. Across the road from one of his hi-tech gymnasiums is Average Joe's gym, run by the flannelette-toting Peter LaFleur (Vaughn). LaFleur is struggling financially, and Goodman wants to buy his location out. Kate Veatch, a sympathetic local lawyer (The Brady Bunch Movie's Taylor, implausibly cast), must remind Peter of the \$50,000 debt he needs to pay off - although she'd rather see the end of Globo Gym's smarmy, womanising manager as much as Pater would. Justin (Jeepers Creepers' Justin Long, one of the few bright spots in the movie), one of Average Joe's few patrons, suggests a dodgeball tournament in Las Vegas as a means for netting the needed dosh. Goodman decides to round up a team as well to try and hustle Peter and pals out of the competition. Here starts the joke that is *Dodgeball: A Truly Uninteresting Story*.

There are a few problems that could be forgiven with *Dodgeball*. The strange, low-brow humour is at least fairly clean. The fact that the movie relies so heavily on stereotypes and otherwise bland characters is an issue. Ben Stiller, funnier when playing the bumbling loser (a la Meet the Parents), is only funny with these sort of characters when delivered in small doses, as is the case in *Anchorman* (see review this issue). Unfortunately, Stiller gets such an overwhelming majority of the jokes here that his is the only character I actually remember, inflatable crotch-baring pants and all (don't ask). What makes the film the biggest waste of time, however, is not the fact that writer/director Thurber merrily chooses to apply the dodgeball strategy of Average Joe's team to his film-making and aim low. It's the jokes, which I so desperately wanted to find funny but couldn't, that ultimately stop this film from getting anywhere over the line.

*1/2

Brian O'Neil

Because it is cinema, the callous indifference of the world isn't oppressive, it's the fodder for all his jokes, because it is cinema he can survive it, and because it is cinema he always gets the girl.

Rare chance relished



All-Stravinsky program Elder Conservatorium Wind Ensemble

Elder Hall, October 15

The music of Stravinsky isn't exactly the most popular stuff around. But that's not to say that it isn't good or that isn't worth performing. Indeed, the Elder Conservatorium Wind Ensemble attempted a rare thing - the performance of a program consisting entirely of works by the Russian master D and succeeded in producing a wonderful forty minutes. Perhaps the only criticism that one could make was that there wasn't more!

The group was directed with great restraint by Robert Hower, and his approach seemed to get results. In *Symphonies of Wind Instruments* the solo flute and solo clarinet developed an engaging interplay and it

was pleasing to see that the 1920 version, which is scored for more unusual instruments than the 1947 revision, was performed. This gave the students opportunities to play such oddities as alto flute, basset horn and trumpet in A.

MMus candidate Fiona Corston impressed as the soloist in the *Concerto for Piano and Wind Instruments*. Her technique was easily up to the mark for the fast passages and she was able to add to the jaunty mood that prevails in much of the concerto. One senses that Corston is heading for great things; she will be studying at the Royal Northern College of Music (Manchester) next year.

The *Circus Polka* showcased the ECWE at full strength and was an effervescent end to the performance. One didn't even need to picture dancing elephants (for which it was composed) to enjoy it.

The long and the short of it

There has been a distinct lack of opera in Adelaide this year, which can be put down to State Opera's upcoming staging of Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Were it not for the company's Young Artists program, things would have been much worse. Led by Patrick Lim (producer and director) and Anthony Hunt (music director and current student at our Elder School of Music), the Young Artists have presented a number of works over the last few years, the most recent of which being Sondheim's *Sunday in the Park with George*.

Now, timed to coincide with the Ring Cycle, the group presents *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges* by Ravel.

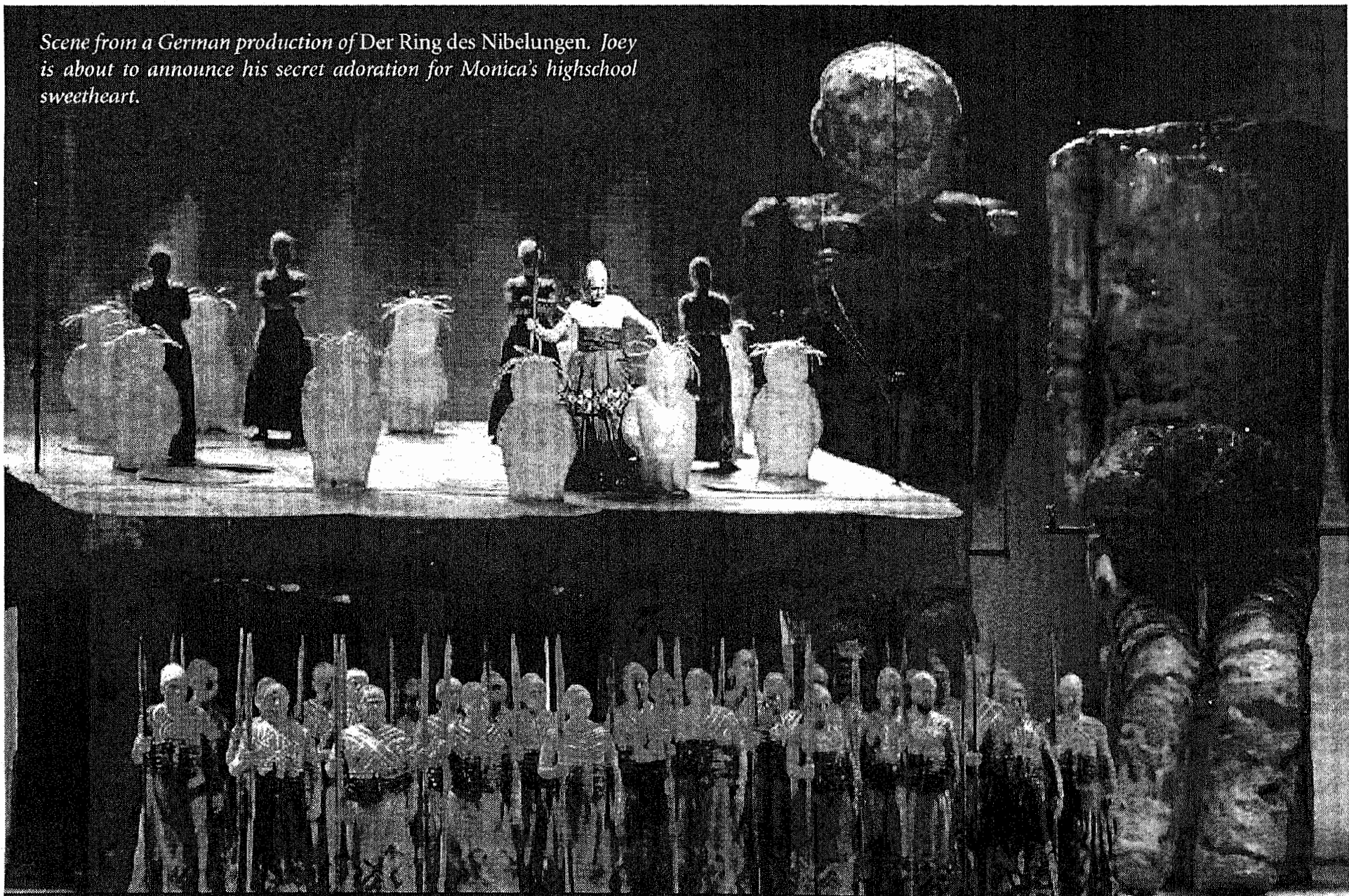
Inanimate objects come to life and scold a naughty child in a story based on a poem by Colette. The performance will be the Australian premiere of the new chamber orchestration by Didier Puntos, which was created for Lorin Maazel and the Opéra de Lyon only a few years ago.

Britten's *Quatre Chansons* and Barber's *A Hand of Bridge* will act as curtain raisers, the latter putting an interesting spin on the event. It will mean that Adelaide will be playing host to one of the shortest operas in the repertory (coming in at the meagre total of nine minutes) at the same time as it hosts the sixteen-hour masterpiece that is the Ring Cycle!

So if you're not a fan of Wagner, or perhaps you just can't get enough opera, make sure that you get to down to Netley for what promises to be a series of enchanting performances.

L'Enfant et les Sortilèges (The Child and the Magic) will be performed at the Opera Studio, Netley (cnr Marion Rd and Richmond Rd) on some of the Ring Cycle's 'off-days' - 6pm November 21, 3pm November 28, 6pm December 5, 7.30pm December 10 - and tickets are available from BASS for \$23 for Club26 members.

Scene from a German production of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Joey is about to announce his secret adoration for Monica's highschool sweetheart.



30

Such a pathetic display of wasted genius, it completely falls into the postmodern trap... damn it, I just didn't understand *The Baudrillard Brothers*.

Dan J, Edition 72.3 (he missed the point - it was supposed to be stupid, stupid).

