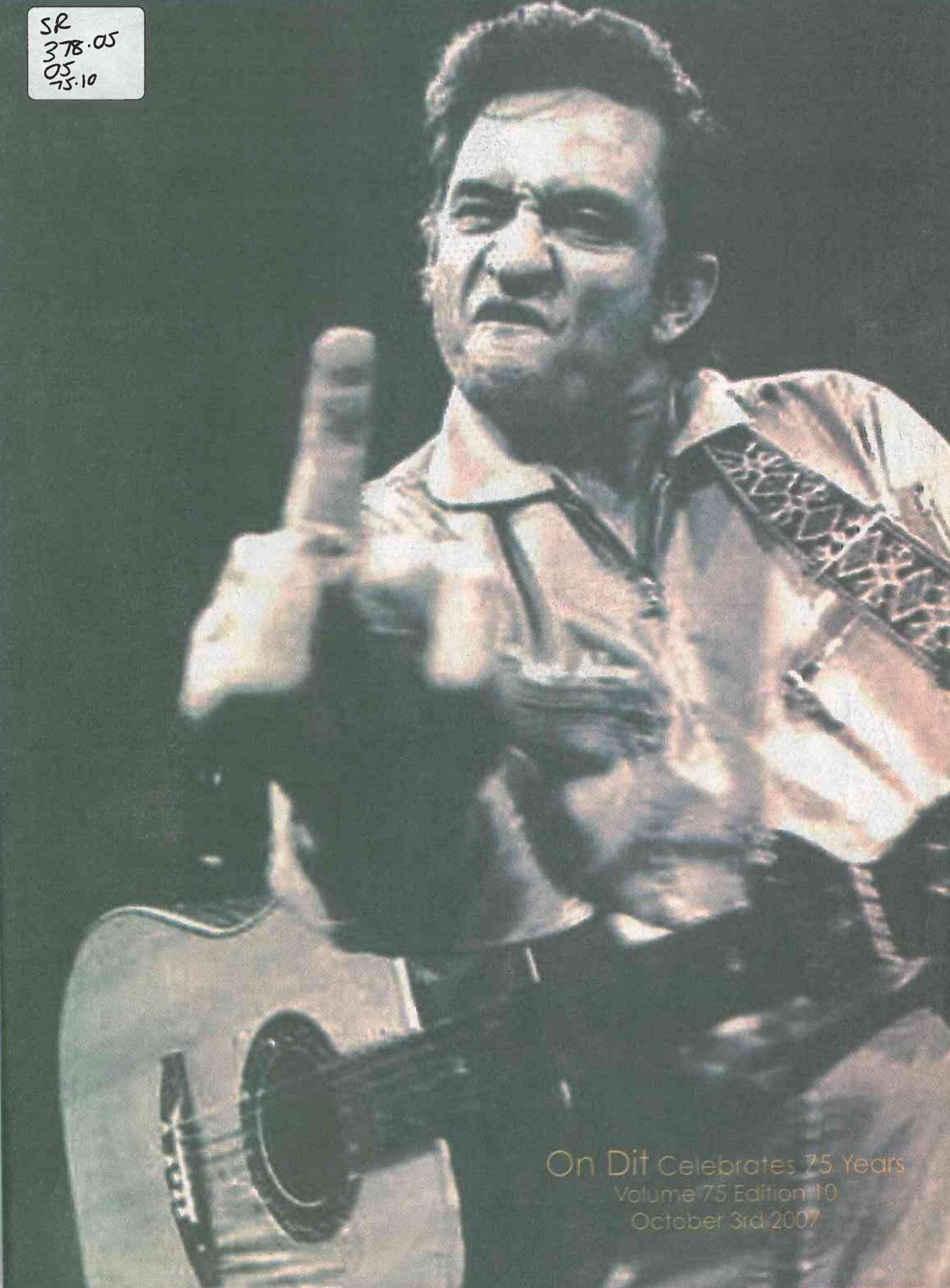


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On Dit Celebrates 75 Years
Volume 75 Edition 10
October 3rd 2007

About the cover: Johnny Cash was a badass. He was also super cool. Born in 1932 if he was still alive he would have turned 75 this year on the 26th of February. This photo was taken of him in 1969, at the peak of his career, in his famous concert held inside San Quentin Prison. The story goes, the photographer Jim Marshall asked Cash what he thought of the prison warden and this photo was the result.

On Dit is badass and super cool. It is 75, still alive and saying 'stuff you' to all those who tried to silence it.

Editors

Ben Henschke
Claire Wald
Phone: (08) 8303 5404
e-mail: ondit@adelaide.edu.au

Advertising Manager

Paul Mason
Phone: 0409 315 308
e-mail: fresh@letsgo.com.au

Printing

Cadillac

Current Affairs

Michael Addms

News/Media Watch

Sophie Donoghue

Lisa Ireland

Foreign Affairs

Lia Svllans

Propagan-tainment

Dubiously Hon. Andrew Love

Dubiously Hon. William Martin

Film

Aslan Mesbah

Genevieve Williamson

Music

Chelsea Sinnott

Literature

Alicia Moraw

Dit-licious

Clare Buckley

Fashion

Kimberley McDonough

Olivia Scott

Performing Arts

Edward Joyner

Vox Pop

Catherine Hoffman

Natalie Oliveri

Gaming

Daniel Purvis

Editorial

Looking back at past copies of *On Dit*, makes me feel a bit guilty.

Where there were breaking stories about corruption in student elections and sexual harassment at the university's colleges, there's now about six pages of news and politics in each 48-page edition, and oh-so-many pictures of kitschy rock stars. Times have obviously changed: instead of being forced to search out stories around campus, all we need to do is Google search it and dozens of stories are at our fingertips. It's a bit unfortunate, really, after having heard all the romanticised stories of journalists doggedly chasing down stories. Oh well, perhaps that I'll experience that when my media degree gets me nowhere I want to go and I end up working for Murdoch.

In any case, hopefully what we have done is kept *On Dit* alive for a while; helped it survive what is, with any luck, only a short interim between the post-VSU funding cut (or vanishing act) and the hypothetical paradise of a different source of funding. We'll see what happens. Nat, Cai and Mike already seem more organised for next year than we were at this time last year, so perhaps things are looking up.

Ben

The 75th Anniversary celebrations could not have happened at a better time for Ben and I. When you've been feeling completely alone all year, somewhat estranged from the rest of the University, stuck in your office, and shunned by your Union, it is very nice to know there are people out there who do actually appreciate the effort you're putting in. Whilst we may not have exactly produced a paper of superb quality, replacing serious journalistic articles with the musings of pop obsessed youth, we have put out a paper. And that's all that matters, right?

It has been so very enjoyable working on this edition. Not only because we have taken it slow (to the annoyance of the printers I'm sure), but because we've taken the time to appreciate the part of history we now belong to. Thank you *On Dit* for making me believe I am part of something bigger, and sorry to anyone who is reading this edition and thinking we are self-obsessed wankers.

Claire

On Dit is a publication of the Adelaide University Union. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editors, the University of Adelaide or the Adelaide University Union. Also note: the letter hilariously titled "Hugh Jass" was NOT named by its author. The author of said letter wanted to make sure that everyone knew that he was very much against the title, but was vetoed (66.333% of those surveyed thought the title was just too amusing not to use). Thank you.

Thanks to Stanley for the musings about the attractiveness of Sophie Monk and Beyoncé, making us feel like we have something important to say. John for helping us establish our new record low proof reader count. Fiona and Andrew for realising the shift we have to put up with. Dave for distracting us with his hobo; the game of scrabble Mike for the cider and Sujini for being a jackass. Oh and Potter, just because.

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LETTERS

There's only one more edition to go! So if

someone have been pissing you off all year and you've never told them,

RIGHTS OR WRONGS

Dear Eds,

I write in response to Hugh Denton's column in the Sexuality Edition of *On Dit*.

I agree that discrimination is an issue that should concern us all, but the discussion of it does not divert attention from improving access to healthcare or improving the ports, as Mr Denton suggests. Those issues affect everyone and as such, there will always be enough people concerned about those issues to ensure they get media coverage and attention from the government.

No, the issue here is that the discrimination of same-sex couples that occurs in Australia affects only a relatively small proportion of the population. It is hard to get the attention these issues deserve, and the Federal Government relies on there being so few people personally affected by the laws to keep it out of the media.

Hugh, let me say this to you: one day, I will want to have legal recognition of my same-sex relationship. Right now, I couldn't. Just because this is affecting me and not you does not make it less worthy of attention, and it sure as hell is not a "fringe issue". Nor is it a politicised issue, it is a totally political one. My human rights, (or lack thereof) rest in the hands of a government which does not want me to be recognised as fully equal with my heterosexual peers.

This is important to me. It is just as important as my access to health care or being able to get a job. I want people to talk about it. I want change. Don't ever tell me there are things in this country more deserving of attention than my rights as a human being.

John Pezy

PAST EDITOR, STILL EDITING

Dear Ben & Claire,

Just a quick note from a former editor to congratulate you on keeping up the fine tradition of *On Dit*, and carrying it forward into a new generation.

You are doing a great job guys, keeping the tradition alive under very trying circumstances.

One small thing: can someone please tell Sophie Donoghue (*On Dit* Vol. 75. #8, Media Watch) that whether or not the Russian submarines are real, there are no penguins in the Arctic.

All the best.

David Mussared
(*On Dit* co-editor 1983)

SURGE GAINSBOURG = DREAM BOY

Dear Bobak,

I thought I was the only one that thought 'Paper Tiger' sounded like 'Melody'. Neat.

Yours diligently,

Saskia Mountchesney

HUGH JASS

Dear reader,

Allow me to step down from my "objective editor" high horse for a moment (ha!) in order to take issue with Hugh Denton's column in the War of the Political Clubs section of last edition (75.9).

Mr Denton's eagerness to dismiss the issue of legal discrimination against people living in same-sex relationships as a "fringe issue" that does little more than "distract debate" from other issues seems short-sighted, to say the least. Granted, this issue does not affect the majority of Australians. Neither does the issue of child abuse in Indigenous communities, nor the treatment of terror suspects, though in no way does that make these issues any less worthy of debate than a Free Trade Agreement with China.

Mr Denton points out that our country has a Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission, where other nations are not so fortunate. I, too, am glad that this is the case. It should not, however, be an excuse to do anything other than constantly strive to improve the legal rights of every Australian, regardless of their sexual orientation. To cite the fact that the majority of Australians enjoy excellent

Leaving you lots of time to bathe in the self-satisfaction provided by your cheap shot. Trust us -

make you feel really good inside. Send it to ondit@adelaide.edu.au before Monday October 8. **Per 8. comeback**
now is your chance to do it. That way, they'll have to wait a whole *four months* to send in their

human rights is an inadequate diversion from the fact that there are still couples who are legally discriminated against daily; it is complacent at best.

I apologise to Mr Denton if the question we posed did not provide enough information for him to "provide a sensible answer", though I'd like to point out that the Labor and Democrats clubs' representatives seemed not to share his difficulty.

Ben Henschke

THE DIT LIVES

Dear Claire & Ben,

I had planned to write you a letter for the 75th birthday edition of *On Dit* from the perspective of a past editor recounting all the people we saved, those we offended and the life-changing experiences we shared. I've thought about it carefully and have come to the troubling conclusion that we had it easy.

On Dit '95 was overrun with remarkable writers and helpers. We had a healthy printing budget. Our advertising manager smashed his quota without feeling the need to compromise editorial values. Matthew Rawes, Natasha Yacoub and I were paid an honorarium that allowed us to spend freely at the Blue & White most Sunday nights. Life in the dungeon under the SAUA was exhilarating, exhausting, insanely social and productive.

Nevertheless, this isn't a letter about the past.

In 1995, we ran articles decrying the concept of voluntary student unionism. Those who planned its inception were cooling their heels in opposition and were, to my mind, a distant threat. Their small-minded dogma was the thin edge of a wedge that, by 2007, has passed right through the centre of student life.

Nevertheless, this isn't a letter about VSU.

Only the most insular, library-dwelling hobbits would leave the University of Adelaide closely resembling the people who enrolled. When you emerge into the world and realise how startlingly little of what most of you have studied will be directly applied in your careers, it will hit you how important it was to spend your late teens

and early twenties exploring life on campus. And how can you know what is going on if there is no-one left to tell you?

That's why I am glad that *On Dit* still exists when so many of its sister papers can only be found in archives and in the reminiscences of the alumni of Australia's universities.

This is a letter about student life on the campus of the University of Adelaide. Long may it remain vital, notorious and transforming for its contributors.

Ben and Claire, I don't know anything about *On Dit* '07. You may be red commies or blue-blood capitalists. You may challenge the system or you may be a conduit for mainstream opinion. I don't really care because as long as the paper remains, there will be new editors every year to do what they want to do and say what they want to say. *On Dit* ensures that the noise of student life is never entirely drowned out by the drone of lectures and tutorials. I admire your dedication in keeping the paper going unpaid and unfunded. More power to you.

Finally, to the University itself: create a fat line item in your budget for *On Dit*. Don't let it fade away. You can differentiate yourself in the global market place for prospective students with clever advertising campaigns but you need a marketable extra-curricular soul on campus to attract more than the most uncreative of minds. You won't agree with all of the content of every edition. You're not supposed to. No-one is. That's the point.

Long live *On Dit*.

Bryan Scruby
Co-editor 1995

YOU KNOW, THAT THING THE OTHER NIGHT

Dear Ben and Claire,

Just a note to say I'm somewhat disappointed in music editor Chelsea Sinnott's biased and lacklustre report on the National Band Competition at Unibar. Despite starting with the quote "I thought it would be poor form if we didn't do our diligent best to report to you all the bands representing the uni..." Chelsea managed to omit even naming the band that won, on the night, "Against the Overdose". Although all other bands were mentioned

and commented on, this band only rated a mention as "the final band" Another interesting point to note is that the band that Chelsea clearly wanted to win-did not. However, this was commented more as a total miscarriage of justice as opposed to the simple fact that the two winning bands won by the main criteria for the night: originality and musicianship.

Against the Overdose did not "secure the Battery Kids' warmed up crowd" but pulled a much larger and completely different crowd of people due to their powerful stage presence.

Chelsea may not have been too pleased with the outcome, but Against the Overdose and Room One's many screaming fans were more than happy. As a music editor, Chelsea should take more notice of the many people enjoying the music, rather than simply focus on her own opinion.

Congratulations and good luck to the boys of both bands for Friday night at Flinders!!

Amy

SAM SAYS

Dear Eds,

I was interested yet saddened to read David's (why no last name?) article 'Confessions of a Teenage Evangelical' (Sexuality Edition). I just wonder if David was aware that this year, while wearing our matching red hoodies, the Evangelical Union put on talks on the topics of Poverty, Injustice and Death - exactly those issues that David claims we simply turn a blind eye to.


As an Evangelical Christian, I am quite ready to admit that I fail to be adequately enraged by the plight of the poor. I also admit that, out of no good work of my own, I have been blessed to live in an extraordinarily rich and peaceful nation, and have never faced fear or poverty in the way others have. I thank David for again reminding me of this, even if I feel that most of his attack is (thankfully) misplaced.

Sam Cohen
samuel.cohen@adelaide.edu.au

PS. If David would be interested in hearing what was said at the talks on Poverty, etc... please let me or another eu member know and we would be happy to provide him, or anyone else who is interested, with a recording.

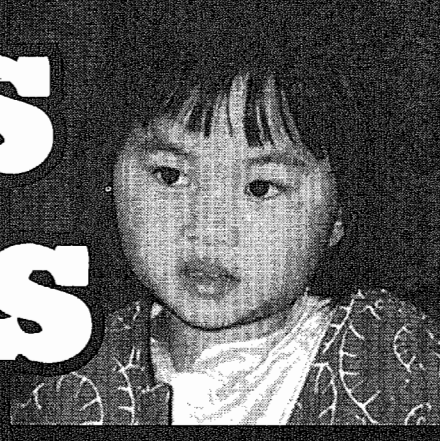
NEWS BYTES

with Lisa



Britney Spears is in trouble with the law again. She has been charged with multiple counts of hit and run as well as driving without a valid license. On August 6, Spears drove her car into another vehicle as she was leaving a car park. Instead of pulling over to assess the damage and talk to the other driver, Spears drove off. The incident took place in Los Angeles and was caught on camera by the paparazzi. Spears could face up to six months in jail and may be charged up to \$US1,000 for each offence she committed.

You've probably all been bombarded with news of the abandoned girl dubbed 'Pumpkin' in the media of late. For those of you that have been living under a rock, the girl, whose real name is Qian Xun Xue, has been through a terrible ordeal. After being dumped by her father at a Melbourne train station, Qian was found by Police who later discovered that her father had fled the country to the United States. We now know that Qian's mother was murdered by her father in New Zealand and there are many reports in the media suggesting that Qian may have been present when her mother was killed.

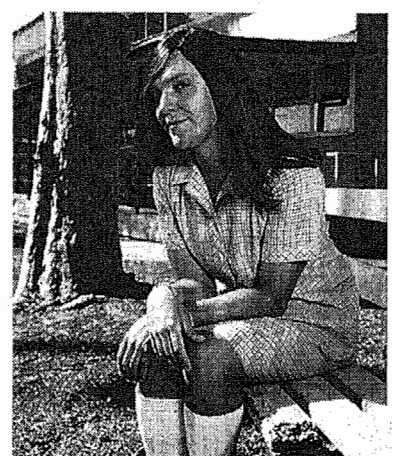
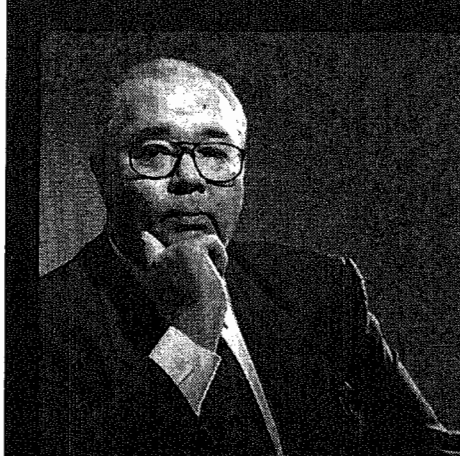


OJ Simpson has been arrested and charged with armed robbery in Las Vegas after he was caught stealing his own sports memorabilia. He was freed after he paid \$US 125,000 bail and is set to appear in court in October this year. Simpson was acquitted of killing his ex-wife and her best friend in 1995 and did not enter a plea at his latest court appearance. Simpson has been charged with armed robbery, assault and kidnapping. If found guilty he could spend a large number of years in jail.

A man has been found not guilty of manslaughter in his role as a security guard at Marion shopping centre. The 52-year-old man, Steven Smith, allegedly caused the death of Dean Eustice who was a shopper at Westfield Marion in October 2003. Eustice and his wife found a purse inside the shopping centre and after refusing to hand it over to the security guard, Smith became aggressive with the elderly shopper. Even though Smith was found innocent, the incident has sparked calls for better training of security guards to be implemented as many see them as being a hindrance rather than a help to the people they are meant to be guarding.

The biggest sledging in years has gone on in parliament this week with the Labor Party accusing the Liberals of making personal attacks on key politicians Julia Gillard and Kevin Rudd. As well as this, Laurie Oakes has suggested that the Liberals are circulating information within the media which suggests that key Labor politicians are gay. The latest attacks show that tensions are running high in the lead-up to the federal election being called. The big question now is, when will Howard set the date?

Comedian Chris Lilley, the man behind *We Can Be Heroes* and *Summer Heights High*, has been attacked by the family of a girl who overdosed on ecstasy. Annabel Catt died in February after taking what she thought was the drug ecstasy. Chris's new show, *Summer Heights High*, which aired recently, poked fun at a fictitious character in the series called also named Annabel who died of a drug overdose. Even though the program was filmed prior to Ms. Catt's death, her parents were angered at the shows uncanny parody of the events that occurred to their daughter. The ABC has personally apologised to the family but refuse to take the show off air, as there are only five weeks left in the series.



MEDIA WATCH

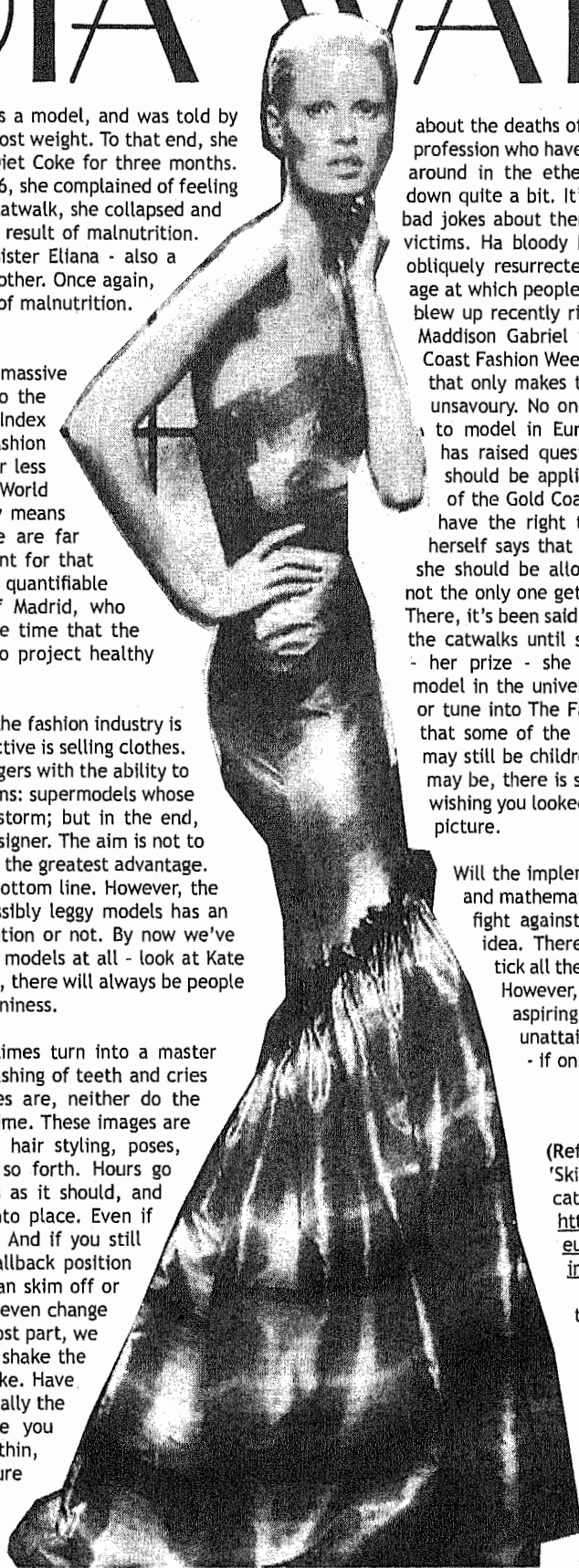
Luisel Ramos had a promising career as a model, and was told by her agency that she could go far if she lost weight. To that end, she ate and drank nothing but salad and Diet Coke for three months. During a fashion show in September 2006, she complained of feeling unwell. Minutes after stepping off the catwalk, she collapsed and died. The cause was heart failure as a result of malnutrition. In February this year, Luisel Ramos's sister Eliana - also a model - was found dead by her grandmother. Once again, the cause was heart failure as a result of malnutrition. Luisel was 22, Eliana 18.

Luisel's very public demise sparked a massive furore in the fashion world, and led to the banning of models with a Body Mass Index (BMI) of less than 18 at Madrid's fashion week. For the record, a BMI of 18.5 or less is classed as underweight by the World Health Organisation. BMI is not by any means a complete indicator of health; there are far too many variables to take into account for that to happen. However, it's nice to have a quantifiable baseline. The regional government of Madrid, who sponsors the fashion event, said at the time that the fashion industry had a responsibility to project healthy body image.

But is this true? At the end of the day, the fashion industry is quick to point out that its primary objective is selling clothes. Models are, for the most part, coat-hangers with the ability to ambulate. There are of course exceptions: supermodels whose very appearance can create a media storm; but in the end, one model is much like another to a designer. The aim is not to project an ideal, but to show designs to the greatest advantage. Minimising the models maximises the bottom line. However, the continuous barrage of waif-like, impossibly leggy models has an effect on us, whether that's the intention or not. By now we've realised that most models are not role models at all - look at Kate Moss. Even so, no matter what she does, there will always be people aspiring to her spectacular level of skinniness.

Looking through magazines can sometimes turn into a master class in inadequacy, complete with gnashing of teeth and cries of "I'll never look like that." Chances are, neither do the women in the magazines most of the time. These images are created using ideal lighting, makeup, hair styling, poses, outfits, backgrounds, and so on and so forth. Hours go into making sure that every hair falls as it should, and that every outfit is expertly pinned into place. Even if this fails, there's always the airbrush. And if you still need something a little extra, your fallback position is image manipulation software. You can skim off or add inches wherever you like. You can even change facial features. It's not real. For the most part, we realise this. However, it's still hard to shake the idea that this is what we should look like. Have a look through the glossies, and it's usually the same impossible standard everywhere you turn: flawless skin, perfect hair and thin, thin, thin. It may not be real, but it sure gets reinforced.

Although the appropriate outrage



about the deaths of Luisel, Eliana and others of their profession who have met the same fate is still hanging around in the ether, it appears to have quietened down quite a bit. It's even partly been replaced with bad jokes about them becoming the ultimate fashion victims. Ha bloody ha. However, the issue has been obliquely resurrected by the current debate on the age at which people should be allowed to model. This blew up recently right here in Oz, after 12-year-old Maddison Gabriel was made the face of the Gold Coast Fashion Week. She turned 13 shortly after, but that only makes the situation a hair's-breadth less unsavoury. No one under the age of 16 is allowed to model in Europe, and the Maddison incident has raised questions about whether such a rule should be applied here. Although the organisers of the Gold Coast event argue that young people have the right to pursue careers, and Maddison herself says that if she can wear women's clothes she should be allowed to model them, I hope I'm not the only one getting a bit worried. She is a *child*. There, it's been said. Even though she won't be hitting the catwalks until she completes a modeling course - her prize - she isn't the only extremely young model in the universe. Next time you peruse *Cosmo* or tune into The Fashion Channel, consider the fact that some of the models we compare ourselves to may still be children. No matter how beautiful they may be, there is something deeply disturbing about wishing you looked more like that 14-year-old in the picture.

Will the implementation of age limits, weigh-ins and mathematical equations help fight the good fight against negative body image? Sorry, no idea. There's a chance that someone could tick all the right boxes and still be unhealthy. However, models are dying and many are aspiring to ideals which are completely unattainable. Something should be done - if only we knew what.

Sophie Donoghue

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The Sydney Declaration, 'Austria' and 'OPEC'

OK, OK. I think those jokes about George W. Bush's blundering speech in which he mispronounced complicated words like 'APEC' and 'Australia' have probably been overused, but you know, where there is a bandwagon, I will jump upon it. Speaking of bandwagons, it appears that our virtuous leaders have all jumped onto the 'green credentials' bandwagon, which has rapidly become so full that it threatens to tip over. As a result of APEC, aspirational goals to combat climate change were set in the much vaunted 'Sydney Declaration', which reads as follows:

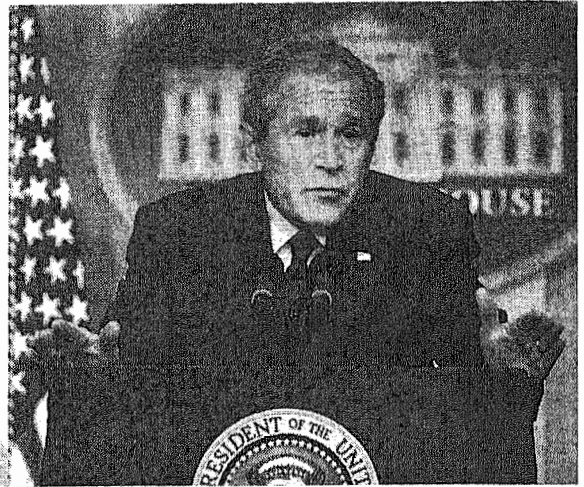
"We, the APEC Economic Leaders, agree that economic growth, energy security and climate change are fundamental and interlinked challenges for the APEC region... We are committed, through wide-ranging and ambitious actions, to ensuring the energy needs of the economies of the region while addressing the issue of environmental quality and contributing to the reduction of greenhouse gas emissions."

The Sydney Declaration outlines several imperatives by which to mitigate climate change. These include the development of low and zero emission technologies to enable cleaner use of coal, developing sustainable forestry practices, and the establishment of various committees to enhance environmental ties within the region. The Sydney Declaration also highlights some contradictions between the objectives of the environmental movement and the objectives of social and economic rights; taking action on measures that will mitigate economic growth has the potential to hurt the poor disproportionately to the measures taken, if the impact on the economy is not distributed equitably amongst social classes and incomes.

