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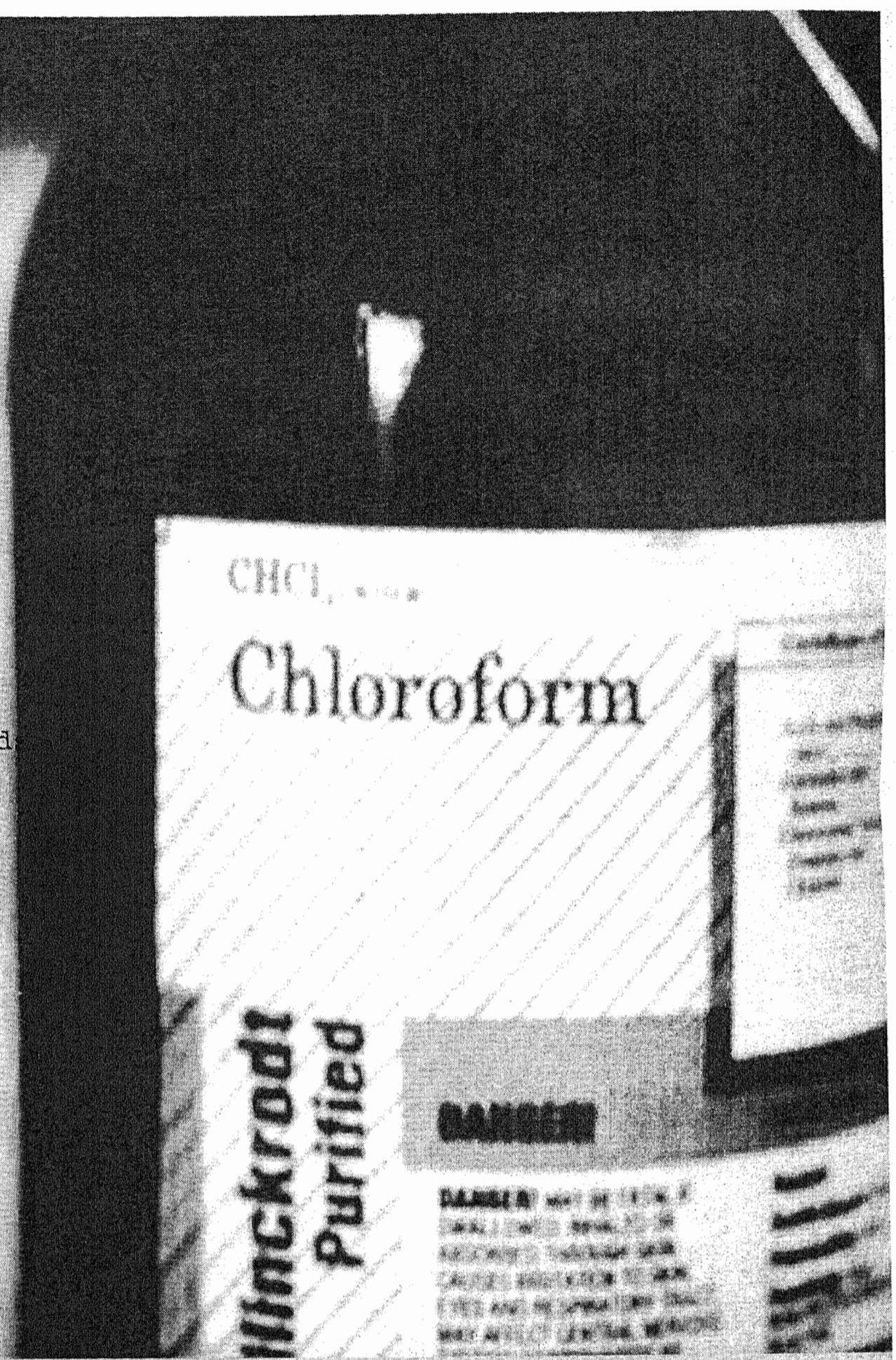


city of adelaide  
cookie cutter

on dit

Volume 71 Edition 18 27.10.2003

Page 03) Current Affairs  
 Page 05) Campus News  
 Page 08) Letters  
 Page 09) Opinion  
 Page 14) Student Media  
 Page 15) Features  
 Page 16) Serial Killers  
 Page 18) Vox Pop  
 Page 20) Office Bearers  
 Page 22) Bar Restaurant  
 Page 23) Film  
 Page 24) Australian Film  
 Page 26) Arts & Theatre  
 Page 28) Literature  
 Page 29) Local Music  
 Page 31) Music  
 Page 35) Clubs & Classifieds



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

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About the cover  
 City of Churches or Corpses?

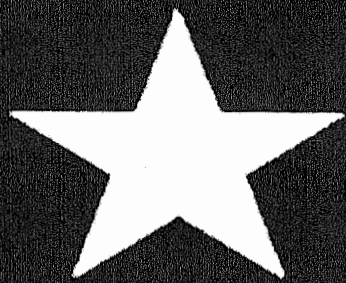
Next Edition  
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**Wanna write?**

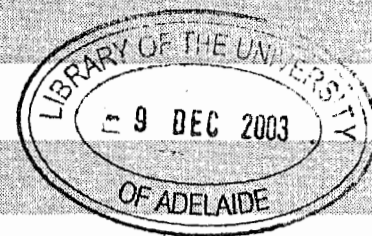
Then come on down to the *On Dit* hovel, located in the basement of the George Murray Building (wedged between two sets of poorly maintained male toilets), and adjacent to the Barr Smith Lawns. Or for a more pleasant aroma, email us at [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au) or call us on 8303 5404 or 8303 6490.

**Painless deaths to:**

Jenny, Rosie Sidey, Yakultron, Uncle Typewriter, Ouzo for calming Bonnie's deadline nerves, Bonnie from Cadillac, JC, Mattyo, Alice Campbell for boosting Stan's ego, Peter Alexander pyjamas for making Gemma feel like a real person again.



# Child soldiers, & cocaine & chaos



## Welcome to Liberia

After 14 years of conflict that has killed more than 200,000 people, Liberians are now looking ahead and trying to piece their beleaguered West African nation back together. Warlord-turned-president of Liberia, Charles Taylor, is now exiled in Nigeria but although the bloodshed may have come to an end the fight is far from over and the United Nations peace keeping forces, stationed here, will soon become the world's largest, at 15,000 troops.

Despite being a nation rich in natural resources the quality of life in Liberia is far worse than fellow African nation Somalia and even war-beaten Afghanistan. In fact according to The Economist in 2003 Liberia will be the "world's worst country" to live in.

The United Nations estimates that up to 10,000 children have fought in Liberia's most recent three-year civil war, fuelled by crack cocaine, booze and marijuana and dwarfed by weapons twice their size. Yet the child soldiers are but one of the problems faced by Liberia as it emerges under the control of Gyude Bryant, the nation's leader until elections in 2005.

Liberia is Africa's oldest republic. The strip of land on the West African coast was first acquired by the American Colonization Society in 1821, which used the colony to establish settlements for freed American slaves. In 1847 these slaves proudly established the Independent Republic of Liberia (meaning 'liberty'), more than 100 years before any other African country became free from colonial rule. By 1848 Liberia had already had its first elected president as well as a senate yet in spite of its age and history with democracy the nation has never endured political stability or success.

Americo-Liberian descendants of the original founders, called Congos, gained political and economic control of the country almost immediately. The Congos, who made up for only 5 per cent of the population, formed a small aristocracy in Liberia and maintained a stranglehold over the natives for the next 130 years. The vote was only extended to the indigenous people in 1946, almost a hundred years after the nation gained its independence, and no native Liberian has ever been elected to the Presidency.

In 1980, Samuel Doe became the first indigene to rule the country and putting an end to black apartheid in Liberia. But the 28 year-old sergeant only gained power after he surprised President William Tolbert in his bedroom, cut out his eyes, quartered him and had his Ministers executed on the Monrovia beach. After becoming the first non-Congo president of Liberia, the semi-literate Doe promoted 25-year old officers from

his tribe to the ministerial posts and the regime soon became renowned for raging corruption and unorthodox politics. In the years which followed peacekeeping forces dispatched by neighboring countries were unable to restore order to Liberia and this period became one of the most bloody in the nation's violent past.

Under Nigerian rule, two thirds of the Liberian population became refugees and over half the soldiers fighting for the country's freedom were children, from the notoriously vicious 'small boy units'. Before long the bloodshed also enveloped Nigeria and the war soon spread into nearby state Sierra Leone. The Liberian forces were made of up of children as young as eight, including girls, large numbers of whom were captured from the Sierra Leone border. Doped up with sugar cane liquor and drugs these juvenile patrols roamed the streets of the nation's capital Monrovia, which were given names such as 'Death Row' and 'Highway to Hell'. Often dressed in women's clothing and wearing face paint and wigs the young boys pillaged, raped and killed and became renowned for displaying human heads and intestines as trophies of war. Rumours of cannibalism soon leaked to the media and some war lords reportedly fed their troops gin soaked human hearts, to give them courage before going into battle.