Safety in numbers

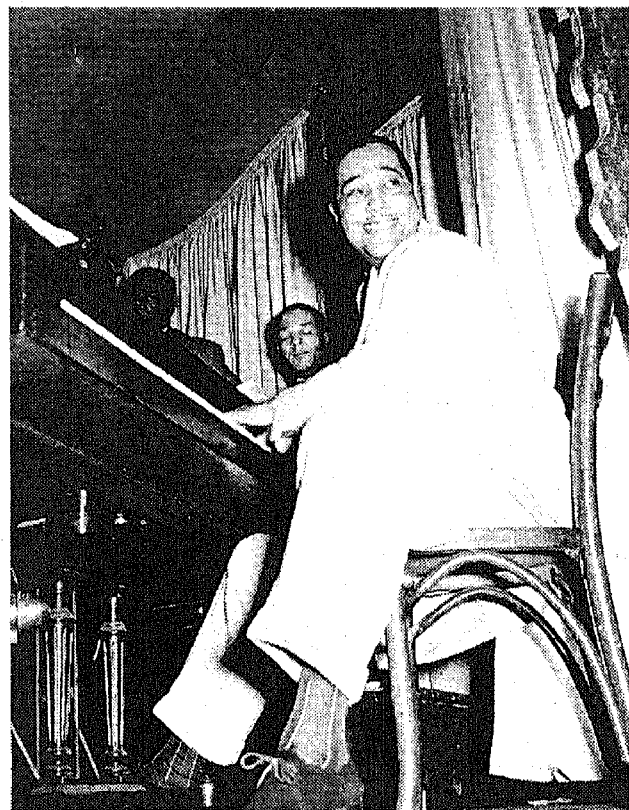
Elder Ellingtonia
Elder School of Music - The Honours Jazz
Ensemble & Big Band I
Elder Hall, October 14

The penultimate instalment of the Elder School of Music Evening Concert Series highlighted a failure of the jazz program here at the University: it doesn't seem to have produced skilled improvisers. This was suggested by the fact that the Big Band proved itself to be far superior to the Honours Jazz Ensemble.

The best of the Honours Ensemble players were Scott Meggs (drums) and Sam Zerna (bass), the latter of whom is in fact a second-year student. Meggs did well to keep a definite pulse in his extended solo towards the end of the set and was solid throughout all of the numbers. Saxophonists/lecturers Dusty Cox and Chris Soole showed up the students, Cox with a fiery few bars that turned out to be the high point of the night and Soole with a heartfelt rendition of *Sophisticated Lady*. With a number of guest artists failing to appear, Vashti Tyrrell (saxophone), Steve Huxtable (trombone), James Brown (guitar) and

Derek Pascoe (saxophone) (the last two were guest players and are both enrolled as MMus students) tried hard, but were not inspiring. Presumably it was the absences that led to some program changes - changes that shifted the focus ever so slightly from the composer whose work was featuring.

In fact, the Duke Ellington theme made much more sense in the second half of the program, as the Big Band replaced the combo - Ellington was, first and foremost, a bandleader. Directed by Hal Hall, the band was at its finest in the ballads, as some problems with the sound system led to a lack of clarity in the upbeat numbers. In fact, there was probably no need for the amplification. There were some interesting solos from David Duncan, James Nikkerud and Jonathon Hunt, but the best solos of the set came from out-of-towner Andrew McNaughton on trumpet. With his muted, growling trumpet, McNaughton displayed his exceptional musicianship in *Echoes of Harlem* and produced equally enjoyable offerings in a number of other charts. Perhaps the ESM ought to see if it can organize for him to give a few improvisation lessons.



'I've got one word to say to you, Kim: value.

The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra has continued with its attempt to draw new audiences to its events with a varied 2005 program. However, the quality of the Masters Series looks like it will be maintained and many of the other concerts will be just as worthwhile to attend.

- Youngsters are a major focus of the program. Cheap tickets are available to school students (primary and tertiary), and educational events and the new family concert initiative will introduce children to live orchestral music. The push to increase interest among young people is, of course, vital to the future sustainability of the orchestra.
- Another noteworthy initiative is the regional touring to Mount Gambier and Port Lincoln. This reinforces that the ASO is South Australia's orchestra and is not just for those within the metropolitan area of Adelaide.
- The East End Rush Hour Series has been rebadged as the somewhat less catchy 'Lenz Eyewear Chamber Series' and has been cut to three concerts instead of four.
- However, the Showtime Series hasn't shrunk, and ought to be popular as it features Lalo Schifrin (remember the Mission Impossible theme?), James Morrison, Kate Ceberano and others.
- The Alfresco concerts return, this time in the form of a concert at the Adelaide Botanic Gardens that will be repeated the following evening at the Mount Lofty Botanic Garden. Coming at the beginning of February, just pray that it isn't 40°C.
- Other outdoor events include the Santos Symphony Under the Stars in Elder Park (free admission and a fireworks display to cap things off) and the Symphony in the Serengeti at Monarto Zoological Park.
- Fans of Warner Bros cartoons will find something just for them in the Bugs Bunny on Broadway show in late February.
- And for those who've always wanted to be on the radio, but are too scared to speak into a microphone, there's the new Keys to Music: Live program. This show, presented by Graham Abbott on ABC Classic FM, seeks to make classical music accessible, so newcomers to the genre will benefit from attending these performances.

On top of all of this, the Masters Series (the 'serious' business) promises to be an engaging one. Here are some highlights.

- It will commence with a bang in April as the orchestra teams up with the Adelaide Symphony Chorus for Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 ('Choral'), featuring the well-known *Ode to Joy*.
- One week later, bassist François Rabbath returns to Adelaide to perform a specially-arranged version of Bizet's *Carmen*.
- A soloist of equal virtuosity who is probably more familiar to younger audiences is guitarist Slava Grigoryan. He will perform the *Concierto de Aranjuez* by Rodrigo, while the orchestra will on its own perform works by Schumann, including Symphony No. 3 ('the Rhenish').
- Former ASO leader Nicholas Milton will appear as conductor in late May with the challenge of Brahms' Symphony No. 4 at the same time that young Singaporean Min Lee will make her ASO debut with the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto.
- In what could musically be the most interesting event of the series, Estonian musical director Arvo Volmer will conduct works by his fellow countryman, Pärt. This will be one of seven concerts for which Volmer will be at the helm.
- The Estonian flavour continues through to the following event, which will feature Tubin's Symphony No. 4 as well Brahms' fourth violin concerto. The soloist in the latter work will be Russian Boris Brovtsyn.
- Paul Lewis is one of the most important pianists in the world today, and will perform Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 ('Emperor') in mid-July. Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 will also feature in this concert.
- Probably the biggest coup for the ASO in 2005 will be Branford Marsalis' performances of the Glazunov Saxophone Concerto and a transcription of Copland's Clarinet Concerto. This, along with the chance to hear Stravinsky's *Firebird Suite* (1919), makes this particular event unmissable.
- Audiences will be forgiven for thinking that they have stumbled into a Showtime Series concert when in early September a distinctly cinematic program will be performed. Works will include Bernard Herrmann's *Vertigo Suite* and Copland's

El Salon Mexico and *Billy the Kid Suite*, along with the *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini* by Rachmaninov. The *Rhapsody* will feature another Russian, Nikolai Demidenko, on piano.

- Kellie Armstrong-Smith will have plenty to be excited about as Adelaide's own Anna Goldsworthy performs Clara Schumann's Piano Concerto. In the year that marks the two hundredth anniversary of Fanny Mendelssohn-Hensel's death, her Overture in C major will also be performed, and will make for an interesting comparison with the better-known Felix Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 5 ('Reformation').
- Prominent cellist Jian Wang will perform Dvořák's Cello Concerto in early November, while the Northern European theme continues with Nielsen's Symphony No. 4 ('Inextinguishable').
- And in the final Masters Series event for the year, the ASO will feature its own players as Geoffrey Collins (flute) and Suzanne Handel (harp) team up for the Mozart Concerto for Flute and Harp and Cameron Malouf performs Grøndahl's Trombone Concerto. The season will be fittingly concluded with Sibelius' Symphony No. 7.

If any of these events take your fancy, you can visit www.aso.com.au for more details and to request a brochure. Something that you won't find mentioned in the brochure is the discount scheme for tertiary students. Unfortunately, a lack of support has forced the orchestra to pull out of the Club26 scheme. While this rules out being able to book cheap tickets ahead of time, the ASO is offering a very attractive student rush deal of \$9 per ticket for any performance. Simply arrive half an hour early, and unless the performance is sold out (perhaps try for Thursday performances, if you can), you will get in for an unbelievably good price. The other advantage is that some of the best seats in the house are often not released until this time, so you can easily end up sitting in a better seat than you would have if you had booked! The bottom line is, when one takes into account the quality of the orchestra's performances and the interesting programming for next year, student rush tickets are fantastic value and everyone ought to make an effort to get along to as many events as they can.

Benedict Coxon



"In my life always I have been happy to be useful and I used to work hard. But now in detention centre I have to eat and sleep only and waste your taxes and my life. What a strange puzzle."

Actors for Refugees, for the first time in South Australia, presented *Something to Declare* at The Odeon Theatre on October 24 at 4pm. Starring McLeod's Daughters cast members Michala Banas, Aaron Jeffreys and Myles Pollard, and featuring young Iranian actor Kevan Abak, *Something to Declare* tells true stories of refugees and asylum seekers in Australia. This moving and enlightening work is performed as an animated reading and is supported by a core of brilliant Adelaide musicians.