It is obvious that the economy is the main focus of the Sydney Declaration - go read it yourself if you disagree. The Declaration is littered with phrases emphasising the need for 'cost-effective' solutions to global warming, and the need to prioritise economic growth over environmental considerations. Believe it or not, putting economic growth first in declarative statutes is not accidental: these things are drafted precisely to the letter. Any doubt that economic growth is a mitigating factor in the development of climate change strategies can easily be dismissed when one reads that, "These initiatives are designed to support economic growth and development and to further contribute to the reduction of global greenhouse gas emissions in line with the objectives and principles of the UNFCCC." Priorities, such as aviation, are couched in language such as the statement "that any future global action to address the climate-related impact of aviation emissions needs to reflect the interests of all economies". The environment is rarely mentioned in isolation from the economy. In other words, the environmental interests are contingent to the economic interests. Even the nations involved are represented as 'economies'. This is understandable, considering the fact that APEC stands for 'Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation' (I bolded it in case you miss it).

I'm not suggesting that this focus upon the economy as being of prime importance is in itself a negative thing. In the times we live in, to have one's economy fail is a death stroke, especially for the poor. It does, however, give one an interesting insight into the priorities of our current government. These priorities could be summed up as; 'we are going to save the environment, but not by threatening, in any way, our economic growth.' It should be the other way round, particularly in economies who will not lose mass populations to famine in the case of drought or a mitigated economy.

The Sydney Declaration has been criticised by most of the other political parties; the Greens proclaimed it a "complete slap in the face for President Bush and Prime Minister Howard," and Labor claims that "we haven't had substantive forward movement." Additionally, Green lobbyist groups such as the Climate Action Network have argued that "Aspirational targets and voluntary actions just don't cut it."



The alternative plans floated by other parties are somewhat more drastic. For example, Labor has proposed what is called the "International Development Assistance and Climate Change" plan, which effectively involves the ratification of the Kyoto Protocol, its incorporation into law and practice, and providing "\$150 million from Australia's international aid budget to assist our neighbours adapt to the effects of climate change." It recognises the concern inherent in the drafting of the Sydney Declaration, namely that developing countries' "low incomes make it difficult to finance adaptation" and that this will implicitly render low income economies unwilling or unable to adopt climate change measures. Labor's plan is focused more upon the social impacts of change upon communities, such as impact upon education and health, whereas the Sydney Declaration is focusing more upon impacts on economies. Of course, the two are intrinsically linked. Economic justification is worth nothing unless it assists humans, and human beings live and die according to economic conditions. Government Groups such as Oxfam International have welcomed Labor's initiative, whilst criticising them for attributing insufficient funds to the measures, and criticising the Australian government for failing to ratify the Kyoto Protocol.

Still, arguing with the government is what oppositional political parties are paid to do. However, I think that the science behind climate change can speak for itself. A 2005 report entitled 'Avoiding Dangerous Climate Change', commissioned by the Hadley Centre in Britain, found that a rise as small as 2 degrees Celsius would bring on serious global warming. A quote from the study:

"Different models suggest that delaying action would require greater action later for the same temperature target and that even a delay of 5 years could be significant. If action to reduce emissions is delayed by 20 years, rates of emission reduction may need to be 3 to 7 times greater to meet the same temperature target."

The study also suggests that "the global temperature might rise to 2 [degrees Celsius] above pre-industrial level was between 2026 and 2060" at levels of current warming.

There have been different projections as to whether climate change will significantly affect our economies. There are many different arguments, from the controversial Stern Report (generally considered a pessimistic projection on the impacts of climate change on economies), to a range of studies that suggest that developing countries will be disproportionately affected by climate change when compared to developed countries, to reports that discount mitigation on the basis that the costs involved with mitigating climate change is more expensive than the benefits. I can't do the arguments proper justice in this article; I urge you to go and read them for yourself.

Michael Adams

THE SUB-PRIME MORTGAGE WHAT? A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO THE GLOBAL CREDIT KERFUJFLE

Bean counters the world over have been squealing like stuck piglets in the past weeks. With cracks appearing in world credit markets, newspapers are awash with finger-pointing, doom-mongering, buck-passing and, of course, jargon. There are few people that manage to mystify the general public quite so convincingly as financiers. Their penchant for acronyms is boundless, and sophisticated terms are bandied about like the codes of a secret society. In fact, financial data can be extremely esoteric, and economists seem to take pride in being able to draw multiple, mutually opposite conclusions from the same set of numbers.

Nor do the designated names stay constant. On Monday you might have a risky but profitable "high yield," corporate bond, and by Friday be left with "junk" - to use the technical terms. So how did all this mess get started, and why is it that local councils in Australia are up to their necks in irate rate payers? OK, the rate payers probably don't care yet, but they will when rubbish collection is cancelled. If you can handle a bare minimum of acronyms, this article gives you the low down on financial calamities and what it means for your parents' retirement funds.

The problem arose in the USA. Mortgage companies peddled their high interest credit to risky home borrowers. These loans were called NINJA loans: made to people with no income, no jobs or assets. And if that's all that happened, there wouldn't be a problem. Dodgy borrowers would go under, and the negligent lenders would suffer. But in the murky world of finance, loans rarely stay in the hands of the people who make them - that would be too simple. It's easier to buy a whole pile of loans from someone else, rather than go about spruiking your own with bus shelter ads and call centres. So the dodgy, "sub-prime" loans made in the states were sold on to other banks and mortgage companies around the world.

But selling a dodgy loan isn't a picnic. To offload it you have to hide the smell by burying it amongst some less risky loans. The investment companies combine good and bad in "Collateralised Debt Obligations", which have been selling like hotcakes since the 1990s. This is like a stew: throw the good potatoes in with the bad, and then give everyone a serve and hope they don't notice anything amiss. This spreads the risk, and has the added advantage of disguising the true danger. The stew tastes good whilst everything's rosy, but when the Americans start to miss their mortgage repayments, the stomach pains kick in.

To help investors decide where their money is safe, independent companies like Standard and Poor's rate investments. They rate governments, cities, non-profit organisations, anyone who wants to borrow money. Some serves of the stew (which are called 'tranches' - a French word to add sophistication) might have a lot of bad potatoes, but if there's a few good ones in there the company advertises the rating

on these only, and sweeps the rest under the carpet. 35 local Australian councils seem to have been unaware of this devious marketing ploy, and in some cases stand accused of ignoring their own investment guidelines.

The irony is that financiers constantly insist on being left alone. The unfettered free market will provide the most efficient outcomes they say, and for the most part they have a point. However, when everyone loses confidence and the crunch comes, their clamors for assistance are so interventionist you'd be forgiven for thinking they're French. The painful end of this tale is borne by struggling US homeowners, who face falling house prices and even losing their homes. Lenders are nervous, and aren't doling it out like the used to. Australian councils are discovering that they had inadvertently invested rate payer's money in such dicey operations, and are paying the price. The share market has taken a modest fall, but nothing serious, yet. Maybe the rules of disclosure and transparency need revision, but in the meantime, the golden rule holds. Risk and return are as entwined as Yin and Yang, and feckless investors will have to take responsibility for their over-exuberance. Calling in the blue-helmeted central banks to save them with government money will only make the kiddies all the more irresponsible next time.

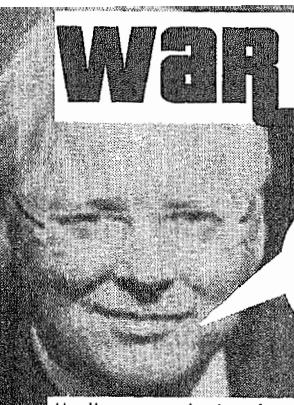
"A sound banker, alas, is not one who foresees danger and avoids it, but one who, when he is ruined, is ruined in a conventional and orthodox way along with his fellows, so that no one can really blame him." (John Maynard Keynes)

David Kaczan



WAR OF THE POLITICAL CLUBS

with guest presenter Tony "Sarcastic Bastard" Jones



In the lead up to an election, how influential do you think a strong media campaign, whether it be positive or negative, has on the outcome?

Media campaigning in politics is not a new phenomenon. Print, television, radio and outdoor advertising have been used in campaigns for decades. However, this time around we have the additional element of online campaigning.

The use of personalised websites, YouTube, and social networking sites by politicians and parties is already booming. Such media channels are certainly going to be influential in providing basic information to constituents, especially those of a younger demographic.

There is little doubt that Australian political campaigning is becoming more Americanised. Have a look at the websites of Rudy Giuliani, John McCain, Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama for an indication of the direction of Australian political media. This is the future of online campaigning, with distinct elements already appearing in local campaigns.

Media communications are certainly effective, but I believe that once the facts are presented, most Australians are smart enough to make up their own minds come election day. It is my hope that everyday Australians see through the \$100 million campaign being run by the unions and the Labor Party. This is a media blitz to ensure the survival of the increasingly unpopular union movement. The Coalition, on the other hand, has a budget one fifth that size.

Negative and positive media can both be beneficial, as long as the advertisements are justifiable. The union movement's anti-WorkChoices ads that attempt to elicit an emotional response from voters are pathetic. Kevin Rudd too plays a cameo role here, occasionally popping up on TV with catch phrases that sound nice but have little substance behind them. Policies, not catch phrases and heart wrenching tales (many of which have been misrepresented by the unions) are needed to run this country.

Media campaigning in 2007 seems to have taken another (not necessarily surprising) twist. Anti-Coalition and pro-Labor messages seem to be appearing in popular shows such as *McLeod's Daughters*, *Kath & Kim* and *Rove*. This, mixed with Kerry O'Brien's quiet unique style on *The 7:30 Report* and the ABC's traditional left-wing stance have demonstrated that the media are running their own media campaign. And what a privileged position to run one from...

I certainly hope that voters can see through the expensive and hollow propaganda campaign being run by Labor. I hope that people don't forget history. Unemployment at the end of Labor's last stint in Government was 8.2%, 4% higher than it is now. More than 2.1 million jobs have been created under this Government. Labor doesn't even have a tax policy yet. Nor do they have any plans to deal with an ageing population. All they have is front bench that has been infiltrated by union hacks and a rock singer.

In a country where voting is compulsory, it is the responsibility of electors to do at least some research before voting. Don't believe everything you see in the media. Glossy brochures and expensive ads are nice, but are they enough to manage a growing \$1 trillion economy?

Chris Browne
President
Adelaide University Liberal Club

From either side of politics, anyone even remotely involved in an election campaign can tell you how complex they really are. The importance of a media campaign versus the more traditional grass-roots community based approach of doorknocking, street corner meetings and letterboxing is the subject of much debate. In modern politics, we are increasingly seeing these take a back seat to presidential-style media campaigns. Whatever one's opinion on this, all would agree the importance of a strong media campaign during an election period cannot be underestimated.

The importance of a media campaign is showcased by the ALP's historic 1972 election win using the 'It's Time' campaign slogan. The campaign saw the election of the Whitlam Labor Government; the first Labor government in 23 years. The campaign captured the public's desire for change, particularly for an end to Australia's involvement in the Vietnam War. The ALP platform consisted of a raft of major policy proposals, most notably an end to conscription, free tertiary education and the introduction of a universal health insurance scheme. These were accompanied by the now famous television advertisements where prominent celebrities of the day were seen singing along to the legendary tune 'It's Time', galvanising the public's support for a change of government.

That said, no matter how glossy a media campaign is it will not win an election on its own. A campaign is merely a tool to promote your policies to the electorate. In this modern world of YouTube, Facebook and www.kevin07.com, all political parties will be using a combination of the internet and the more traditional media to outline their vision for Australia. Nevertheless, a campaign will only be successful if behind it is a party with an agenda that the public wants to see implemented.

More recent elections have seen the use of negative media campaigns or 'attack ads'. Who could forget the 'Learner Latham's 17% interest rates' fear campaign run by the Liberals during the 2004 federal election? While it is obvious these campaigns can be successful, particularly with presidential campaigns, they can just as easily backfire. There have now been nine successive interest rate rises in Australia, including five since the last election, causing many Australians to now doubt the Howard Government when it touts its so-called economic credentials. Whether the recent interest rate increases can be directly attributed to the Government is not the point. The fact is now, after promising to keep interest rates at record lows, interest rates have been raised by the Reserve Bank. The Government now faces an angry record-high group of homeowners living under mortgage stress, who believed interest rates would not rise if the Howard Government was re-elected in 2004. This is a prime example of how a strong media campaign can backfire with underpinned by unattainable promises and fear propaganda.

Only time will tell how this will election pan out; however there is no doubt it will be defined by the various media campaigns run during the official election period.

What you will hear from the Labor Party is a long-term plan for Australia's future prosperity. Plans for an education revolution, strategies to fix to our public hospitals, set greenhouse gas reduction targets to help take decisive action on the issue of climate change, and a will to restore balance and fairness in our workplaces. Compare this with the ranting of the Prime Minister about 'union bosses' and his 'vision' for a nuclear Australia and the choice is clear. 'It's Time' for some fresh thinking!

Scott Cowen
President
Adelaide University Labor Club
www.adelaideunilaborclub.asn.au

Where in the world will you work when you graduate?



Watch the Careers website for news about **goingglobal.com** - your best source of information about working around the world.

In Semester II the Careers Service becomes a subscriber to **goingglobal.com** - giving you access to:

- more than 10,000 country-specific resources for finding international employment
- employment opportunities and trends in more than 24 countries around the world
- detailed resource descriptions
- recommended web sites
- insider tips and professional advice

www.adelaide.edu.au/student/careers

Life Impact



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The University of Adelaide

www.adelaide.edu.au

INTERNATIONAL CAREERS EVENING

International students intending to go home after graduating, international students investigating staying on in Australia, and Australian students interested in working overseas will all find something to help them at the University of Adelaide's first International Careers Evening.

WHEN: Monday 8 October, 5:30pm - 8:00pm

WHERE: Lower Napier Building, University of Adelaide, North Terrace campus

5:30pm - 5:50pm - Official opening

6:00pm - 6:45pm - Talks

Working in China (Speaker: Madame Zhu Xiaoyu, Minister Counsellor for Education, Embassy of the People's Republic of China, Canberra)

Working in Singapore (Mr Ernie Goh and Mr Daniel Pua, Australia Singapore Business Council)

Working in South Australia (Mr Ray Bilske, Department of Trade & Economic Development)

7:00pm - 7:45pm - Talks

Working in Malaysia (Ms Carolyn Foo, HR Consultant: Graduate Recruitment, KPMG)

Migration and permanent residency (Ms Christeen Deegan, Department of Immigration and Citizenship)

Preparing for a successful career (Ms Susan Hervey, University of Adelaide Careers Service)

From 5:30pm - 8:00pm, there will be a 'mini-expo' with interactive displays and advisers, including:

"Going Global" with the University Careers Service

Postgraduate study at the University of Adelaide: Prospective Students Office and selected Faculties

Chinese Chamber of Commerce, Australia Singapore Business Council SA, and other exhibitors yet to be confirmed

Light refreshments from 7:00pm. The International Careers Evening closes at 8:00 pm.

Visit the website for more information: <http://www.adelaide.edu.au/student/careers/events/>

A strong media campaign will make or break a party's election hopes. The problem is however, that rather than the media being a means to inform the population, it is becoming merely a medium for the major parties to control public debate, and selectively present the issues it wants to be heard. While the media reports the mud-slinging expertise of the major parties (read attention grabbing cat-in-tree story), alternative viewpoints are ignored. What's more the media is becoming far more biased to conflict/speculation driven reporting than actual information.

The reality of the situation is that whoever has the finances (should I mention the use of government finances?) to run party ads in TV, radio, buy newspaper space or offer incentives to journalists to have their stories run, has a huge advantage in winning the election. In some cases the major media outlets (such as *The Advertiser*) has been incredibly selective in their choice of content and is attempting to manipulate public debate towards its desired outcome. The Democrats have been one of many victims in this scenario: Whenever we write to the 'letters to the eds' in the *Tiser* and include 'Democrat candidate for Adelaide/Boothby/Hindmarsh' in the text, it gets cut out. Compare that to recent letters from the major parties and Greens where their titles are left in. There seems to be hardly such a thing as journalistic integrity from many news outlets today; good journalists are far and few between. I'm convinced that many of the editors of the major papers don't even read their own publications, such as an article that featured myself (Sandy Biar) and Aleisha Brown regarding our Chaser Defence plan, enabling political statements that cause no harm to person, property and do not go against the grain of the intention of the law subscribing the offence. This same article (with the same mistakes) was printed in *The West*, *The Australian*, *The Sydney Morning Herald* and online on Channel 7. The article began with our respective names, titles (candidate for Adelaide/Makin), however by the end of the article we were being quoted as "Ms Briar". Perhaps they weren't really sure who was making the statements and decided

instead to blend the two mentioned people into one. Clearly no-one checked the article for continuity.

Meanwhile the media is content to peddle the major party smear agendas which serve only to further entrench the public's cynicism about Australian politicians' childlike behaviour. The real issues lose out. It pains me how often I have heard journalists asking such boring and mundane questions about the use of modern internet media like MySpace and YouTube. Both have been around for years, yet the media treats it like the new black. Most of the younger candidates in the Federal election have moved on to new mediums like Facebook, which incorporate many more tools for communication than MySpace ever had. Internet does bring a greater democracy to the everyday Australian.

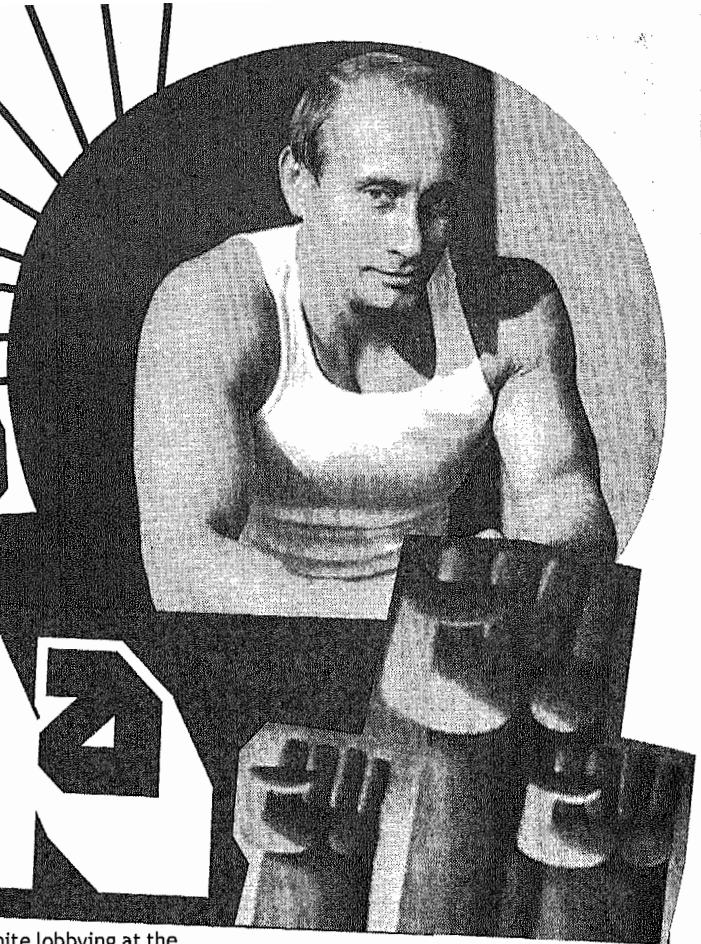
Media regulation, in particular diversity in the media sector (ownership and content) has been a high priority on the Democrats agenda in parliament, and will continue to be so into the future to encourage real debate on important issues affecting Australians, much more than we see in today's press.

So is the media to blame? Or is it really a question of whether the politicians so desperate for attention have created a playing field more like a school yard sandpit? I think the latter is just as likely.

Sandy Biar
Australian Democrats
0423 170 159
sandy.biar@adelaide.edu.au

If you wish to pose a poignant question to Adelaide University's who's who of politics please email ondit@adelaide.edu.au and help us quiz these polities until they're quivering in their freshly pressed suits, just like our hero and one of the ABC's most respected late night television journalists, Tony Jones. We're sorry we called you a sarcastic bastard. You're awesome.

THE NEW RUSSIA



The role of Russia in world politics and international affairs is becoming more and more concerning and we just agreed to sell this unpredictable country our uranium. Ex-KGB President Vladimir Putin is serving his second term after a landslide victory as incumbent in the 2004 elections after a heavily criticised propaganda campaign in which the majority of media outlets gave positive and complimentary opinions to Putin's government. In Putin's first term as President, private TV stations were forced off the air and so it is no wonder those that remain want to stay in his good books. He is, however, unable to run for a third consecutive term as President under current laws.

For some time, Russia has been experiencing somewhat fractured relations with the West, in particular Great Britain. Earlier this year there were a series of 'tit for tat' diplomatic expulsions between London and Moscow, after disputes over the extradition of ex-KGB agent Andrei Lugovoi, who is wanted by British police for his part in the murder of Alexander Litvinenko. Four diplomats were expelled from the Russian Embassy in London in July.

Litvinenko was a former Russian security agent critical of the current government. He sought protection and safety in the UK and was killed by a fatal dose of radioactive isotope Polonium-210. Russia refuses to comply with requests from London for Lugovoi's extradition. British Foreign Secretary David Miliband said, "The Russian Government has failed to register either how seriously we treat this case or the seriousness

of the issues involved, despite lobbying at the highest level and clear explanations of our need for a satisfactory response" (*Guardian Unlimited*, 16/7/07).

The Kremlin is urging media outlets in Russia to blame MI6 and exiled oligarch Boris Berezovsky, who lives in London and is vocally critical of the current administration. The Kremlin is equally incensed that the UK refuses to extradite Mr. Berezovsky, who has been charged in Russia with money laundering and an attempted coup plot. In retaliation, Moscow expelled four UK diplomats and refused to co-operate with Britain in the 'War on Terror'.

Further British feathers were ruffled when Russia recently recommenced the Cold War practice of flying bombers on long-range patrols over northern Europe. In the first week of September this year, eight Russian Tupolev Tu-95 Bear aircraft were tracked by Norwegian radar until they entered NATO airspace where they became under British responsibility. Similar incidents occurred in July and August. Add to this the noise that Russia had been making about re-establishing a naval base in the Mediterranean, probably in Syria, and the scramble for land bids in the Arctic with the planting of the Russian flag underwater on a land ridge.

Mr. Putin, angered by US plans to build more military bases in Eastern Europe, also threatened to target missiles at Europe. The objective of the targeting will only be the "strategic nuclear potential of the United States . . . in Europe" (*BBC News*, 8/6/07).

In July, President Putin decided to suspend Russia's participation in the Conventional Forces in Europe (CFE) Treaty, one of the key arms control agreements at the end of the Cold War. This treaty limits the number of offensive weapons that one country can deploy across Europe. This action could be viewed as a response to the US withdrawing from another arms control treaty, the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty, in 2001. It is only withdrawal from this treaty that has enabled the US to begin steps to establish a missile defense system in Eastern Europe.

Largely, all these actions and steps taken by Russia are just politics. There is no real effect that will have any lasting impact in Europe or America but Russia and Vladimir Putin are definitely trying to send a strong message: Russia is back and Russia is strong and Russia wants to be treated like an equal.

Russia also wants to exert a greater influence in South-East Asia. The billion-dollar uranium deal with Australia, agreed upon during the recent APEC meeting, is a sign of this. Apparently Russia has agreed to sign nuclear safeguards to ensure the uranium is used only for domestic purposes, however it has not yet done this. Australia's Foreign Minister, Alexander Downer, is confident in Russia and trusts that they will obey the regulations of the treaty.

"To suggest that Russia - which has its own uranium by the way - would breach a treaty of that importance with a country like Australia, is not just the real world," he said

(ABC News, 7/9/07).

The fact that Russia has its own uranium brings up its own questions. If they have their own uranium, then why do they want ours? Putin has promised that the uranium supplied to them by Australia will only be used for domestic purposes, yet Australian uranium may well free up Russian uranium for non-domestic purposes. The treaty has no allowance for what Russia does with its own uranium and Russia's ties with Iran (who are developing their own controversial nuclear program) are dubious.

The Australian Democrats and Greens parties,

as well as Greenpeace, have condemned the deal. Senator Lyn Allison claims that 66% of Australian citizens do not want the deal.

"Russia has a very poor history of safety, it routinely flouts its own laws, it won't ratify the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) additional protocol that would have allowed for greater levels of inspection," she said.

There is no way to monitor what Russia does with Australian uranium nor what Russia does with its own uranium.

This is not to suggest a resurgence of the

Cold War. When compared to the actions of America in the world and its hegemonic assumptions about its role, Russia is acting like a friendly neighbour. Perhaps the future Australian Government, whichever party they might be, will reconsider a close relationship with Russia and large deals, which could potentially contribute to nuclear arms proliferation.

Lia Svilians

Sources: ABC News, BBC News, Guardian Unlimited, Telegraph.



In the last month I had my first encounter with drink spiking. My friends and I were out for a birthday and were drinking and having a good time. I was in a big group so I didn't notice one of my friends disappear for a while. The next time I saw her she was in a state that I'd never seen anyone in before. She had no control of her body, as if she was paralysed; she'd been vomiting; her speech was slurred; she was shivering - all warning signs that her drink had been spiked. A friend carried her down the stairs, put her in a cab and we went directly to the hospital where a nurse confirmed that her drink was probably spiked.

It seems as if everyone knows someone who has been a victim of drink spiking. According to *The Source*, when a drink is spiked it means that "alcohol or drugs (illicit or prescription) have been added to the drink without the persons knowledge or approval. Prescription drugs including Serapax, Valium and Rohypnol which are muscle-relaxants and have hypnotic effect are often used. Illicit drugs that are used by drink spikers include party drugs such as Ecstasy, LSD, Fantasy and Ketamine.

The most common victims of drink spiking are young women aged 18 to 35, although it is something that is increasingly occurring in the gay and lesbian community and occurs most often in pubs and nightclubs. People spike drinks for a number of reasons including wanting to sexually assault, rape or rob the person whose drink has been spiked. It is sometimes just to see how a person will react to

the drugs that have been used to spike their drink. Whatever the reason, drinking spiking is dangerous and illegal.

The Source recommends a number of ways to protect yourself and your friends from drinking spiking. They say you should never leave your drink unattended, never let someone you don't know buy you a drink and you should always watch the person behind the bar as they pour your drink. It is also suggested that you buy drinks in bottles with lids which are less accessible to drink spikers.

Even if you take precautions to prevent your drink from being spiked you may still be at risk. If your drink is spiked, you should alert someone you trust immediately or alternatively alert security or staff at the club you are at. You should seek medical attention and provide urine and blood samples as soon as possible. If you have been assaulted you should contact police, CrimeStoppers or a sexual health clinic. Police and sexual health clinics have facilities that can provide adequate levels of testing if samples are needed as evidence in an investigation.

So ladies, next time you're out and someone offers you a drink, I'd suggest taking Pink's advice: "Keep your drink, just give me the money!" For more information on drink spiking, log on to thesource.gov.au or contact police.

Lauren Barker

Questions

1. Would consider yourself a dedicated or a sporadic reader of *On Dit*?
2. What is the best thing about *On Dit*?
3. What should *On Dit* have more of?
4. What is your special birthday message for *On Dit*?

Vox Pop

Birthdays make us want to do a little dance, make a little love and get down! But that seemed inappropriate for the Vox Pop page. Instead, to celebrate *On Dit's* fabulous 75 years, we decided to hit the streets (more accurately known as the uni campus) and ask questions to make *On Dit* feel warm, fuzzy and slinkster-cool.

Spreading the *On Dit* love, Naty and Cat



Melissa

1. Sporadic.
2. Dit-licious...mmm.
3. Financial reviews.
4. Oh damn, you're old!



Gemma

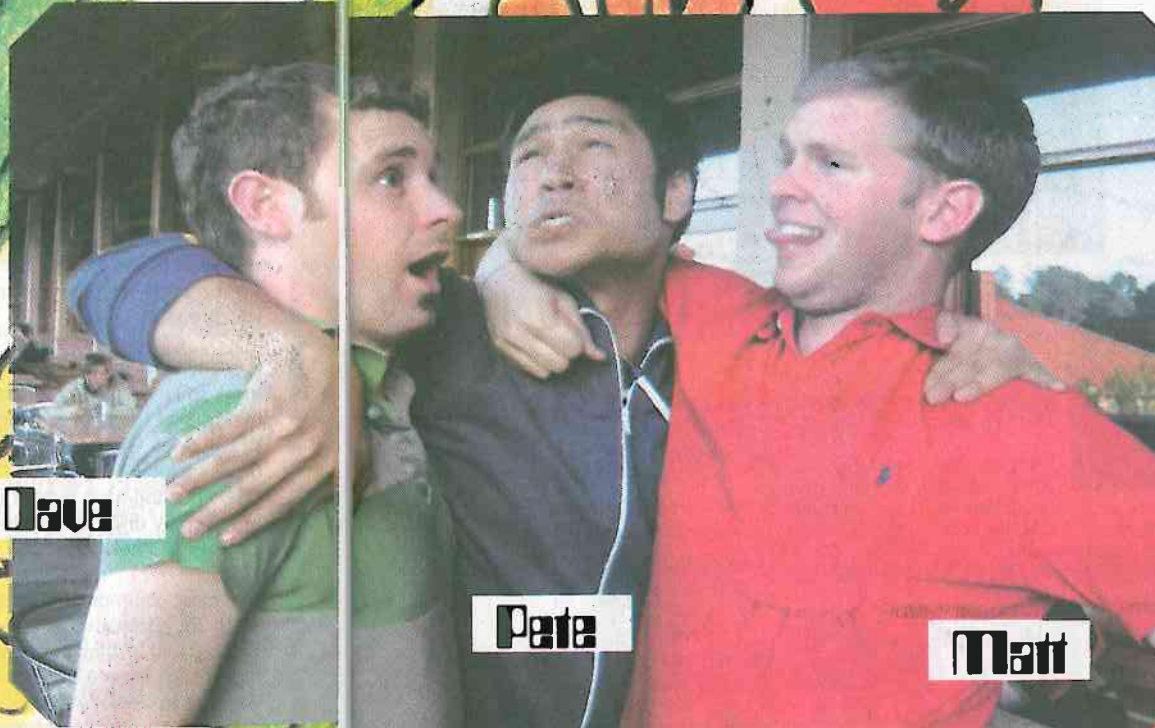
1. Sporadic.
2. The contributions from interesting people.
3. No, it's pretty good.
4. Happy birthday, dude. You can *On Dit* me any time!