A rebellion led by Bentley College graduate, Charles Taylor, eventually brought Doe's despotic regime to an end and in 1990 armed rebels captured and slaughtered the tribalistic leader. Although Taylor later legitimised his power, by gaining 75% of the votes in the 1997 election, his style of leadership was no less barbaric than that of his predecessor. His rule has been likened to that of a mafia boss who effectively terrorized and silenced his critics until 2003. In 1997 Taylor organized the gruesome murder of former supporter Samuel Dokie and his entire family, and is also believed responsible for the 1998 abduction and disappearance of a market woman and vocal critic of the bloodthirsty government. The president also managed to exploit the country's natural resources as well as the diamond, gold and iron-ore reserves to enable him and his family to enjoy immense wealth, while the majority of Liberians live in dire poverty, without work, running water or electricity. Taylor's support for the United Front Rebels of Sierra Leone, who were renowned for limb chopping and unflinching violence, is a further testament to his bloodthirsty nature and it is not surprising that the United Nations have now indicted him for war crimes.

Taylor recruited boys as young as five into his 'small boy units', having learned to value their painstaking

obedience and viciousness - the result of immature minds, unable to comprehend the suffering of others and the difference between right and wrong.

These boy soldiers were trained by Taylor's commanding officers to be killers and thugs, yet these were also boys as young as 15 who had given themselves names such as Rebel King, Bullet Bouncer and General Saddam. Taylor's legacy will undoubtedly live on in the traumatized minds of these young boys - who are now forced to relive the atrocities and horrors of 14 years of war.

The arrival of the United Nations peacekeeping forces in early August, was a welcome sign of relief for the war-scarred population of Liberia but achieving long term peace and stability in this nation will take decades. Taylor's departure has not only left a struggling economy and a divided society but also a large number of well-armed, drug-addicted and war-crazed teenagers who remain loyal followers.

The first wave of international peacekeepers came in the form of 1,500 lightly armed Nigerians, who were met with an emotional welcome from thousands of Monrovia's who carried the exhausted soldiers on their shoulders in a unique display of gratitude. The arrival of United Nations helicopters has undoubtedly filled the Liberians with the hope that this marks the beginning of the international community's long term commitment to restoring stability to their country.

Rosie Sidey



# Superpower vs Megapower

## How The Greens helped Howard juggle China and the US

There can be no doubt that the fallout from Greens Senators Bob Brown and Kerry Nettle's heckling of US President George Bush's speech to parliament highlighted the Federal Government's willingness to bend to the will of foreign dignitaries and their burly goons.

The interruptions resulted in sitting leader of the house Tony Abbot requesting the suspension of both Brown and Nettle from parliament for 24 hours. This, in effect, removed the self-proclaimed shit-stirrers in time for Chinese President Hu Jintao's speech to a joint sitting of Parliament. Sure enough, armed security guards blocked the pair from entering the chamber the following day.

While many labelled the outspoken Green's actions as nothing more than a self-serving stunt, others insist that Senator Brown - inadvertently or not - drew attention to the Howard Government's determination to ignore supposed 'western' values of human rights, representative democracy and the right to free speech. Democrats Senator Andrew Bartlett - a long time critic of both American aggression and Chinese human rights abuses - was less understanding, calling Brown and Nettle 'sanctimonious pricks'.

Indignation aside, no one can argue the fact that Bush's fleeting visit took place behind unprecedented levels of security. Thousands of armed police, soldiers and US security personnel practically locked down Canberra to ensure that ordinary people would not get near enough to Bush to voice any opposition to his administration's war on Iraq.

What's more, precious few mainstream commentators seemed able to grasp the fundamental irony of our Federal Government entertaining a guest who is capable of stirring up so much angry protest that the nation's shrine to democracy had to be surrounded by the most impressive barricades this side of the Gaza Strip.

In many ways, the Chinese President's visit was worse still. After the

**Howard's eager-to-please attitude towards superpower diplomacy is more than just blind acquiescence.**

'scandalous' interjections of the previous day, dozens of guests were blocked entry to the entire parliamentary complex, including a number of irate Labor MPs. Every parliamentary guest associated with the Greens was forcibly relegated to the cheap school deck seats for President Jintao's address.

Among the Green's invited guests were the Federation for a Democratic China's chairman Chin Jin and two Tibetans. In Senator Brown's words "The Tibetan visitors were halted by a Chinese agent and then, after a call to Mr Andrew's [House of Representatives Speaker Neil Andrew's] office, were diverted from the gallery to the school enclosure. No translation service was provided in this area."

According to Brown, "President Hu's entourage said 'shut them out' and Neil Andrew complied." Naturally, this behaviour prompted the Greens to send a small old growth forest's worth of media releases to every other progressive organisation in the country (including us).

With all this in mind, Howard's eager-to-please attitude towards superpower diplomacy is more than just blind acquiescence. In the October 25 issue of *The Age*, Michelle Grattan offered an interesting conspiracy theory. Grattan reported that the Chinese Ambassador, Wu Tao visited both Senate President Paul Calvert and House of Representatives Speaker Neil Andrew, warning them both that any form of bad parliamentary behaviour would be taken as a *personal* insult to the Chinese President.

Armed with this knowledge, the Australians politely asked the Chinese

if President Jintao could spend an extra day in Sydney while President Bush made his address. Rest assured, the Chinese would have been more than happy to accept this 'inconvenience', given their distinctly un-American views on the United Nations' involvement in global security. (Sure enough, Hu's address revealed a considerable difference of opinion on this issue - a difference that would have been all the more obvious had both leaders spoken on the same day.)

While Bush's visit was more to do with cheesy camaraderie, the Australian diplomatic team charged with the Chinese visit was well aware of Jintao's preoccupation with 'saving face'. By allowing the Greens the 'luxury' of heckling the US President, Howard successfully removed the single most likely possibility of the Chinese President being quizzed on his human rights record.

Bush's surprisingly witty retort ('I love free speech') was almost too perfect. It highlighted both the cultural difference between the two visits, and the Australian diplomatic machine's deft ability to use these differences to the Howard government's advantage.

Tristan Mahoney



# HORNHEAD '03

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## Monday October 27

- 9 Saturday Night Roller Disco
- 10 Three Chords - \*\* HORNHEAD GIVEAWAYS! \*\*
- 11 Punk Around - \*\* GIVEWAYS COURTESY OF VERANDAH MUSIC \*\*
- 12 Heavey as a Really Heavy Thing

## Tuesday October 28

- 9 LOCAL NOISE Featuring Student Radio Favourites BRILLIG
- 10 On Dit Radio
- 11 How's Ya Mumma \*\* Movie Passes FOR FREE \*\*
- 12 Lost in the Mix with DJ DAVID JAMES

## Saturday November 1

Shave down from OCTO-BEARD and into the new seasons fashion of MO-VEMBER!

- 9 The Motown Hour
- 10 Hullabalooza Radio
- 11 G-SPOT ~ the climax of Radio in Adelaide
- 12 The show formerly known as... with Paul + DJ Zanda

## Monday November 3

- 9 The Flux Capacitor Featuring !DARE the Adelaide Radio Serial
- 10 Form of Intellect
- 11 The Vinyl Lounge - Featuring exclusive interview with the boys from LOOP TROOP
- 12 DJ's Choice with Dunks & Adam playing the hottest Dance Hall, fresh out of Jamaica

## SHOW PROFILE

LOCAL NOISE is back in business, my local and live music loving friends of mine.

This week featuring the Student Radio favourites BRILLIG. With an injection of new and fangled equipment, Local noise is ready to rock-out the loudest sound known to man.