All funds raised from this production will go to Australian Refugee Association and RASSA. Actors for Refugees was established in Melbourne three years ago by Alice Garner (*Sea Change*, *Love and Other Catastrophies*, *The Secret Life of Us*) and Kate Atkinson (*Sea Change*, *Fat Cow Motel*, *Japanese Story*). The principle aim of Actors for Refugees is: "To raise awareness of, and above all humanise the plight of refugees and asylum seekers in Australia, both in and out of detention, as well as those redirected to Pacific Island detention centers." Playwright Michael Gurr has collected refugee stories and interviews, to create *Something to Declare*.

Local actor Emma Beech worked for 12 months with the group in Melbourne, and helped to launch the premiere of *Something to Declare*. On returning to South Australia, Emma is now heading the Adelaide group. Actors for Refugees work in other states, has featured performers including William McInnes, John Howard, Annie Phelan, Corrine Grant, Claudia Karvan, John Wood, Joel Edgerton, Kevin Harrington, Pamela Rabe, Helen Morse and Rachael Mazza, all who have donated their time to help share stories and insights into the refugee experience here in Australia. Lyn Coleman, the director of the Adelaide production, talked of her involvement in the show,

"I'm proud to be a part of a group that feels the plight of refugees deeply and who wants to educate others about the real effects of our government's policies, on those most vulnerable and in need of our help. We hope you are moved and inspired by the show and that you continue to talk to your friends and those not so friendly, about the need to massage compassion and conscience towards those who have given up everything, to seek safety in our bountiful country... Freedom is a wonderful thing."

And it's a wonderful thing that these actors are doing with their freedom.

Alex Rafalowicz

Judging by the amount of post received by On Dit from amateur theatre companies in the last few days, Adelaide's theatre scene is alive and kicking. Unfortunately, our resources are limited and we can't preview everything. However, we thought we'd give you the details of some upcoming performances that we've heard about and you any tickle your fancy you can go to theatreguide.tripod.com for more details.

Our very own Theatre Guild is currently presenting *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* by Peter Nichols. The remaining performances will be staged at the Little Theatre (here at the University) from October 26-30, commencing at 7:30pm. Hailing from the 60s, the play deals with issues associated with bringing up a disabled child. Tickets can be booked through BASS for \$15 for concession card holders.

Stephen Briggs' adaptation of Terry Pratchett's *Night Watch* will receive its Australian premiere at the Bakehouse Theatre with a season running from October 15-30. Unseen Theatre Company will perform this instalment of the Discworld series at 8:00pm Wednesdays to Saturdays. Tickets for concession card holders are available through BASS for \$12.

Another play with its roots firmly in northern England, *Hobson's Choice*, will be presented by The Stirling Players at the Stirling Community Theatre. Written

Boston Wives

The Space Theatre

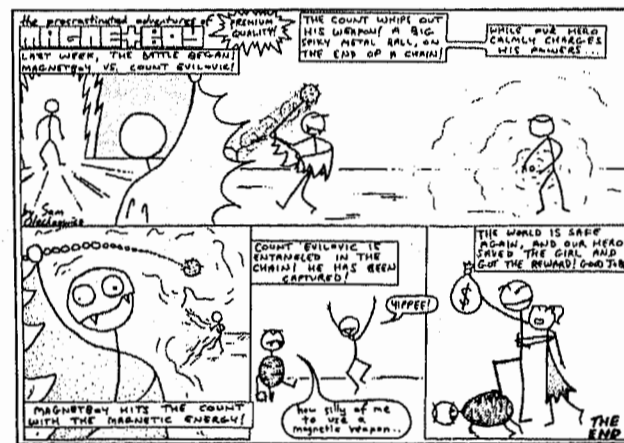
October 15 - November 6



Boston Wives is the latest offering from the State Theatre Company and seminal American playwright David Mamet. Set in Victorian period Boston, the play centres around the amusing conundrum that is two ageing women attempting to reconcile their reliance upon a wealthy male benefactor with their (barely) hidden romance with one another.

Local actress Amber McMahon shines as the comical Scottish maid, providing a lovable counterpoint to the bickering spinsters. Billed as 'Oscar Wilde meets *Absolutely Fabulous!*' this is hardly life affirming theatre, but certainly one of the more entertaining period pieces you'll see this summer.

Stan



Now wait just a gosh-darn minute. That's the end of Magnetboy? We waited 21 editions for Count Evilovic's mace to backfire? You bastard! - Ed

by Harold Brighouse, the play is set in late-nineteenth century Lancashire and makes some interesting points that deal with family and business relationships. Performances will take place at 8:00pm on October 29 and 30, and November 5, 6, 12, 13. There will also be Sunday matinee performances at 4:00pm on October 31 and November 7. The concession price is \$13 and tickets are available through the Stirling Newsagency (8339 4041).

The Burnside Players will be performing *The Woman in Black - A Ghost Story* at the Promethean Theatre (Grote St) at 8pm on several days during November: 4-6, 10-13 and will also present a matinee at 2pm on the last date. Adapted by Stephen Mallatratt from the novel by Susan Hill, the play's plot is reflected in its title - prepare yourself for some scares. Concession tickets are available from BASS for \$12.

Please note that the BASS booking fee will apply to any tickets booked using this method.

SMORGASBORD OF LOCAL THEATRE



If only Chirac would use his lashing tongue against the real enemies of the world, rather than sledging allies, the French might be going somewhere, rather than to hell in a handbasket.

DRC, Edition 72.1



Japan is a machine, built and manufactured and alive with energy. But deep inside a screw is loose, things are beginning to shake and rock, things are beginning to unravel. To come face to face with this side of Japan, look no further than the depressed and prostitute riddled industrial city of Osaka.

All day and all night the place is central for the extreme, even more so than the legendary Tokyo. An unsettling vibe can be felt as you walk through its vain-like streets, the city breathes heavily, like a captured beast. It is the insanely cute, with puppy dog eyes, but deep down it's ready to bite and sting. Posters in strange English bedazzle its buildings like empty shells, lifeless and dormant in the dark.

Living not far from such a place you forget just how large it is, just how much bigger it is then your real home. You forget that this is one of the largest cities in the world, that here the people have the fastest walking speed of all cities, here the rush to work and to shop is the quickest, although you'll be too busy to notice.

In every visit you feel unsatisfied. You will feel as if you missed out on Osaka's best, with only glimpses of the city's mystic catching your eye from around a corner. Like a high heeled girl with fake gold, fake tan and rainbow real Louis Vuitton. Enormous Beehive hair-dos cover the heads of such vixens; they walk like clones in their thousands. Stopping in a noodle bar with mirrors in hand, making sure that their mass of chemically enhanced shimmering locks are all in place. They look neither Asian nor European, they are their own species, alive and well in their natural habitat.

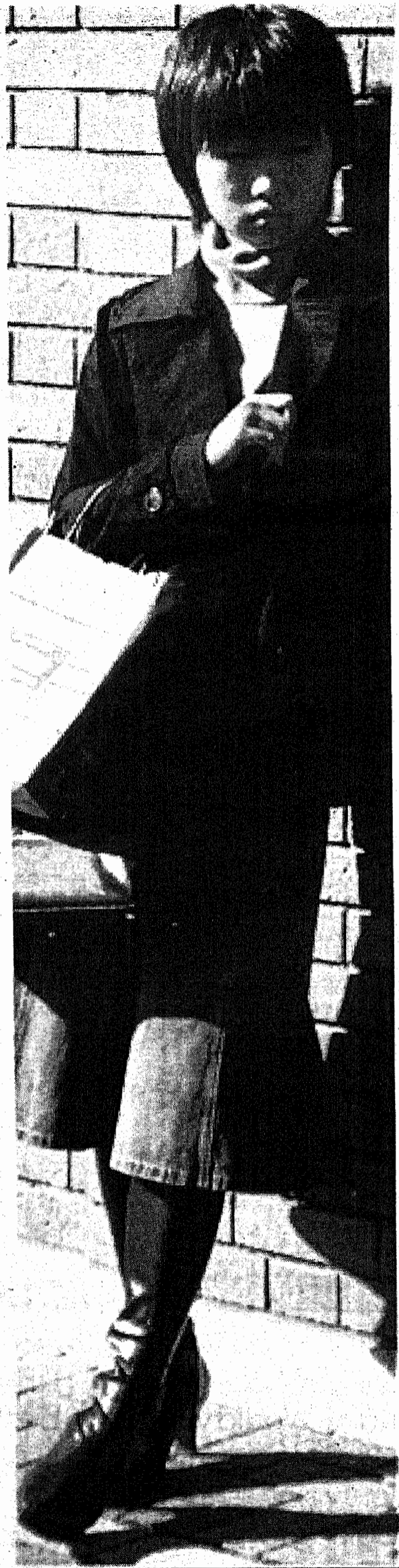
Women look free, but are not. Despite this, male hosts born to serve every female whim are all the rage. By bridges, love can be bought

or sold in the artificial light of breathtaking street signs at least 50 metres square. Here the hosts haunt the streets, call out their price and crave attention. With their own unique twist on Gangster Chic, these men call the madam butterflies to their arms. Who controls them? Some say the Yakusa; advertisements for such positions are easily located. But I say something else divides these young men and women. Desire is the force in the back of their heads. Beauty, perfection, designer clothes, ancient culture and high paced living. Is this Japan becoming more Western or is Japan becoming more Japanese?