Grace

1. In the last few months...dedicated.
2. Artistic layout and music reviews. The front covers are always interesting.
3. Nothing, It is perfect.*
4. Keep going with all the good work and you're still looking good.

* Okay, so we added that in.



Dave

Pete

Matt

1. D - Sporadic
P - Dedicated.
M - Dedicated 'cause it's free.
2. D - Free and handy to read on the tram.
P - It's the voice of our generation.
M - It's cool and the artwork is funky.
3. D - More live music: about what's in and around the uni - like jazz.
P - More 'Where to go' reviews.
M - More pub and club music reviews.
4. D - Don't do drugs.
P - Stay in school.
M - Congratulations on doing things people thought were impossible.



YOUR SLIGHTLY POLITICAL PARTY



The Dub.
Hon. Andrew Love, MP

'SUCK ON THAT'

Like rats abandoning a sinking ship Alexander Downer has hypothesised that he would like to run against Rannbo in the next South Australian state election. Reading between the lines, I come to the conclusion that Alexander believes that the Liberals are doomed this election. Downer's announcement are the words of man who knows defeat is not far off and is attempting to build a safety net. Obviously Downer's days in Federal politics are numbered... he can't climb any further having already failed as leader and best friend PM John Howard, who has protected his incompetence in exchange for support, is poised to be ousted. Surely no South Australian (Liberal or otherwise) would want a Federal, cross-dressing has-been as a Premier (possibly private school boys)? Downer has since retorted that he has no plans to enter state politics but who would trust a man who told Adelaide Zoo's newest panda to "suck on that"? Not me.



The Dub.
Hon. William Martin, MP

'VOTE 1.'

Despite my vast interest in political affairs, I must confess a soft spot for high risk real estate ventures. I was amazed to discover whilst browsing domain.com.au that Kirribilli House was actually up for sale. "You'll really be the life of the party with this tidy little number," stated the site. Now, I can understand that Howard might be sceptical about winning the election. Who wouldn't after reading months of negative opinion polls? But to jump ship and sell his house for ONLY \$15 is surely a blatant sign of defeat! Not only is our PM out of touch but he is also utterly bonkers. Understandably in Howard's day \$15 would have bought a Datsun 720, a lawnmower and two plump lambs however these days he'd have to settle with something more like Alanis Morissette's *Jagged Little Pill*. Sadly even that may be out of his price range, as presentation of a seniors' card will get the home buyer \$5 off.

BREAST AUGMENTATION: ALL HANDS ON DICK

After weeks of controversy, the Royal Australian Navy presented their new warfare showcase - advanced silicon implants. Provided courtesy of the Australian taxpayers, naval service women have undergone breast augmentation for psychological reasons.

First in line for the 'weapon inspection' was the Slightly Political Party, who later revealed the psychological rumours were a smokescreen to hide the Navy's newest twin-asset safety features.

"Not only will these enlargements boost the male heterosexual numbers within the fleet, but it's also sure to piss off the Japanese!" beamed Rear-Admiral Barnaby Yeatsman.

Intelligence reports the latest silicon implants came from sources such as excess whaling blubber and overweight children.

"Those Nips would love to get their hands on our augmentations. We're sitting on a burger meat gold mine!"

The Slightly Political Party were not complaining.

"Dual airbags. Marvellous!" They cheered whilst shamelessly plugging Toyota.



WHAT A TERRIBLE THING TO SAY: Martin unleashes ambitious smear campaign for leadership.

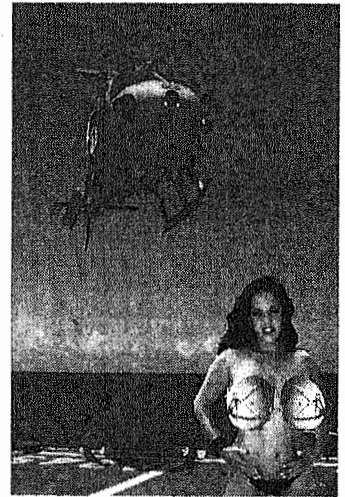
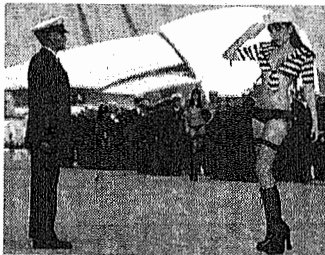
A rift emerged within the SPP this week when frontbencher Will Martin challenged for the Slightly Political Party Leadership. The challenge has outraged Party Leader Brian Burke.



BOSOMS AWAY: SPP inflate the weapons to their recommended size.

"These augmentations are state of the art." Said Mr Love with wandering eyes. "With this new buoyancy, female cadets will no longer be required to gain a Cert 3 in surf rescue."

"We're developing a new implant size, the QQs, a.k.a. 'The Behemoth', which not only look fantastic, but transform the female cadet into a fully operational SS7 Naval Dinghy!" added Mr Martin.



BEACONS OF HOPE: Sgt Cindy happy to bring the seamen home.

The implants are also said to replace naval paddles and become the primary aircraft landing tool, after the disastrous failed helicopter landing that occurred in the South-West Pacific last year.

Other rumours concerning augmented female officers as lighting beacons are yet to be confirmed, however the SPP seemed confident with the quality of flashing.

WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION: Rear-Admiral Yeatsman inspects impressive naval buzookas.

SPP LEADERSHIP FACE-OFF

Leaping to Mr Burke's defence Mr Andrew Love threw scorn on Martin's leadership ambitions.

"Anyone who challenges Brian Burke is morally and politically compromised!" he yelled whilst in a gorilla suit.

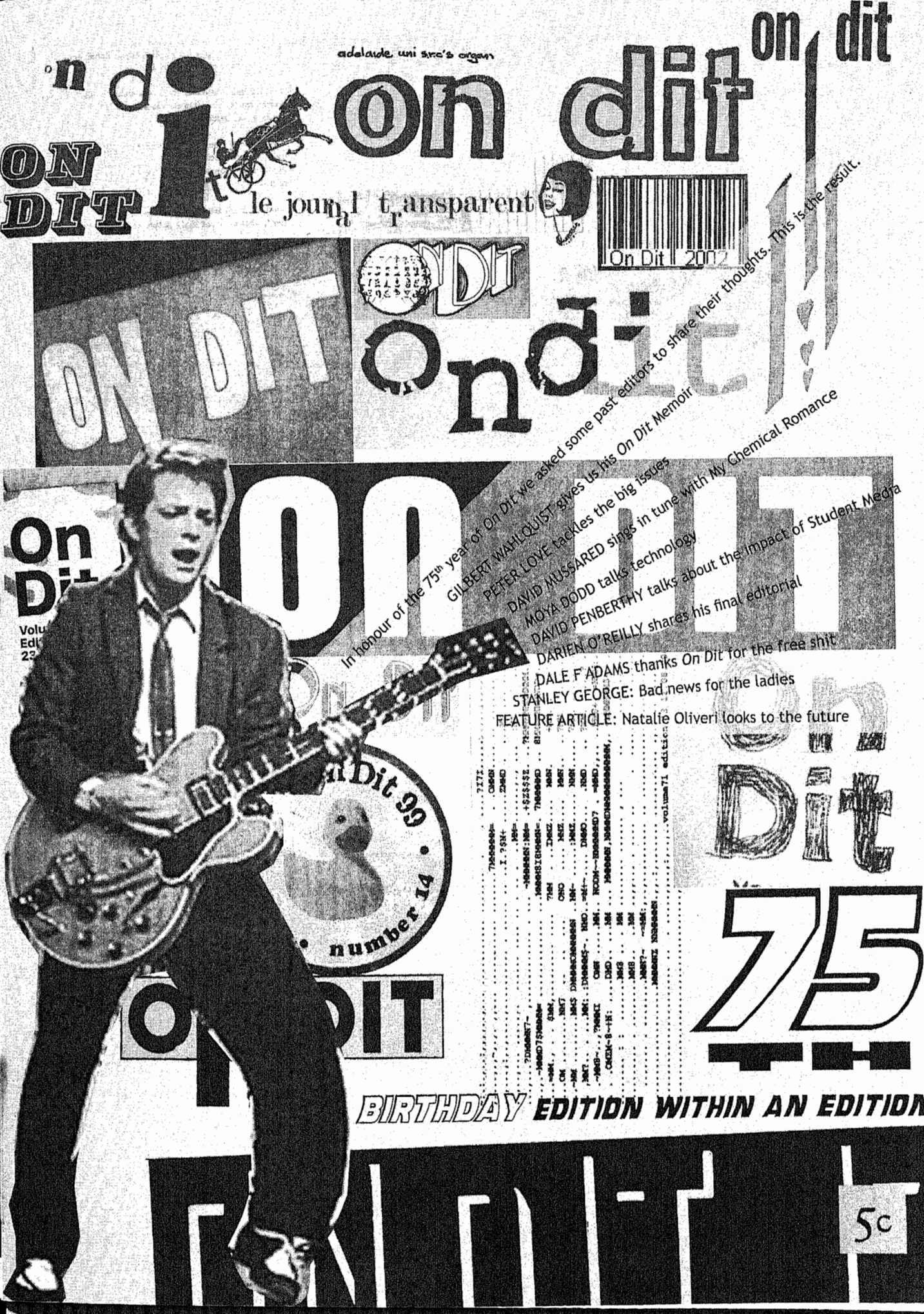
Mr Martin, however, seemed arrogant.

"That balloon Burke and his pet attack nunny Andrew Love are a

bunch of contemptible rodents! It's time for new leadership. This conversation is over. All hail Will!"

Mr Love later retorted, "Mr Martin can't defeat Burke without resorting to smear," to which Martin replied "Fuck you, arsehole".

The results of the challenge will be revealed later this fortnight.



adelaide uni snc's organ

on dit on dit on dit on dit



le jour transparent



This is the result.

ON DIT



on dit

In honour of the 75th year of On Dit we asked some past editors to share their thoughts. This is the result.

GILBERT WAHLQUIST gives us his On Dit Memoir

PETER LOVE tackles the big issues

DAVID MUSSARED sings in tune with My Chemical Romance

MOYA DODD talks technology

DAVID PENBERTHY talks about the Impact of Student Media

DARIEN O'REILLY shares his final editorial

DALE F ADAMS thanks On Dit for the free shit

STANLEY GEORGE: Bad news for the ladies

FEATURE ARTICLE: Natalie Oliveri looks to the future



Vol
Ed
23



75th
On Dit
number 14

On Dit

75

BIRTHDAY EDITION WITHIN AN EDITION

5c

1949 REBUILDING AFTER THE WAR

I saw the 75th anniversary of *On Dit* as an opportunity to get closure on something which happened with me nearly 60 years ago. I edited *On Dit* in 1949, found a job at *The News* out of it and by 1955 I had gone to Sydney forever.

The News has gone, too. In those days there was *The Advertiser* (mornings), *The News* (afternoon), and *Truth* (weekly). Then there was *On Dit*. We were a tabloid which came out weekly. A lot of the stuff we published in *On Dit* turned up downtown in the papers there. The saucier items were featured in *Truth*, in those days a scandal newspaper.

I flew over to the reunion to find all gone bar *The Advertiser* - and *On Dit*.

The University was seen as part of the Adelaide establishment, to be defended by *The Advertiser*, observed by *The News* and sent up by *Truth*.

But the place was far from being establishment. For a start I had left high school at 15, and there were plenty like me. We had served in the Navy, Army or Air Force and to attend university were paid a weekly wage of £3/5/- under the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme. There were 1,462 under CRTS, about one third of the total enrolment. Many of us were sent to a school in Pirie Street where we picked up Leaving Certificate subjects while we studied first and second year university subjects.

After the discipline of the armed forces we reveled in the freedom of speech on the campus. There were three activities which exposed the students as a whole to the citizens of Adelaide - the annual procession, the annual revue and the weekly newspaper, *On Dit*, all of which were presented, organised and financed entirely by students. The new Vice-Chancellor, A. P. Rowe, made it clear that anything which might cause criticism to be leveled at the University by the citizens of Adelaide could well be discontinued.

It took a whole year to calm him down to accept us.

After leaving school and before joining the Navy I had worked as a printer's devil at *The News* and a copy-writer at Radio 5KA. I set up *On Dit* to follow the structure I had experienced at *The News*.

I typed up a two-page list of instructions, stressing brevity, accuracy and objectivity. This was the savior for the paper because our contributors were anything but objective. The student body was intensely political and I had to make sure that both Right and Left were balanced.

Ex-service people were dominant on campus. We did not talk about World War II, which had ended barely four years before. A room set aside for ex-service people near the refectory was not used and was assigned to other uses. There was an undercurrent of security activity with a number of former intelligence officers recruited to spy on students for ASIO. Part of *On Dit's* income came from advertisements for the University Squadron and the University Regiment. The Communist Party was active in Australia and the Government was getting ready for what became the Cold War in 1950.

The paper was set up in metal type downtown. Galley proofs were provided and these were read by the President of the Students' Representatives Council, John Roder and the chairman of the SRC Publications Committee, Clarrie Hermes who had power of veto. This censorship was resented by staff but probably saved us from many a libel action. Each sub-editor had to attend the printing works for the make-up of their page. It was a team that worked well.

This was the staff roster for Tuesday, June 14, 1949 - news editor, John Neuenkirchen; correspondence editor, Robin Ashwin; women's interests, Rosemary Burden; business manager, John Rundle; sports editor, Jim Slattery; magazine editor, Edgar Castle; circulation manager, Crosby Dowling.

News reporters: Marie Simmons, Bruce Anderson, Robin Ashwin, David Penny, John Green, Randel Butler, Jeff Scott, Brian Ancell, Murray Andrews, Margaret Taylor, Jean Wadham, Carmel Boyce.

Special representatives: Rosemary West, Ken Clezy, Ian Hansen, Frank Zepfel, Dick Jensen, Rosemary Burden, Colin Bowden.

Circulation staff: Elisabeth

O'Donnell, Penelope Loveday, Wesley Thomas; photographer, Keith Stevens.

The reunion brought these wonderful days back into my life. Sitting with me at dinner were Robin Ashwin and Jeff Scott. We were privileged then, we are now.

Gilbert Wahlquist
On Dit Editor 1949

BIRD OF THE WEEK



The second Bird of the Week for 1967 is Leslie Anne Shiners, a first year arts student who intends to major in psychology, politics and loves Mr. Holt as well as her male friend who, unfortunately, attends SA's other university. She adores horses and rides two of them every time she goes home to Keith. In Adelaide she lives at St. Anne's.

Leslie is a Republican, not a Humanist, always drinks gin, brandy, beer and Scotch - for readers of "Bed for Beginners", she looks like a good one for the fuddle-duddle method - and is mad on Dylan and human skin lampshades. She keeps her collection of two skin lampshades in her boudoir at St. Anne's.

Her favourite clothes, so she informs me, tend to be insignificant.

Our Bird of the Week is quite partial to snuff and thinks the ON DIT couch is superbly comfortable.

The judges of "Miss Fresher" demonstrate their excellent taste in birds, you will note, and picked the Pictorial Editor's choice of ON DIT's first "Bird of the Week" as Miss Fresher 1967. Congratulations, Jill.

By the way, the Pictorial Editor wishes to notify all birds that he has moved out of his flat and that his phone number is now 62 2247.

1972

TACKLING THE BIG ISSUES

Things were different then than they are today. To start with we had manual production methods. Submitted copy, often scrawled and full of spelling errors was sent to the printers for typesetting. The set material was returned with wax on the back and was attached to layout sheets. Photographs were screened by the printer and were returned waxed. Other graphics were attached with latex glue. Borders were drawn with ink pens or black tapes of various thicknesses were used. Headings were either typeset or created using Letraset, a letter transfer system. Any thing we pinched from another publication was simply cut out and pasted on the sheet. We had no computers for the layout, no internet and no emails. Printing was in black and white except for single colours. The colour separation process required for printing photographs in colour was too expensive. A printing process we used for colour variety was to have one colour on one side of the ink trough and another colour on the other side with the inks mixing in the middle.

Those working on the paper were not paid except for a small allowance for the editor. Reviewers got to keep the records or books they reviewed and had free tickets to films and performances. I was the Editor, Peter Brooker the Associate Editor, Jackie Venning the Review Editor and Rosie Jones the Poetry Editor. We worked hard, regularly staying up until 4 or 5 am to finish the paper.

Finance for the paper was secure but we could have done with more. Though we had advertising, we did not have to rely on it completely. *On Dit* was usually a 16-page tabloid with a print run of 6,000. Mid-year we ran over budget and were forced to have the copy typed on an electronic typewriter instead of typeset which made the pages look less attractive. We also reduced the print run from 6,000 to 5,500.

There was no on-campus censorship. Any censorship was external. Around Australia, student papers were being threatened with prosecution for obscenity. In Adelaide the printers of the previous prosh rag were prosecuted for a so called salacious photograph of a woman licking an icecream, apparently she was enjoying it too much. The student editors were not prosecuted. They had no money. Consequently to prevent further prosecution, the manager of the firm printing *On Dit* read through every edition of *On Dit* and blanked or blacked out anything that could be taken as offensive including swear words and certain appendages on cartoon figures. On

political matters the printer wasn't bothered and as for the possibility of libel it wasn't a consideration.

The main difference from the present day was student activism and there were plenty of issues around. Some of them exist today. There was the Vietnam war which was in its last stages, apartheid in South Africa, women's liberation, gay rights, nuclear energy, the environment, the Palestine question, recognition of China, Aboriginal land rights and the position of the Australian Aborigines, the questioning of Christianity etc. On campus there was the push for student representation in University Government and a questioning of university education itself. The SRC was replaced by the Students' Association based on a participatory model where students decided policy at general meetings. The Australian Union of Students (AUS), which was the national student body, developed policies which were disseminated on campus and were meant to be voted on. There were demonstrations and public meetings. All these things were reflected in the content of *On Dit*.

After I was elected I undertook to bring *On Dit* out weekly during term and this I did. There were 21 editions produced plus broadsheets on specific matters. We had an editorial policy of accepting what was



submitted without favour. I did not want to push my views on the campus, though I made the occasional editorial comment. Having an open policy meant that people felt they had a right to disagree in print with something that was published before. My objectives were to give people on campus a voice and to encourage debate, to promote campus activities, to encourage people to think beyond their course material and to promote talent, for example as writers, poets, cartoonists, or graphic artists. Steve J. Spears, celebrated writer and playwright regularly wrote for *On Dit*.

We reprinted underground comics such as the Furry Freaks, Fat Freddy's Cat and Mr Nacheral, and Cobb Cartoons. We also featured original cartoon comment by Goof Ritter, Jim Cane, Orville, Clot and others. Once we produced a comic book supplement.

The weekly publication of *On Dit* allowed for timely publicity of student activities.

On Dit was variously criticised for being too heavy, lacking in direction and not being professionally laid out but students picked up the paper as soon as it arrived on campus and read it.

On Dit occasionally had an effect outside the campus. We ran an article on a government proposal for the redevelopment of Hackney which entailed knocking down houses and the Hackney Hotel and putting up high rise development in their place. In subsequent issues we published debate on the subject. The project was scrapped.

A lot has happened since 1972. The Australian Union Students collapsed in 1984 to be replaced by the National Union of Students, which is now in financial difficulty due to the introduction of voluntary student unionism; tuition fees were abolished to be replaced by the HECS scheme and the introduction of full fee-paying students; university education has become financially out of reach for some people and financially difficult for others; compulsory student unionism has been abolished to be replaced by voluntary student unionism making it hard for student unions to operate; around Australia student newspapers such as Flinders University's *Empire Times* have gone. *On Dit* is financially hamstrung relying as it does on advertising for its existence. Campus life seems dead.

I believe that for *On Dit* to remain viable for years to come it must have guaranteed financial support. The campus needs it; a paper produced by students for students. That is the *On Dit* Tradition. Maybe a fund could be set up - I don't know - but something must be done.

Peter Love
On Dit Editor 1972

1983

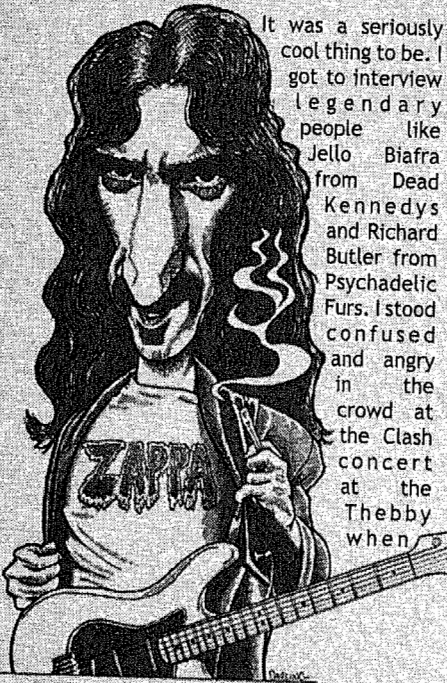
HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

"Teenagers scare the living shit out of me".

So goes the chorus of the latest single from My Chemical Romance.

As the father of a teenager, I have to agree - and I want to warn Adelaide University that it will have to batten down the hatches and chuck out some of its comfy ideas if it is going to survive the storm that I think is coming.

Nowadays I am a 46-year-old father of four. But 24 years ago I was an *On Dit* editor.



It was a seriously cool thing to be. I got to interview legendary people like Jello Biafra from Dead Kennedys and Richard Butler from Psychadelic Furs. I stood confused and angry in the crowd at the Clash concert at the Thebby when

Gary Foley made his now-famous Aboriginal rights speech.

I rocked in New Year's eve in 1983 to the tune of the Sunnyboys playing 'Alone with You Tonight'.

Oh yeah, I can hear it still. The bass and drums still pound in my ears.

This was a few years after Adelaide's garage band music scene had first exploded onto the national and international scene. Not long after the 'Athens of the South' had led the nation in an outburst of sweaty, gritty and gloriously live music.

And you know what? I think it is about to happen again.

I have heard the future, and it sounds FANTASTIC. Being the parent of a musically plugged-in teenager has exposed me to a bunch of youthful local bands - aged 15 and up - which are truly awesome.

These kids can pump out songs like their parents never could. Grittier, sweatier, tighter and more connected with their audiences. Savvy lyrics, catchy melodies, soul-shredding guitar breaks.

Who would have thought that the explosion in digital recording would force bands back to performing live?

Who would have thought that the average 16-year-old could have access to more powerful musical technology at home on their Mum's computer than did the Beatles at their height?

And who would have thought that the kids of the noughties would be so full of spit and vinegar. So sassy and brassy; so ready to break out.

Like I said: I want to warn the University of Adelaide about what is to come. Look around you. The pathfinders are probably already here.

They have so much to sing about, these MySpace munchkins. So much to say. Climate change. Consumerism. Terrorism. HEC. Date rape. VSU. Iraq.

They have learned to swim in information rivers which would drown their parents. They gambol and frolic in the cyber paddocks; joust and flirt in virtual worlds.

There is an energy out there in the high schools which is new. There is an intelligence out there that is swelling. I think the kids are - they really are - alright.

So get ready, Adelaide, to be Athens once again. Get ready to be the new Seattle.

For 12 long years John Howard's mean greyness has squeezed and shaped these kids. Our own careful generation has cosseted them, trussed them up in safety harnesses, hunted them into debt traps.

We have lectured them, in our middle-class wisdom, about the end of history. About the sanctity of liberal democracy; the triumph of the consumer treadmill; the holiness of the dollar.

But Frank Zappa knew the score: "If your children ever find out how lame you really are, they're gonna murder you in your sleep."

Shhh, Frank. I think they might be on to us..

David Mussared
On Dit co-editor 1983

1986

TECHNOLOGY ADVANCES GGG SLOWLY

I edited *On Dit* in South Australia's sesquicentenary year, 1986. With my co-editor Paul Washington, I was part of the so-called 'Dynasty' that ran from the late 1970s through the '80s.

Three things defined the Dynasty.

First, we were fiercely independent of both the increasingly irrelevant Left and the rising student Right. We lived to defend *On Dit*'s honour from the scourge of SAUA (pronounced

'sewer') rats who wanted to pervert its pages for their own fiendishly political ends.

Inevitably, we were attacked from time to time. I recall an O-Camp director aiming blows at my co-editor over a story about a stomach-pumping emergency at an O-Camp, giving us ample fodder for pontification in our next editorial. And the Emily Perry episode estranged us from the Right. I interviewed the acquitted Emily Perry about her plans to sue the Union for defamation over a

piece about husband-poisoning in *Bread & Circuses* - another student publication - which happened to be edited by the Liberal SAUA candidate. The story broke just prior to the election, and there were no offers of tea - either from Mrs Perry or the Liberal in question, who narrowly missed the SAUA Presidency that year.

Second, there was an intense commitment to producing a quality weekly with a broad coverage of news, features and entertainment from on and off campus. Happily, we learned the necessary skills from *On Dit* alumni who hung around long enough to educate each new wave of matriculants, and provide meaningful apprenticeships to would-be editors. John Sandeman, Geoff Hanmer, my brother Tim Dodd, David Mussared, Peter White, Nick Xenophon, James Williamson, Mark Davis and many others made substantial

contributions to *On Dit* long after they had completed their editorship or graduated.

The third defining feature of the Dynasty was an exceptional bond between a diverse and often wayward bunch of hangers-on whose commitment to having fun did not stop when the paper went to press. There were parties, soccer games, intense policy debates, an even an *On Dit* band called Too Sick Too Sing (lead singer: David Mussared). There were one-off projects, such as Mark Davis' meticulous creation of the "On Dit Lane" sign to exactly replicate official university signage. We surreptitiously hung it in the lane outside the old *On Dit* office one weekend (well, as surreptitious as you can be with a ladder, a drill and a cheering entourage). When the original sign eventually fell apart, the University duly replaced it.

1986 was also the year I turned 21, and first got selected for the Matildas. I had a combined 21st party with Alison Rogers (the subsequent ABC radio queen, Stott-Despoja flak, and author). The party began in the *On Dit* office and migrated to the SAUA office - admittedly an odd choice of location for a 21st, but explained by the large thirsty crowd and a desire to keep an oversized green cake (made to resemble a soccer field) out of the waxing machine. For one exceptional year, my life revolved around a small geography between On Dit Lane, the Cloisters, and the University sports fields across the footbridge.

We belonged to the now-gone era of fulltime paid student editors. With a salary of \$110 per week, we dumped our part-time jobs, deferred our studies, and spent 80 - 100 hours a week on campus obsessing over the next edition. We were utterly absorbed in the task.

We published each Monday, helped by a small army of keen volunteers. News had to be hunted down and written up. Photos had to be taken, developed, selected from proof-sheets, and printed. We held 'news conference' at lunchtime on Tuesdays. News hounds were dispatched, armed with tape machines and cameras. Features were commissioned, interviews were done, cartoons were drawn, and freebies were fought over. Typesetting was done at the SAUA office from Wednesday until Friday. By Friday night, the last typesetting was done, and a strange calm descended as we contemplated the weekend of layout.

Layout was a process in which you were required to fix waxed paper onto large sheets, so that the stories, pictures, headlines and ads all appeared in an orderly fashion when printed. It was labour-intensive. We had to cut copy 'on the stone' if it didn't fit, bromide graphics to the correct size, write headlines to fit and shoot them up on a strangely unreliable German headlining machine, Letraset anything that didn't work out on the headliner, and cut out red cellophane shapes for each colour block on the front, centre and

back pages.

It became even more labour-intensive so as we held ourselves to increasing design standards, urged on by the fastidious Mark Davis (editor 1984), the scientific Tim Dodd (editor 1982) and John Sandeman (editor 1980), who by then was ensconced as design guru at Fairfax.

Harold Evans' (the former *Times* editor) books appeared in the office. Titles included *Handling Newspaper Text* and *Pictures on a Page*. From then, we took an almost obsessive interest in typefaces, white space, widows, orphans, vertical justification, optical centres, and whether the half-point black lines that we stuck onto the layout sheets were in fact horizontal.

But this was not the only reason why layout took all weekend. It was not merely a functional process. It was what management consultants might call a creative, organic quality circle. Emergent theories were debated, bad takeaway was shared, fights were had, chemicals were consumed, existential crises were had, and we all learned to get along while creating the very best paper we could with what was in the room. Somehow, all of the decent pirated cassette tapes went missing, and we were doomed to listen endlessly to Neil Young.