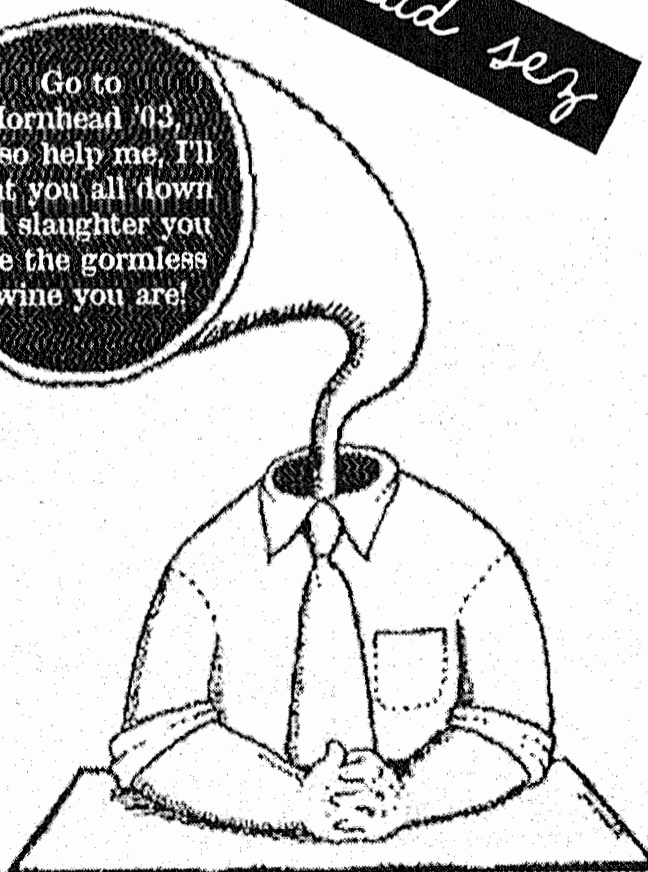
Local Noise broadcasts Australia's hottest acts LIVE-2-AIR every Tuesday night at 9pm on 101.5 Adelaide University Student Radio! With bands such as Paul Dempsey & Something for Kate, Ben Kweller (USA), Muzzy Pep, Barcode, Semantic, Borderland Love Like Electrocution, The Trafalgars and A Tribe is Forming playing recently its easy to see why LOCAL NOISE on the Student Radio band is the best live broadcasting show in the nation. Award winning? ABSOLUTELY!

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*Hornhead sez*

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# SAUA Roundup

Now in the trashiest font ever!

The biggest story to come out of the Students' Association this week was the National Union of Students' request for an additional \$3,600 as part of the SAUA's annual affiliation fee. Some of you may remember the controversial fee was the subject of sporadic debate during the first half of the year, culminating in an annoyingly circular discussion of the benefits of affiliation (initially triggered by the presentation of last May's painfully tight post-Orientation budget).

Each student organisation's affiliation fee is set according to the number of Equivalent Full Time Student Units (EFTSUs) in its membership. This year there was a discrepancy between the SAUA's EFTSU figure (calculated by the university) and NUS's EFTSU figure (allegedly supplied by a mysterious statistical boffin located deep in the bowels of the Federal Government). Riveting stuff, no?

A couple of meetings ago, SAUA Council decided that it was best to pay the equivalent of last year's fee until such time as the whole fracas had been resolved. After some terse correspondence between NUS and SAUA President Sarah Hanson-Young, the SAUA eventually accepted the fact that it had to cough up the extra dough.

So where will the extra money come from? Resigned Office Bearers, of course!

A special meeting of SAUA Council was called last week to approve the use of the remaining honoraria (read: wages) left in the wake of the resignations of Male Sexuality Officer Jasyn Walsh and Environment Officer Paul Grillo. Miraculously, the financial windfall of their resignations is almost exactly the

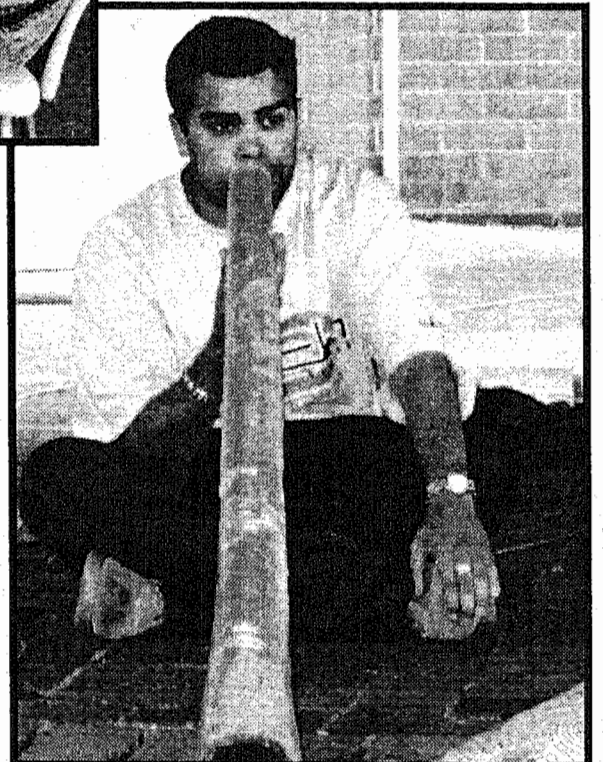
amount NUS are now demanding. Looks like these guys will end up saving us a packet. Who would have guessed?

In other news, last week's Aboriginal and Torres Strait Island festivities went well, with an address from Reconciliation Council member Shirley Peisley, tasty kangaroo snags and a variety of musicians performing in the Cloisters. The events were organised by interim ATSI Officer Darren Kurtzer with the aid of the Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music.

Finally, last weekend saw the Students' Association train its newly-elected Office Bearers, Councillors and Standing Committee members for the coming year. After two full days of meeting procedure, policy revision and dreary getting-to-know-you parlour games, the fresh young lambs were treated to (what else?) a barbecue.

Interestingly, a scheduled visit from a representative of the National Union of Students was cancelled at the last minute. As rumour would have it, the hapless rep was suffering from a hangover. Gold.

**Cruickshank, Clark & Mahoney**



**Clockwise from below:**  
indigenous music in the Cloisters; student radio directors big it up large-style at SAUA training; Councillor Stojadinovic peruses the grand buffet; the bright young reps sharpen their serious council faces.

Orientation is brought to you  
by the Students' Association of  
the University of Adelaide



## ORIENTATION 2004

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SAUA on 8303 5406, or  
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If you are  
interested  
in orientation  
& would like  
to help, please  
register your  
details at the SAUA.  
All expressions of  
interest are welcomed.

# Student Media Under Attack!

## Disgruntled editors threaten violent rampage

It's been a nerve-racking week for student media at Adelaide University. While the radio directors have been busy putting the finishing touches on their end of year soiree, the dank basement office of *On Dit* has been under attack from all sides,

Early in the week, *The Daily Blemish* burst on to the scene, threatening *On Dit's* position at the top of the printed pecking order. Ominously, the font used in the masthead of the surprise competitor bears a striking similarity to that chosen by those at the helm of the 2001 volume of *On Dit*, now famous for spawning the current dynasty of non-factional editors.

Could this be a sign that the creator of the 1 page publication, the enigmatic Jiminy Krikkitt, will in no time develop into a maniacal media magnate, hell-bent on destroying every innocent, clean-living editor that stands in his way? 'I'm not scared,' said one anonymous *On Dit* staffer. 'This *Blemish* thing will die in the arse, just like those useless shit sheets duuring election week.'

The students themselves were more receptive to the fledgling paper.

'I'm more receptive to this fledgling newspaper,' says Marcia Smythe, a Chemical engineering student. '*On Dit* is full of pretentious in-jokes, and this new Jiminy guy is piss funny - handsome too!'

In other news, about 250 back issues of *On Dit* were hurled down the basement stairs of the embattled office. The crash scared several varieties of shit out of the editors, whose nerves may never quite recover. Witnesses report two goon-like figures fleeing the scene of the incident. 'We just don't understand it,' mused one of the editors. 'I mean, apart from the AUU, the SAUA, the Theatre Guild, the Nemer family, Moccona Coffee, Jonathon Makai, the defense force, the Italian community and the Foundation for Humanity's Adulthood, who would think of doing such a thing?'

As if times weren't harrowing enough for the editors, a mysterious computer affliction swallowed no less than four (4) pages of the current issue. (Including this one - why else do you think we would fill half a page with this kind of tripe?)

# THE Daily Blemish

Vol 1 Issue 1 • October 24th, 2003 • contact Jiminy.krikkitt@yahoo.com.au

# LET DOWN

## "Bush Go Home" Protesters Disappointed After Failing To Meet President

by JIMINY KRICKITT

Stringent security measures left thousands of protesters disappointed and disillusioned yesterday as they were unable to get within earshot or even sight of the visiting US President George W Bush.

"Things were going great until we got near Parliament House proper, there wasn't even much traffic, but then all these riot cops suddenly started blocking our way," said Georgia Young, 22, from the Canberra City Watch House after her arrest for Public Dissent near the American embassy.

"They had put in a row of trees to block our view, and there was a ban on megaphones. No matter how loud we shouted or how we jumped, we just couldn't get close enough for him to hear. Sorry to that police officer whose son I landed on, by the way," asked Australians for Feral Levees spokesperson Kerry Grillo, underneath a "Wannabers Not Welcome Here" banner. "We were so frustrated, we decided we all needed a barba and a beer to calm down, and there was a big one just down the road -- put the cops wouldn't let us do that, either."