If you're lucky you may stumble upon the hidden people of Japan, the street sleeping outsiders, the homeless, the day labourers. Men and women too scared to return home and face the fact that they have lost their jobs. *Unemployment* never seems to be a word that one would associate with Japan, but beneath the glossy palaces of the consumer machine that is Japan one can see them. After an all nighter on the streets of Osaka, I braved the deserted subways of the city of contradictions to find an enclave of outcasts huddled and asleep. I walked softly through this realm of the untouchables, trying to sneak past unnoticed. This image of Japan seems secret and forgotten. When asking about such taboos, the Japanese always seem vague; such a topic always seems new to them.

In reality it is a signifier for a city known for its rough language, distinct class variations and unquenchable thirst for designer goods. The Louis Vuitton building towers over the subway whose catacombs are filled with the hopeless and lost, its golden L's and V's shine over the city like McDonald's gleaming arches. The building is a pagoda of the new Japanese religion: Consumption. To step into the store one can see all types it is filled with hype and excitement. Everyone's in a rush and the store has a carnival atmosphere. I felt like I was there to see a show. But as I fondled a \$7,000 fur lined army jacket I couldn't help but think of the homeless Japanese who contrast so greatly with the youth fresh from the pages of *Nippon Vogue*. It's mad and intoxicating, it's addictive and inciting – this is the modern Japan. Not a world moving in time to some sort of American Imperialism, but a world following its own desires. Japan is driven for the movement, Japan lives for the day.

Words and illustrations Leo Greenfield
(On Dit Foreign Correspondent at Kansai Gaidai University)



The Japanese have an amazing ability to create convenience, then ruin it in some way.

Linley Henzell, Edition 72.13

STUDENT RADIO

Monday, Tuesday and Saturday from 9pm **101.5fm**

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

**2005 Student Radio
Applications are now open**

page 34

**Be a part of the rockin'
Local Noise team, sucker.**

We're looking for spunky young monkeys to fill our slots and serenade us with their dulcet tones. In 2005, we're going to play with the format a little. Currently we run shows on a fortnightly basis, three nights a week. Next year we're looking to incorporate one night on a weekly rotation of shows and the other two nights on a fortnightly rotation. This means that if you're a half-arsed slacker, who can't get your application in by November 5, then you have a mid-year reprieve. Download an application from the student radio website and drop it in at the SAUA office or at Radio Adelaide's front desk. Applications close November 12.

Local Noise is looking to recruit fresh meat for 2005. Not sure what Local Noise is? Well it's our weekly live music show that features local and touring bands playing a live-to-air set. We want audio engineers and technical assistants to help with the production of Local Noise. Fear not if you don't have the skills, you just need to be ultra enthused and ready to learn. Send an email telling us about yourself, any experience you have, and what position you want to apply for, to student.radio@adelaide.edu.au or ring the radio station on Tuesday night after 7pm on 8303 5000.

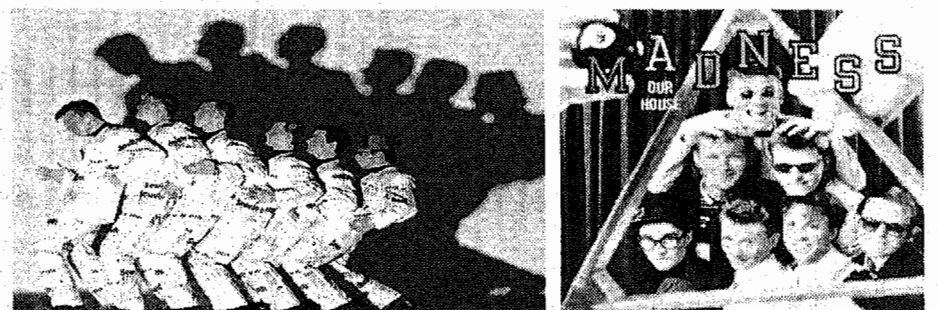
STUDENT TV

Wednesday 9:30pm & Sunday 10pm **UHF31**

student.radio@adelaide.edu.au

Do you have an interest in television production but don't know where to start? Would you like to be the next Keith Martin or Anton Ennis? Well, Student Television is the place for you. We are looking for producers, directors, camera operators and imaginative visionaries. Grab a Student Radio application and fill out the TV bit on the back.

**And in keeping up last week's theme, here's
STUDENT RADIO'S CORNER OF MADNESS**





XiuXiu
Fabulous Muscles
PopFrenzy Records

So you're broke, don't have any friends, behind on your studies, and you think you're life is pretty bad huh? Well think again, because you've probably got nothing on Jamie Stewart, the main creative force behind XiuXiu (pronounced "shoe shoe"). Jamie's lost friends, family and loved ones to drugs, suicide and God knows what else, but instead of going off in a corner and crying about it, he writes experimental pop records with dense electronic arrangements and organic instrumentation. His music is like a bundle of white-hot id that bubbles away threateningly below the surface, which on occasion overflows like lava erupting from a volcano.

Jamie's voice reminds one of Joy Division's Ian Curtis (and not unexpectedly, since Xiu Xiu have even namechecked Curtis in song) particularly on the goth-inspired electro tune 'I Luv The Valley', where his pained baritone opens into high screeches. Like Curtis, he's certainly not shy about airing his dirty laundry and wearing his heart on his sleeve, as on tracks like 'Bunny Gamer', where he intones "it feels retarded/ I want you to like me", over glitchy IDM blips and blops. Stewart's delicate murmurings of an intense love on 'Little Panda McElroy' ("because of you/ I can stop wanting to kill myself") are juxtaposed with shimmering electronic pads and noises.

That said, the graphic anti-war lyrics in 'Support Our Troops OH!' ("did you know you were going to shoot the top off a little girls head?") veer dangerously close to overt soap boxing and may have a negative effect, alienating the audience rather than inspiring, but generally the overall effect is one of raw emotional honesty that suits the proceedings. 'Crank Heart' sees Stewarts doomy vocals placed amongst hazy electronics, and energetic electro beats, and the title track stripped back to a confessional solo guitar and vox delivery. 'Mike', written for (and to) his late father who committed suicide, has ragged pulsing bass synth drones and jagged, angular chords violently wrenched from a guitar with Stewart's whispered vocals ("Dad, what was Nigel supposed to do with your body?") adding to the emotional intensity, and the sparse bonus track

'Rose of Sharon' should be saved for special occasions as it may cause one to weep uncontrollably.

Lots of people write music when they've got sadness on their mind, and pain in their hearts, but few make music as evocative, inventive and honest as that contained on this album. Stewart makes other indie-tronica look like the safe, middle-of-the-road pap that it often is. *Fabulous Muscles* is a darkly compelling album, and one of my personal favourites of this year.

dan V



Camera Obscura
Underachievers Please Try Harder
PopFrenzy Records

Not to be confused with the San Diego hardcore group of the same name, (or for that matter, Melbourne's underground record label) Camera Obscura are a charming indie-pop sextet that hail from Scotland. This, their second album, has just been released on new Australian label PopFrenzy and if this release is anything to go by, we can expect more great things from their stable.

Pivotal to Camera Obscura's appeal is the gentle, honeyed voice of Tracyann Campbell, who sounds adorable and cute on songs like the flirtatious 'Suspended from Class', authentically doo wop throughout 'A Sisters Social Agony' and heartbreakingly melancholic on 'Books Written for Girls'. 'Teenager' also features some beautiful theremin-emulating vocal glissandi, and equally captivating is the countrified tic-tac bass patterns and harmonized boy/girl vocals detailing a of a love lost ("Come back this time/wishful thinking is going to make you mine.") on 'Before You Cry'.

Comparisons to fellow Glaswegians Belle and Sebastian are fairly accurate (though a little obvious, given they're both from the same small town), but I would argue that Camera Obscura are less twee and wet-behind-the-ears sounding than B & S, and much easier to listen to over repeated sessions. Second vocalist John Henderson's morose singing and finger-picked acoustic on 'Your Picture' sounds like it could be a Leonard Cohen out-take, but it doesn't even matter; even in those places where Camera Obscura sound too familiar for their own good,

they manage to charm their way into your heart.

Camera Obscura are lyrically insightful, emotionally bare and gorgeous sounding, add it all up and you'll find *Underachievers*...is a great and very necessary pop album.

dan V

Sum 41
Chuck
Universal

My music loving (and as I have now learned morally corrupt) peers will surely ostricise me for this statement, but Sum 41 are the new geniuses of the contemporary music world. And I don't mean this in a ironic/sarcastic Vice magazine kinda way. They have assumed the guise of angsty, white boy teen rockers to convince the youth masses to discard their consumerist ways and adopt pacifist environmentalist beliefs. For years activists have tried in vain to pump 'the message' down the throats of the proles, only to be shown the error of their ways by these seemingly smart-arse punks. First, they left the alternababes looking pretty fucking dull and vacant by once again making it 'cool to care' in their satirical mock-Stroke's film clip.