Early on Monday morning, the precious sheets were boxed up and driven to Murray Bridge for printing. By lunchtime we were hoisting bundles of freshly inked newsprint onto our shoulders for distribution around the campus.

Looking back, the technical effort was extraordinary - and all the more so because the entire production process was emphatically overtaken within a few years.

I think I was the first person to have a computer in *On Dit*. Four of us co-purchased an Apple IIc, which we time-shared. During 1986, I had it on Wednesdays and Thursdays in the office. It was transported in four boxes, which fitted comfortably into the boot of a Corolla. Bizarrely, anything we authored on the computer was then printed out and sent off to be typeset.

Another '80s phenomenon was the fax machine. We were fortunate to have alumni such as Tim Dodd and Peter White who sent columns from distant places like Sydney, covering exotic events like Mardi Gras (thereby giving us an excellent reason to run interesting photos pilfered from *The Advertiser's* files).

These columns would usually arrive by post, but one week our correspondent - my



On Dit's Cover on March 17th 1986

procrastinating brother Tim - was late. We would have to copy-take it at great expense over the phone to make deadline.

Armed with a physics degree and a cutting-edge grasp of communications technology, Tim had a better idea. He would find out the fax number of the University. A few minutes later, he called back to say the fax had been sent.

Our problem was finding it. I rang all over campus, asking puzzled bureaucrats if a fax had arrived for On Dit.

"A fax?" they asked. "What's a fax? ... No, we don't have one of those here."

We eventually found it in the Registrar's office, and thereafter made weekly pilgrimages to collect the droppings of our distant news hound.

So much has changed, and not just technology. Fees and VSU mean that students often work full-time and focus strictly on the curriculum rather than the fertile, chaotic and increasingly money-starved hotbed that is a student newspaper.

But I can confidently say that *On Dit* at least doubled the value of my Adelaide University education. I learned to be curious and critical; to ask questions and confidently persist until they were answered. I learned that with a bit of creativity and some help from your mates, you can pretty much do anything.

Bring back compulsory student unions. Bring back university fun. And bring back properly funded university media.

Moya Dodd
On Dit Editor 1986

1990

THE IMPACT OF STUDENT MEDIA

This is a transcript of a speech delivered by ex-On Dit editor David Penberthy, now editor of Sydney's The Daily Telegraph, at the On Dit 75th Anniversary Reunion dinner, Friday, September 14.

I'm not sure how many of you are distinguished - I know I'm not - but I'll open by saying it anyway: distinguished friends, editors, ex-editors, current, former or soon-to-be-former MPs, Chancellors, Vice-Chancellors and if he's here, the guy who used to let us sign out the Union Car to go wine-tasting.

Welcome again to the 75th anniversary dinner for Australia's greatest, proudest and (I think) longest-standing student newspaper, the newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide, *On Dit*.

My name is David Penberthy and with Steve Jackson I edited *On Dit* in 1990. I spent the previous three years hanging around its office with people such as Richard Ogier, Sally Niemann, Jamie Skinner, David Walker, Monica Carroll, Mark Gamtcheff, and most of that year and the following two years hanging around its office with people such as Simon Healy, Dave Krantz, Paul Champion, Andrew Joyner, Dave Sag, Sam Maiden, Vanessa Almeida, Richard Vowles, Alex Wheaton, Alex Webbling, Gavin Williams, Darien O'Reilly, Vanessa Almeida, Fiona Dalton, George Safe, Jason Bootle, Louise Bassett; the list goes on.

I can probably speak for many of the aforementioned people, and many of us here, in saying that there was an axiomatic link between hanging around *On Dit* and laying siege to our academic records.

I know that, from my end, the more I got into the paper, the worse I went with my studies. The first few years were manageable - I got through Arts - but when Steve and I were elected, at the same time that I started Law, I ended up throwing so much time, effort and energy into the paper that the only legal case I can now remember involves a snail that got stuck in a bottle and something called a carbolic smoke ball.

And it was pretty much the same for Steve, whose *On Dit* year led to his eventual withdrawal not only from Law but from mainstream society, where he basically vanished to San Francisco, emerging a decade later with some quite sensational post-graduate political qualifications from the world's best universities, and a lovely American wife called Jen.

I ended up throwing so much time, effort and energy into the paper that the only legal case I can now remember involves a snail that got stuck in a bottle and something called a carbolic smoke ball.

To that end, this speech paying tribute to *On Dit* could go by the working title 'Harnessing Failure as a Vehicle for Success' - as for many of us, wasting our time at *On Dit* proved to be the best thing we could have done in order to get proper jobs. And I think it's a testament to the proud traditions of this great little newspaper that it's given so many of us our start in the serious, grown-up media, or given us skills that we use in other fields of work.

I'm particularly thrilled and honoured to be giving this speech, as I have nothing but the fondest memories of my time at uni, and for me my time at uni revolved pretty much exclusively around *On Dit*. And without wanting to get too *Beverly Hills 90210* about things, I'll say tonight that being made an editor of the campus paper in the 1989 student elections was just as exciting as getting my cadetship with the *Tiser*, and just as exciting as getting my current job at *The Daily Telegraph* - in a funny kind of way, more so, because deep down I felt that *On Dit* was going to get me out of the tedium of the course I was in, and into a career which I was and am still passionate about.

Any defence of a classical education - and equally any denunciation of the small-minded bastardry that is voluntary student unionism - should have at its centre an argument for a strong extra-curricular life. This means a vibrant student media, a vibrant student newspaper, which gives young people a chance to teach each other new skills while serving their community of readers.

For 75 years, *On Dit* has achieved this. Adelaide Uni would not be the same without *On Dit*. To varying degrees, our lives would not be the same without *On Dit*.

It's quite amazing to think of the world which *On Dit* entered on its inception in 1932, four years before the start of the Spanish Civil War. In its own way, the paper has reflected history over the past seven and a half decades - in some instances it has even made it.

Just five years after its inception, *On Dit* had the first female editor of a student newspaper.

In the 1940s, it was *On Dit* which broke the story of the Angry Penguins modernist poetry hoax. On the 16th of June 1944, under the splash headline "Local lecturer cries hoax!", *On Dit* led with the revelation that tortured artist Ern Malley was actually the brainchild of James McAuley and Harold Stewart who had fabricated not only his poems but his very existence in an excellent bit of mockery against arts snobs.

In the 1960s *On Dit* was accused of treason and sedition as it mounted a noble campaign against the war on Vietnam, and bolstered the cause of the moratorium movement against conscription.

It supported the formation of the Australian Union of Students, but then reported critically on its descent into an ideologically-ravaged, dysfunctional bureaucracy that was more interested in exporting revolution than doing much for students at home.

Throughout the '70s and '80s, it campaigned aggressively against the evil of apartheid.

Looking back at *On Dit*'s history makes our little period of the late '80s and early '90s seem kind of tame.

While the communist world was in upheaval and busily folding in on itself, our biggest drama here involved the sinister transformation of the \$250 Higher Education Administration Charge, or HEAC, into the \$1800 a year Higher Education Contribution Scheme, or HECS - an issue which at one point saw a few of us engaged in a wildcat demonstration where we occupied the David Jones Food Hall.

On nights like tonight, things can descend very quickly into an orgy of sepia-toned reminiscence. My friend Paul Champion, who is a tough critic, has cautioned me tonight against wallowing in sentiment about how we lived hard and played hard but always got the job done. Because he's here, and because only the first two of those three assertions are correct anyway, I'll take his advice.

I will however set the scene for my vantage point in delivering this speech, which was the 1990 year.

Natasha Stott Despoja was plotting her campaign as an Independent candidate for SAUA president, where she won in a landslide by arguing that, unlike the other candidates,

she wasn't in it for a political career.

Chris Pyne was finishing his law degree and, in his spare time, helping Ian Wilson take care of the Liberal Party branches in the seat of Sturt.

And we were all working at *On Dit*, secure in the knowledge that whatever direction our nascent media careers went in, we sure as hell wouldn't end up working for a billionaire media tyrant like Rupert Murdoch.

In production terms the first three editions of our year were produced with Letraset headlines and bromided body copy, which we cut with Stanley knives to length and laid out over five columns using a waxing machine.

Just in time for edition number four, we got two magical new machines called Macintoshes, and we worked out how to format articles into one long strip on the Quark program, and kept cutting and waxing them.

By about edition eight we'd worked out how you could do an entire page on the screen, only in halves which later had to be glued together with UHU glue sticks after we threw the waxing machine away.

Aside from the advent of desktop publishing there were a few other things that happened that year which set down some telling markers in time, apart from having the unfortunate effect of also making us feel pretty old.

We ran cover stories about a new cartoon program called *The Simpsons*, a new band called Nirvana, a new radio station arriving in Adelaide called Triple J.

We ran a front page wraparound poster

on the 1st anniversary of the Tiananmen Square massacre which had a Chinese saying published in Mandarin script: "The old cannot kill the young forever" (if only Kevin Rudd were here).

We ran a bizarrely prescient cover story by Steve after Labor scraped home at the 1990 election saying that Bob Hawke had run out of ideas and that the only hope for the party was to dump him for Paul Keating.

In a spectacular display of juvenile ignorance, we ran a cartoon drawing of the Prophet Mohammad, but in a sign of how these were less inflamed times, managed to satisfy those we had offended with a printed apology.

It was a great year, a whole stack of fun, and even though about half of what we published now makes me cringe, it has more than passed the test of journalism in that it serves

In a spectacular display of juvenile ignorance, we ran a cartoon drawing of the Prophet Mohammad, but in a sign of how these were less inflamed times, managed to satisfy those we had offended with a printed apology.

as the rough cut of history for that calendar year.

What a great way to fail uni.

There are probably plenty of people in this room who have brilliant degrees filled with credits and distinctions, but I know that for

a lot of us, I would guess most of us, the reverse is true.

On Dit was the biggest disruption imaginable on our academic careers; the one thing that kept dragging us away from the Barr Smith Library; the place where we often stayed so late that we had no way of making our lectures at 10am the next day, if ever we intended to make them at all.

I think this is because the self-teaching that went on in that office, and also because the excitement of coming in on a Tuesday to 24, 28, 32 or 36 blank pages and trying to cook up ideas, was vastly more stimulating than almost any lecture or tutorial.

On Dit has succeeded as a newspaper for several reasons.

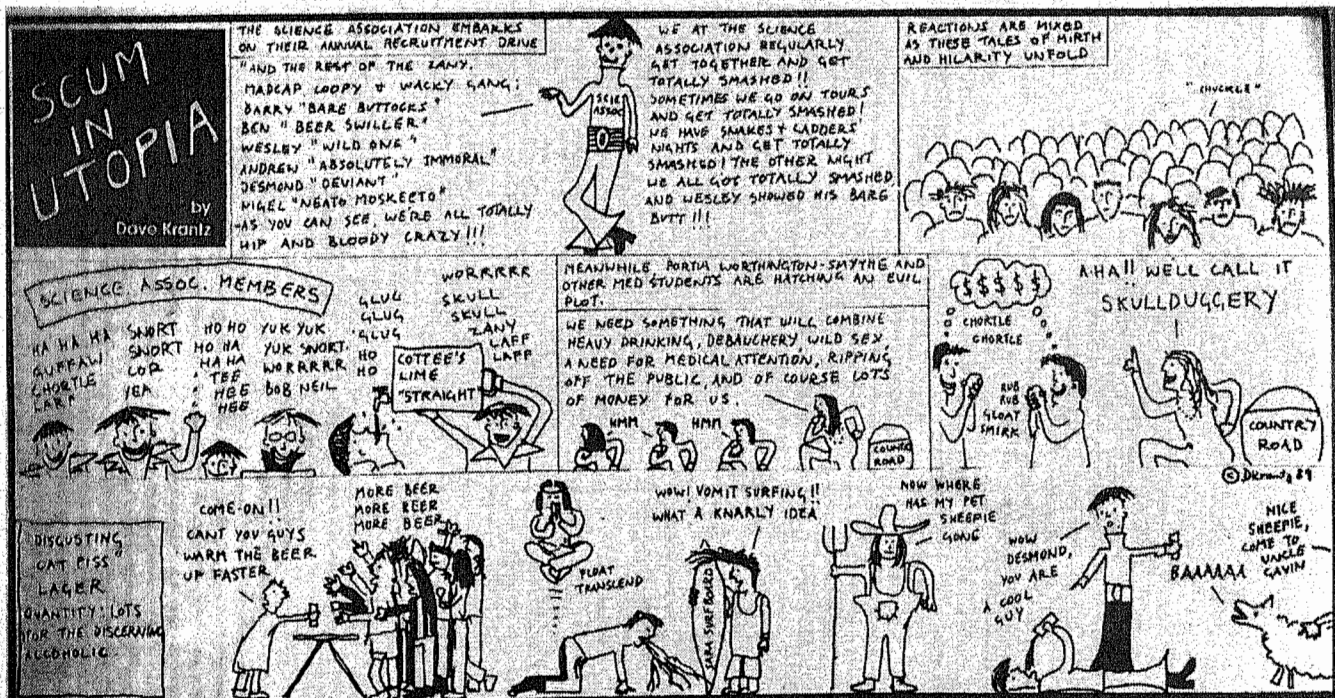
The first reason goes to culture. *On Dit* is a newspaper which has its own traditions and disciplines. It has an independent news culture.

As such it has historically managed to avoid the preachiness and narrowness of most student media, and attract students who are interested in writing proper news and features stories, rather than agitprop.

For whatever reason - perhaps it is just a manifestation of South Australia's proud tradition of liberalism, and also the wisdom of the student voters - the paper has largely avoided falling into the hands of party-political ideologues and single-issue cranks.

The second reason for its success goes to frequency.

(continued page 24)



The pressure of being a weekly newspaper, with the expectation from its readers that it will run a minimum 24 pages to 36 pages, means that its editors and contributors face proper deadline pressure and have no real choice but to actually do some work.

Adelaide Uni students have a real sense of ownership over the paper, they expect it to be there, and if you publish a sub-standard edition, which we did a few times, there is nowhere to hide with a print run of 7000 and an outspoken student body in my day of about 15,000.

The third reason - and the central reason - for the success of *On Dit* is that it knows its audience, which is a characteristic common to any good paper. Unlike many student papers - you know, the ones that theme every edition as the Justice for Palestine edition, the Green edition, the What's Wrong With America edition - *On Dit* has always had a pretty good sense of what newspaper people call 'the mix'.

Proper, arms-length coverage of the student elections.

Deliberately and legitimately biased analysis of federal politics, all through the prism of delivering a better deal for students on Austudy, fees, facilities.

But also, good, fun stories which reflected campus life:

Articles defending the theft of toilet paper for share houses.

A "blind" burger-tasting where devoting two pages to answering the eternal question - what's better, the Blue and White or Red and White?

Or a hilarious piece by Rachel Healy, a cover story chronicling the rise on campus of the so-called sensitive new age guy, and defining him as the bloke who knew everything there was to know about non-penetrative sex, but would still make you sleep in the wet spot.

On Dit has also punched above its weight. It would break stories that would be picked up by mainstream radio, print and television. On some occasions, they were explosive.

Without a word of exaggeration, one of the best pieces of journalism I have ever read, anywhere, was published in *On Dit* in 1991. It was written by someone many of you know - Maria O'Brien, who is now a successful commercial lawyer in Sydney, partially because, as far as I can recall, she was always studying, and only ever wrote a couple of articles for *On Dit*.

But what an article it was - an insider's account of life inside St Mark's, where she systematically chronicled her two difficult years at the residential college, and the events leading up to her withdrawal.

The article spelt out how the place was so corrupted by misogyny, and how its relatively recent transition to a co-ed environment was at best a dangerous experiment, given that the most abhorrent forms of behaviour were condoned on the grounds of tradition.

Some of this was no surprise to the wider student body - organised acts of mass binge-drinking were hardly the exclusive preserve of St Mark's - but there were jaw-dropping revelations throughout the story which showed there was something endemic and out of control at this place.

These included the fact that, each year, senior boys would designate one of the prettiest girls of the fresher intake as the Hangover Chief, meaning she had to keep coffee in her room, which they were allowed to enter at any hour of the day or night should they feel a hangover coming on.

Another girl would be designated as The Quartermistress - she was responsible for keeping condoms on her at all times to equip the boys for sex - and the male students generally reserved this for the female student whom they believed would be most offended or angered by the appointment.

Any girl who complained would be designated as the College Dry Cleaner, and it was their duty to take and return the boy's clothes to have them laundered and pressed.

Maria explained in her piece how she nominated for the St Mark's College Club committee on a platform of abolishing these three positions. Not only did she not win - all eight positions were filled by boys - but as a punishment, she was thrown into the college pond by a group of five male students for having the audacity to put her name forward.

She told this story in her *On Dit* piece. She ended the piece almost in passing by documenting the quaint annual traditions of St Mark's where first year students were pissed on, spewed on, and spat on by the seniors at a beer-soaked picnic.

The response from the university and, particularly, St Mark's to the article was incendiary, with threats of legal action, and threats against Maria's future employment opportunities through city legal networks.

The reaction was so over the top that one thing was clear - she had totally and utterly

exposed the college as a basket case.

Maria's article was published in March 1991 and in September of that year a 21-year-old girl from the Riverland, a first-year student resident at St Mark's, was assaulted and murdered by one of the St Mark's boys. Her body was dumped in the Hills after a party at the college.

It was a terrible crime, made all the more terrible by the fact that it was the almost inevitable result of the corrupted environment Maria had described with such anger and acuity in the pages of *On Dit*

It was a terrible crime, made all the more terrible by the fact that it was the almost inevitable result of the corrupted environment Maria had described with such anger and acuity in the pages of *On Dit*.

I would meet the parents of this girl two years later as a junior journalist at *The Advertiser*, and their house in The Riverland was like a shrine to their lost child.

The thing that struck me was how this country family would quite rightly have felt secure that their girl could not have been getting any better care than at a place like St Mark's.

They had no way of knowing that there was something fundamentally wrong with the way this college was being operated, because the people who ran were determined to silence any suggestion that they were ambivalent to what was happening there, even condoning it through their inaction.

At its most powerful, journalism is about doing everything you can to publish information which people and institutions have a vested interest in covering up.

For me, this article will always stand as one of the most powerful pieces of journalism I've ever read.

This is the job of the media and it should make us all proud that our student newspaper *On Dit* did it, among the many other things it's done, big and small, over its rollicking 75 years.

David Penberthy
On Dit Editor 1990

2000 FINAL EDITORIAL

Lots of things have really annoyed me this year. Surprisingly, not all have occurred on campus; in fact the majority have occurred off campus. Trucks for example. And everybody adding Millennium before their product's name, another 25% to the price and then wondering why people are going spare, a tad postal if you will. The year 2000 is some sort of milestone I guess in this crazy post-modern bucket that we call the Western World but to celebrate in an orgy of inflated prices, mindless consumerism and totally ambitious claims said more about the perception of Jo/e Public than any number of vacuous self congratulatory wank masquerading as public policy speeches could ever hope to.

The best thing that happened when the dull dishwasher grey waters of 1999 ebbed into the heady ebullience of 2000 was nothing. On that fateful and windy night, journalists the world over were creaming their respective form of trouser and laughing into their third drink knowing that whatever happened they had a story. Nothing happened; the Millennium Bug was just another beat up in a beaten off world. If planes started dropping from the sky with exuberant abundance as their chronometers *et al* didn't recognise the date, also news.

Let's hone in on l'il ol' Aderlaide.

Huw Morgan of the 'Tiser was pleased as punch knowing that a story featuring bus ticket validation problems was guaranteed to get page one. No wonder he was smirking wildly to himself as poured another martini down his gob while swinging wildly at the piñata as it brushed past his searching stick. No wonder he was cacking himself to sleep every night for weeks afterwards.

But enough of bad press. Nah, fuck it. Let's go back a few years.

I'm still not quite got over the reporting of Princess Di's untimely demise gagging on the loins of Dodi in a slippery backseat in the lovetunnels of Eternal Paris. Personally, it's a shame that she died and, in an accident to boot, but the outpouring of grief for some parasitical layabout who occasionally brought invaluable publicity to landmine clearing and AIDS was obscene. What about the folk at the coalface clearing the shit up?

Mother Theresa dies after decades of caring for the wretched, of tending the leprous and she barely warrants a page three article before simply disappearing from our consciousness. We still get mountains of paper bemoaning the loss of our princess Di. Give it up people, she ain't coming back. Like Elvis.

I mean what the fucking fuck? Our wonderful Entertainment Centre (misnomered 'til the cows come home) was the sight of a weird and disturbing ceremony this year. Elvis' original band climbed out of the cryogenic chamber, out of their wheelchairs and came to rock our world. They played Elvis songs while the faithful rocked, moaned and sang in unison, and tongues. Uncannily like some Assembly of God performances I've witnessed where the happy clappers go a little too nuts. High above the stage on a massive video screen streaming directly from the heaven that was Vegas in the '70s was the Father Himself, Burger Elvis singing his tunes in his porno-sequinued outfits, fool's gold sandwiches oozing from every pore.

I have no problems with people enjoying music written by now-dead people but wake up, smell the coffee and step into the present. He's dead; it's a video; you've been had.

Like The Beatles. Yeah they were okay, they wrote a few memorable pop tunes but they're treated like they are still playing and recording now. Let's move forward instead of garnering our inspiration and rebellion out of our parents' arses. Let's forget looking back for ideas for tomorrow and instead fucking well come up with some for ourselves. It's fine and dandy to recognise where we come from and the environmental factors that have influenced us but recreating ourselves in the image of a friend of our parents is just plain scary. I know my parents would be horrified if I said that I wanted to emulate them or surround myself in their culture.

SAFM and Triple M (filthy fucking pricks) have finally entered the nineties but in a curiously detached, half-arsed and wholly exploitative manner. It's almost possible to go throughout your entire life without hearing anything that wasn't recorded prior to the year of your birth. 'Tis frankly abominable and crap, say I. The stations of this ilk have done more to harm music on a local level than any amount of stupid mothers (who incidentally probably did suck cock) and ethical Nazis masquerading as fine Christian folk protesting against rude words and anti-authority statements. Commercial radio is a wasteland; it is a tragedy that we have our third or fourth generation of people buying



the same records, butchering the same songs around campfires and doing the white boy shuffle or overbite to the same tired dross while in the background some geek watches a television show about the artistic merit of ads.

Does anybody else think this bollocks or am I a lonely holdout on Planet Culture? Watching a show about something that you normally despise and considering it entertainment is like pouring lemon juice on a genital cut. Painful but endearing.

Unlike those fucking lifestyle shows. Anybody else think these shows should be neutered? *Changing Drawers*, *Ground Force Zero*, *Backyard Whatever*, *Rooting the Neighbour*. Money, money, money must be funny in a rich man's world.

What the fuck is up with these shows? What happened to almost-anything goes, whodunit?, Russell Starke, the hair of every female newscaster since *Friends* first appeared? Have we turned into such a nation of voyeurs that we actually can't do anything without somebody else watching?

It certainly appears so. I'm having a shit tomorrow at ten then getting two folk with dodgy taste from elsewhere to come and clean up for less than three and a half thousand dollars in under two days; see you there with camera in hand. Should be a fucking challenge hey.

Which brings me back to my original topic; that of trucks. I fucking hate 'em.

Darlen O'Reilly
On Dit Editor 2000

FEATURE

What's 75 years old, political, scandalous, often sexy and associated with the likes of the Attorney-General, Shaun Micallef and the editor of *The Daily Telegraph*?

On Dit, Adelaide University's student newspaper, has been a voice, a soapbox, for 75 years and represents the essence of university student culture.

The rigmarole ensuing the paper's 75 rocking years compares to that of the PM's birthday. A cultural conversation and historical visual art exhibition were followed by a commemorative dinner held at the National Wine Centre. The event hosted the Attorney-General amongst an array of guests, many of them from interstate and overseas as far as Tennessee.

The vibrant room housed tit-bits of banter and gemstones of knowledge. Past editors full to the brim with stories to tell, reminisced with each other and anyone else who would listen. Peter Klaric was all too keen to share with me the time that he was with the paper. He happened to get into trouble with the Student's Association when they were sued for \$15k due to the notoriously witty gab of certain columnist Shaun Micallef - it seems little has changed. Gilbert Wahlquist, student editor in 1949 and the oldest affiliate in attendance on the night, still passionate about the paper shared how different the paper is now to when he edited; "In '49 teenagers hadn't been invented and neither had sex, there was no pop culture and it was all about politics." Upon taking the stage he expressed his relief to have found something to read in Adelaide that is not run by Murdoch and aptly reiterated the true worth of a student newspaper: "It's amazing the issues that students in the university come up with that aren't being dealt with properly in the legitimate press.

It's got a value not only to the students, but a value to society - students are defining their role in society. It's very feasible for us to be another source of news."

Over its long and prolific existence, many prominent Adelaidians have been born into the real world since the paper big banged in 1932. The second oldest weekly student newspaper in Australia (to Sydney University's *Honi Soit*) before it changed to fortnightly in 2006, *On Dit* provides its contributors and editors with experience

***On Dit* was started by the student union as a horn for them to blow as well as a voice for student population.**

that is second to none. It has acted as a springboard for many contributors to go onto successful careers in journalism and politics. With too many to mention, the list of contributors in the paper's notorious past includes an array of politicians including the former South Australian Premier John Bannon, Nick Xenophon, Elliott Johnston QC, authors Garry Disher and Kirsty Brooks and political cartoonist Bill Mitchell.

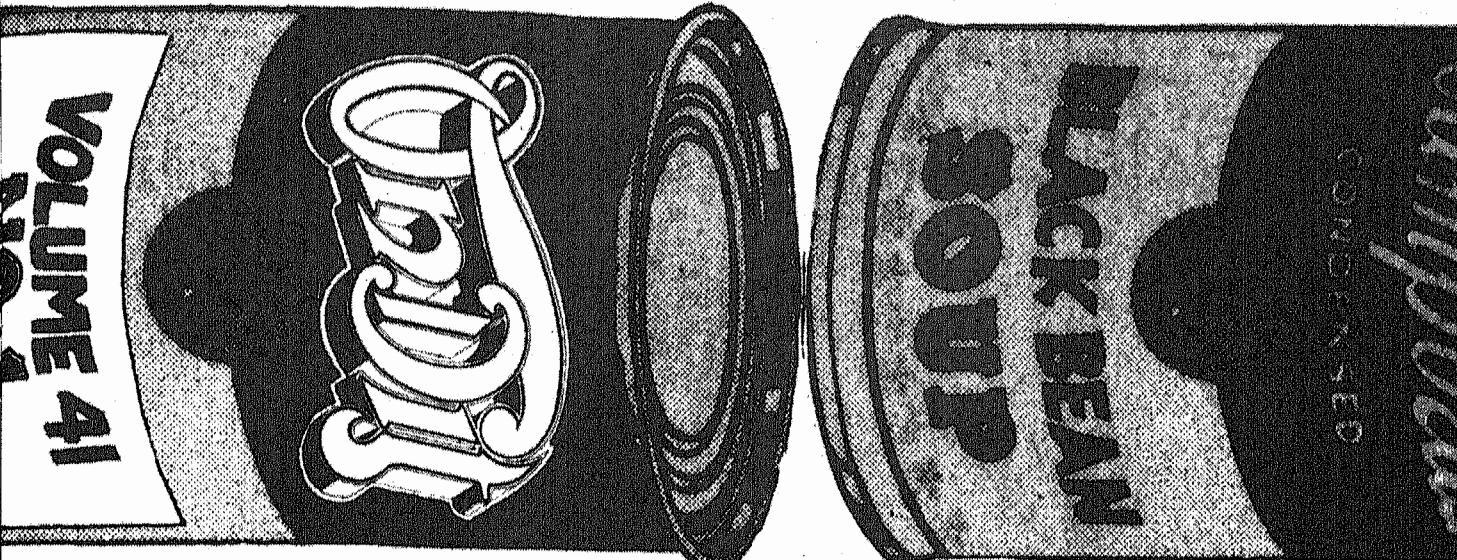
Among them is David Penberthy who is joked to have crossed to the 'dark side'. Life after *On Dit* saw him get in internship with *The Advertiser* to later become editor of *The Daily Telegraph*. As a guest speaker at the

celebratory dinner, he too praised *On Dit*'s ability to break stories and really influence society. He used a student's uncovering of the sinister occurrences at St Mark's College in 1991 as an example. *On Dit* were the first to break the story of the hideous goings-on, and cruelty to the female students that boarded at the school. "I remember reading the article and thinking, 'God almighty, is that stuff really true?'"

On Dit was started by the student union as a horn for them to blow as well as a voice for student population. It was named by one of the literary writers who had a strong influence and viola, the name 'On Dit' - which is French translating to 'We Say'.

Now 75 years on, it has seen the tides of change including the Spanish Civil and Vietnam Wars, the gay and women's movements and the abolishment of the White Australia Policy. *On Dit* is still a voice for free and independent expression of student causes and ideas but the paper has morphed with the times to adapt to the interests of the student body.