They almost needn't have worried, about the barbecue or the visit. Bush was delayed by 90 minutes at Canberra Airport, required to submit to a routine footwear inspection and cleaning at quarantine. As he had visited a farm outside Australia this Texas ranch in the past seven days, this was necessary to remove possible foreign soil contaminants from his shoes.

Prime Minister Howard later expressed his disappointment that he had not been on the spot to resolve the problem, and is believed to be considering a proposal to reform quarantine laws to make the Prime Ministerial tongue an officially accepted pedal dirt removal mechanism alongside the traditional scrubbing brush.

Meanwhile, American media outlets have been deluged with requests from Australia for footage of the Green senators' visit.

Senator Howard offers to trade US 30,000 sheep for iron.

Embarrassment as Bush mistakes Chinese President for Labor leader.



controversial interjections. As an unnamed source in ABC-TV explained, "While many of the restrictions on press access -- there were no news conferences, not even photographers in the press gallery, for instance -- were put in place especially for the visit, the most problematic for us on all the books for decades. Cameras in the chambers of Parliament are only permitted to film whoever has the floor, which let the cameramen in the American encourage had previously worked in Iraq so they didn't see any reason to pay attention to local customs." Copies of the tapes were reportedly sent to local customs. press time, although budget-conscious punters could buy "I heckled the US President on international TV and all I got was this lousy editorial in *The Australian*" T-shirts for US\$20. But Grillo was not impressed by the "recalcitrant" senators who weren't MPs, their guests or security guards and couldn't go in and see the speech. He shouldn't have just heckled Mr Bush, he should have shouted incoherently, insulted and spat on him. "All we wanted was to be able to deliver our message to Bush, close up. And that message is, 'fuck off back to your own country, you shit politicians.'"

### INSIDE

B2 Cabinet farewell Bush with 21 tongue salute

B3 Free trade shock: Howard offers to trade US 30,000 sheep for iron

B4 Embarrassment as Bush mistakes Chinese President for Labor leader

Geffer Notice Productions & LBM present

# Jimmie O'In

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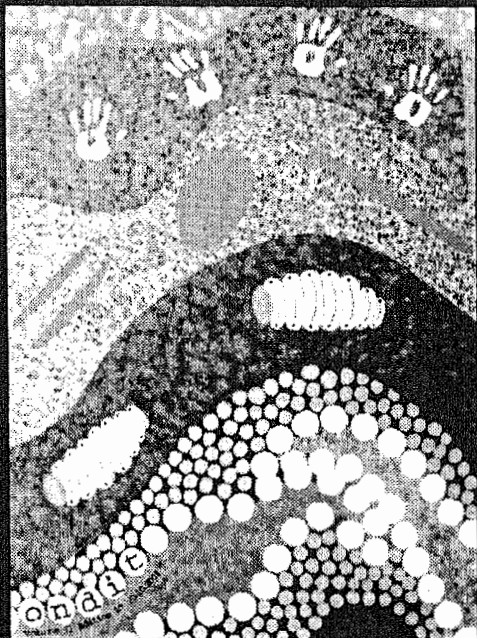
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As you should all know by now, each week *On Dit* rewards its best letter to the editor with a free lunch for two at the London Tavern. This week's lucky winner is Matty Schulz. Head on down to the *On Dit* office, next to the Barr Smith Lawns, to collect your prize.

Fancy a free feed during swotvac? There's just one edition of your student newspaper left for 2003. Get your fingers tapping and send through your letters to [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au) now!

## MESSAGE FROM THE MILDURA MANIC

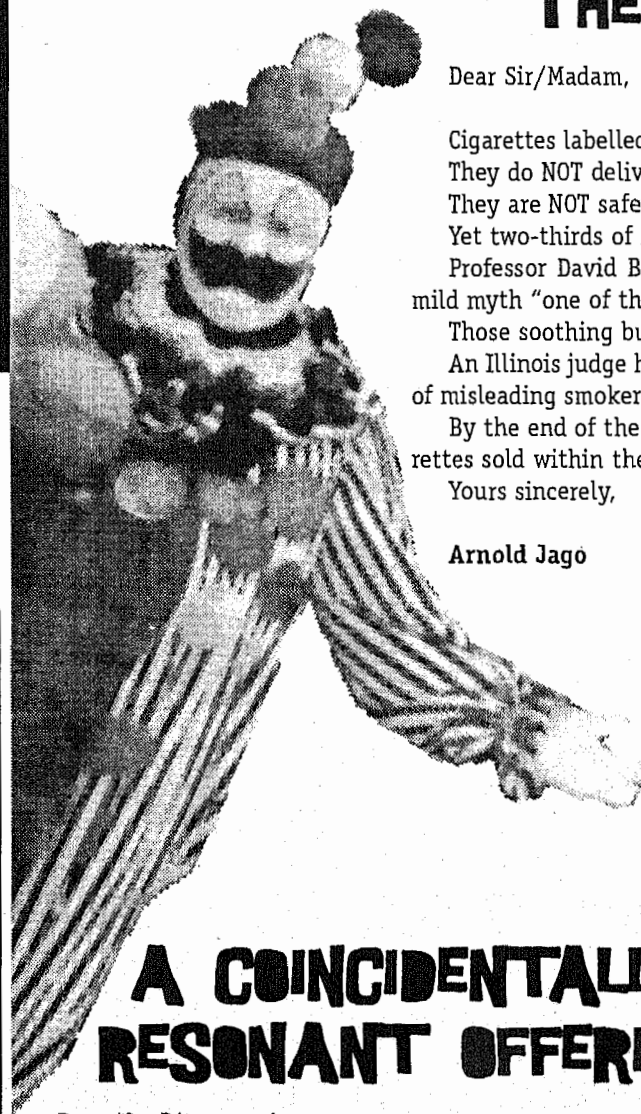
Dear Sir/Madam,

Cigarettes labelled "light" or "mild" do NOT deliver less tar.  
They do NOT deliver less health risk.  
They are NOT safer.

Yet two-thirds of Australian smokers use brands labelled "light" or "mild". Professor David Burns, Lung Specialist, University of California, calls the light/mild myth "one of the great health frauds". (*7.30 Report*, 4 September 2003)  
Those soothing but deceptive words are now the focus of a worldwide battle. An Illinois judge has ordered Philip Morris to pay \$16 billion damages for 30 years of misleading smokers into believing that light cigarettes are safer.  
By the end of the month, the words "light" and "mild" will be banned from cigarettes sold within the European Community.

Yours sincerely,

Arnold Jago



## A COINCIDENTALLY RESONANT OFFERING

Dear 'On Dit person',

My teddybear's a hangin' from a noose upon my wall  
He dangles freely now, after his quick and deadly fall

My teddybear's a wishin' for my innocence intact  
But I have seen the world out there, and I can't forget the brutal facts

My teddybear's a longing for me to sleep with him again  
But foremost now, I cannot share my bed with another male friend

My teddybear was once my only steadfast comfort in this life  
But now alone he sits a crying, as I succumb to wrist on knife

My teddybear's been rejected for this adult needs him no more,  
And yet, far too often, in the middle of the night,  
I feel this overwhelming pain of loneliness inside,  
And I look up to my book shelf, where moonlight sweetly falls,  
And I know at once, that nothing's changed,  
I'm loved right to the core.

Matty Schulz

## BIKE THIEF STRIKES AGAIN

Dear *On Dit*,

My bike and I have been friends for the last couple of years. Earlier this year our relationship became more serious after we embarked on a seven-day camping adventure along the Great Ocean Road. Since then we have been inseparable, even to the point of mothballing my other love, Boris the 1961 Holden EK, in my mum's garage for the past six months. However, today my bike and I were ripped apart by an act of senseless theft. Now I'm all for getting things on the cheap, or even free, but stealing a bike from a uni student is fucked. We, (and especially) I can't afford to have bicycles disappear. Why don't you just steal the drugs, clothes, food or whatever you want to spend the money on, instead of using a poor student middleman like me to achieve your financial goals? After speaking with security, they tell me that at least one bike a day gets stolen from the Adelaide campus. He told me the last bike bandits to be caught were headed by some guy who works for the Adelaide City Council. Enough creating defamation issues for the paper, I plan to spend the next few days staking out Cash Converters to see if my bike shows up there. Oh yeah, and if you see an all-black Avanti mountain bike covered with stickers... it's mine.

Dan M

*Eds' note: No hearsay statement in this letter is an assertion of fact.*



# Fair Adelaide: Quaint Camelot or City of Corpses?



One wonders if Colonel William Light would have guessed for what his 1836 vision would be world famous. As Adelaide potters on towards its third century, the capital city of the only freely settled former colony is famous for its quaint beauty, wine, and a handful of arty festivals.