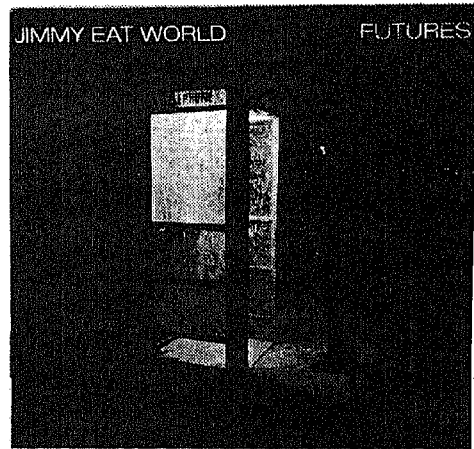
Now they've released the soon to be classic 'We're All To Blame' complete with an eighties chic Capitalist Joy* clip with layer upon layer of post-modern reflexive irony. By blaming themselves *and* others they are able to incorporate angst and anger, getting both teenage emotions in one hit. Fast, single-tone riffing hammers in the bulk of The Message breaking through into soaring, epic and emotive rock opera to drive home crucial part of The Message, before falling in an exhausted heap of a sarcastically over sentimental "you're all-talk bleeding hearts" acoustic outro.

The lyrics are short, and purposeful, "how can we still succeed taking more than what we need? Telling lies, alibis, selling all the hate that we breed - super size the tradegy". Compare to John Butler Trio's "They're cutting down all the trees, can someone stop them please. Don't they know if they chop them down, it's only desert that they leave. Don't they know anything? NO".

The band is almost too earnest deciding to leave humour and apathy to those who have the moral laxity that allows for such luxury (see CAKE review). Their energy does seem to have a Christian Glow** about it but its unsubstantiated in the lyrics so give them the benefit of the doubt.

Dan J

*intellectual property of Daniel Joyce
**intellectual property of Tristan Mahoney



Jimmy Eat World
Futures
Universal

Jimmy Eat World are about the only band in their genre that I even remotely like. Their pop-punk/ emo-rock style has been attempted by many a dreadful band, none of whom I will dignify with a mention here. Previous release 'Bleed American' was a terrific album that burst with original but still catchy hooks and harmonies. That such a fresh sound was borne out of a genre that had been rehashed and flogged to death a million times over was more than enough to gain my respect.

It was for this reason I was skeptical of 'Futures'. Nobody likes a record identical to the last, but where could Jimmy Eat World go from here? The answer lies in a bigger sound, courtesy of enhanced production on the now-heavier guitars and added emphasis on Jim Adkins' intense heartfelt vocals and backup harmonies.

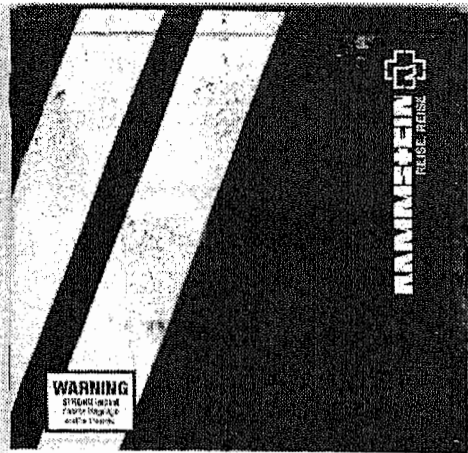
The record opens to an uncharacteristic political statement from the band, with Adkins declaring "I hope for better in November" on the title track, before settling into more common lyrical territory on the angsty "Just Tonight".

First single 'Pain' is packed with tension throughout the verses before bursting into a loud, satisfying chorus, an obvious single choice. 'Drugs Or Me' is this album's 'Hear You Me', and while its not as heart-wrenching, it comes close enough.

This is an album that sees Adkins' unique voice hit its powerful peak, single-handedly carrying some of the more lovey-dovey tracks (e.g. Work, Night Drive) with such sincerity none of them come off sounding cheesy like they perhaps should.

Although it doesn't quite reach the lofty standards set by its predecessor, 'Futures' is a very solid release from Jimmy Eat World, one that ensures they remain at the top of their heap for a while yet.

Lachy C



Rammstein
Reise, Reise
Universal

I can still recall the balmy Big Day Out January night I lost my innocence to a band yelling at me in German about sodomy and the like, while spraying copious amounts of white liquid from a disturbingly real looking man-cannon.

In short, I thought it was great. The next day I went straight out and purchased the Australian tour edition of 'Sehnsucht'.

Four years later and I'm sad to say my industrial Kraut-rocking days are long gone. So I picked up this disc with little internal fanfare and was surprised to find a small flame still flickered for the crazy Berliners who named their band after the site of a fatal plane crash.

Rammstein have not changed their style a great deal from previous albums, although the overt electronics of old seem to have taken a back seat, allowing for some enthralling drum rhythms and the now more melodic guitars to take charge.

If there's one thing the band have perfected over the years it's that eerie atmosphere that seems to envelop every song, adding a surreal epic quality to almost everything they produce. 'Reise, Reise' is no exception, successfully employing drawn out keys, subtle electronics, morbid gospel choirs and full orchestral arrangements. But what exactly is the subject matter these Germans feel



needs to be accompanied by such grandeur?

Well, first radio single 'Mein Teil' translates into 'My Cock' and is mainly concerned with the recent cannibalism case in Germany, the lyrics at one point roughly translating into "you are what you eat, and you're eating my cock". How topical....

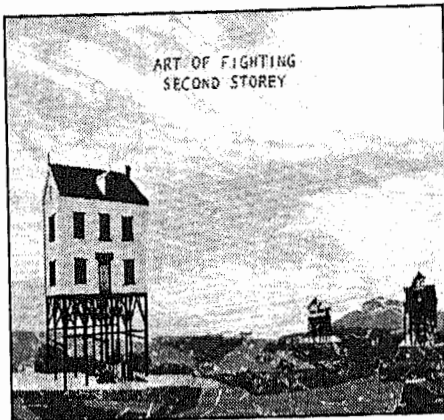
There is also a song dedicated to Moscow, 'Moskau', pronouncing it "the most beautiful city in the world" whilst at the same time labeling it an ever-elusive prostitute. Nevertheless, I'm sure the Muscovites will lap it up, having visited recently and witnessed the countless Rammstein CDs and paraphernalia lining the stores.

Latest single 'Amerika' is a punchy protest piece, with the German lyrics telling of America leading the world in a merry dance on their terms: "I know moves that are very useful, and I will protect you from missteps. And whoever doesn't want to dance at the end, doesn't know yet that they must". The English chorus is a patriotic sing-along, altered slightly at the end to become "We're all living in Amerika, Coca-cola, sometimes war".

It obviously won't suit everyone's tastes but if you're into industrial hard rock with quirky overtones or simply desire a trip down memory lane to the days when you were attracted to buff German men dressed in rags having a go at each other then perhaps you should give this one a spin.

Lachy

Ever wondered what a bug struggling in a scanner looks like? Or maybe what a student publication run by sadistic psychopaths smells like? Well now you know. Both.



Art of Fighting
Second Storey
Trifecta/Shock

Now broken up in one sense and reformed in another, Art of Fighting, having gained a reputation for stories of frustrated, shades of romantic collapse, return with a more sunny disposition. Has it affected their ability to produce sweet and smouldering odes to relationships that have yielded less than love? The songs hop across the lulls of their EPs. Ollie Brown's lyrics are still perplexed, sweet and frayed but lack the subtlety and poetry of previous releases and for the first time are unable to match the intensity of the music.

His voice however hasn't and I can't imagine ever will falter, utterly graceful and angelic and to me seems to be getting closer in style to Don McClean's softly falling songs. It will be a while I think before any of the tracks start to stand out - Wires sat in my room for a year before really being noticed and now it's one of the jewels of my collection. For the first time since Empty Nights they build up to a Mogwai-esque crescendo in 'Two Rivers', before Ollie's voice soars (it's the only word for it) in and they own the album rather than leaving it as the token gesture it could have been.

One thing that has always been token about the band, unfortunately, is Peggy's vocal contributions and once again she has but a single breathy moment. Her voice is not spectacular but carries so much character and seems to barely resist breaking as it idiosyncratically navigates pitch. She always has the potential to be heartbreaking, but as with the rest of the album 'Where Trouble Lived' doesn't share the absolutely desolate nature of 'Standards I Once Had' on Empty Nights and so for good or bad leaves you drier and more hopeful than expected.

Second Storey is beautiful, in fact I doubt Art of Fighting could ever avoid it but it doesn't drift, shimmer and hesitate as much as Wires and certainly hasn't revisited the weighty undulating nature of The Very Strange Year or Empty Nights. While this makes it less interesting it is another distinct episode and with such a knack for soothing song writing it will still bear many a listen. As the most smooth, mainstream and even handed of Art of Fighting's releases its perfect for those who are new to

the band, before moving on to their more challenging but rewarding EPs. For the fan it is something unique and enveloping if not surprising. Although, even as I listen for the second time it's beginning to creep its musical tendrils over my shoulder.