On Dit is certainly the little paper that could. In spite of the crumbling student media around it including Flinders University's *Empire Times*, it has been kept alive by the students who want to see it continue to exist. The fact that this paper has made it to its 75th year can be attributed to the life support given by 2007 editors Ben Henschke and Claire Wald. Being the first editors in over 30 years to do the job unpaid and



without funding, they have taken one for the university team. Claire and Ben have had a tumultuous year and are trying to produce the best product possible. Wald is wary about complaining but tells it how it is: "It's made more difficult that we don't get paid for doing it. We don't get any budget for printing *On Dit* and we've basically got zero help from the Union apart from the fact that they give us a dingy office and a few computers full of viruses that hardly work and need updating. We have only met budget through advertising twice and had to drop one issue of the twelve we planned to print because of lack of funding. Our entire budget comes purely from selling ads but people don't really want to advertise that much with a student paper."

Penberthy returned to Adelaide having had no idea that the paper had gone from weekly to fortnightly and was sympathetic but a little pissed off. "The worst thing was hearing about how hard the kids editing are finding it, and they're not getting paid while they're trying to do it. I thought it was still a weekly paper and its pretty serious that because of all the funding cuts that it's got to the point that not only are they doing it only 11 times a year, but they're struggling to do it. VSU is shit; it was introduced by a bunch of bureaucratic assholes."

The editors also attribute the lack of help and acknowledgement of their plight, to the shift in university culture post-VSU. Henschke says, "I think at uni now, everybody just seems to be here to do their lectures and

tutes and go home, but to us, because we're here every day doing *On Dit* all the time, it just kind of seems like were clinging to a sinking ship of student culture. There's a lot of student apathy and were just trying to counteract that."

The lack of interest in student culture on campus shows the dampening effects of VSU and 1983 editor David Mussared explains why it would be in the university's best interests to keep *On Dit* running. "If you look at the university website and the way it presents and markets itself to the world, there's this

"VSU is shit; it was introduced by a bunch of bureaucratic assholes."

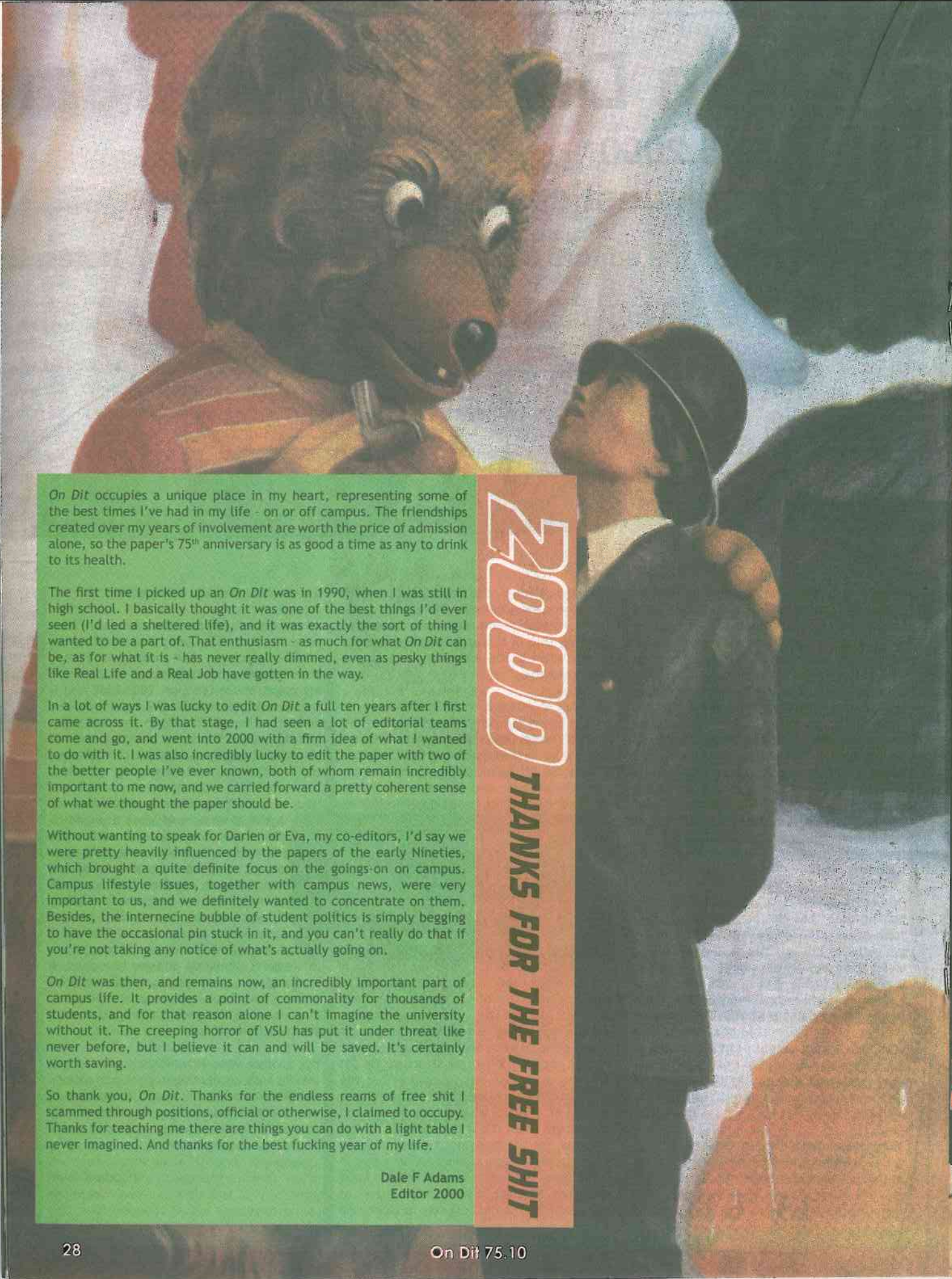
business of having a vibrant student life, and right at the heart of it, I would say, is *On Dit*. If the university want to recognise that they're a world-class institution, if they want to have a vibrant student life - which is what their website says - they're gonna have to pay for it by putting up some dollars to fund a vibrant student media." Whatever structure *On Dit* survives on, it also has to ensure that the editorial charge is in the hands of the editors, he goes on. "That's what gives it its life and its strength - that it's of the students, by the students, for the students. I'd like to see a return to compulsory student services fees in some form - that might happen if Kevin Rudd is elected, in which case I guess it ceases to be a problem. It's the best way to guarantee

the editorial freedom of the editors."

As someone who saw the transition from pre- to post-VSU, Leo Greenfield is an Adelaide graduate, now studying Art History in Melbourne, who contributed to the visual art pages of *On Dit* from 2003-2005 and is the curator of the *On Dit* exhibition. He comments on VSU's effects on the paper and the past and present student populi. "I think VSU has presented a lot of challenges to *On Dit* because of the funding cut which on a practical side, gives the individuals such as the editors a really good education in the challenges of what it would be like to run a real paper or work in the adult world. On the other hand, it takes energy away from the real issues and being able to produce good content. When I was curating the exhibition displayed in the Barr Smith Library, I came across articles in the '70s which talked about how the Union was supportive of women's liberation and gay liberation. It sort of gives a nasty spin on it that the Union is being pulled out from under our feet since the support it has given in the past to such things as *On Dit*."

For another year, it survives. For making it this far and contributing so greatly to society, we salute you *On Dit*. Here's to another 75 years because your passing would not just be the loss of another student service; it would be the loss of a legacy.

Natalie Oliveri



On Dit occupies a unique place in my heart, representing some of the best times I've had in my life - on or off campus. The friendships created over my years of involvement are worth the price of admission alone, so the paper's 75th anniversary is as good a time as any to drink to its health.

The first time I picked up an *On Dit* was in 1990, when I was still in high school. I basically thought it was one of the best things I'd ever seen (I'd led a sheltered life), and it was exactly the sort of thing I wanted to be a part of. That enthusiasm - as much for what *On Dit* can be, as for what it is - has never really dimmed, even as pesky things like Real Life and a Real Job have gotten in the way.

In a lot of ways I was lucky to edit *On Dit* a full ten years after I first came across it. By that stage, I had seen a lot of editorial teams come and go, and went into 2000 with a firm idea of what I wanted to do with it. I was also incredibly lucky to edit the paper with two of the better people I've ever known, both of whom remain incredibly important to me now, and we carried forward a pretty coherent sense of what we thought the paper should be.

Without wanting to speak for Darien or Eva, my co-editors, I'd say we were pretty heavily influenced by the papers of the early Nineties, which brought a quite definite focus on the goings-on on campus. Campus lifestyle issues, together with campus news, were very important to us, and we definitely wanted to concentrate on them. Besides, the internecine bubble of student politics is simply begging to have the occasional pin stuck in it, and you can't really do that if you're not taking any notice of what's actually going on.

On Dit was then, and remains now, an incredibly important part of campus life. It provides a point of commonality for thousands of students, and for that reason alone I can't imagine the university without it. The creeping horror of VSU has put it under threat like never before, but I believe it can and will be saved. It's certainly worth saving.

So thank you, *On Dit*. Thanks for the endless reams of free shit I scammed through positions, official or otherwise, I claimed to occupy. Thanks for teaching me there are things you can do with a light table I never imagined. And thanks for the best fucking year of my life.

Dale F Adams
Editor 2000

2000 THANKS FOR THE FREE SHIT



75th. Birthday Reunion Dinner, September 14th 2007

2003 - 2004

"BAD NEWS FOR THE LADIES"

It's the Summer of early 2001. Kim Beazley is poised to defeat an unpopular Howard Government, reality TV is still a novelty and Beyoncé is about to coin the term 'bootylicious'. *Scrubs*, the second series of *Popstars*, and Jim Belushi's *According to Jim* make their spectacular television debuts. MySpace is a mere glimmer in Tom's eye. September 11 is synonymous with an altogether different kind of protest, and George Walker Bush is at worst an amusing anomaly, destined for a single term of carefully-managed obscurity.

Voluntary Unionism is still a ghost story told around campfires at NUS junkets, the Students' Association is awash with cash, student housing is more than just a means to attract international students, and Adelaide University's student newspaper is a weekly tabloid, printed on thick recycled stock, courtesy of a generous printing budget and ongoing advertising contracts with the two largest breweries in South Australia.

I receive a call from one of the editors-elect of *On Dit*. Melissa Vine - I would later discover that she was the most organised and efficient of the three - tells me that they'd enjoyed reading my application for sub-editor and would like to make an appointment for an interview.

To a self-assured seventeen-year-old English student, a phone call like this is akin to winning the Nobel Prize for Literature. I

become convinced that my literary ambitions are about to be vindicated; my life will be transformed into that of a literary doyenne, swanning about campus sporting a smoking jacket and an eccentric pitching wedge, smoking grass on the balcony of the Unibar, exchanging witty repartee with famous authors outside the Wills Cafeteria, judging haiku competitions on the Lawns.

It became imperative to make a spectacular first impression on the editors. I consulted an equally delusional friend by the name of Hagemann. He was from Blackwood, rode a motorbike and had an impressive penchant for illicit drugs. At the time I thought of him as the half-Samoan sidekick to my Hunter Thompson. Now that I think about it, I'm sure he thought of me as the bookish attorney to his reckless caricature of Thompson. Needless to say it was an eventful, if not very productive friendship.

Hagemann's immediate recommendation was a moderate amount of methamphetamine, dissolved in water, ingested prior to the interview. Enthralled by the romantic notion of the invincible, drug-addled writer, I agreed that this was the wisest course of action.

It was not. By all accounts I came across as an overconfident, patronising and thoroughly ignorant twat.

Naturally, I was oblivious. In my mind I'd overwhelmed the editors with my eloquence,

originality and encyclopaedic knowledge of the previous evening's edition of *The 7:30 Report*. They would be fools not to place me in charge of a section of the paper, if not anoint me Managing Editor and general font of wisdom and spiritual advice. Hagemann and I spent several nights thereafter smoking way too many cigarettes and considering our plans for articles and features, none of which, I'm sure, ever came to fruition.

About a week later, Penny Chalke, another of the editors, called my home phone (these were the days when it was possible to live without a mobile phone) with the news that I had been declined the position of sub-editor. "But we'd really like you to write anyway - maybe in the form of a weekly column?" This was even better news. A weekly column would finally give legitimacy to my urge to indulge myself, adding weight to the largely imaginary myth of my burgeoning literary career. It might even get me laid too. Lord knew a sandstone institution was the place for a young writer to impress all manner of wide-eyed young things.

Rest assured, it was a steep learning curve from that moment on.

Despite more than a few well-meaning recommendations, I refuse to keep a blog. Various prejudices on my part have led me to dismiss the notion of a public diary as absurd, if not unforgivably self-indulgent. Now that I



examine it under the harsh light of *The House on Little Angas Street*, *Stanley George*, *Stanley George's Root Vegetable of the Month*, *The Stanley George Variety Page* and the hundreds of columns, reviews and self-referential editorials that were the result of that fateful phone call from Penny Chalke, refusing to keep something as innocent and obscure as a blog seems hypocritical in the extreme.

As someone who trades off of the myth that writing is his only real talent, the temptation to track down and destroy every copy *On Dit* published between 2001 and 2004 is at times overwhelming. None of this work is of any lasting value, except as cautionary examples for others interested in a premature foray into the heady world of amateur print media. Nevertheless, several people have told me that they remember the early work of my monstrous alter-ego with fondness, almost certainly because at the time they were almost as arrogant and naïve as I had been.

Indeed, that weekly column in 2001 inspired a stampede of other self-indulgent, thinly-researched opinion writers. Eventually, a decision was made to gather them all into an 'Opinion Section', of which I became co-editor, along with a talented writer and researcher by the name of Gemma Clark. From there, it became inevitable that she and I would become *On Dit* editors in 2003, together with Bonnie Cruickshank, who I hear is making obscene amounts of money in the marketing department of a London banking corporation.

About spending a solid year with me in that old basement office, Cruickshank and Clark were understandably reticent. In the two years that had passed, I was only a slightly less abrasive version of the drug-addled, self-aggrandising twat that had made such an obnoxious impression on the editors in

2001. However, their faith in me paid off - we churned out a reasonable newspaper, becoming as close as siblings in the process.

2003 was the year the United States declared war on Iraq, dragging Australia along with it. Cruickshank's brother was in the military at the time, and was thought to be put in harm's way somewhere close to Baghdad. In the wake of the manufactured Tampa crisis, Premier John Olsen's sudden resignation, September 11 and Afghanistan, it was an amazing time to be running a newspaper, even one as small potatoes as *On Dit*. I can't say I was pleased when war broke out, but it did serve to wake us up a little. There was a feeling of purpose in the air, one that seems to have dissipated since.

When war seemed less inevitable, more than a million Australians took to the streets in protest. In Adelaide, Sarah Hanson-Young was one of the principal organisers of the local protest, which drew almost 100,000 people. Sarah is now a better than good chance for the Federal Senate, with Gemma Clark on her campaign team.

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While I was sleeping late, learning how to roll three-paper joints and squashing bugs in the office scanner, it was hard workers like Clark and Hanson-Young who were redeeming the student movement and keeping institutions like *On Dit* afloat. People still congratulate me for keeping *On Dit* in student hands, but the truth is that it was those around me who propped up the paper while I was chasing tail and picking fights with student politicians.

The tragedy is that people only remember the ostentatious hair, the Wednesday bathrobe and the inexplicable pitching wedge. It's an injustice that I've only recently started to correct in earnest.

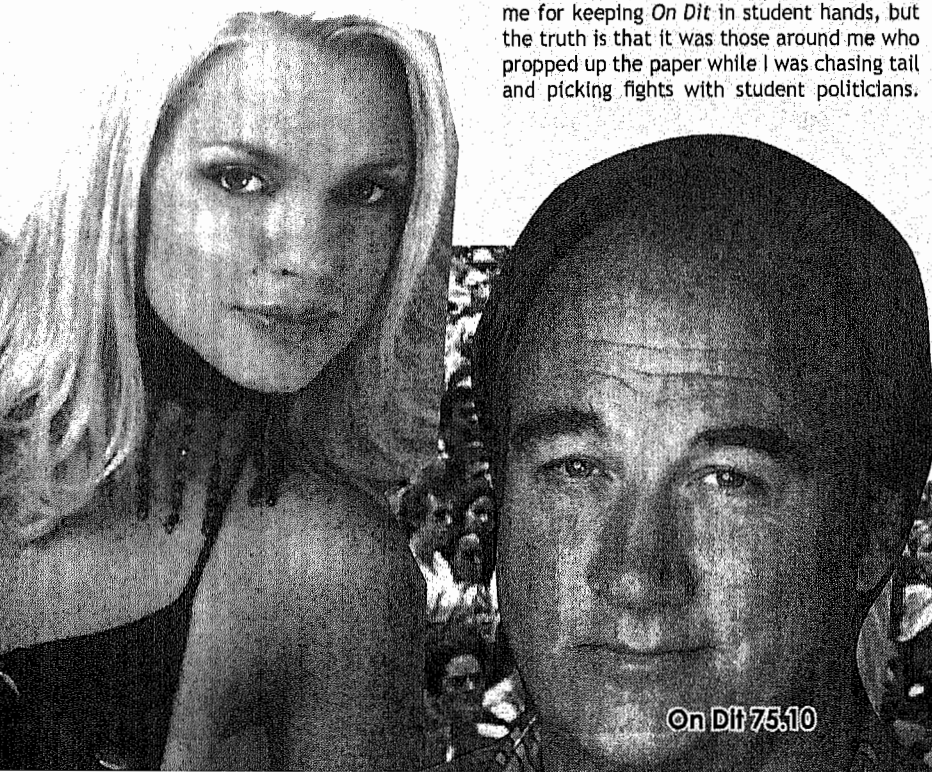
Vote 1 Hanson-Young for the Senate, by the way.

* * *

In the years since Henzell, Vine and Chalke established the current dynasty of fierce editorial independence, I've had to watch the national student movement sink into apathy. Student papers across the country have either folded or become glorified marketing tools for their respective universities and student unions. It wasn't much more than luck that saw this paper avoid the same fate as Flinders University's *Empire Times*, which ceased publication just last year.

Nevertheless, along with student radio, student press has for some time been the last bastion of campus culture. For decades prior to 2006 that dank basement office next to the Lawns was a nexus of student activity - it was where people would play handball till the sun went down, set up crude sound equipment, share homework, conduct academic pissing contests, pontificate about the ills of the world, roll their own cigarettes, strum tuneless guitars and sneer at passing student politicians. Mad alcoholics would stumble down those steps in search of kindred spirits while sleep-deprived sub-editors bummed cigarettes off of bored campus security guards. It was all terribly romantic - it's a romance that will take some time to rekindle in the new office, next to the decaying shell of the old Students' Association.

While a marketing-obsessed AUU placed more and more financial and political pressure on successive editorial teams, the volunteers in the office became even closer, involving successive generations of students in the paper and forging friendships not unlike those between midwives, or veterans of trench warfare. From the enemies of the paper, novice editors learned about the darker, more vindictive side of human nature. Aside from the Orientation Festival - itself propped up by student media - *On Dit* was the only visible service provided by the Association. Surrounded by mass resignations, student apathy and general malaise, *On Dit* was an embarrassing thorn in the side of Adelaide's corpulent student representatives. On the occasions that we did editorialise our view of student representation we couldn't help but feel a little bad about it afterwards. Criticising the student movement is akin to being angry at a family member for being



retarded, or brain-dead.

That isn't to say that we were without our critics. Accusations of exclusivity dogged the paper throughout the first half of the decade. Outsiders saw a nerdy clique of left-leaning arts students churning out mediocre reviews and in-jokes. The truth was that while our politics were unashamedly progressive, precious few of us were from the same background. Students of science, music, engineering and mathematics easily outnumbered the perpetual arts students in the office. Many were upper-middle class, but several were from suburban working class families, entering university as a result of hard work, and in spite of a government determined to make higher education the preserve of the wealthier sections of society.

What's more, unlike our predecessors, we made a point of printing practically everything that was sent to us. Before Henzell, Vine and Chalke took the reigns, there was talk of a secret "John West" pile of rejected submissions that would be resorted to only in emergencies. In the spirit of inclusiveness, the current editorial dynasty dispensed with the idea. We rarely rejected any submissions that weren't blatantly offensive or defamatory - much to the chagrin of the grammar nazis among us. We even encouragd conservative elements on campus to make submissions, but even that failed to head off suggestions that we were somehow responsible for the centuries-old left-leaning tendencies of Western campuses - tendencies that seem to be withering in the face of an increasingly affluent student population.

It's the sense of camaraderie that has seen *On Dit* survive. You could see it in the way we would snarl and spit at any elected representative with the audacity to question the freedom or inherent worth of the paper. Our venom was often vastly disproportionate to the threat, but it was always in defence of what we saw as the last vibrant and beautiful echo of a bygone campus life before universities became little more than a means to another homogenous commerce degree.

Having said all that, the post-apocalyptic world that the current editors occupy would

have destroyed my generation. Our budget was merely shrinking - the current editors have to deal with a non-existent budget and a Union administration with a seemingly bottomless well of resentment towards student media. In the face of such strife, the last two editorial teams have had little to say about the plight of *On Dit* - not least because individuals on the top floor of the George Murray Building have demonstrated enough political will to eliminate the paper altogether, or at the very least place its operation in the hands of a vapid, out-of-touch cadre of middle-aged marketing bureaucrats.

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* * *

Unsatisfied with what I'd achieved the previous year (there were still several bug species that I'd failed to squish in the scanner), I ran for re-election. Cruickshank, Clark and I felt that my two running mates had the right combination of fresh blood and experience to run the paper; James Cameron was a hard drinking, wide-eyed local music subeditor, while Sara-Jane King was a talented music writer with impeccable taste and a knack for making people feel at ease. After running the paper for less than a year, I already felt like an old man at 21, and running an election campaign made me feel even more like another old hack holding on to past glories.

The campaign was closely fought, but we

ended up winning comfortably on the back of ticket support. I sensed that the stress had taken the wind out of Sara though; she would disappear for several days at a time, and when she was around she seemed distant. Not long into the new year, after a particularly long absence, she came into the office looking clammy, pale and severely underweight. I reminded her about how tough the coming year would be, and that she shouldn't feel bad about leaving the team. She burst into tears and for the second time in as many years I held someone in my arms as they wept over their departure from the office. I would later find out that she was suffering from a mystery virus, a depleted immune system and, among other things, an undiscovered fracture in her collar bone.

And then there were two. James Cameron and I resolved to run the paper ourselves. We hired an advertising manager and a whole new generation of sub-editors. We were excited about the prospect of shaping the paper into something that would shock and inspire its readers, as least as much as the volumes produced in the Sixties and Seventies. Jimmy and I were the first editorial duo for as long as anyone could remember, and it showed. We became notorious for typos, cheap filler and awkward, trashy design. Given that Volume 72 was one of the last to enjoy the full financial support of the Union, we sure did fill each edition with some random shite.

There was some amazing stuff though. Russell Marks and Timothy Wetherall's startling interviews with several high-profile personalities spring to mind. The satirical cartoons of Owen Lindsay, Danny Wills' film tutorials, Daniel Varricchio's poetic music reviews - even Women's Officer Kelly Armstrong-Smith's quasi-militant feminist contributions (and the dumb, hate-fuelled vitriol they inspired) make me feel less guilty about the wild abandon with which Jimmy and I spat out that weekly nightmare.

Flicking through those editions, it becomes obvious how much we've grown. But there's also a measure of pride in the way - deliberately or not - the pages hang together. A sense of frustration prevails, combined with one of casual irreverence, naïve idealism and petulant, blustering outrage at all manner

ie Regular
Adventures of

Starring Craig McLachlan
as Poo Finger

and Winona Ryder
as PETULA RING



of ancient injustices. There's also a nagging guilt that we weren't doing enough to acquit ourselves of the privilege that the paper had afforded us.

The memories of those days are vivid, acrid, almost saccharine. They're like instant coffee and stale Turkish delight, or the recollection of an all-night chain-smoking conversation with an old friend. It's a dangerously intoxicating nostalgia, and probably the reason why to this day I'm courting a career in an industry so laden with the angst and melodrama of public discourse.

* * *

It's the summer of 2006. Beyoncé is still churning out hit singles, this time with rapper Slim Thugg. John Howard celebrates a full decade as Prime Minister, Kim Beazley still sounds like a thesaurus, and the world is only mildly surprised when Vice-President Dick Cheney shoots a campaign contributor in the face.

On Dit editors Anna Svedberg and Steph Mountzouris are already under pressure to drastically downsize the paper. The Students' Association is spending what will be its last few breaths joining the Union in arguing against the necessity of a printing budget, let alone any sort of payment for the editing staff.

The novice editors have handled the crisis perfectly. In the face of old vendettas dressed up in post-VSU austerity, Svedberg and Mountzouris - the first all-woman editorial team in the history of the paper - refuse to be drawn into the indignity of a political stoush. Instead, with the aid of several past editors and a groundswell of support from the student population, they manage to draw a conditional truce with the politicians, who agree to maintain at least a modest honorarium.

While all this is going on, I'm sunning myself at an outdoor writers' festival, considering a half-hearted crack at the cute brunette from my creative writing tutorial. Out of the corner of my eye I see a rotund Bob Ellis, passed out on the grassy slope, crimson braces all akimbo, still clutching a plastic cup of warm, overpriced beer.

Ellis is the most famous literary appendage of the Australian Labor Party. A speechwriter more or less by trade, he is noted more for his exaggerated, defamatory and at times poetic critiques of the other side of politics. Think of him as an overweight Hunter Thompson, gifted with the alcoholism of Bob Hawke and the boorish larrikinism of Sir Les Patterson. In my darker moments I think of Bob Ellis as a vision of myself in thirty years, not least because he too started his career at the helm of a student newspaper - at Sydney University alongside the likes of Germaine Greer, Robert Hughes, Les Murray and Clive James.

I wait for the old bastard to regain consciousness, then introduce myself as an admirer of his work. He glances down at me over his bifocals and allows me a grunt of appreciation. A few minutes later I have extracted a phone number and an agreement to contribute to a series of articles in defence of *On Dit* and student media as a whole.

Two weeks later, the editors and I are waiting patiently for Bob's wife to transcribe the seven hundred-word piece that had been dictated to her over the phone, several hours after the thrice-postponed deadline. When it finally arrived in my email account, we barely had time to read it before it was laid on the page and sent to the printer. It was worth it.

More and more a university is now a degree factory, less and less a kind of Grand Tour of the Humanities, the Arts, the Literary Life. More and more that instinct, that first, fine carefree rapture of student life, is being punished by Howardism, which seeks in the end to erase it.

At 3am, after helping another crop of editors defend from extinction one of the oldest student papers in the country, you can probably imagine the giddy sense of vindication gained from reading Ellis' article. Here was an Australian cultural luminary arguing that the student paper at his old alma mater was the cradle of a truly uncanny generation of Australian writers, poets and thinkers.

Each of us was feeling our way, uncertain, egocentric, blustering, scared of what we were each week handwriting, then typing up on our Olivettis, and laying out in the paper's pages, afraid we were making fools of ourselves.

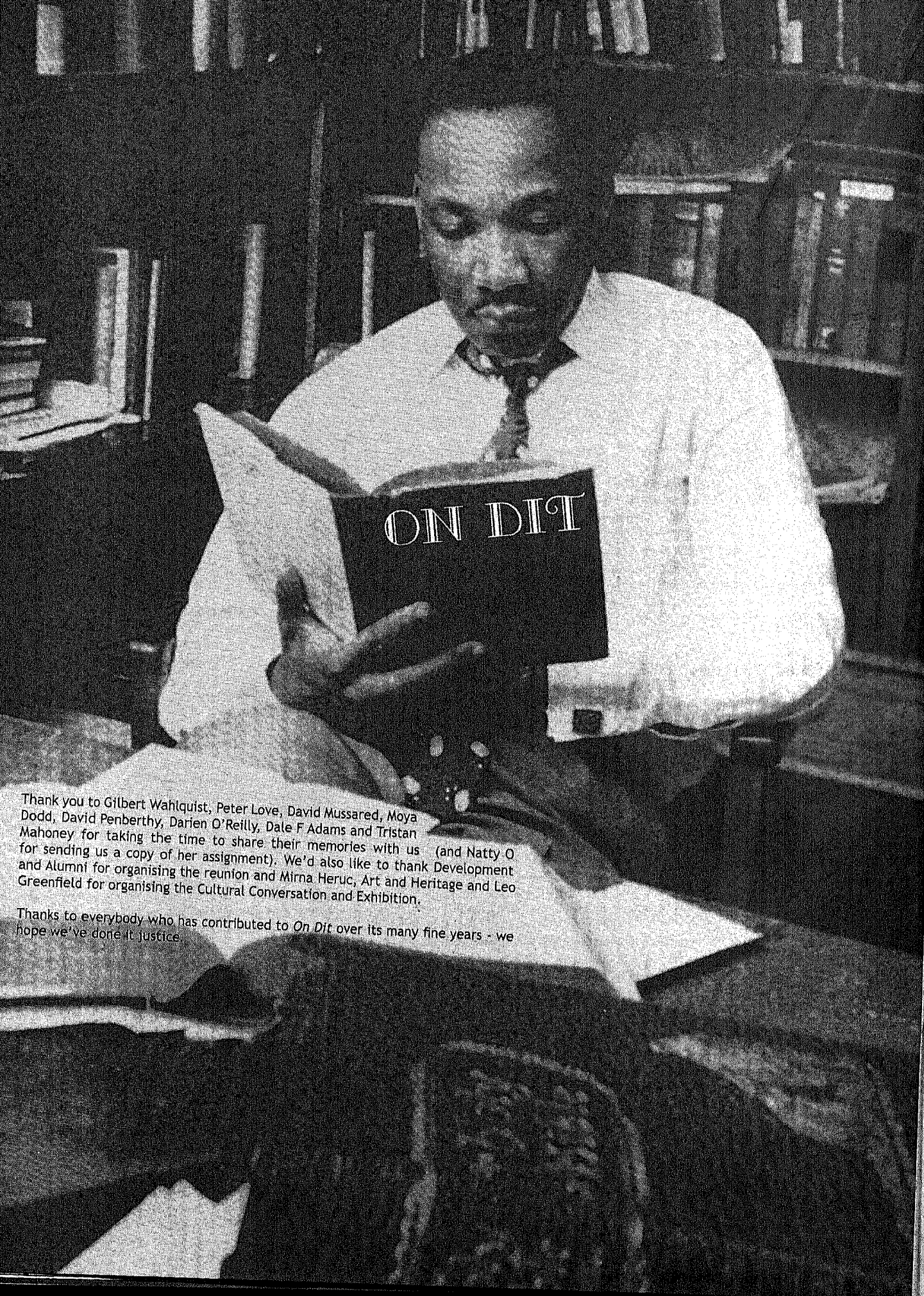
No doubt they did make fools of themselves, at least relative to their achievements in years to come. They're probably not as embarrassed as Jimmy and I are about some of our work (the larger-than-life-sized pierced labia on page eighteen of the 2004 "fetish-themed" edition springs to mind), but it was something of a relief to learn that even great writers knew what it was like to make those first awkward forays into print media. Indeed, Ellis' recollection of the *Honi Soit* of fifty years ago was reassuringly - eerily - similar to my own memory of the *On Dit* of early this century.