It's also known as a conservative, parochial backwater with a notably aging population. Despite flattery from news source CNN.com with a bestowing of the title "million-strong centre", Adelaide is more familiar to Australians as the dodderly aunt who, though fond of a shiraz, never quite catches on to what the rest of the capitals are up to. Despite some excellent initiatives, particularly in the arts and other intellectual pursuits (eg the Fringe, Womadelaide and the Festival

of Ideas), Adelaide just never quite makes it. The eastward exodus of thousands of university graduates and any hip young things who aren't shackled down points to a cultural cringe over the often stiflingly stale culture. The Athens of the South sometimes feels more like a cemetery with lights.

Coincidentally, the most recent projection of Adelaide to the rest of the world isn't so far removed from the cemetery imagery. Somehow Adelaide has entered the Western zeitgeist as the murder capital of the world, to quote a British Channel 4 documentary that was released last year. It's more notoriety than fame, relying on hyperbole and salacious details than statistics and qualitative data. It's popular to talk about it, too. When interviewed before embarking on a round of Adelaide shows, comedian Wil Anderson was asked to complete the sentence, "Adelaide, city of...". His reply: "...serial killers, the Glenelg tram, and five cent deposits on soft drink bottles. And to be honest I'm willing to risk the shallow graves for the opportunity to enter the competitions on the back of chip packets for free."

Five cent deposits aside, infamous British writer Salman Rushdie agrees. After a 1980s visit, so the story goes, he remarked that Adelaide was "a perfect setting for a Stephen King novel or horror film", and that "sleepy conservative towns are where those things happen".

Upon what is this seedy reputation based? Apparently, Adelaide is prolific when it comes to bizarre and gruesome murders. US-based crimelibrary.com, possibly the definitive website when it comes to serial killings and the like, has even dedicated an entire section to

Adelaide, which it has dubbed the "City of Corpses". "Per capita Adelaide and environs has recorded more of Australia's most notorious crimes than any other Australian capital city. In the annals of Australia's most horrific crimes, laid-back Adelaide's sinister past (and present) makes other cities look like Camelot," the site warns.

Maybe. Let's take a look at the last four decades. In 1966, Jane, Grant and Arna Beaumont were abducted from Glenelg Beach and are presumed dead. Seven years later, 11-year-old Joanne Ratcliffe and four-year-old Kirsty Gordon disappeared in similar circumstances from a football match at Adelaide Oval, also never to be found. The next year, University of Adelaide law lecturer Dr George Duncan was thrown into the Torrens

(yes, just next to the University footbridge) by vice-squad detectives with a penchant for gay bashing. The first real serial killings Adelaide can claim are known as the Truro Murders, when seven young women went missing over a 51-day period from December 1976 and were later found dead in Mid North graves. The Family Murders were to become even more notorious. Between 1979 and 1983 five young men were sexually tortured in well organised routines of abduction, drugging and detention before they were mutilated and killed. And as all of us would know now, the infamous Snowtown Bodies in the Barrels case broke in 1999, with six sets of remains being found in acid-filled barrels in a disused bank vault in the Mid North, and more bodies to follow.

Awful though this roll call of misery sounds, is it really out of kilter with the rest of the world? Adelaide University's own criminologist Dr Allan Perry thinks so. Considerable publicity surrounded his comments in August last year on a sociological explanation for the horrors of the Snowtown case. Published in respected interstate broadsheets, Perry confirmed Adelaide's already gruesome reputation. "There does not seem to be any doubt SA has more than its fair share of bizarre murders," he said. "I think by now the number of instances and circumstances in which they occurred suggest a pattern." In explanation, Perry pointed to macro and micro factors: a stifling, conservative dominant culture combined with a sickeningly degenerate subculture. The repression of non-conforming expression creates outbursts of evil, apparently. As for the sick underground, Perry says of the Snowtown murderers,

"they are coming out of what I see as a decadent, degenerate subculture. It is a horribly decadent drug and alcohol-dependent subculture where people grow up in this environment of physical abuse and violence and general moral decadence." Ignorance of or an unwillingness to deal with poverty, welfare dependence and family and relationship breakdowns are the problems to be actively tackled and solved in order to avert this horror again, it seems.

True as it is that South Australia is culturally conservative, and was recently identified as Australia's poorest state in terms of median income, is it really the only explanation? Are we haunted by violent crime because we are geographically marooned from the eastern seaboard, have one right-wing tabloid daily and a fear of attracting a young, hip crowd?

Contrary to Adelaide's notoriety for violent crimes, it actually looks pretty good on paper. After the release of *The Trials of Joanne Lees* doco and its assertion of Adelaide being the murder capital of the world, independent SA MP Nick Xenophon started spouting numbers in indignance. His police figures for the last decade put SA's murder rate at 1.9 per 100,000 people, compared to Washington at 50.82 per 100,000, Moscow on 18.2, and big sister Sydney on 3.8. Director of the Australian Institute of Criminology, Adam Graycar, says on average South Australia has had a lower homicide rate than the national for most of the past decade, and even as low as half the national rate in 1995.

The numbers point to it not being the frequency of murders, but the nature of them that attracts so much attention. The role of

the media is key in this. The more gory the details, the more papers sell and TV sets switch on. Although some information was suppressed in South Australia to facilitate the trial of the Snowtown murders' accused, interstate papers didn't hesitate in reporting upon the sensational case.

Even still, other Australian states are not without their own infamous victims, convicts or accused. South Australia was not home to the Hoddle Street gunman, Martin Bryant, Ivan Milat, the killers of Azaria Chamberlain and Jaidyn Leskie, or the gang of degenerates responsible for Anita Cobby's death.

Some say it's just the creepy atmosphere. Having not lived elsewhere for an appreciable amount of time, it's difficult

for me to say, but reports do suggest that there is something a little unholy about the City of Churches. Melbourne writer Mark Ellis is an Adelaide ex-pat who described in some detail the unsettling Adelaide vibe. In a piece in *The Age* last August, Ellis wrote: "I have lived in or visited many cities in Australia, Europe, Asia and North America, but none has terrified me more than the dark, empty suburban streets of Adelaide at night, so vivid are my macabre childhood memories of snatched children, buried bodies and disembowelled boys." And even: "(Still), after all these years, there is something sinister that I just can't shake. On the dark and empty streets, surrounded by silence and brush fences, I often wonder: would anyone come running from behind the twitching net curtains if they heard you scream?" Ellis attributes this disturbing atmosphere to Adelaide's much-maligned "large country town" size, the uncanny phenomenon of the (often less than) six degrees of separation, and its gossipy, parochial media outlets (a description of the *Tiser* as a "shrill tabloid" raised a smile).

Discussing our own experiences here in the *On Dit* office, perhaps Ellis isn't far wrong. Between three of us we had a murdered neighbour, regular attempted abductions at our primary schools such that school rules were modified to monitor us more closely, a nude stalker in our apartment block, and two or three degrees' separation from people who had been convicted of murder or survived attempted murder. We would never consider setting foot past Victoria Drive alone after dark, nor in any of the parklands ringing the city for fear of the prolific rapes committed there.

Maybe it's a reputation that's been spun by Adelaideans wanting to spice things up a bit. Ghastly and repugnant as violent crime is, if you're far enough removed, there's a sort of gallows humour to it. The horror of the human condition that harbours a desire to take another's life is clearly an obsession in this age of medical omniscience and supposed civilisation, if the proliferation of cop shows and thriller flicks is anything to go by. In that vein of detached fascination, I hope that the theme of this edition will intrigue and resonate with something within you, strange as that may seem, rather than offend.

Gemma Clark

*Adelaide, city of serial killers, the Glenelg tram, and five cent deposits on soft drink bottles. And to be honest I'm willing to risk the shallow graves for the opportunity to enter the competitions on the back of chip packets for free.*

- Wil Anderson

*Still, after all these years, there is something sinister that I just can't shake. On the dark and empty streets, surrounded by silence and brush fences, I often wonder: would anyone come running from behind the twitching net curtains if they heard you scream?*

- Mark Ellis



# History, War & Peace

**Benito Mussolini: lived in Switzerland to avoid military service from 1902-1904.**

**Adolf Hitler: killed 50,000,000, made the trains run on time.**

Anyone with moderately acute cultural radar will be aware that the practice of critical social history in this country has been under neoconservative assault for a decade now. Who can forget the posthumous assault on Manning Clarke, our greatest romantic historian, as an 'agent of Soviet influence'? Or Geoffrey Blainey's attempt to stigmatise multicultural and other democratic perspectives, including the seminal frontiers history of Henry Reynolds as 'black armband history'. The denigration of progressive historical scholarship in this country by Keith Windschuttle, aside from such incidental benefit it may have in reminding some practitioners that interpretations are not above verification, is essentially part of the rhetoric of philistine antagonism towards 'the elites'. It is nothing short of a vendetta against dissent in academia and the arts.