Dan J



Pink Grease
This Is For Real
Mute Records

Pink Grease are certainly one of the most high profile and authentic New York trash bands of the current era. Sporting some cool influences such as the New York Dolls, The Dead Boys and Wayne County and the Electric Chairs, plus a whole lot of modern production and use of machines and drones, they are very tidy indeed. However the furnished sound of this first full-length release by the band subtracts from the nastiness of what could have been something brutally gallant. Unfortunately this in turn ends up grouping them with the pantheon of radio friendly blues-nu rock bands that are splattering around at the moment.

Pink Grease do a cool mix of fifties do wop, 80's disco punk and something that is terrifically Noo Yawk. There is a deliberate delivery of fun and reckless abandon in their music akin to a modern fifties rebel image, alongside a knowledge of what is in the zeitgeist-pop art album covers, cock rock disco sounds, common names spelt oddly and filthy devil-may-care lyrics.

The only gripe I really have with this album is that it isn't a shade on their first release, a metal/disco raw as fuck crossover that in my mind lacked nothing in balls, tits and sweat. I hate the feeling of a band cleaning up to sell a few more records, However they subscribe to pop art aesthetics, and selling out is the epicentre of pop art philosophy so (insert clever postmodernism pun, disgust at the state of modern music, etc etc).

This Is For Real is quite a constant album, void of musical troughs and peaks, so all I can say is just enjoy it - Pink Grease are seminal party starters.

Jimmy Trash

Fuck Bass Players!

THURSDAY 28
JADE MONKEY
DOORS OPEN 9PM

FOUR BANDS.
NO BASS
PLAYERS.



UBER
STOMP
LEIGH
STARDUST
THE VAGUES
CASIO
BROTHERS

Jimmy pulled Stan roughly towards the light table. Papers were strewn over its surface, but these were quickly swept aside as Jimmy hoisted Stan's light frame onto the glass machine.

"I've wanted this for so long Stan! All these months, all those girls, and all I ever really wanted was this!" Jimmy panted as he tore at Stan's clothes, his own pants discarded.

"Shut up and take me Jimmy!" Stan grunted as he nibbled frantically at Jimmy's earlobe.

Words abandoned them as they writhed in a frenetic spiral towards ecstasy. As Jimmy thrust into Stan, images of the past year flashed before both of their eyes. They saw the lingering gazes for what they were now, an unexplainable pull towards each other that could only be sated in this final moment. As they both neared to precipice of orgasmic explosion, Jimmy's thigh knocked the light table controls. The crucial moment was heralded in by a spotlight, reflecting the translucent nature of their skin. Sweat dripped in beads from their surface area as they fought to regain their breath.

"Jimmy," Stan panted. "I haven't been fucked like that since my high school graduation."

"Stan," Jimmy replied. "You haven't seen anything yet."

As the pale rays of morning light filtered through the window, the two editors lay content in each other's arms. Their editorship may have been over, but a whole new chapter was set to begin...

Clementine Ford

much more substance here than that reduced description accounts for. City dwellers, they named their band for the omnipresent grey substance that decorates their native Stockholm. After adding some male members, The Concretes have settled as an eight piece with horns, guitars, bass, keys and drums at their disposal and make warm, sweet pop music that is glistening and unhurried.

Lead singer Victoria Bergsman possesses a beautiful, unaffected voice that, for comparisons sake, sits somewhere between Hope Sandoval (ex Mazzy Star) and Harriet Wheeler (from the Sundays) in tone. But it is a voice all her own, her Swiss accent adding something particularly attractive and enticing, as on the vibraphone ambience of 'Chico' and in the magical waltz of 'Warm Night'.

The wonderful 'New Friend' features uplifting saxophone solos, strummed guitars and churchy organs, with the whole band anchored by some tasty Velvets approved drumming. The minimalistic two chord pop mantra of 'Say Something New' could have been a Jesus & Mary Chain song, had it been drenched in distorted grunge and not the clean, twangy electric guitars and Farfisa organ piping around the all female chorus used here. The building strings of a 'Lovin Kind' lends it a country feel, and on 'Lonely as can be', they pull off what the classic 60's pop groups like the Shirelles did, namely being uplifting and totally melancholic in the same breath, with Bergsman singing a hook to die for in the chorus.

Nearly every song here mines a similar formula, but on the plus side The Concretes know that great pop songs are all in the attitude and the delivery; judging by the accomplished tunes here and their enigmatic presence (check out the band movie and film clip on the enhanced CD) they've used that knowledge to their advantage. With gorgeous melodies that will stick in your head for days, you'd have to be tone deaf to not be smitten with The Concrete's utterly charming album.

dan V

22-20s
Self Titled
Heavenly/EMI

This band better have access to a pretty good hype machine (or get Jet to hire out theirs) because I'm gonna have to pretty much forget every other new wave, fuzzed-out, retro rock'n'roll, band in the past few years to take them seriously. However they probably do, so I can honestly that finally a band has captured, tamed and improved the vibe of the 70s and 80s rock'n'roll guitar gods adding the kind of toe tapping rock-a-billy trash that'll create havoc in bars and pubs across the land.

Dan J

The Calling
Two

The Calling premiered in Australia with the release of Coyote Ugly, before releasing their massive hit *Wherever You Will Go*, a track which ensured they didn't quite fall into obscurity as they sold masses of their debut album Camino Palmero. However their following singles didn't quite achieve the same status or recognition.

Two years down the line and the band are making a comeback. However compared to the initial line up of the band, there have been many changes. The front men Alex Band (how ironic) and Aaron Kamin still remain, but the group has stripped down away.

There has been an evolution in their sound since the first album, but it's not been a massive step. The sound is almost formulaic, the tracks all very different yet somehow the same. And not much separated from Camino Palmero.

The lyrics retain their narrative style, the subject matter maturing as they've grown older and experienced the world further. *If Only* has little flamenco flares, whilst *Anything*, the currently released single is very uplifting. However, the more positive outlook is somewhat disconcerting after awhile. *Somebody Out There* is a really striking track, creeping on that darker edge their album is missing a whole load of. Some very catchy hooks are peppered here and there, but there seems to be variant formula to all the tracks despite the different arrangements of the tracks.

For The Calling fans this will just be what they want to hear, but for everyone else, you'd probably find it pretty good background music for an easy listen. → Jenn

Sahara Hotnights
Kiss & Tell
BMG

These stunning Swedes were touted by *Face* magazine in 2002 as the girls who "play white hot guitar riffage all night long" which should have been enough warning as to their vacuous, bland, churned out tunes. You can get away with a lot in the name of rock'n'roll, but if good looks and style we're going to take these girls to the top, there isn't enough risqué photos in the liner notes nor character in the music, derivative, deliberately vacant or otherwise.

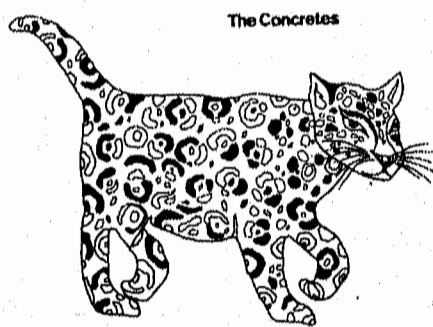
'The Difference Between Love and Hell' is the kind of tough girl, leave him lying in the dust anthem which when sung by a foreign vixen normally induces some sort arousal, yet I was left feeling quite flat. Though they may dream of the day, The Sahara Hotnights won't be following in Suzi Quatro's footsteps at 50.

It's the perfect soundtrack for practicing you're David Duchovny impersonation, after 35 minutes (the album's duration) I felt more mechanical and sterile than the old lumberjack himself. Dan J.



Local dark-pop trio Brillig will be throwing their annual Halloween party at the Jade Monkey (Twin St., city) on Sunday 31st October to coincide with the launch of their acoustic EP titled *Finders Keepers, Losers Weepers*. Spooky Guests will include Andrew P. Street and Ianto Ware, with prizes going to the best dressed attendees.

Speaking of spooky acoustic shows, put November 18th in your diaries people, as that is the date Californian avant-folk duo Faun Fables head to Adelaide for one night only, also at the Jade Monkey. It promises to be a different show to what we're used to seeing around town. For those of you unfamiliar, here's a brief history lesson on the duo culled from various sources: Faun Fables began in 1997, when Dawn 'the faun' McCarthy left the bands and cabarets of NYC for the wider world. Now based in Oakland, California, Faun has toured alongside other free-folk luminaries Devendra Banhart, Bonnie Prince Billy and pixie-harpist Joanna Newsom. One of the most gifted singers performing today, Dawn sings in a deep husky voice, occasionally breaking into swoops and yodels, about vivid, self-made mythologies. Faun Fables' latest release, *Family Album* has been described as "a prize for fans of traditional folk music, the occult, cabaret, art rock, medieval prose and all the wonders of the world." Dawn will be performing in Adelaide with frequent collaborator Nils Frykdahl of Sleepytime Gorilla Museum, on 12 string guitars, dulcimers and other strange, arcane instruments. Supporting Faun Fables will be seven piece local outfit Headdress of Neon Flames, and DJ Manimal will set the mood early, spinning Eastern drone, avant-folk and rootsy backwoods blues music. Tix will be priced at a very affordable \$10 for students, and \$12 for general admission, available at the door. Jade Monkey, 18th November, doors @ 9pm.