With the paper finally put to bed and the blinding summer sunlight making its way into the basement office, it occurred to us that it was, of all things, St Patrick's Day. The rest of that day was spent drinking Guinness on an empty stomach, smoking vending machine cigarettes and indulging in the kind of schmaltzy mutual adoration that would otherwise make us cringe.

On Dit had that sort of effect on us, and I'd like to think that its running will have a similar effect on a future generations of obnoxious twats. More's the pity if it doesn't.

Stanley George's real name is Tristan Mahoney





ON DIT

Thank you to Gilbert Wahlquist, Peter Love, David Mussared, Moya Dodd, David Penberthy, Darien O'Reilly, Dale F Adams and Tristan Mahoney for taking the time to share their memories with us (and Natty O for sending us a copy of her assignment). We'd also like to thank Development and Alumni for organising the reunion and Mirna Heruc, Art and Heritage and Leo Greenfield for organising the Cultural Conversation and Exhibition.

Thanks to everybody who has contributed to *On Dit* over its many fine years - we hope we've done it justice.



Being Vegan: Live Long and Prosper – Compassionately!

When most people hear the word 'vegan', they probably think of a skinny, pale, tofu-eating individual, constantly travelling back and forth to their doctor to check their iron levels. It's partially true: most vegans *love* tofu.

My name's Wade, and two years ago I made the decision to give up eating and using animal products of all kinds. I am a vegan. I'd like to tell you a little bit about exactly what veganism is, why people choose to adopt it as a lifestyle, and what some of the many benefits to being a vegan are.

All through history, people have made the choice to eschew foods and goods derived from living creatures for a variety of reasons, and at differing levels of extremity. One of the most exclusive forms of removing animal products from one's life is veganism. A vegan doesn't eat flesh of any description, nor do they consume honey, eggs, milk, or any other food which has been derived either directly or indirectly from animals. Furthermore, vegans refuse to use leather, wool, silk and feathers, either for clothing or any other purpose. More than being purely dietary, veganism is a lifestyle choice made by people who object to the abuse and exploitation of animals in all forms. Those who simply avoid eating animal products, but continue using leather, etc, are usually referred to as pure vegetarians.

Veganism, in various forms, has probably existed for as long as people have cared about the welfare of animals, but the term 'vegan' (and hence its modern incarnation) was first coined in 1944 by Elsie Shrigley and Donald Watson, founders of The Vegan Society. I've suggested that the reason some people decide to adopt veganism as a lifestyle has to do with a concern for animals, and this is certainly true, though the vegan philosophy extends far beyond this fundamental base. Life, the average vegan believes, is a beautiful and revered thing in all of its manifestations. The smallest beetle is just as important, and has just as much right to live freely, as any human being. Though many would say otherwise, no person has the right to claim ownership of any animal, however apparently insignificant, and thus vegans object to the utilisation of any creature for whatever reason because of the violation of the inherent right to lead a

free life that each creature possesses. The most blatant infringement of those rights is when animals are put to death for the benefit of human beings, whether that is to provide food, clothing, sport or for any other reason. Above all else, it is these abuses of our fellow living creatures that a vegan will object to and rally against.

While the respect and love for the animals of this world are a major reason that people will become vegan, there are other areas which influence people into make the switch to veganism. In terms of maintaining a healthy mind and body, nothing else can provide a feeling of such intense wellbeing and healthfulness as a properly planned vegan diet. By eliminating many of the negative elements contained within a diet which contains a large amount of animal products, a vegan can guard against many of the most common major ailments prevalent in society today. By eliminating animal fats and cholesterol (which is only found in foods derived from animals), for example, the risk of heart disease and stroke decreases dramatically. The fact that a vegan diet is entirely plant-based ensures a decent intake of vegetables, and consequently a good supply of all of the essential nutritional elements required to keep us fit and strong.

Climatic impact also features commonly on the list of why many people choose to become vegan. When the environmental impact of raising the huge number of farm animals required to support the omnivorous society in which we live is considered, many important features can be seen. From an energy point of view, producing 1 kg of meat is about 16 times more energy-intensive as producing the same amount of soy. Land usage is also an issue: 58% of Australia's usable land mass is used for the production of livestock, and also animal feed, which if used for the production of plant matter for human consumption, would go a long way towards decreasing world hunger. A major

current issue, that of global warming is also influenced by the production of animals for human consumption. Annually, 62.4 megatonnes of carbon dioxide is released in Australia by livestock and activities related to livestock keeping. Compare this with the amount of carbon dioxide released annually by all vehicles on our roads (71 megatonnes).

Compassion, health, the environment: several key factors that millions of people have decided are good reasons to become vegan. While most certainly a minority at the moment, the number of people who have decided that the sensible lifestyle choice is veganism is growing on a daily basis. The number of famous vegans is also quite large, and includes the likes of Natalie Portman, Moby, Daniel Johns, physicist Brian Greene and many more.

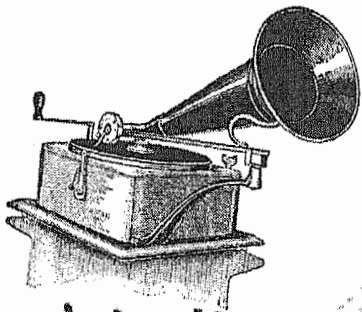
Veganism is not a lifestyle which is easy for everyone to adopt. Some people will never be convinced to shy away from using animal products. Others are happy with being vegetarian in one form or another, eliminating meat from their diet, but still consuming milk, eggs, cheese and/or honey. Every step towards a vegan lifestyle is fantastic, and I wholeheartedly congratulate those of you who have travelled however far down that path. I hope after reading this article, you will at least consider for a moment the impact that our usage of animals has on the world and on ourselves as individuals. Maybe a vegan lifestyle is the right lifestyle for you!

Here's to a vegan world.

Peace,

Wade Shiell

I'm currently looking for people interested in being involved in a university vegan society. If you're vegan, vegetarian, or simply interested in the vegan lifestyle, I'd love to hear from you. I'll be holding an information session in the next few weeks to outline what such a society would offer, so if you would like to attend, would like more information of veganism, or would simply like to offer some feedback about this article, please email me at wade.shiell@student.adelaide.edu.au
Thanks.



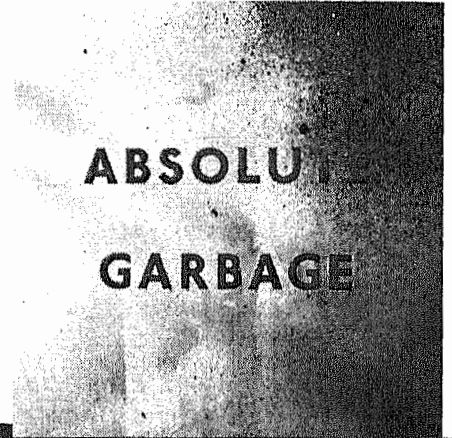
MUSIC



LIAM FINN



RIOT!



GARBAGE

I'LL BE LIGHTNING

At 23, Liam Finn is much the same age as a lot of the students here at our university campus, and here he is, already releasing his first solo album. It's safe to say he knows a fair bit about music though, being the son of the rather famous Neil Finn, and having already toured and recorded for years with his band, Betchadupa. After spending some time working in London with Betchadupa, Liam has headed back home this year to New Zealand to record his first solo CD.

I guess one of the main issues for musicians of any genre who are looking for their break is creating their own individual sound and bringing something new to the scene. A lot of experimental folk/pop can be described with words like "nice" and "sweet" and "mellow," and although some of these adjectives apply, Liam Finn's music has a little more punch to it than that too. The first track on the album, 'Better To Be', kicks it off to a strong start, and is followed up with other memorable numbers like 'Second Chance', and 'Gather to the Chapel'. The tunes are more original and engaging than average with this style of music ('Better to Be' has been stuck in my head for two days!) and there's a lot of energy in these songs.

Despite how non-commercialised it is, there's something kinda classic about this album too. It's the charming, melodious sort of music you expect might wind up on a movie soundtrack one day. It's fresh; it's honest; it's relatable - it's the adventures of a 23-year-old.

Madeline Bradford-Becker

I was always going to be biased when I got this album. Their debut (*All We Know is Falling*) resided in my car CD player for two straight months - unheard of in my world! Oh how I hoped that Paramore's sophomore release, *Riot!*, would live up to my expectations. And it kinda has. A slight line-up change, three solid years on the Vans *Warped Tour* and heavy backing from indie label Fueled by Ramen has seen Paramore graduate from gimmick to a bona-fide pop/punk/rock group.

The traditional "emo" (and I use that term loosely) elements of their debut remain (see tracks 'Hallelujah' and 'Born For This') are pushed into the background in favour of hooky melodies, driving rhythm section breaks and a very strong vocal performance by front woman Hayley Williams. First single 'Misery Business' aims to claim back some of the ground captured by "bands" like The Veronicas. A catchy chorus, angst-ridden lyrics and loud guitars follow a set formula, but one that works well.

'Let the Flames Begin' is the pick of the obligatory slow numbers, whilst my money is on 'That's What You Get' to appear on *Video Hits* as the newest single very soon. Elements of The Living End ('Fences'), Panic at the Disco ('Crushcrushcrush') and everything in between, *Riot!* doesn't tread any new ground, but covers existing ground well. Not everyone's cup of tea, but if girlie punk rock is your thing then it's definitely worth checking out.

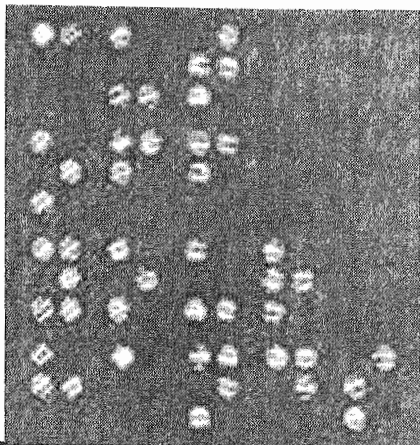
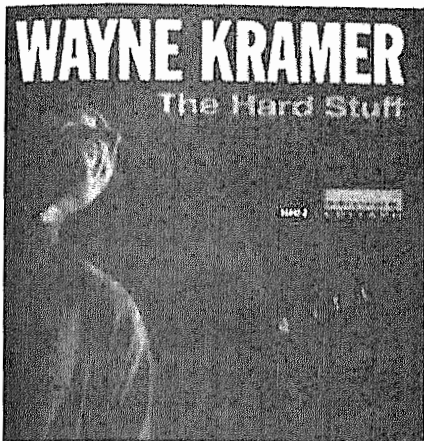
KD

There is not much that can be said about this album other than fabulous. A must have for any Garbage fan, although any Garbage fan would have all of these tracks - perhaps a great introduction to Garbage then!

Absolute Garbage is the culmination of four albums' worth of singles, as well as the odd soundtrack inclusion. Following in relative succession, this double album beings with 'Vow' and takes you through all well known Garbage tracks, including 'Only Happy When It Rains', 'Stupid Girl', 'Push It', 'When I Grow Up', 'Cherry Lips' and 'Why Do You Love Me'. The only notable exclusion is 'Androgyny' (the first single from the *Beautiful Garbage* album) but the inclusion of '#1 Crush' (from the movie *Romeo + Juliet*) and 'The World Is Not Enough' (from the James Bond movie of the same name) more than make up for this oversight.

Disc two takes us through Garbage remixed, and it's worth checking out 'When I Grow Up [Jagz Kooner]', 'Cherry Lips [Roger Sanchez]', 'I Think I'm Paranoid [Crystal Method]' and 'Push It [Boom Boom Satellites]' to hear some different takes on Garbage over the years. If you own a Garbage album (or ever considered liking them at one stage) then this would be a great addition to your CD collection.

KD



WAYNE KRAMER

CUT OFF YOUR HANDS

RICOCHET PETE

THE HARD STUFF

BLUE ON BLUE

SUGAR COATED

While not as groundbreaking or exhilarating as his work with the MC5, this is an awesome album none the less. To quote Henry Rollins; "I love it when an old record can still kick the ass off anything released years later. Even better when one of the purveyors of the real thing still delivers. Such is the case with Wayne Kramer and Co. on his record."

Released on the Epitaph label in 1995, it is no surprise that *The Hard Stuff* was mis-marketed and never sold particularly well. How many kids are interested in an old guy who influenced the bands they listen to? Also as Wayne claims to be making 'dangerous music for adults', maybe the Epitaph demographic isn't really the best place for him. This is pretty well shown on Epitaph's web site where it receives an awesome review with an average fan rating of 0.00. Most of the songs are co-written with Mick Farren who guests on one of the bonus tracks. The album also includes guest appearances from members of Bad Religion, Pennywise, Rancid and The Melvins.

The lyrics mainly deal with tales of the failed American dream. However there are a few exceptions including tributes to Rob Tyner, the MC5's singer, and to Wayne's hero Charles Bukowski. Wayne's new-found maturity is demonstrated on the second track, a tale of drug abuse warning that 'nothing comes for free' made all the more powerful as he spent the years between his time in the 5 and his solo career either living as a dope fiend or in jail. It's certainly a different take on the issue when compared to the views expressed in most of the MC5's songs and by their lifestyle.

All in all, it's an uncompromising album filled with the raw power of Wayne's guitar. DK

Blue on Blue is the second EP from New Zealand indie art rock four-piece Cut Off Your Hands, formerly known as Shaky Hands. The EP has been produced and mixed by the more than capable Bernard Butler, formerly of Suede fame, who has previously worked with The Libertines. While comparisons with like-minded groups such as The Cribs and The Strokes are inevitable, what makes COYH stand out from the endless mire of guitar-based indie bands is the fact they sound like they are actually having fun, and do it with more frenetic energy than a 12-year-old with firecrackers.

COYH evoke the hopeless romantic spirit of The Buzzcocks and the bristling funk energy of early Talking Heads. Yet they still manage to sound contemporary in a rock scene dominated by throwback sounds. The EP opens with the already heavily JJJ-rotated 'Still Fond', all propulsive bass lines, and jagged rhythms, while possessing an infectious melody that would be the envy of any pop group. It's a song that is sure to get everyone singing along at the local indie night.

'Oh Girl' is destined to be the theme of every lovesick boy and girl this spring, with its sunshiny, Beach Boy-esque, perfect pop chorus and jangly guitar. While 'Closed Eyes' show COYH at their most raucous, bursting with youthful energy, so much so that you could swear COYH are about to explode out of your speakers. Ultimately this EP demonstrates that COYH have that rare ability to boil pop rock down to its core elements of hip-shaking guitar hooks and catchy sing-along choruses, while managing to do it all in less than two and a half minutes.

I secretly love these guys. For a local band that hasn't been around for so long, they write damn fine tunes. And the best thing about *Sugar Coated* is that it is as unpretentious as Ricochet Pete themselves. The recording quality is not amazing; the performance is a little loose, but it doesn't matter, because they are all about having fun and so is their debut EP.

Beginning with a scene from an old western (complete with toy gun noises) *Sugar Coated* has this innate sense of excitement about it. You want to devote the next two-and-a-half minutes of your life to the next track. Vocalist/guitarist Hana has a great sense of melody and this is particularly apparent in the track. 'You're At the Top', which sounds like the Ramones jamming in Willy Wonka's edible garden, whilst 'Hate at First Sight' (my personal favourite) sounds like it has come out of the picture-perfect high school scene in any number of Lindsay Lohan movies.

Sugar Coated will not blow anyone away, but it's a great introduction to a local band that continues to improve with each live performance. Anyone can learn to play an instrument well, but the ability to write a good song is rarer, and this is Ricochet Pete's greatest strength. KD

FREE SHIT.

We have lots of copies of Madina Lake's single 'House of Cards' to offload. Come and find us on the Ground Floor of the Lady Symon Building and we'll give you one. Or three. Seriously, we have far too many.

AB

INTERVIEWS

THE BRELS

The Brels are a brand spanking new Adelaide band that has evolved in part from local icons Krystapinzch, with some new members for good measure. I caught up with Gene to find out what the guys have been up to since Krystapinzch were topping the local charts. "That's a good question. I wonder myself sometimes. It's hard to pinpoint when it stopped, but about 2001 we just decided we needed to sort out some sort of job, or focus on our lives and that was the time to do it. I did a bit of travelling as well. Without really knowing it we kind of took a couple of years off."

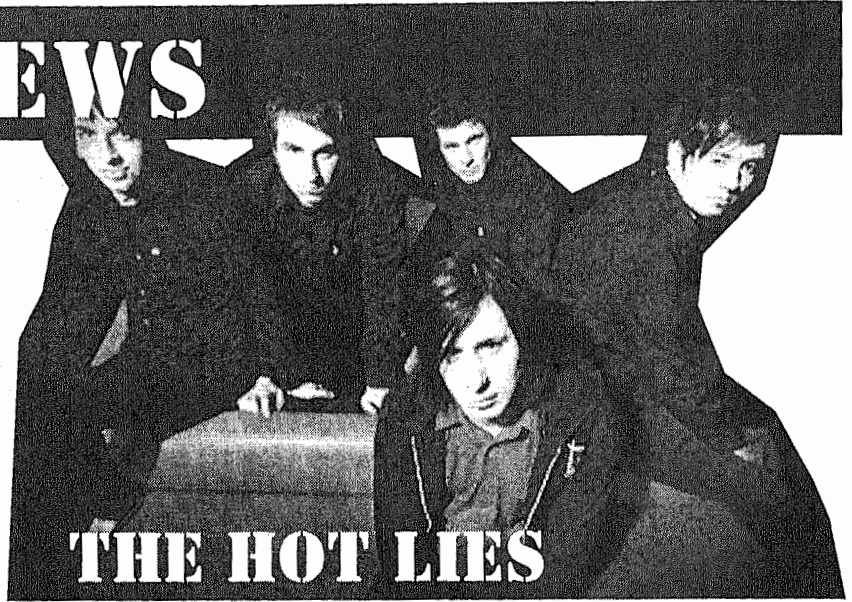
So many people leave the music industry, but it's relatively few that come back, particularly after the comfort of having a job kicks in. So I wondered what inspired The Brels to get back into the fray. "Gus is definitely the driving force. That's the major difference between Krystapinzch and The Brels; he's the major songwriter now. Gus had the drive to be active again. Then we all needed to decide whether we wanted to go down that road again, it was a difficult call to make, but we made it." So that basically means that the three brothers - Gus, Gene and Steph - have been making music for 10 years at least.

I asked Gene what it was like to work with your family for such a long time. "It's a challenge more than anything; we never know what role Steph plays, and he lives in Melbourne. It's pretty hard but rewarding work; we know what each other want, and sometimes we argue about things, but we learn to negotiate according with our ideals when we started. We get on better as people that we do as musicians."

Gene tells me that the songs for their debut release *Parasites, Poptarts*, weren't initially written for the purpose of The Brels, or anything else really. "We have had some of these songs for a long time, seven or so have the attitude of how The Brels started, and the rest not actually written with The Brels in mind. The whole album though represents The Brels now, and who we were in the past," Gene elaborates.

The Brels have done a few shows now in Adelaide, and are launching their debut CD *Parasites, Poptarts* on October 6 at the Jade Monkey. Catch them before they head to Melbourne for more gigs. *Parasites, Poptarts* is out now through Mixmaster's Records.

Chelsea



THE HOT LIES

Ringin' in the Sane is the debut album for local punk rock boys The Hot Lies. After releasing two hugely successful EPs, it's not hard to understand that there were big expectations on the group to deliver with this one. But a week before the album was released, drummer Jared Brown wasn't letting the pressure get to him. "You know you've done all you can and the other stuff is not up to us, were all really proud of what we've done." They had a two year break between releasing *Heart Attacks and Callous Acts* and *Ringin' in the Sane*, and used that time to focus on writing new material. "We put our heart and soul into the whole thing," says Brown. And the result is an album that may not have been what fans were expecting, but it is definitely heart, soul, and full of rock.

The band has moved from a screamo sound to more of a rocky one, full of catchy hooks and driving riffs, in which singer Pete Wood has almost completely lost his emo-esque screams of previous releases. Brown said they didn't want to make an album that sounded just like their EPs, and that *Ringin' in the Sane* "retains a lot of the traits of the band, but we had an opportunity to try for different things and develop our sound a bit more." The title itself describes the tumultuous time leading up to the album. "We had problems with band members and we felt like we were never going to find the right one," says Brown. That was until Luke Szabo filled the guitarist position earlier this year. "Me and Pete have always been obsessed with a play on words and those sorts of things," explains Brown, "and we thought that this one fit with what was going on... so it really meant something to us."

Phil McKellar (who has worked with the likes of Silverchair, Grinspoon and Kisschasy) was handpicked by the boys to do the production on the album. "We've been really blessed," gushes Brown, "and our label has always been really, really supportive of us." It was through a label connection that the guys came to know Eskimo Joe, who co-wrote

two of the songs on the album ('Tokyo' and 'Under Your Skin'). "They said they would be keen to have a bit of a jam and just see what comes out of it," explains Brown. He admits that they are "from two totally different worlds as far as musical tastes and stuff like that, but we really hit it off with them personality wise." When they met up in Western Australia, Brown described it as "just a really chilled out time... we had barbies and drank beer and strummed on guitars, and at the end of the week two songs came out of it that we felt really fit into the record."

The Hot Lies have just completed a national tour to launch the album, kicking things off in good old Adelaide, at The Gov on September 14th. "We really look forward to hometown shows so much," says Brown wholeheartedly, and judging by the crowd at their gig, local fans look forward to them playing here just as much. The Open Season opened the show followed by Mere Theory, who both played decent sets, but it wasn't until The Hot Lies walked onto the stage that the place started really buzzing with excitement. They showcased a lot of their new songs interspersed with some oldies that really got the crowd going; particularly their radio hit 'Promise Me' in the encore.

October sees the boys embarking on another Australia-wide tour, this time in support of Good Charlotte, along with their mates Kisschasy (at the Adelaide Entertainment Centre on the 15th). Although The Hot Lies have already toured with some of today's biggest punk acts (My Chemical Romance, Alexisonfire, and The Used - just to name a few), Brown says he is really looking forward to this tour. "Arena shows are amazing because of the whole aura; it's such a massive place with massive sound," he says. "It's the spice of life, all the different things you get to do, that's what makes it really exciting and makes it feel very special to be able to be in the position we are."

Erin Veide



A Brief History of Music:

The incoherent ramblings of a man with too much time on his hands

Mankind has advanced in many ways in the past 75 years. We have eradicated smallpox, made long distance travel effortless and created weapons of mass destruction. Needless to say there has also been a great progression in the arts, especially music; not only the way that it sounds but how we experience it on a multitude of levels.

Before I go into all of these levels it should be noted that when I get time handed to me I don't know what to do with it. Take these past holidays for example. Even though there was enough work for me to do to keep me busy for seventeen hours of the day, I still managed to watch the first season of *Boston Legal* as well as *Flight of the Conchords* (git into it). If you're a weirdo like me you will also spend hours on end reading articles on Wikipedia, taking some solace in the fact that you are somehow wiser at the end of the day knowing what shellac is. This leads me to say that a great deal of the figures and "facts" that follow have been obtained from the mother of all websites and I thought a lot of it was worth sharing.

Now, I am quite surprised that *On Dit* was established in such a difficult time. It was the worst of the Great Depression, unemployment was almost 29% and yet the students of this fine university were still able to establish a magazine. Music-wise the world was in the middle of the golden age of radio, experiencing music through their wireless systems, listening to classic radio dramas and big band jazz. As the forties approached, the vinyl record became more popular and by the '50s the full length album as we know it today came into existence. Soon the LP became an icon of the 20th century. Music was no longer just a sound, it was an experience. Album art became an integral part of a record, concept albums began to surface which made a recording more than a collection of single songs but an entity in its own right.

Just replicating the sounds of a band in a live setting on a medium which could be replayed was not enough. Producers of records became regarded as auteurs in their own right by formulating new methods of committing sounds to tape. Take Phil

Spector, for example, you can hear one of his productions from a mile away: what sounds like an entire orchestra, heaps of guitars with an echo that rings for days in your head, leading to the so called "Wall of Sound". Spector's entire '60s catalogue is collected in the 1991 compilation *Back to Mono* and is highly recommended for people wanting to get a feel for that distinctive sound.

The live experience also began to change. Fans demanded more than just a band playing their songs with conviction. This led to complex light shows, massive projection screens, go-go dancers (love those HorrorPops girls) and even the use of props such as puppets by artists like Beck and giant human hamster balls by the Flaming Lips.

Soon the seventies arrived and the cassette tape, which had been produced by Philips since 1963, gained popularity. People were converting their vinyls to records and soon realised that they could make their own mixtapes and mass piracy was born. Believe it or not even today the tape is not a dead music medium with many albums still being released in the format (it is still the major format in the third world). Why, I was able to pick up The Darkness' debut on cassette a few months ago to play in my car, which lacks FM radio (best 50 cents I ever spent). No longer did I need to listen to the poor oldies AM station of Cruise 1323, whose play list consists of 47 songs played on repeat aimed at individuals aged 85 and above.

In 1982, the compact disc was brought into mass production with ABBA's *The Visitors* and it slowly became the format for music at least until the popularisation of music in the mp3 format and digital music players. Indeed, in the past decade, we are witnessing the physical medium slowly being taken over by a digital one to the point where the number of units of a single sold now in the UK also take into account paid downloads. This was prompted by the sales of legal downloads overtaking that of physical sales in January 2005 and sales have not since gone back. The sheer number of downloads was so great that in 2006 Gnarts Barkley's single 'Crazy' reached the top of

the UK charts based on downloads alone (the first single to do so).

Entire careers have been formed online without any help of a record label. Take for example Clap Your Hands Say Yeah's self titled debut which was marketed completely (at least initially) online and distributed by the band. Today one is hard pressed to find a band which lacks a MySpace where songs can be listened to on demand.

It has become all too easy to release music and virtually anyone with a small amount of money can make a record. Decent ones have been made such as Iron and Wine's (aka Sam Beam) debut *The Creek Drank the Cradle* which was recorded by Beam himself in his home studio (if you have heard this record, you begin to feel that his "studio" consisted of nothing more than a microphone, a guitar (and a capo) and audacity).

I guess the purpose of this article was to outline that it is my belief that music, as with other arts such as film and painting, needs to be appreciated in the context of which they are released. We are currently in an age where many sounds seem too familiar and bands are clutching at straws to come up with that new sound (see *The Mighty Boosh*, Season 2 Episode 2). Some are succeeding, such as TV on the Radio, whose nod to the often forgotten genre of doo-wop is appreciated by this author as well as Battles who are truly utilising the technology available today. Many others fail miserably such as the nerdcore (or geekstuv - Wiki it) artist MC Frontalot.

Recently I was listening to the *2001: A Space Odyssey* soundtrack and did a bit of reading as to why Kubrick did not use the score he commissioned Alex North to do. His answer came in an interview: "However good our best film composers may be, they are not a Beethoven, a Mozart or a Brahms. Why use music which is less good when there is such a multitude of great orchestral music available from the past and from our own time?" On that note I'm going to enqueue *The Blue Danube* and get that tingly feeling in the back of my neck that radiates to my limbs and head for the next 10 minutes.

INTER ACTIVE

Well my few (hi Mum and Dad!) readers, time is drawing to a close. It seems that time has flown. Who could believe that *On Dit* has been around for 75 years? In this issue, most of the books reviewed are recent releases. Some may have been around for a little while, but not as long as *On Dit*. This is a good thing. Who wants there never to be any new books. Although, if there were only new books up to a certain point, maybe I would be closer to actually reading every book written. Then again, maybe not. Because, really, who wants to read boring books about politics? Well, actually I do. Strike politics and replace it with archaeology - wait, no that doesn't work either. Well, you do the work for me and replace politics with the most boring thing you can think of. That'll work.