It is no accident that John Howard has associated himself with this neotriumphalism about the Australian experience. It is not just that it suits his determination to deny the genocide which was an implicit part of European settlement in this continent, despite the fact that there was no official policy of ethnic cleansing. Rather a neoconservative rewriting of history appeals to the vested interests he represents, the prime beneficiaries of conquest and capitalism in the antipodes. If white guilt about the decimation of the indigenous peoples of this continent can be soothed by historical denial, then pastoralists and mining executives have less to fear from land rights claims.

It is quite true that there is much to be proud of in Australian history, not the least the determination of the common people to believe in egalitarianism in the teeth of the discouragements of working life. It is not accidental that the most democratic electoral system in the world, the Hare-Clarke preferential system, was developed in Australia, and has flourished in Tasmania for a century. Women were first given the vote in South Australia, and many other encouraging precedents could be cited. But if we are not critically aware of our past, we can have no rational grounds for optimism about our future. The Pangloss apology for everything that we are and ever have been is a recipe for complacency and disaster. For history is not about the past. It is about

developing the depth and sophistication of perspective needed to face the challenges of the future more effectively than before.

For example, take John Howard's stance on national identity and foreign affairs. They are intimately related. Not for nothing does he praise the ANZAC generation as models of sacrifice. He would have our youth march as cheerfully off to the interminable wars of our great and powerful friend as blithely as their ancestors fell into line for the Empire. In fact the ANZAC generation are tragic figures, whose ordeal should warn us not to be so ready to heed warmongering. Howard looks forward to a series of khaki elections and an ascendancy as long as Menzies', from the Cold War to Vietnam. But Howard is ignorant of the real prospects for a 2<sup>nd</sup> War on Terrorism. The 1<sup>st</sup> War on Terrorism was in fact the Great War for which the ANZACs volunteered.

That war was precipitated by a terrorist outrage by the Bosnian Serb Gavrilo Princip, a student activist with the Black Hand organisation, who assassinated the Hapsburg Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo on June 28 1914. The Serbian government sought to forestall the killing, aware that ultranationalist elements of its own intelligence service were conniving at the murder. The heir to the Austro-Hungarian empire was little mourned by his own dynasty, and few considered that the act of an extremist could precipitate a general European war. But the Chief of the Austrian General Staff General Conrad was keen to exploit the casus belli or pretext for war with Serbia. The Slav state had challenged Hapsburg hegemony across its south eastern frontiers in the Balkan Wars [1912-13], a series of nationalistic conflicts fought with Great Power sponsorship, particularly Russian, to dismantle the Ottoman empire in Europe in the wake of the advent to power of the Young Turk reformers. Concerned that Serb nationalism would destabilise Hapsburg control of Bosnia, and encouraged by German support, Austrian diplomats handed Serbia an ultimatum on July 23<sup>rd</sup> which accused Serbia of responsibility for the assassination and demanded that Austro-Hungarian officials be permitted to enter Serbia and supervise suppression of 'the subversive movement'. The ultimatum was intended to provoke a local war and the dismemberment of Serbia amongst her

neighbours. Russia backed Serbia with the support of France and Great Britain and the rest is history. Anyone who wishes to know what this all meant for Australia need only inquire into the true meaning of names like Fromelles...

Like the first War on Terrorism of 1914-18, Bush's crusade has all the potential of provoking general conflict. The delusion that conflict can be localised in a context of tension is identical. The parthian shots of Dr Mahatir calling the muslim brotherhood to arms to chastise zionist arrogance in Palestine underline this. All we will get from George Bush for acting as his sheriff will be a tin badge with a bullet hole in it and more casualties to add to our losses in Bali. As imperialism's best friends, we will live to rue its blundering blindness. This is what is so frightening about the neoconservative project for a new american century: its remarkable ignorance of history. The hawks in Washington seem to know of only one historical event: the betrayal of Czech and European democracy at Munich, with one of its major consequences, the holocaust of the European Jews. The lesson they draw is that you must throw your weight around and never blink in the face of your enemies. But the real betrayal at Munich was that Chamberlain was not eyeballing an enemy, but negotiating with a partner in the anticommunist crusade. The circles around Cheney, Rumsfeld, Perl and Wolfowitz are the successors of that crusade, proponents of a world order subordinated to the interests and prejudices of the corporations who fund their think tanks and buy national elections at home and abroad. We must decide whether we will fall in with them, in contravention of our own interests as did the naive lads of 1914, or strike out for a better future. It will not be easy, but as the Italians say, better alone than ill accompanied. And we would not even be alone. Europe for example has already shown that it is no longer content to be an American province. Why should we settle for anything less than national independence, free of the moral compromises of the US alliance?

David Faber

# Faber vs Fiebig:

## Are the Greens credible?

I want to respond to the points raised by David Faber (*On Dit* 71.17 p21) suggesting South Australian Greens have a credibility problem, that Greens generally are self-righteous, and are apparently pissing away a chance to capitalise on mainstream acceptance that the environment is ostensibly fucked and something should be done about it pronto.

There are a few reasons why the Greens are still a minority movement. Firstly, there is doubt over exactly how accepting the mainstream is of radically changing our patterns of existence to live within the ways of the ecology. Secondly, the Greens don't deal in elaborate and colourful PR that attunes itself to capitalising on anything with a big splash.

No one is too sure how far the rise of the Greens can go in the Australian political landscape. Just as no one is too sure of the fate of the planet. We only know one thing, and that is we're all going to die, and a whole new generation of people with their ideas, attitudes and beliefs will take over. Except for Liberals and corporate elites, they probably won't die, they'll probably have their heads cryogenically frozen and will continue to rule earth beyond the life spans of most social and environmental activists and green political types. So yeah, the neoliberal fetish for isolationist dollar creation and their cynical vote-grabbing counterparts loaded with unprincipled poll-driven decisions of political expedience will probably pull the strings for quite a while longer. The Greens are happy to bide their time and work away in their branches

and their states among everything else that goes on, hopefully towards a better alternative, and a healthier, happier tomorrow.

The Greens policies pull together sentiments expressed by deep ecologists, the socialist-anarchist left, and the sentiments of the people that state power likes to keep away with the erection of fences and barricades and lines of riot police (although I love the beautiful horses! they're so innocent and grey) this usually happens when a WTO meeting hits town, or people are genuinely curious about what happens inside a refugee detention centre. Green policy is not friendly to a large proportion of the mainstream. Half of Australia voted with their feet for a war mongering, free market fundamentalist, environmentally disastrous Howard government (and I don't buy the idea that they were manipulated to do so). And they'll probably do it again. That says to me that half of Australia probably hates the essence of what the Greens are putting forth in policy. Ratify Kyoto? No way, that'll cost jobs, money... they say, as though every issue is a miserable choice between the environment and the economy, as though you can't have both. This should not curtail the Greens standing up for what they believe in, and it shouldn't inevitably lead to The Greens making compromises just to gain power.

On the other point, Faber criticised the Greens (in SA) for stealing Kris Hanna (MP for the state seat of Mitchell) from the ALP. In defence of Kris and the Greens it was legal, and it was constitutional. Also the

decision to accept Hanna was not made as blithely as Faber suggests. An enormous amount of consideration and consultation with party membership went into analysing the ethics behind the situation. Hanna's move was justified as a protest against the ALP in their silence on war and refugees, and the operation of a Rann government where increasingly it was the case a handful of men ran the show. This was a gradual shift that reached breaking point between elections justifying the switch mid-stream. As for the voters in Mitchell who voted for a Labor candidate and now have a Green member of parliament, I don't think anyone is complaining too much as he now is allowed the freedom to speak, and has more flexibility to make the political process accountable.

I hope this allays Faber's concerns of the credibility of the Greens. Meanwhile I'd like to dispel the assertion that Greens are apparently so righteous, and can do no wrong. I am a member of the Greens and I want to confess the following: I think I like one of those songs by Delta Goodrem, every now and then I will drive the 800m to my supermarket, and my beliefs in peace and non-violence fly out the window when I'm tearing up and burning an edition of *The Advertiser* (which is literally an 'advertiser' with snippets of news), or yelling 'mediocre corporate whore' at Rove on the telly.

**Peter Fiebig**

Convenor, Eastern Suburbs Greens

# Pearson vs Walton:

## Compulsory voting on campus?

David Pearson's article 'So you didn't like election week' explores some alternatives on how election week could be improved. Pearson concludes his article by suggesting that the introduction of compulsory voting could rejuvenate interest for election week and help solve the problem of student apathy.