The Concretes

The Concretes
The Concretes
Licking Fingers/EMI

On paper, The Concretes sound like every music loving fan boys wet dream; three cute Swedish girls decide that it's time to put their ambitions to work and form a retro-inspired pop band. Thankfully, there's

Insert quote here



The Peace Not War Compilations
Independent

"Ask any eco-system, harm here is harm there and there and there, and aggression begets aggression, it's a very simple lesson that long preceded the king of heaven. But there's this brutal imperial power that my passport says I represent, but it will never represent where my heart lives, only vaguely where it went" – Ani Difranco

Remember the anti-war protest in Adelaide. North Terrace, Adelaideans finally finding a common chord in abhorrence of needless violence? A distant memory, but the movement has lived on, as evidenced by Volume 2 of the Peace Not War compilation. The first compilation was put together by two Australian ex-pats (living in London) on the back of anti-war enthusiasm. It seems unlikely that, in this day and age, bands such as Jurassic 5, Jane's Addiction and Faithless could be lured into providing free audio contributions for fundraising but after putting out the call, and taking every backstage opportunity to drum up support, Kelly ? and ? got a response from Ani Difranco and Mark of Cain and the rest of the names rolled in from there.

The diversity of the artists is quite amazing really. Franti and Midnight Oil are obvious participants but the likes of Yo La Tengo, Le Tigre, Massive Attack and Sleater Kinney broaden it past the typically rebellious performers, showing the common dissent across more than a few genres. The war and politics theme gives a wide angle of possible response and its interesting to see where each of the artists takes it. From angry to positive, complex to blunt, Jurassic 5's 'Ducky Boy' starts with "I never hesitate to say fuck the president" then Lyrics Born follows on with a rousing scene of merging minds. Ani Difranco somehow covers the whole range with her not-so-tongue-in-cheek lyrics: "so it's time to get our government, to pull its big dick out of the sand, of someone else's desert, and put it back in its pants". Volume 2 is split into two sections, beats and chords and avoids getting stuck amongst teen punk bands (see SUM 41 review) covering a range of sweet voices and soulful song writing, finishing with Sonic Youth's ironically titled 'Peace Attack'.

Local band Train of Thought also appears amongst the big names representing Australia's dwindling anti-nuclear campaign. Kelly makes the point that Australians need to realise that what our government does with its military affects the rest of the world so we can't logically maintain our long distance complacency. If you're new to the Australian leg of the movement these compilations are a surprisingly pleasant and non-abrasive way to sample a variety of anti-war sentiments.

Dan J

Come along to the Peace Not War CD launch

For very peaceful Monday night, 29th November

@Tonic, Light Square, \$5 entry
Soursob Bob, Saritah, Train of Thought, non-stop DJs

Stalls, drink specials, multimedia, art exhibition.

Everyone thinks its cool to verbally trash our war, so put your money where you pretentious little mouths are!



Marilyn Manson
Lest We Forget... The Best of
Interscope

I'll be honest with you, I never really liked Marilyn Manson. I thought he smelt of contrivance more than any manufactured pop idol you could care to mention. I'm sure fans of Marilyn's will disagree with my take on him, but the fact that he's sold enough albums and survived long is far scarier than any of his white contact lenses and posed snarls. And that's not a knee-jerk reaction either, but one I consider to be a real shame, since he can actually pull quite a distinctive howl from his vocal chords and if he had could use his image and popularity to spread some cool shit to the fat, depressed, parent-disobeying, trench-coat-wearing American teens that worship at his altar.

We'll love him or hate him, the man that Trent Reznor lambasted in his song 'Starfuckers Inc.' (not that that fucking industrial-by-numbers-motherfucker can talk) has had enough success/hits to justify this best of collection. It's fitting that for his *Best of*, three of the songs are covers (Soft Cell's 'Tainted Love', the Eurythmics' 'Sweet Dreams (are made of these)

and Depeche Mode's 'Personal Jesus') though 'mObscene' should count as it shamelessly steals the cheerleader gang vocal chorus idea from Faith No More's 'Be Aggressive'.

Truth be told, there were some interesting elements that revealed themselves during Manson's "glam" period ('The Dope Show') but maybe it's better to go straight to the source and seek out some Bowie or Alice Cooper (the original theatrical rocker). Manson is at his best when he's matching the boot-stomp riffs and chanting group vocals with some decent politically tinged vitriol, as on 'The Love Song': "Do you love your gun? God? & Government? Yeh? Fuck you!"

Maybe it's better that kids listen to Manson then something else, and perhaps delve deeper into other music more deserving of attention, like the same kids that dig Buffy or Charmed; they know it's all a bit of fluff really, but perhaps it's better than Hootie and the BlowFish or Idol shite. For the same reason, this collection of "shocking" and blasphemous angst-lite might have a place around a party, when something like Burzum or Mayhem would scare most of your guests; I guess he serves a purpose, even if it is to be the "other" within the realm of the mainstream. I still dislike you Manson, albeit through gritted teeth.

dan V

Ed Harcourt
Strangers
EMI

Ed Harcourt the drunken poet has fallen in love and it is reflected throughout 'Strangers'. That is not to say he has lost his sense of melancholy but there are now at least as many joyous moments as solemn ones.

When compared to 'From Every Sphere', one of my favourite releases of 2003, this album is also less experimental across genres as Harcourt appears to have found his niche, no longer feeling the need to reach out for recognition. In 'Strangers' Harcourt has delivered a series of sometimes intimate and soothing, at other times intense and dramatic creations without any notable letdown.

The arrangements on this record are more illustrious and captivating than in its predecessor, performed with an array of different instruments- even Ed's kazoo makes an appearance. But it is in Harcourt's glorious vocal delivery of his poetry that the focus should sit. While I am acutely aware of the eagerness of reviewers worldwide to compare any remotely talented singer-songwriter to the late and incredibly great Jeff Buckley, I cannot refrain from noting Harcourt's gifted vocal sound and style certainly share similarities with the aforementioned artist.

Highlights are plentiful throughout, from punchy opener 'The Storm Is Coming' to first single 'This One's For

You', a beautiful inebriated love song, in which Harcourt admits he's "had a few" but promises to "wear you on my arm like a brand new scar".

But my personal favourite is 'Let love not weigh me down', a dramatic ballad that tiptoes through tender verses before breaking free into a raucous violin-driven chorus reminiscent of something Dirty Three might do.

Hopefully this release will see British Harcourt finally gaining the recognition he deserves in Australia, for it is a melodramatic classis that I'm sure I'll return to time and again. So go on, uncork a bottle of red and have a drink with Ed.

Lachy C

Dino
Might
Ministry of Sound/EMI

This is the CD that you leave in your bedroom stereo to make the transition from awkward to naked a little more comfortable for that girl you've lured in at 4am. Purring base lines and shimmering, loungy beats with some exotic flute and brass to lighten up the mix. You steel yourself with Dino's motivational, "don't masturbate, to alleviate, appreciate the girl you date" (he's supplied the lyrics if you need to memorise it). You know what to do as Dino whispers, "lick her ears, and surprise her from behind", then guided by his will you yell, "I'm hot! Like a rock. Oh, Bangkok till we drop!"

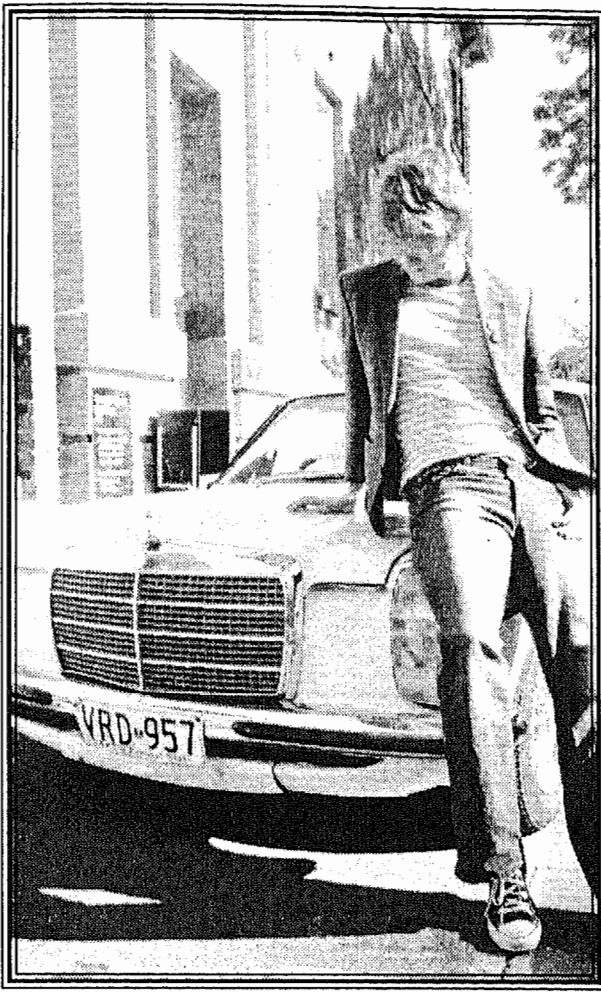
Dan J

Cake
Pressure Chief
Columbia/Sony

There's something about John McCrea that exudes an air of intelligence, wit and humour. It's there in his music as well, a hint. What's so frustrating is the lack of tangible examples of those virtues in this album. McCrea discounts his personal opinion saying, "what I think has nothing to do with our entertainment product", perhaps sarcastically in a recent interview. Ironic or not perhaps that's the problem. 'Wheels' the intro track, has hook lines of singular notes strung together and the backing brass that we've come to expect. Hmmm, it's hard to say just how catchy the track is, I guess if some radio station was drilling it into my brain 24 hours a day, I'd probably grow to appreciate it. The album's sound is a bit spare, apparently a result of Cake's decision to self produce, "It's not like The Strokes putting distortion on the lead vocal mike trying to sound like 1972. It's because we're actually lame." It takes away from they're previous big band sound that roused us in 'Going the Distance'. *Pressure Chief* is basically a slightly less sweet and self depreciating version of their previous albums so if you like them you'll like it.