Anyway, please, as a favour to me, go out and read something that you would normally never go out and read. Something different. Something unusual. For example, I normally never read self-development books, so I'm going to read something from that genre and maybe become self-actualised - if such a thing is possible. So if you normally read business books, read a crime novel; if you prefer crime novels, read a history book. Just try something different. Who knows, you may find something different suits you. Try it.

Cheers,

Alicia

THE END OF MR Y SCARLETT THOMAS

In this philosophical thriller, Ariel Manto is an English PhD student writing her doctorate on thought experiments. She's low on money; her supervisor disappeared a year ago and she's just been kicked out of her office because the building next to her own collapsed. On her way home she stops in a second-hand bookshop and finds a copy of *The End of Mr Y* - one of the rarest books in the world and written by Thomas Lumas, an intriguing author. No currently living person has ever read this book. Of course, this could be because the book is cursed.

Ariel reads the book and learns the secret of Mr Y, who is Lumas himself, and she too becomes cursed, obsessed with travelling to the Troposphere - the world of the mind. But Ariel isn't the only one determined to get there...

In truth, this is one of those books where the plot is nothing more than a device to get certain thoughts or themes across to the reader. Unfortunately, in order to make these more appealing to 'the masses', the book is populated with violence, love affairs and a government conspiracy.

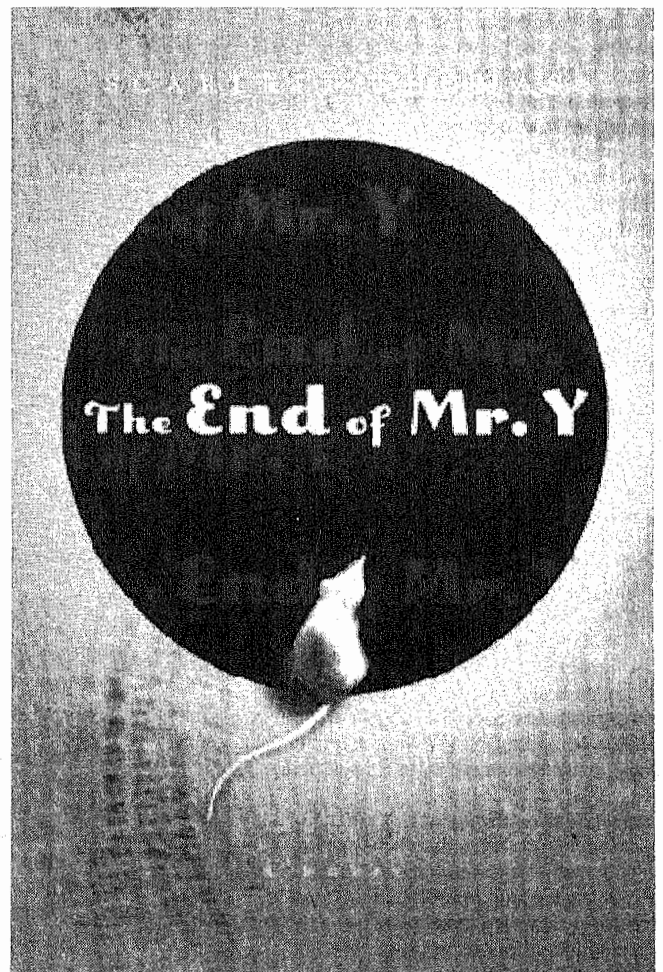
Like Ariel's thesis, the book is a way of exploring thought experiments. By explaining these with style and ease the reader learns (mostly accurately) about pop-physics and philosophical theories which are elegantly woven together and incorporated into the structure of the novel and the Troposphere. The book itself is one massive thought experiment, originally composed by Ariel herself, along the lines of, "What if everyone, ever, no matter how contradictory, was right?" It's unfortunate that while Thomas spends several pages examining the theory behind, for example, homeopathy (and yet, in hindsight, one never does receive an explanation for 'water-memory') the often-mentioned work of Heidegger, Derrida and Baudrillard are never explored or even explained in more than maybe two sentences, despite the strong impact they have on the book. On the other hand, without even realising it, readers will learn about some of their theories.

The writing style and the language employed are simple, but that makes the book very easy to read and doesn't detract from the depth of the flawed Ariel. The middle of the book sags a bit, and rather than relying on actual philosophical or scientific theories that give the book its strength, the novel stands on ground as shaky as those in *The Celestine Prophecies*. I was also disappointed by the epilogue,

(though not *Harry Potter* disappointed) having seen this device employed several times before I was hoping for something a little more imaginative to live up to the book's promise.

In the end, you don't have to be a philosophy, English or physics student to plumb the depths of this book. As said, Thomas provides adequate and often amusing explanations of various theories throughout the text which allow even someone with no previous knowledge to explore of her work.

Alicia



BOOKS ON MY SHELF AT THE MOMENT

1. *Crimes Against Humanity* by Geoffrey Ro

While I would love to say that I had no ulterior motive to reading this other than to expand my horizons, I cannot lie. I am

reading it for my thesis. As the title tells you, the book is about human rights violations. It explains how we can hold political and military leaders

accountable for their actions of mass murder, torture and genocide. This book is extremely critical of all who dodge international law and utilise all the loopholes that they can find.

Read the third edition of this novel as it covers recent world events, such as the Iraq invasions, the Abu Graib abuse, the situation in Darfur, Saddam Hussein's trial and Milosevic's death. Reading this got me all fired up about how the world must hold people accountable for their crimes. It is easy to read, even though it is a very thick book, with very small words. I really suggest you read this, even if normally non-fiction books are not your cup of tea. It is important that we all try and make it clear to world leaders that it is not right to violate people's basic human rights. And I promise no more preaching after this. I swear!

2. *Stardust* by Neil Gaiman

As a big fan of Jasper Fforde, Terry Pratchett and Robert Rankin, I was intrigued when someone recommended *American Gods* to me after hearing me complain that I had nothing to read. After *American Gods*, I fell in love with Neil Gaiman's prose. Not only is it charming, but he draws you into the world he is creating. I picked up *Stardust* because I was dying to read it before the film came out. It starts in the sleepy town of Wall, named so because of the wall that runs alongside the town. However, when Tristan Thorn and his infatuation, Victoria see a falling star, he promises to fetch her the fallen star in exchange for her hand in marriage. This leads him to the beginning of an epic quest, with fallen stars, witches, princes and enchantments - all the requirements for a fantastic fantasy novel.

It's written in a slightly quirky, off-beat style which reads well. I started to read this on the bus, missed my stop and ended up in Elizabeth. I had to do the round trip to get home, which I didn't mind as I got to read more of this fantastic story. By the way, I went to see the movie before writing this and I highly recommend the film version too. And who could resist seeing Robert De Niro in a corset and wearing make-up?

3. *Last Summer (of You and Me)* by Ann Brashares

I admit now, for work I read the series *The Sisterhood of the Travelling Pants*. I enjoyed it, it was the typical teen book which is beloved by teenage girls and pre-teen girls, with friendship,

romance and relationship issues with parents. The novel begins in a similar fashion to that of *The Sisterhood*, which may turn people off - my manager for example - but if you can, hang in there. It's a story about Riley and Alice and their neighbour Paul. A love triangle of sorts. It has love, secrets and a fatal illness all mixed up into one. I admit now, it made me weep a bit and cringe in bits too.

This is definitely chick-lit, but it's well written, and if you can bear to relive your teenage years, then persevere through the first part. It does get better, I promise! If you want a relaxing read, then this is for you, it's not taxing and easy to pick up and put down.

4. *Count to Ten* by Karen Rose

With crime novels, I find I have to pick and choose my novels carefully in order to pick ones that aren't too dark. Well, I missed on this one. It has murder, rape, abuse and characters damaged by their past. However, it's written in a fast-paced, easy-to-read style. It also had me on the edge of my seat, with chills going down my spine. It writes from the heroes' points of view and the killer's point of view. When fire marshal Reed Sollday finds the remains of a charred body in a house fire, he is sickened to find that the body is of a girl who had been raped and murdered before being burned. This sets him on the trail of a killer out for revenge. He teams up with homicide detective Mia Mitchell who is suffering from her own demons to find an arsonist who out to kill those who have wronged him in the past and isn't afraid to kill those who get in his way.

Count to Ten actually follows on from other crime novels written by Karen Rose; however, there is no need to read the others. *Count to Ten* is a stand-alone novel, with mentions of characters from previous novels. Readers beware though, it does have romance in it, issues about love and relationship all popping up here and there. So, if you're more of the Reginald Hill or P.D. James reader then this may not be the one for you. If you enjoy James Patterson or Tess Gerritsen, then try this novel. It's something new and a different author for you to sink your teeth into.

5. *Hood* by Stephen R. Lawhead

I don't know about anyone else, but the BBC's *Robin Hood* got me interested in the legend of Robin Hood again. I remember reading the traditional tale of Robin and his Merry Men when I was younger. I also loved *Robin Hood: Men in Tights*. So when I was given *Hood* to read to see if it was any good or not, I was excited. However, I've never been a fan of Stephen Lawhead's other novels, so I was feeling a bit cautious. My fears were unfounded. I have fallen in love with this version of the Robin Hood legend.

When Bran ap Brychan's father is murdered by Norman soldiers, he heads to London to find justice for his father's murder. Along his journey he sees others suffering, which only fuels his anger. Upon the dismissal of his demands when he reaches London, he returns home to find that his lands have been taken away and his people are suffering under a new horrible regime. Set in Wales, read the author's note at the end to understand why Lawhead has chosen to set his tale in Wales instead of the usual Nottingham.

This is an excellent twist on the Robin Hood legend. I can't wait until the second part of this series comes out - soon I hope!

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ASMI/12464-08/06

Trombonist Thrills Adelaide Audience

'Adventurous'
Australian Chamber Orchestra
September 4, Adelaide Town Hall



The name Christian Lindberg may not mean much to the man in the street, but to trombonists it calls to mind the sort of technical and musical perfection that most players can only dream of. Lindberg's uncanny abilities were on full display in the Australian Chamber Orchestra's latest installment of its Adelaide subscription series.

Beginning with a bracket of Baroque gems by Biber and Castello, Lindberg showed that the trombone can have all of the agility of a violin. The small ensemble brought great energy to the short sonatas, and whetted the appetite for the future release of a recording of these and other similar works.

Racing forward in time by a few hundred years, the rest of the orchestra joined the other players for Part's trance-like *Fratres*. Lindberg was again the centre of attention, with exceptionally fast passages, creamy legatos and astounding multiphonics (playing more than one note at a time). The strings created a particularly lush backdrop for the trombonist's virtuosity.

Lindberg's own piece, entitled *ASA*, seemed less programmatic than was indicated by its composer's programme note, but was

nonetheless a clever work - easy on the ear and full of humour and energy that reflected Lindberg's bubbly on-stage persona (no less than three different shirts worn in just one half of the program!).

The second half was less exhilarating, though artistic director and lead violin Richard Tognetti shone in his arrangement of Ravel's *Kaddish*. Rounding out the program was another of Tognetti's arrangements, this one of Debussy's *String Quartet in G minor*. Although the thicker texture (seventeen instruments as opposed to the original four) generally wasn't convincing, the *pizzicato* in the second movement worked well with a large ensemble.

Overall, it was certainly Lindberg's evening. The ACO should be congratulated on a particularly fine collaboration.

Benedict Coxon

Kungsbacka Tour Marred by Commission

Kungsbacka Piano Trio
Musica Viva
August 23, Adelaide Town Hall

Beethoven's *Piano Trio No. 7 ('Archduke')*, but these were only minor detractions from what was otherwise a pleasing performance of one of the best-known works for this combination of instruments.

Australian composer Paul Stanhope's contribution to the programme, a twelve minute piano trio misleadingly entitled *Dulcissimo Uscignolo*, had been commissioned especially for this tour. It sounded rather like he had sat down at a piano, scribbled whatever musical ideas came into his head (in no logical order) and submitted the piece for performance. Gimmicks such as requiring the pianist to pluck the strings of his instrument are excusable when they add musical value, but when they are appear to be included in a work for their own sake they are nothing more (or less) than annoyances.

The inadequacy of Stanhope's piece was underlined by the infinitely more substantial *Piano Trio No. 2* by Brahms. The Kungsbacka musicians showed their interpretative, as well

The dominance of string quartets in chamber music repertoire makes it a relatively rare thing for Musica Viva to invite a piano trio to tour Australia; however, there could be few better ways to break the drought than with the immensely talented, though relatively youthful Kungsbacka Piano Trio.

The tone produced by the strings never faltered, and the sensitive playing of pianist Simon Crawford-Phillips ensured that balance was not a problem. A few intonation issues plagued the middle movements of

ASO Releases 2008 Season

www.aso.com.au

The 2008 Master Series, comprising 12 concerts, significantly features the first Adelaide performance of Mahler's majestic 3rd Symphony, continuing Chief Conductor Arvo Volmer's passion for Mahler in what has become an ongoing project for the ASO. Thursday night concerts have been axed, so student rush isn't going to be as easy as it has been in the past. Disappointingly, the ASO's involvement in the Adelaide Bank Festival of Arts seems to feature mainly world and fusion music.

A plethora of guests will visit the ASO in Season 2008 including Ralph Kirshbaum, Christianne Stotijn, James Ehnes, Alexander Melnikov, Ewa Kupiec, Dmitry Sitkovetsky, Sara Macliver, Li Wei and Carel Kraayenhof. Visiting conductors include Kristjan Jarvi, Olari Elts and Otto Tausk.

The Elder Conservatorium Chorale and Adelaide Chamber Singers will combine under the baton of Graham Abbott for a performance of Fauré's gentle *Requiem*, while the women of the ASO chorus will also feature in Mahler 3.

The 2008 season showcases the cello through Ralph Kirshbaum's performance of the Dvorak *Cello Concerto* and the gala concert, *Cellissimo*, featuring Pei-Jee and Pei-Sian Ng, Adelaide's famous cello twins. This event will be part of the Adelaide Cello Festival.

The ASO's Gala Concerts will celebrate coups for the orchestra in securing the services of the ever popular violin virtuoso Nigel Kennedy and presenting the return of one of the world's greatest sopranos in Lisa Gasteen to Adelaide concert stages.

Don't miss the ASO and Chorus performing Mahler's 2nd Symphony on October 19 and 20 in the Adelaide Festival Theatre. This massive work has not been performed in Adelaide for over 30 years.

as technical, skills in a performance more polished than that of the 'Archduke' earlier in the evening. The *Scherzo* had all of the tension that it should, and was a particularly fine example of the pianist's ability to tackle difficult passages while losing none of his awareness of his colleagues. Violinist Malin Broman and cellist Jesper Svedberg revealed in the work's sweeping melodies, and lifted the performance to an extraordinary level.

The encore from Dvorak's 'Dumky' trio was a good choice for the added dimension that it brought to the programme, and it capped off what was, on the whole, a very pleasant evening of music-making.

Benedict Coxon

Come Back Soon, A.B.O.!

'Vivaldi Violin Velocity'
Australian Brandenburg Orchestra
September 16, Adelaide Town Hall

The Australian Brandenburg Orchestra's visits to Adelaide are not as frequent as one would like, so when it does make an appearance it's an important date on the local arts calendar. When it's joined by the concertmaster of one of the world's great early music ensembles (*Les Arts Florissants*, no less), there's no excuse for missing it.

Indeed, guest director and soloist Hiro Kurosaki's reputation preceded him, but this did not preclude him from exceeding what were high expectations in a virtuosic tour of the Baroque. The speed at which he hurtled through the third movement of Vivaldi's *Concerto in D major for Several Instruments, RV 564* was breathtaking. Handel's *Concerto Grosso in D minor, Op. 6, No. 10* traversed a broad range of styles in its five movements, and the orchestra responded enthusiastically to Kurosaki's direction.

A less well-known work concluded the first half of the programme: Zavateri's *Concerto a Tempesta di Mare*. The narrative behind it, about a ship caught in a storm, was clear not just in the instrumental writing (e.g. octave leaps in the violin parts to evoke the rise and fall of the sea) but in the dynamic contrasts that were used to great effect by the ensemble as a whole.

The works in the programme's second half were linked by the theme of the Dresden Court Orchestra. Heinichen, *Kapellmeister*,



Pisendel, *Konzertmeister* and Vivaldi, whose works were often played by the orchestra, were all included in a programming move that made sense musically as well as on paper.

Kirsten Barry's excellent breath control allowed her to draw the most out of the legato passages in Heinichen's *Concerto for Oboe in G minor, S. 237*, while Vivaldi's *Concerto for Several Instruments and String Orchestra in F major, RV 569* gave the valveless horns some time in the sun. The horns then played an important role in Pisendel's *Violin Concerto in D major* - this was the first performance of the work with horns, prompted by the recent discovery of some new manuscript pages!

It was in this last work that Kurosaki pulled out all of the stops, with several finger-burning passages being rattled off with apparent ease. A couple of sparkling Vivaldi encores finished off a wonderful concert that ticked all of the boxes.

Benedict Coxon

Hough's M.V. Debut Impresses

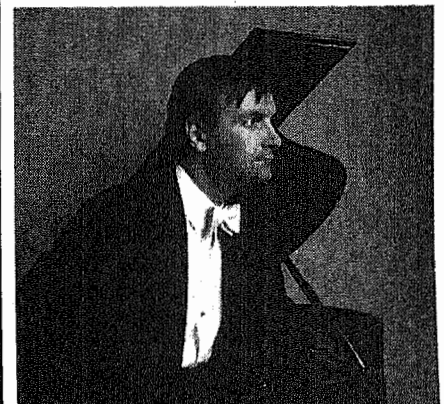
Stephen Hough - *Musica Viva*
September 19, Adelaide Town Hall

Stephen Hough's warm and intimate sound, combined with his flawless technique created a memorable concert. This was Hough's first solo recital with *Musica Viva*, and the programme reflected his enormous ability as one of the most respected performing artists of his generation. The programme included pieces ranging from Chopin's *Waltz in C sharp minor* to Ross Edwards' meditative composition, *Kumari*. Throughout the concert, his creative thoughts were clear and highly enjoyable.

The pianist's virtuosity was on display throughout the evening; however, the first half of the concert was dominated more by the depth of his playing. Although his playing style was very relaxed and intimate, he possessed strong sounds, which matched the temperament of Mendelssohn's romantic masterpiece, *Variations sérieuses*. Ross Edward's *Kumari* was composed of fragments sustained by the lingered pedals, and characterised by the simultaneous use of extreme registers of the piano. Hough's soft playing was very calming and even the softest sounds had the energy to penetrate throughout the hall, and into the audience's hearts. The first half of the concert concluded with the grand *Sonata No. 32* by Beethoven.

The second half featured a completely different dimension of piano playing, consisting entirely of romantic waltzes and dance music by Weber, Chopin, Saint-Saëns, Chabrier, Debussy and Liszt. Hough raced through the programme with the same relaxed calmness, and the melancholic theme of Weber and Chopin was executed extremely effectively. Hough's stylish playing matched the mood of the music and his control of the instrument excelled in every aspect. The final piece in the programme, *First Mephisto Waltz* by Liszt was the true culmination of the program, displaying the pianist's virtuosity and spontaneity, as well as depth of his interpretations.

Yasuto Nakamura



Doubt Triumphs

'Doubt'
State Theatre Company of SA
September 5-22, The Dunstan Playhouse

Winner of the 2005 Pulitzer Prize for Drama and four Tony Awards (including best drama), John Patrick Stanley's *Doubt* was accompanied by massive media interest and advertising. Not surprisingly, the acclaimed Sydney Theatre Company production was every bit as good as one would expect.

Doubt is set in New York in the 1960s. Sister Aloysius, principal of a Roman Catholic School, begins to harbour doubts about the parish priest, Father Flynn - and his closeness to Robert Muller, an altar boy and the first black student at the school. Is Father Flynn a predator, or is Sister Aloysius unjustly persecuting him, based on her suspicions rather than solid proof?

The small cast - consisting of Kate Box as Sister James, Jennifer Flowers as Sister Aloysius, Christopher Gabardi as Father

Flynn and Pamela Jikiemi as Mrs Muller - was excellent. Particular praise must go to James, Flowers and Gabardi, who had the largest roles. James was utterly convincing as the innocent young teacher, while Gabardi kept us guessing with his unreadable portrayal of the priest. Flowers' iron-fisted Aloysius was impressive and the highlight of the performance.

Director Julian Meyrick's production was easy on the eye and very tastefully done. The STC deserves a big pat on the back for this one.

Edward Joyner

The Company's 2008 Season has just been launched, and includes the world premiere of When The Rain Stops Falling written by one of Australia's greatest writers, Andrew Bovell (Lantana, Holy Day), Architektin, written by Robyn Archer and Ghosts by Henrik Ibsen (Hedda Gabler, A Doll's House), a play that caused widespread controversy when it was first published in 1881. Grab a season booklet and sign up for a youth subscription - one of the best deals around for young people.

STARDUST (PG)

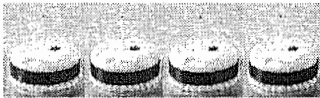
NOW SHOWING IN SELECTED CINEMAS

Stardust is a film many will not have heard of. Based on the graphic novel by Neil Gaiman, this fairytale piece captures the spirit of the genre, while still being very entertaining. When I discovered through Gaiman's Blog that the film had already been out in the USA for over a month, I quickly went to YouTube and watched every scrap of teaser and trailer available. My anticipation was very high for this romp though a world of medieval kings, backstabbing (literally) princes, wicked witches, cut-throat pirates and shop-boys, and I certainly wasn't disappointed.

The trailers only showed a small portion of the plot: boy meets girl, boy wants to marry girl so pledges to find a fallen star and thus a quest ensues. *Stardust* delivers three (or more depending how you are counting) quite intricate plots that move the narrative towards the fairytale ending that we all know is coming, but enjoy nonetheless. The best thing for me was the character of the fearsome Captain Shakespeare (Robert De Niro) and his pirate crew, who scene steal every single time they are on screen. The main characters of Tristan (Charlie Cox) and Yvaine (Claire Danes) fill their roles well and believably, while Michelle Pfeiffer's over-the-top performance as the Witch Larnia is enjoyable. As Ferdy the Fence, Ricky Gervais sticks to his standard on-screen persona, which to some is getting a bit old and predictable. Another amusing performance come from the seven dead ghosts of the royal princes, providing a nod to the Greek choruses of old and even more mirth to an already enjoyable and comical film.

The music and special effects fit the film like a glove and enhance the mood and style, making this fantasy world come to life. *Stardust* isn't cheesy, corny, tacky, or ridiculous. It is actually highly entertaining and funny with some of the most memorable one-liners, characters and scenes that I have seen in recent years in the fantasy film genre. I feel this movie may become like the cult classic *The Princess Bride*, but for the next generation.

Rating (out of 5):



Christian Reynolds



DECEMBER BOYS (PG)

NOW SHOWING IN SELECTED CINEMAS

Based on Michael Noonan's classic 1963 novel, *December Boys* is a lovely tale of friendship, rivalry and coming of age. The story begins in a dusty outback orphanage, removed from the world and surrounded by nuns. Our narrator is one of their wards, Vernon, or 'Misty' (Lee Cormie), who dreams of being adopted. However his sensitivity and devout Catholic beliefs make him something of an outcast to the other boys. The first day of December arrives, and all the December boys - those born in December, receive their birthday presents. As a special treat they are chosen to go on a holiday to a beach cove (Kangaroo Island). They are a mixed group, comprised of Misty, Spark (Christian Byers), Spit (James Fraser) and Maps (Daniel Radcliffe in a highly publicised role). The trip of a lifetime bonds them together as they explore their wild surroundings under the guidance of 'Skipper' Mrs McAnsh (Kris McQuade) and her sea-mad husband Bandy (Jack Thompson).

Tensions between the group begin when the couple next door, motorbike-riding 'Fearless' (Sullivan Stapleton) and the stunning French immigrant Teresa (Victoria Hill) find themselves barren, and decide to adopt one of the children. Rivalries form as each competes for a place, and events start to become more risky.

It is not to be denied that the main draw for people will be Daniel Radcliffe of *Harry Potter* fame. In his first film away from the Rowling stories, Radcliffe does reasonably well, affecting a mostly believable Australian accent. He portrays the complex emotions of an ageing orphan and his devotion to his 'brothers' with a fair amount of intricacy. His burgeoning romance with Lucy (Teresa Palmer) adds dimensions of emerging sexuality and naivety to his subtle character. The real star of the show, though, is Cormie, who brings real vivacity and charm into his character.

The landscape is idyllic in its simplicity, hinting at innocence explored, lost, and rediscovered. Director Rod Hardy uses a variety of motifs, like the image of the Virgin Mary; the wild, fish-catching horse and the giant fish, to bring a dreamlike fantasy quality into the mix. While the dialogue is fairly predictable, this film is a genuine, heart-felt story worthy of viewing.



Genevieve Williamson

HAIRSPRAY (PG)

NOW SHOWING PRETTY MUCH EVERYWHERE

I write this as I listen to the soundtrack of the film with my mother dancing along in the background. She's just come back from seeing *Hairspray* and is in love with it. I must admit, I agree with her. I've seen it twice and plan on seeing it a few more times and then buying it on DVD when it is released and watching it many more times.

What do you do when you have big dreams and even bigger hair? Well, do as Tracy Turnblad (Nikki Blonsky) does and wow the host of your local dance show at a school dance. This outrages former Miss Baltimore Crabs Velma Von Tussle (an evil Michelle Pfeiffer) who runs the station WYZZ, as Tracy is not your normal teenager, with a plus sized figure which sets her apart from the other dancers on the show. However, set in the 1960s when racial inequality is still going strong, Tracy is awakened to the fact that segregation is occurring and when 'Negro Day' of *The Corny Collins Show* has been cancelled, she begins another quest: integration.

The opening segment is the catchy and fun musical dance sequence 'Good Morning Baltimore' where we meet Tracy. It immediately gets you bouncing along in your seats. Another notable number involves Tracy showing her stuff, with heart-throb Link Larking (Zac Efron) singing 'Ladies' Choice' in the background. My favourite number however, is 'Run' and Tell That' where Tracy,

Link and Tracy's best friend Penny (Amanda Bynes) are treated to a song and dance from their African-American classmate, Seaweed (Elijah Kelly). Kelly is superb in this performance. How can you hate a sequence when there are people dancing on a moving bus?

So often musicals fail, even when there is a first rate cast, however *Hairspray* not only passes, it does so with flying colours. John Travolta is fantastic as Edna Turnblad, in a fat suit and as a woman too. Christopher Walken does the best that he can with an underwritten character, but has excellent moves. Queen Latifah as Motormouth Maybelle is both energetic and moving. If I hadn't seen James Marsden singing on *Ally McBeal* I would be shocked that someone known more for his action character Cyclops in the *X-men* franchise, has the charm and skill for singing that his character Corny Collins requires; he does it well. Blonsky is fabulous as lead character Tracy, with charisma and strong vocal skills. Efron seamlessly blends confidence about his looks and talent and uncertainty about his feelings for Tracy into his teen heartthrob character. Bynes and Kelly are tremendous as supporting cast who lend more energy to an already energetic film. As the villain of the piece, Pfeiffer is deliciously camp as a racist station manager who likes to relive her glory days. The only disappointing performance was from Brittany Snow, whose character Amber Von Tussle is

not as well-written as the others and Snow doesn't seem to have the ability to make the most of what she's been given. Regardless, she has the vocal skills and dancing ability to make you forget about a slightly stilted performance.

I was a fan of the original *Hairspray*, with Ricki Lake as Tracy (in the new *Hairspray*, Ricki has a cameo as well as singing one of the songs in the credits) but was a bigger fan of the Broadway production which this version is based on. Even if I didn't like the first film, I would be still be going to see this one as John Travolta is in a woman's fat suit and dancing! All I can say is go and see it!



Alicia



INSIDE PARIS (DANS PARIS) (M)

NOW SHOWING IN SELECTED CINEMAS

A kitchen sink styled drama is certainly the last thing you would expect from French film. *Inside Paris* is a different take on the city of romance than the recently acclaimed *Paris, je t'aime* took. This bleak tale of a father and two sons attempts to engage the audience in their struggles to come to terms with heartbreak, depression, and family suicides in a Paris apartment just before Christmas. Paul (Romain Duris) is reeling from a harsh break up with long term partner, the neurotic Anna (Joana Preiss) and is on the verge of suicide. Happy-go-lucky university student Jonathan (Louis Garrel) tries to cheer Paul up, however he gets distracted by the women who come his way, all of whom are strangely drawn by his charm (although not by his hygiene). Their impoverished, divorced father Mirko (Guy Marchand) attempts the classic ways of cheering up his son, with chicken soup and Christmas trees, while unable to reconcile feelings for his ex-wife and her various boyfriends.