It could do that, but I think it's more likely to piss the student body right off.

Like Pearson, I also ran in this year's election, was elected, and experienced first hand just how annoyed people became from being harassed by overly zealous student politicians during election week. Having spoken to many students during the week, the overwhelming mood seemed to be one of annoyance and disinterest in the political circus around them.

The problem is twofold. First, not many students take a strong interest or have the time to ground themselves in the background of many political issues, let alone those in student politics. Secondly, they don't perceive their representative bodies as being able to influence the Australian political system in any meaningful way. These two factors combine to create the perception that student politics is irrelevant. If student politics is "irrelevant" then students just want those brightly coloured clowns handing out flyers to roll over and die, keeping the pathways to lecture theatres clear for people who actually want to finish their degrees.

Despite the encouragement from student politicians, only a minority of students take the time and effort to vote. The rest either don't want to vote, or don't care to vote. Either way, I'm not sure whether forcing these people to vote is a good idea. Compulsory voting could ironically spell the death for our representative

bodies, as people tick 'no candidate' or elect candidates advocating voluntary student unionism in protest of what they see as an irrelevant student organisation that is now forcing them against their will to vote.

However these problems do not necessarily mean that there is no merit to the idea of compulsory voting. I support compulsory voting in our state and national elections because it does encourage people to fulfil their responsibility as citizens and make decisions where they otherwise may not have been bothered to do so. The reason why I don't think it would work in our student elections is because even though the Australian electorate is very disenchanted with our national political parties, they are not going to vote against having a government. I don't think the same can be said for student governance.

Therefore the perception of irrelevancy must be addressed either before or during the implementation of compulsory voting for it to be successful.

The issue of students not having a strong enough interest or grounding in politics is a difficult one to solve. To read widely and consider all the competing solutions to all the different political problems (and ways of depicting those problems) is both a daunting prospect in itself and time intensive. When students pay top dollar for a University education, struggle on pitiful Centrelink benefits and have to balance work, family and study, I can understand why people feel that they have enough on their plate already without taking an in-depth view of contemporary political issues.

This problem could be fixed by recreating (or perhaps I should say 'restoring') the image of the University as not just a place where you study to get

a job but also a place where the most rigorous thought and debate takes place in society. A place where all students, not just those involved in the humanities or social sciences, think deeply about the philosophical and political issues of the day.

Of course, this is no easy task. One way we could set out to achieve this is by holding regular debates, forums, and speeches to increase student's interest and knowledge of political issues. Debate on campus needs to be balanced and entertaining, if you try to ram propaganda down someone's throat they will reject you, the roaring popularity of the Socialist Alliance is testament to this.

Student politicians shouldn't fight in University meeting rooms, they should take it outside and duke it out on the Barr Smith lawns. By developing greater transparency and communication between students will allow those who are interested to get involved and make informed choices.

So before implementing something drastic like compulsory voting, we need to carefully consider the reasons behind student apathy and the barriers preventing those who are interested in making informed choices.

If you have any comments, questions, or issues relating to student politics, feel free to email me at [matthew.walton@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:matthew.walton@student.adelaide.edu.au). Alternatively you can contact the Union or Student's Association, or better yet write in to *On Dit* and continue the debate Pearson started.

**Matthew Walton**

# ADELAIDE UNITED FOREVER

It's a strange and wonderful thing to be at a sold out sportsground. The set up and experience is so different what we experience in everyday life. Sure there are lots of people around, even in Adelaide, but, the Planet and Bonython Hall aside, we are not thousands of us regularly crammed into one place with the same goal and intent. There were more than 15,000 people at Hindmarsh Stadium a fortnight ago to see Adelaide United play and win its inaugural match and set about the daunting task of creating a new footballing identity in South Australia.

There was a buzz around the stadium before the match and indeed within a kilometre or so radius of it. Walking to the game you could hear the crowd building up and see the brisk walks of men and women eager to get to the action. They came in families and couples, groups of eager teens and marauding drunken sports fans. Falling roughly into the last category, we congregated at the Squatters Arms Hotel opposite the ground and had our first experience of 'lining up for a very long time for beer', which was to be a recurring theme of the night. People either wore whatever red, white and blue clothes that they could find, or alternatively the regalia of whatever European club they supported. Juventus and Dortmund supporters spoke to each other in English, while Real Madrid Beckhams drank happily with slightly outdated Manchester United Beckhams.

We got to the ground about an hour before kick-off, but were still relegated to the seats at the back of the stand behind the goals at the scoreboard end. This meant that we couldn't see the scoreboard, however unless offering TV replays they are pretty superfluous at a soccer match anyway. If you don't know the score then you really don't care.

The pre-match entertainment consisted of a parade of SA footballing stars who few but the die-hard fans could recognise and some dramatic and stirring musical performances, including a performance of the Adelaide United Anthem (which could, with minor lyrical changes, serve as suitable music to send men off to war by). We were also treated to some fireworks which nearly necessitated medical treatment for some in the eastern stand when a misfired rocket flew into their midst. By this stage it was apparent that we were in for a good night. All the seats were filled and people were still coming in to fill the aisles and standing room. There seemed to be at least as many lining up for beer and hot-dogs under the stands as there were watching the game.

The match couldn't be described as the beautiful game at its very best, but it was entertaining and played at a furious pace with several good shots on goal, including Carl Veart's winning strike just before half time. The Adelaide squad got off to a nervous start but settled rapidly to outplay the Brisbane

Strikers for most of the game and hold them scoreless in the last ten minutes. Coach Kosmina's attacking style and willingness to throw young talent in at the deep end was well received by the fans, and should auger well for more entertaining matches throughout the NSL season.

After the final whistle and celebrations we joined the shuffling mass of people heading for the exit gates. Slowly moving in a crush of a crowd is a different social experience. All sorts of cultural norms involving personal space and rubbing of shoulders are being breached and the slow path to the exit is best spent keeping your hands to yourself and trying to keep track of your friends in the mob. Leaving thus provided the best opportunity to hear the reactions of many others around, who were all suitably happy with the game and the new club, with the exception of a few City fans predicting a rapid demise and drop in attendances.

I hope that they're wrong and people keep coming to support Adelaide United. Last Friday's 3-2 come-from-behind victory over Newcastle has continued their dream start to the season. Hindmarsh is a great stadium, close to the city, and with continued support Adelaide United can make it a home to good football for everyone.

Steven Robert

## The Dullness of Apathy...

You didn't vote, and don't protest. A SAUA is a drainage system for wastes, you've never contributed to *On Dit* and know to avoid those 'feral lefties' at all costs. According to some, you are - justified or not - therefore 'apathetic' and because of the supposed direct correlation between apathy and campus culture's rumoured death, you find yourself being blamed. However, the fact is there are active students out there who are overlooked as various Presidents, office bearers and Editors point their wrath filled fingers at all the 'apathetic' students.

Sometimes it is these 'apathetic' students who are responsible for keeping campus culture alive. After all if apathy is the extinction of pub crawls, barbecues, quiz nights, concerts, black tie events and student gatherings, then it would seem it is a long way off. This year I have been privileged enough to be a part of the executive of the Adelaide University Media Association, a fledgling club in its first year, and winner of the Adelaide University Clubs Association Best New Club Award. The club has definitely proved to be a learning curve for all involved in its organisation and activities. As all active members of a club will tell you, being part of a club teaches you the meaning of responsibility, organisation, dedication, late nights, but most of all apathy.

The Media Association began the year by signing 150 members, and over the year has seen that number escalate to over 200. The AUMA have organised two pub crawls - The Pub Crawl and Pub Crawl Reloaded; a quiz night; and perhaps the event we are most proud of, The Ball. The AUMA Ball was held on August 23 at the Hyatt and boasted guest speakers Bronwyn Hurrell and Julia Lester, and was a good opportunity for media hopefuls to mingle with the big fish. But more amazing than all of this has been the overwhelming response to all of these activities.

Don't take my word for it. Keith Stephens, President of the Adelaide University Clubs Association agrees that "campus culture is alive and well". So while apathy has, as it would seem, taken up residency in the University's political campaigns (which is unfortunate because of the proposed changes to higher education, however, that is whole different can of worms), campus culture

has found a new home in the Clubs Association and Sports Association. This culture can be seen everywhere - in the Union Cinema, Level 5 of the Union Building, in the Unibar and the gym, in small groups on the Barr Smith Lawns, in hackie sacks and footballs, it can be smelt in the barbecues and in the beer, it can be heard in the voices of the choral society, and felt in martial arts.