Dan J

Well, Bloc Party are a latrine and the whole disco punk movement is a bowel movement



This font is called my absolute favourite, called Psychatronic. As long as I'm being self-indulgent...

In the words of our great On Dit Dynasty grandfather, Japanese resident and teacher Linley Hanzell, "wow".

I am living the last death thralls of the final edition of On Dit, 2004. This edition was an absolute bastard, a beast that refused to lay down and fucking die. In fact, in twelve more minutes I will have been in the office working for exactly 24 hours straight, only leaving to remove bodily waste and looking at cute girls out in the afternoon sun. That's only happened a few times in the 21 goddam weekends I have spent making publication dates.

I could waste this page totally on a sob story about how bedraggled this last edition has made me, or how the whole job in general has dilapidated my being into a shell of a man, but that's crap. I would, however, like to indulge in telling you a little of the consequences of this year, and perhaps a few of the self-realizations I have made.

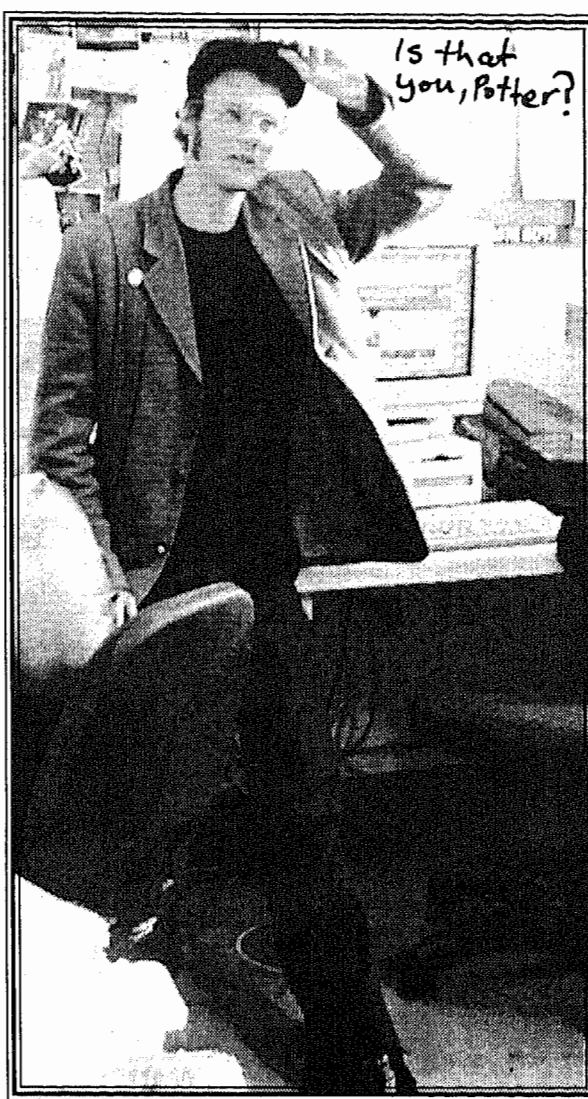
Sleep.

Firstly, it has taken me the editor lifestyle to truly work out my bodies elasticity as a tool, and what exactly it can do, and not do. You can, very easily, train your body to not ever need sleep, but instead understand slumber as a bank. You can go through two days and nights without sleeping, with only legal drugs, without any worry at all. Incorporating illegal drugs prolong the time period even longer. However, all of this takes from when your body does relax. You have to just keep working, non-stop, until you are ready to crash. Because sleeping for the first time after a consciousness binge hurts, large style.

You feel like going into the sleep is like being forced through a wringer. The sleep you fall into is like drowning in the muddy water of the mop bucket. Dreams from this state are either dead drunk, nothing sleep or totally lucid. But I will talk about that later. Then coming back into the real world you are strained out of all the water, wrenched through the clamped jaws of the wringer again. And as the sleep-water is drained from you, so is every drop of enthusiasm, glee, creativity and attention. So the only way to recover this is to feed your mind again after the experience, through whatever means obtainable.

Pleasure.

Never do anything without enjoying it. If you are stuck in a boring ass dayjob that you just have to do to pay for your rent or addiction to sunglasses, then fucking wear some nipple clamps secretly under your clothes, something to flip you into that other world that nothing can take from you. There's a bliss in every action if your mind will take you there. What we see, touch, smell everyday is only a small percentage of what we are



able to experience. Have a secret obsession with rose petals? Then never go anywhere without a bunch pressed in your binder, or rose oil on your lips. Relish what gets you off. Don't be afraid to tease yourself, even if what you are into is far too mild for you to believe it is a fetish. Never overindulge, though, for obvious reasons.

In this job coming to the office has almost become a knee-jerk. Upon waking I never had to think what to do cleaning? Reading? Nup. Get straight into the office to take calls, visitors, queries, etc. On the days I really had better things to do I blessed that window above my computer for the lovely show of birds, weather and legs it provided. If people could access what I had through that square then television would become obsolete.

Lucid Dreams.

One of the cool things I managed to do this year was get some autonomy in my sleep. It usually comes hand in hand with sleep deprivation, and all I have to do is try to read something, because you aren't meant to be able to read in dreams, etc. It shocks me into realisation and away I go. Pressed for time, but yeah its cool.

Real Dreams.

Well stick a cock in my eye and call me squinty if On Dit hasn't made me want to edit my own magazine. I released a small zine earlier this year full of photography and have high aspirations for a full colour, VICE-like production. If any female models or anyone to write are interested in something similar but with a much more Richard Kern twist, please email james.cameron@adelaide.student.edu.au

Well as always the courier is waiting for this edition, late, and I have two more pages to do, so I'm cutting this way short. I'd really love to give a shout out to those who have more than helped me survive this year; but made me thrive into exactly what I am today. Victor and the Dans (J,V and Wills), for making me realise exactly what good people are, Andrew for taking all of my shite when I was down, Steph for being so radiant, Mum and Dad, and more than anything in the living world;

Bek and Stan, for whom both I hold infinite love and patience, and who have both held me closer than I have ever felt to anyone.

Thanks for everything.

Jimmy Trash, a.k.a. JC, a.k.a. James Alexander Cameron

Since 2001, when I was first asked to write a regular opinion column (which, I'm ashamed to say, started an almost irreversible trend), I have written approximately 90,000 words for this godforsaken paper. Most of which have sprung from the darker recesses of my mind in the wee hours of the Monday morning before we go to print. Rest assured, for all the tripe I've passed off as entertainment, I am truly, deeply sorry.

As such, I'll spare you the traditional 5am rant. In this, my fortieth and last edition of *On Dit*, it's probably wiser to leave you with other people's self-indulgent rambling...

*No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
Deferential, glad to be of use,
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—
Almost, at times, the Fool.*

From T. S. Elliot, 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock'

*Ooh! get me away from here I'm dying
Play me a song to set me free
Nobody writes them like they used to
So it may as well be me
Here on my own now after hours
Here on my own now on a bus
Think of it this way
You could either be successful or be us...*

*Oh, I'll settle down with some old story
About a boy who's just like me
Thought there was love in everything and everyone
You're so naive!
They always reach a sorry ending
They always get it in the end
Still it was worth it as I turned the pages solemnly, and then
With a winning smile, the boy
With naivety succeeds
At the final moment, I cried
I always cry at endings*

*Oh, that wasn't what I meant to say at all
From where I'm sitting, rain
Falling against the lonely tenement
Has set my mind to wander
Into the windows of my lovers
They never know unless I write
This is no declaration, I just thought I'd let you know goodbye
Said the hero in the story
It is mightier than swords
I could kill you sure
But I could only make you cry with these words*

From 'Get Me Away From Here, I'm Dying',
Belle & Sebastian, 1996

*Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.*

Prospero, Vi

Bye.

Stan

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