The tack of this film is fairly difficult to describe. At times Jonathan appears as

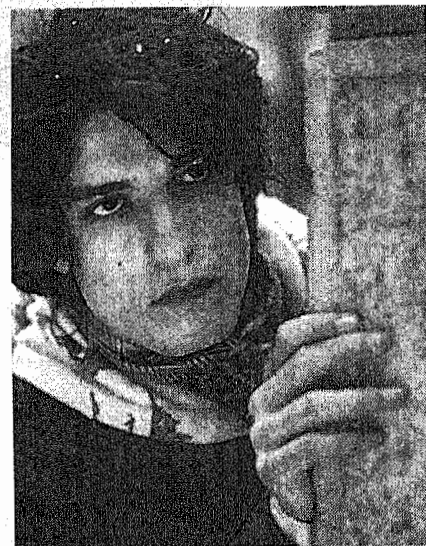
narrator, speaking directly to the camera, speaking of how the power of love can make people want to jump off balconies. At other times the chronology of events becomes disturbed by flashbacks and odd side plots, showing us a drunk, half-naked Anna dancing one moment, and a game of blind-man's bluff with Jonathan and Alice (Alice Butaud) the next. The only relationship depicted with any real amount of sincerity is between the two brothers, who genuinely care for each other, despite their inability to connect. The use of grunge rock and jazz music (depending on the tone of the action) sets the scene fairly well, yet it does not mask the overall ineptitude of the film's construction.

As a long time fan of French cinema, I was sadly disappointed by this effort. Each scene appeared to be designed to contain as many standard motifs of French cinema as possible, without there being any real need for them. Coffee, sex, nudity, cigarettes, and depression fill the drama of the film, depicting the desperate attempts of the characters to connect emotionally. The overall intention of the film appears to be to perplex the audience, yet it tries too

hard, and subsequently falls flat on its face.



Genevieve Williamson



THE JAMMED (MA)

Now Showing in Selected Cinemas

Dark and dramatic, *The Jammed* explores the trafficking and treatment of immigrant sex slaves in Melbourne. The film is told through the eyes of Crystal (Emma Lung, *Peaches*), and Ashley (Veronica Sywak, *Blurred*). Crystal enters the country under false belief of becoming a dancer, when in reality she has been set up to be a sex slave. Under constant surveillance and abuse, she enters a very dark existence, the toll of which is portrayed superbly by Emma Lung. Ashley, on the other hand, lives in Melbourne and is looking for the daughter of a Chinese woman she has met. This daughter is one of the girls that Crystal works with and the paths of the two characters cross. Saskia Burmeister (*Hating Alison Ashley*) also does a fantastic job as the slightly more street-savvy third sex slave in the group. The characterisation was very good with most characters having contrasts within their personality. For example, the controlling pimp was not always seen in a negative way; there were scenes where he was the exact opposite. This added a level of realism and complexity.

The film was shot very well, considering its shoestring budget and Melbourne was given a very distinct look. The subject matter was handled well and shines a light on something a lot of people would like to close their ears to, making for a confronting one and a half hours. One problem with the film, though, was that some events used to move the plot along seemed a little coincidental.

The film follows the recent trend in Australian films to make heavy dramas about uncovering the underbelly of our nation's society, however *The Jammed* adds more, mainly due to the performances and realistic outcomes for the characters in the story. How these outcomes are reached sometimes is a bit dubious though. I would expect to see both Emma Lung's and Saskia Burmeister's names on a few award nominations lists before the end of the year. It's not what I would describe as a happy go-lucky romp, but worth it if you want to see a good film.



Josh Hopkins



COMPETITION

THANKS TO PALACE NOVA EASTEND CINEMAS WE HAVE 10 DOUBLE PASSES TO SEE *WAR ON DEMOCRACY*. TO GET YOUR HANDS ON ONE, JUST EMAIL ONDITFILM@GMAIL.COM WITH THE ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION:

"IN WHAT YEAR DID THE US-BACKED COUP AGAINST HUGO CHAVEZ'S GOVERNMENT OCCUR?"



WAR ON DEMOCRACY (M)

Now Showing in Selected Cinemas

The easiest way to summarise this film is with the profound words of President George W. Bush in 2005, "America will not impose our own style of government on the unwilling." This is what the entire film is about. Australian-born, left-wing, award-winning journalist John Pilger, explores the United States' obsession with overthrowing democratically elected governments.

This documentary is centred on the rise of Venezuela's democratically elected Hugo Chavez. Through promising (and delivering) benefits to Venezuela's poorer citizens, Chavez assumed power. However, after Chavez took the power away from the country's wealthy minority who previously ran the country, a United States-backed coup was launched. The scariest thing, though, is that this was not an isolated case. Throughout history, the United States has backed numerous coups against democratically elected Latin American governments.

While the film was primarily focussed on Venezuela's successful democratic rule, which survived the coup and is still in place today, Pilger documents other countries such as Bolivia and Chile, which suffered large human losses. In one interview with a former CIA agent (who arrogantly denied such death), the agent justified the loss of life as being in America's *national interest*. Coincidentally, this phrase seemed to be used to justify all atrocities performed by the Americans.

Pilger was definitely qualified to tell this story. He's been a foreign correspondent and a front-line war reporter, beginning with the Vietnam War in 1967. He's made over 55 documentaries but this was his first on the big screen. Pilger often quoted Milan Kundera: "The struggle of people against power is the struggle of memory against forgetting," and this was definitely a theme of the film.

The film felt like a *60 Minutes* report but had the depth of a good SBS doco. Although it started slowly and initially felt slightly biased, it was obvious Pilger had done his research with rolls of archived footage and fantastic interviews. After the film I could seriously understand why some people have a vendetta against the United States. This was certainly a film worth the \$15 ticket price and should be seen for the history content alone.



Stewy J



Dit-Licious

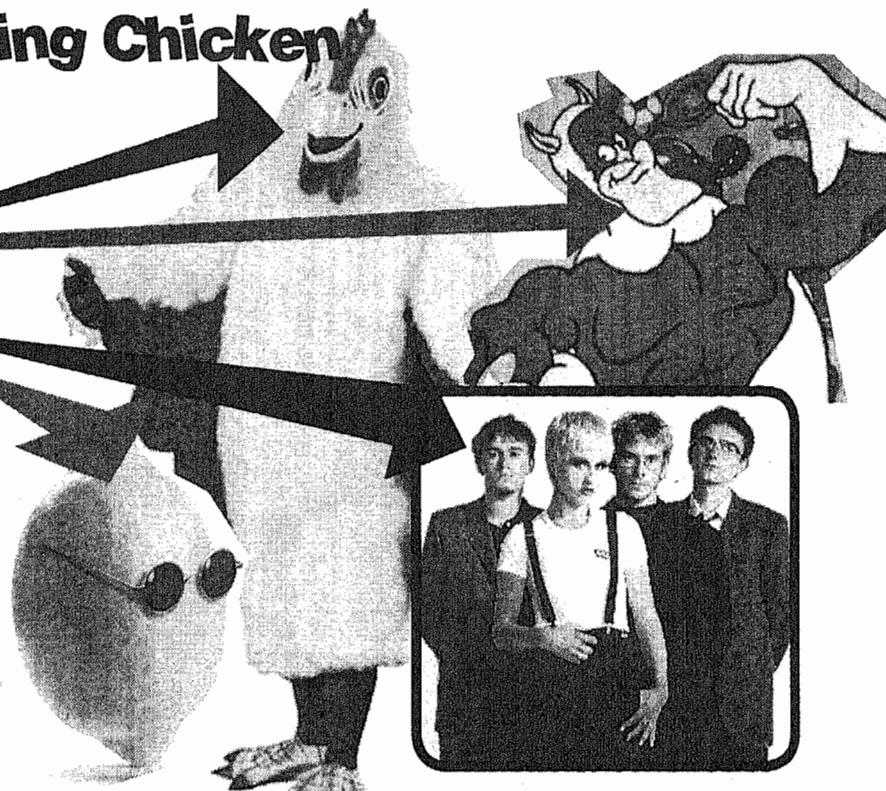
My darlings, in honour of *On Dit's* 75th Birthday, I give you my very own roast chicken recipe. Rather than the traditional savoury flavour of chicken, this one is quite sweet and is excellent comfort food. Adrian and I love to serve this for our friends when they come over. It's enough for about four people (I tend to stuff my guests, plus we only have four plates). Pass it on to your grandchildren when they are feeling tender and, until then, use it as a salve to warm a friend's broken heart.

Clare's Comforting Chicken

Ingredients

- A large free-range whole chicken
- 4-5 very ripe ladyfinger bananas
- A cup of macadamia nuts, not salted or sweetened
- A cup of whole cranberries
- A juicy lemon
- A tablespoon of melted butter, the best at the supermarket is Lurpac Butter, slightly salted
- Pepper and salt

- Paper towels
- Plastic bag
- Toothpicks or metal skewers
- Rolling pin or another hard object



Process

Heat the oven to 220°C.

Rinse the chicken, inside and out, under cold running water and pat dry with paper towels.

Place the macadamia nuts and the cranberries into the plastic bag and seal with a knot. Bash the bag with the rolling pin to crack open the nuts.

Slice the bananas into thin chips.

Just under the chicken's legs, there is a small gap between the flesh and the skin. Slide your clean fingers in between that gap and ease the skin off the flesh. Proceed to lift the skin all over the bird, taking care not to rip the flesh. In these gaps, slide the banana chips under the skin, until the whole chicken is encased with banana.

Stuff the chicken with the nuts and cranberries. To prevent the nuts from falling out, tightly pull the loose flesh around the cavities and seal with the skewers.

Baste the chicken with the melted butter to give it a lovely golden colour. Squeeze the lemon all over and sprinkle with cracked pepper and salt.

Place the chicken on the roasting rack and put it in the oven. Turn every 20 minutes. Keep an eye on the bird, but it takes between 1 hour and 1 hour and 20 minutes to cook. Poke the thigh with the skewer and if the juices are clear, it is done. If tinged with pink, keep cooking. Take out of the oven and gently wrap the bird with foil and let it rest for 10 minutes.

Process

In the kettle, boil enough water to fill $\frac{3}{4}$ of the frying pan. Place the pan on a very hot stove, empty the water into the pan and add a tiny pinch of salt.

Snap off the woody ends of the asparagus and lay gently in the frying pan. As they turn a slightly deeper green remove from the pan. Sprinkle with the blue cheese and serve at once.

Love to *On Dit* on its exciting birthday. It's such a special magazine.

On the Side

- Asparagus - it's in season now. One bunch per person.
- Salt
- A knob of blue cheese
- Frying pan



Clare

Random Thought INSERT HERE

Pagan University Gods

I have an essay due today, I have written it and will hand it up later this evening. But something has been troubling me. See, when I was reading through my essay, which I had essentially written in the past two nights, a thought came into my head: Is there an Essay God? You know, someone who reads all the essays that I have ever written. Then, when I die, I'll have to meet this person, who will condemn me to an eternity of unimaginable suffering in hell for all the atrocious essays that I've written throughout my life. By the time I had finished reading through my essay, I was praying. Praying to all that is holy that such a god did not exist, because if he did, he would surely have to be working in collaboration with the Tutor God, who would be hell-bent on getting revenge for all the suffering that I have put my tutors through for having to read my essay.

Aslan Mesbah

Fashion

Marion Shopping Centre Comes Alive in the What's What Fashion Extravaganza

When Kim and I were invited to attend a fashion show at Westfield Marion, we accepted without hesitation. Feeling very flash, we made the long journey down to Marion (it took us nearly 40 mins from North Adelaide - road works, joy!) on Wednesday, September 12th, dressed to the nines! On arrival we were greeted by a refreshing glass of champers and a goodie bag. Taking our seats, one row from the front, we were surprised to see that the stage looking so glamorous. White was the theme for this event: white stage, white chairs and white teeth! Gazing around the room it was evident that Adelaide fashion is on the rocks. While some looked stylish, others clearly didn't.

An articulate and stylish Perry opened the show by telling his story and giving some insight into the glamorous world of fashion. This designer has dressed fashion icons including Elle Macpherson, Eva Longoria, and Sarah Murdoch and recently collaborated with New York stylist GK Reid to dress Jennifer Lopez and Nelly Furtado. When asked by compere George Donikian who his No. 1 style icon is, he confidently replied "J.Lo". Perry confirmed that the key colours for this season are anything bright, yellow, shocking pink, metallic or basic black and grey. Perry believes that fashion reflects what is happening in the current government. As such, he declared, the late '50s and early

'60s are in now. I loved his comment when quizzed about what he considers the pinnacle of style for both men and women: "For women it's definitely a sexy dress of any sort. For men it doesn't really matter, as long as it's neat, clean and tidy!" That's right, gentlemen, please take note of this last statement. If not for yourself, at least for your girlfriends and mothers!

Now for the real deal. The fashion from the stores was indeed quite pleasing, but after a quick gossip, Kim and I decided that there was nothing worth maxing out the credit card for. The use of colour was notable: yellow, coral and orange are huge right now. For the biggest parade in Adelaide this year, featuring 27 models and 33 retailers showcasing 180 looks, I would have to say it was nothing to write home about. With 700 VIP guests, it is promising that fashion in Adelaide is growing. However, if we are keen to keep up with the other states, it is important to support our local boutiques and not just our department stores.

Olivia Scott

↑ and Coming

I have been lucky enough to meet a young, up and coming designer who, I believe, will be quite successful one day. I got a chance to interview Karl Weightman to find out about his drive, talent and passion, and where he wants to go with it.

Karl's talent for garment construction became evident at an early age when, at the age of 12, he made his older sister's dance costumes. While his awareness of fashion grew over time, he later realised he wanted to make a career out of his talent. Karl has worked for well-known Adelaide designers George Gross and Harry Who, as well as stylist Tony Balzan, for whom he was Parade Assistant. Karl perfected his craft firstly at Prides, and then later at Marlestone TAFE, graduating last year. As extra experience during his studies, Karl worked in retail and made one-off cocktail dresses for friends who were keen to exhibit his talent.



Above: A one-off Karl Rhys dress. Photography: David Wesolowski, Model: Christiane, Makeup: Aaron, Crocker / Stardust Cosmetics, Hair: Natasha Kruzycki @ Enve Hair, Hyde Park

His passion has led to the formation of Karl's label 'Karl Rhys', which is a labour of love for the young Adelaide designer, who draws inspiration from '30s and '40s post-war fashions. While in current fashion, his favourites include John Galliano's couture collections and Alexander McQueen's cutting-edge style.

Karl's primary clothing line is Karl Rhys, which is designed with the sophisticated woman in mind. She's a woman "who wants a twist on the classic piece but still wants

to be elegant and commands respect". While the secondary line called 'KRHYS' (pronounced 'crease') caters for a "fun loving, young woman with an edge, a love of colour, life and never shies away from the crowd".

Previous Karl Rhys collections includes 'For the Boys', Autumn/Winter 2007 (collections are released 6 months in advance in order for mass production time to fill orders). The idea behind the 'For the Boys' collection was to "liberate the office girl and free her from box-like suits". Instead, the aim was to create a "sophisticated look with a sense of fun by exposing the inner child". The collection is "all about taking notes from old English private school days and mixing it with a twist of fun and flirt".



Above: Karl Rhys 'For the Boys' collection, Photographer: Bianca de Marchi, Model: Kimberly Blatby, Hair and Makeup: Chris Cook.

The current Karl Rhys collection is 'Era del Acquario' (translating to Age of Aquarius), Spring/Summer 2008. This collection is for the KRHYS label, it is "draped in quality fabrics such as silk with touches of lurex throughout the collection. It's simply about having fun, being without any inhibitions and loving life. There is a strong emphasis on colour in this collection, whether it be the psychedelic print silk '70s maxi-dress or the red tartan empire line dress."

Currently, no stores in Adelaide stock the Karl Rhys labels, but you can contact Karl



Above: Christiane wears KRHYS Tartan Dress.

via e-mail if you wish to get dresses made: karlrhysweightman@hotmail.com. Karl will be relocating both his labels to Melbourne next year due to more job opportunities. There he intends to place his label in a few boutiques and build it up through word of mouth.

During the interview I became distinctly aware of Karl's modesty when it came to his talent, as well as his warmth and welcoming presence. This guy definitely is not what you would expect. I had armed myself to deal with arrogance, but found none. He's just a straight-forward, hard-working, honest guy; something that I believe to be rare in the fashion world.

Kim McDonough



Above: Christiane wears KRHYS sky blue dress.

WANTING

We were originally going to present you an interview with Michael Fahey of the gaming blog Kotaku.com and his unhealthy obsession with video game-related cakes for this special 75th anniversary edition of *On Dit*. However, he is a lazy bastard and wasn't able to answer all our questions at all (though that may be because he's running the website by himself all this week), so instead we're bringing you a variety of tidbits. Read on and enjoy. Also, apologies for getting on the *BioShock* bandwagon last edition but I hope some of you still managed to enjoy it! If you're interested in video game-related cake, visit www.gamecakes.com

sub editor: daniel purvis
purvis.daniel@gmail.com

5 games in 5 words: Games we want in 2007

Daniel Purvis's choice

Mass Effect: Multi-galaxy RPG by BioWare
Rock Band: 4x instruments, 4x the drinks
Unreal Tournament 3: Big budget gibsem-up
Call of Duty 4: Spectacular modern-day warfare by Infinity Ward (Infinity Ward counts as one word because it's a developer name!)
Wipeout HD: Fastest anti-gravity racing on PS3

Matt Williams's choice

Rez HD: It is cheaper than LSD
Call of Duty 4: Addictive multiplayer; "One more game!"
Assassin's Creed: I'm too wimpy for *Parkour!*
Halo 3: Oo baby, you complete me - or - All aboard the hype train!
Rock Band: 'Cause digital groupies totally rock

▲ *Mass Effect*

▲ *Halo 3*

Three Reasons to own:

Warhawk (PS3)
Developer: Incognito Entertainment
Publisher: Sony Computer Entertainment

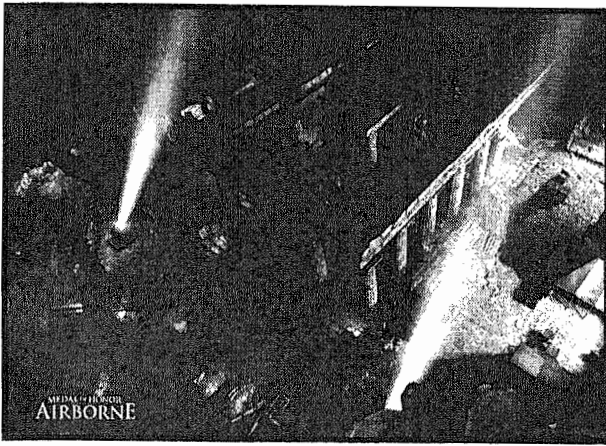
- 1) Like *Battlefield* titles but with action more closely associated with arcade-style games and across beautiful open environments with clean, crisp graphics
- 2) Most intuitive use of motion controls to date, demonstrating the level of complexity and options made possible by the PS3's SIXAXIS control
- 3) Intense online co-op gaming for the PS3

▲ *Stranglehold* (Xbox 360)
Developer: Midway
Publisher: Midway

- 1) The video game sequel to the Hong Kong action film *Hard-Boiled*, starring Chow Yun-fat as Inspector Tequila
- 2) All the hardcore shooting action of a John Woo flick at your control, with destroyable environments and plenty of cannon fodder
- 3) So says the instruction booklet: "When you run directly toward low objects like tables, counters, platforms, etc., Tequila will automatically slide across them" and enter Tequila Time, when "the world slows down ... allowing Tequila to do his job in real-time while the suspects slowly suffer the consequences"

▼ *Monster Hunter Freedom 2*
Developer: Capcom
Production Studio 1
Publisher: Capcom

- 1) You're Japanese
- 2) You own a PSP
- 3) You have 300 hours to invest collecting items and clumsily beating down huge monsters



[A Standard World War II FPS Review Template as applied to Medal of Honor: Airborne]

incompetent AI that appears throughout the game? Not only do your allies suck at shooting things, a bizarre affliction for any soldier, but they often stumble into your path, causing the player to shoot them in the back of the head in an hilarious case of mistaken identity! Hearty chuckles from readers will follow as anecdotes of stupid AI make everyone laugh when they read about them.]

[The reviewer will always, *always* begin with a bit of exposition by way of lengthy diatribe about how there are so many World War II games out on the market and how it's all a bit tiresome despite the games that get the most attention generally being critically acclaimed. This hollow bitching is followed up by a lame, thoughtless leading question such as, "Can Medal of Honor: Airborne distinguish itself from the pack?"]

likes of Sony/Microsoft/Nintendo, who want to hold your hand when you cross the road and tuck you in at night.]

[EA have lots of money, and you can remind the readers of this fact in this paragraph when you tell them all of the lofty production values, lovely graphics and loud and supposedly realistic noises. You *must* mention the realistic noises. You certainly weren't alive in 1945 but you'll be damned if you don't try to come across as some sort of war buff anyway by claiming the noises are realistic.]

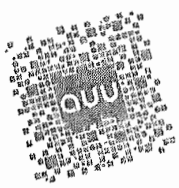
[Upon noticing this game is developed and published by EA, the reviewer will go off on a tangent by launching an irrational pseudo-Marxist rant about how EA embodies everything that is wrong with the industry by being solely interested in money and nothing else. This is a clear contradiction with the

[The reviewer belatedly returns to the leading question from the first paragraph by way of an obligatory mention to Airborne's unique feature, the ability to parachute into each of the six well designed levels, theoretically allowing you to take on every mission just the way you like it. It's half marketing guff, but half a genuinely successful attempt to shake things up a bit and can affect the way you approach a level]

[Wrap things up with a cursory mention of the game's multiplayer which straddles a very fine line between refreshingly minimalistic and completely half-baked. Mention that at the time of the review there was no dedicated server support for the PC version of the game, as brilliant an idea as Hitler thinking, "Based on past successes, I reckon this 'war on two fronts' thing could work out pretty well." End the review with the Game Journalists Union's internationally recognised score for a decent-but-not-great game, 7.5/10]

[At this point, don't you reckon it'd be funny if the reviewer made light of the

Angus Chisholm



DEMI-GODS WANTED - APPLY WITHIN Orientation 2008

That time of the year is approaching and we need COMMITED, HONEST, HARD WORKING, RELIABLE, and DEDICATED people to apply for Director positions to help with the smooth running of Orientation 2008.

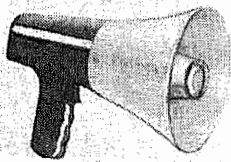
We are seeking up to three (3) directors each for the following events:

- O'Camp
- O'Week
- O'Ball

Orientation Directors will need to be prepared to give up some of their Summer holidays, be bound by AUU policies, manage a budget and undertake appropriate first aid and sexual harassment training.

Application forms can be downloaded from www.union.adelaide.edu.au or collected from AUU Reception, L4 Union House. Submit your applications to Union Reception or to david.wilkins@adelaide.edu.au by 5pm on 15 October 2007. Any queries can be directed to David also.

THE MOST EXPERIENCE YOU'LL GAIN IN YOUR DEGREE!



ANNOUNCEMENTS

Eastern Suburbs Youth Consultation

The Youth i-Network (Youth Advisory Committee for the City of Norwood Payneham & St. Peters), in conjunction with the Eastern Region Youth Network and other eastern Councils is currently consulting with young people across the eastern region.

The consultation aims to collect information about four important issues emerging in the eastern suburbs:

- Youth Resilience
- Social Pressures
- Drug and Alcohol use
- Access to Support and Services

We want to hear from young people aged 12-25 who live, work or study in the Eastern suburbs.

You can have a say and share your views and experiences in relation to these issues.

Visit www.i-site.net.au for more information about how you can get involved

Complete an anonymous survey online

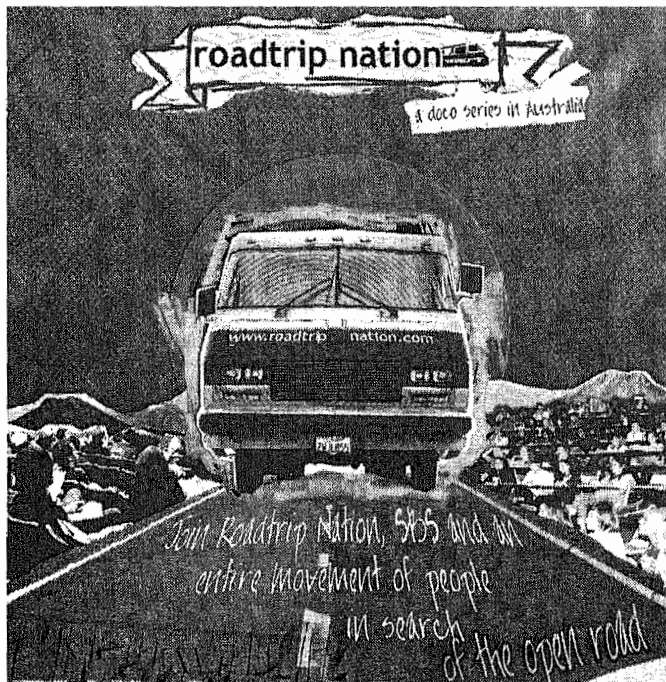
Share your story by sending us your thoughts, personal experiences or observations relating to the topics. Your work could be included in the Resilience Storybook that will be published in 2008, and you may remain anonymous

Register to attend a youth forum being run by Burnside YAC on 25 October

Attend Café Consultations being run by Campbelltown YAC in September

The information collected will inform the planning of youth programs and services in the eastern region.

This is your chance to have your voice heard on real issues and to have a say about what happens in your community.



Are you studying? Fresh out of uni or TAFE and wondering what to do with your life?

This summer apply to hit the road and expand your horizons! Travel across the country to interview and connect with inspirational people who have defined their own roads in life.

application deadline is 14th of october

www.roadtripnation.com/apply



This Rough Magic Theatre & Film

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AUDITIONS

For Shakespeare's

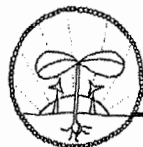
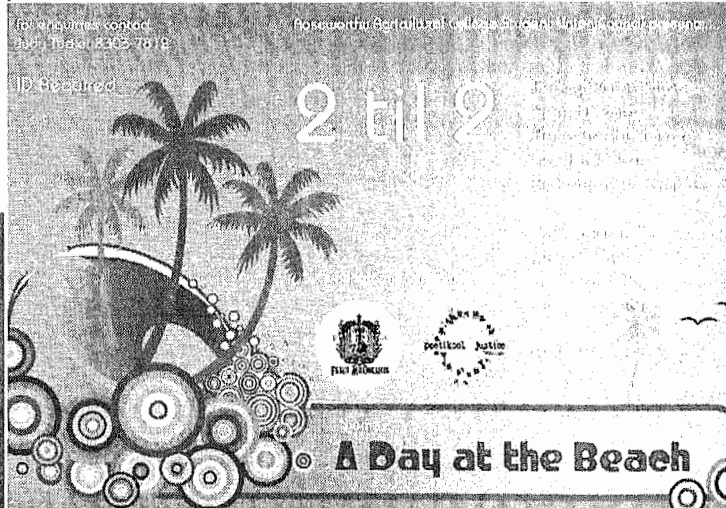
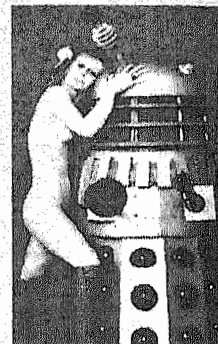
AS YOU LIKE IT

To be performed during the Fringe 2008

By appointment only; 10, 14 October

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IF YOU HAVE ANY ANNOUNCEMENTS YOU'D LIKE US TO PRINT IN OUR LAST EDITION, PUBLISHED ON OCTOBER 16, PLEASE SEND THEM TO ondit@adelaide.edu.au BY MONDAY, OCTOBER 8 (PERSONALS ACCEPTED)



EcOS

ENVIRONMENTAL COLLECTIVE OF STUDENTS

Inaugural General Meeting

Date: Friday 12nd October

Time: 5:00 pm

Location: Margaret Murray Rm, Lvl 4
Union House, Adelaide Uni

Contact: Gemma (0437 714 786)



V-RAW NETWORKING "V-INSPIRED BY INDUSTRY EXPERTS"

FEATURING

JOEL BYRNE (WOLF & CUB)

JACQUI KASSULKE
(NOVA 92.7 MUSIC DIRECTOR)

DANIELLE O'DONAHUE
(THE ADVERTISER MUSIC WRITER)

MC DARREN MCMULLEN (CHANNEL V)

WEDNESDAY 17TH OCTOBER 6PM TO 9PM
ADELAIDE UNI - CINEMA ROOM
FREE ENTRY (FIRST IN BEST DRESSED)

COME AND GET V-INSPIRED ON THE WHAT, THE WHO AND THE HOW
FROM SOME OF THE LEADING LIGHTS OF THE MUSIC INDUSTRY.

V-RAW NETWORKING IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE PART IN A LIVE NETWORK FORUM WHERE YOU CAN LISTEN TO AND DEBATE WITH MUSIC INDUSTRY PROFESSIONALS ACROSS A RANGE OF TOPICS. V-RAW NETWORKING WILL PROVIDE YOU WITH A UNIQUE ONCE IN A LIFETIME CHANCE TO GET UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL WITH SOME KEY INDUSTRY FIGURES TO HELP MAKE YOUR DREAM JOB A REALITY...

MAKE YOUR DREAM JOB A REALITY AT WWW.MYSPACE.COM/VRAW



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