Apathy is dull, we are tired of the word. It is over used, and students are sick of hearing it. Unfortunately though, there is only one way to rid the campus of it and that is to get involved. And this time of year is the perfect opportunity, many of the clubs and associations are having their Annual General Meetings. This is your chance to get involved with your club. I know the Media Association are holding theirs this Tuesday (October 28) at 1pm in the Equinox. A club is great way to get to know the people in your degree or interest group, to learn some new skills, and it looks great on your CV.

\*Sarah Eckermann  
on behalf of the Adelaide University  
Media Association

## ...AND THE JOY OF THE MEDIA CLUB!

Notes from

an abandoned

post office

WE DO NOT  
EXIST

It's some time after midnight when we stumble upon an abandoned post office somewhere on the main drag of Newcastle, New South Wales. Ageing stone columns loom a full three storeys above the street. Mottled banners sag across the parapets. Bird shit and long dead insects coat every second surface. There are no gargoyles adorning the façade, but there may as well be.

The interior of the building is surreal. Two hundred people, many of them very high, dance and sway to a swelling acoustic crescendo. In the corner of the wide lobby, naked silhouettes frolic behind a backlit screen. The cool air is thick with music, candlelight and chemicals. I cross myself and thank the cosmos that I'm already stoned.

Some time later, after the band had shuffled off the stage, after the frolicking hippies had gathered their clothes, after the fire department had dispersed the remaining crowd while those of us with pens and notebooks copied down the naïve slogans that adorned the walls, after everything had finished and nothing was left, it occurred to me that I was wasting my time trying to preserve the memory of it for posterity.

I shouldn't remember how beautiful it was, because memory is fleeting, and beauty is lame. Instead, I should try and feel the same way about everything else, from the hammock in my back yard, to rust spot on my toaster to the diffuse turd my housemate left in the toilet before he left town.

Stan

We choose to keep choosing.  
We choose to keep changing.  
We choose life.

We encourage  
timewasting &  
playful disobedience

When will cliches cease to be lame?

We have no members  
There is no registration  
or uniform  
No regular  
meetings  
or recommended  
readings.

Kiss a stranger.  
Taste a lover,  
give a fuck.  
Wrap it in pastry  
or call it  $\pi$ .

We believe you're already  
paid in full.

The life and times of  
**On dit**

Volume 71:

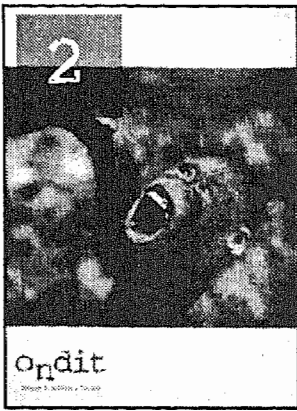
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\* editions **CUT!**  
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Head on down to the On Dit office to collect back issues of the 2003 volume of your student newspaper. All editions still available!

(If we're not in, you might be able to find what you're looking for in the stairwell on the ground floor of the George Murray Building.)



**1**  
*Message may not actually be from the Prime Minister*



**2**  
*Primates*



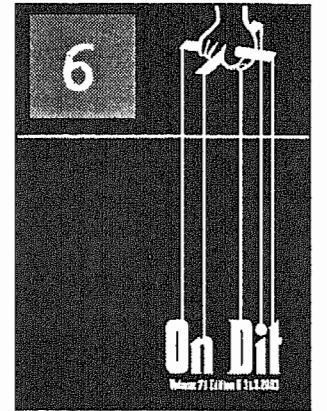
**3**  
*With love from Cherry Ames*



**4**  
*Cowboys and Cowgirls*



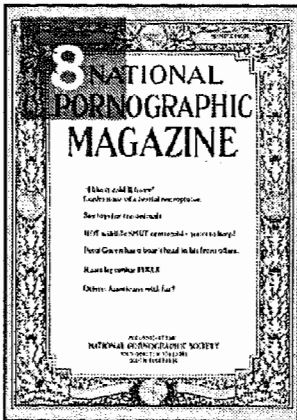
**5**  
*Motoring*



**6**  
*Mafia*



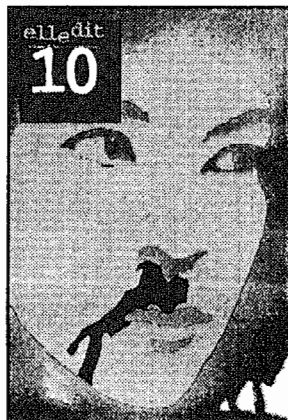
**7**  
*Storybook*



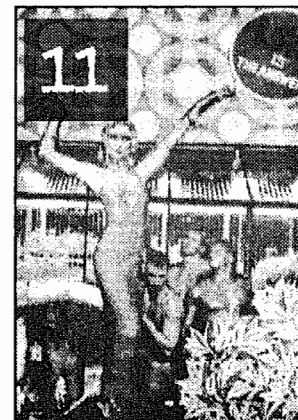
**8**  
*Prosh: National Pornographic*



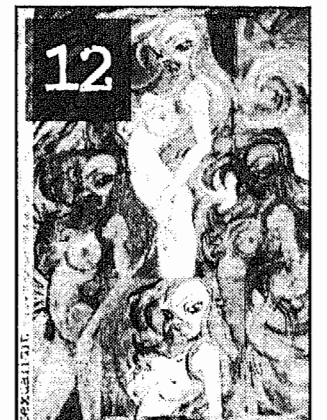
**9**  
*Postcards from Liechtenstein*



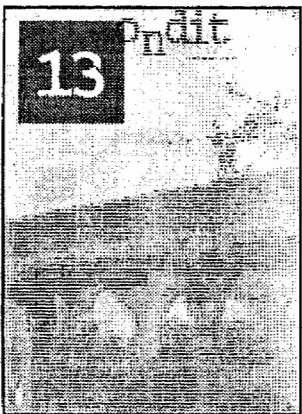
**10**  
*Elle Dit*



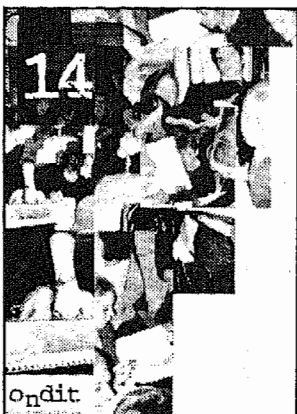
**11**  
*PoMo*



**12**  
*Sexualidit*



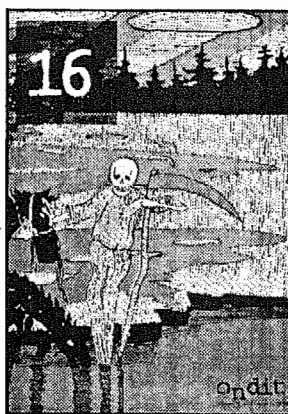
**13**  
*Mathematics*



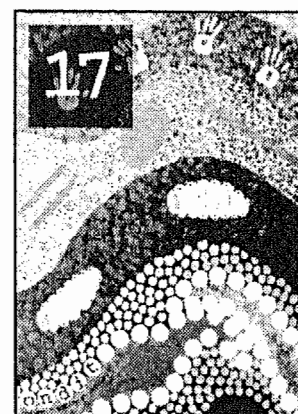
**14**  
*Education*



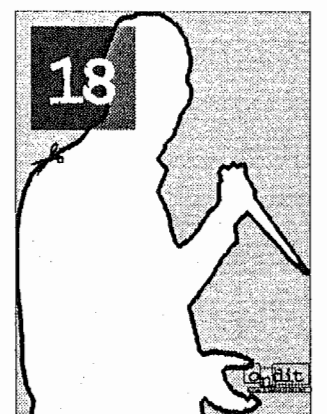
**15**  
*Election Week*



**16**  
*Russian Misery*



**17**  
*ATSI / Environdit*



**18**  
*City of Adelaide cookie cutter*

Your perfect excuse for swotvac procrastination comes out next week: the final edition of On Dit for 2003.

# so you wanna be a radio star? applications now open for 2004 radio shows

Do you want to get hands-on experience in the wonderful land of media? Do you want to show Rove where to shove his gold Logie? Well here's your chance. Student Radio 101.5fm is looking for people who are keen to do a radio show every fortnight. We can teach you how to be a radio presenter, so if you are enthusiastic, committed and professional we want to hear from you because that's the kind of radio we want to give to our listeners.

We are also looking for people with other skills to contribute to student radio, especially people with expertise in web design for updating our site. However, due to the poverty stricken nature of Student Radio, this work would be unpaid. But don't think it will be a thankless role. We will happily repay you in drunken adventures and perhaps the occasional freebie... not to mention the GLORY! Also, with our eyes on 2004, if anyone is interested

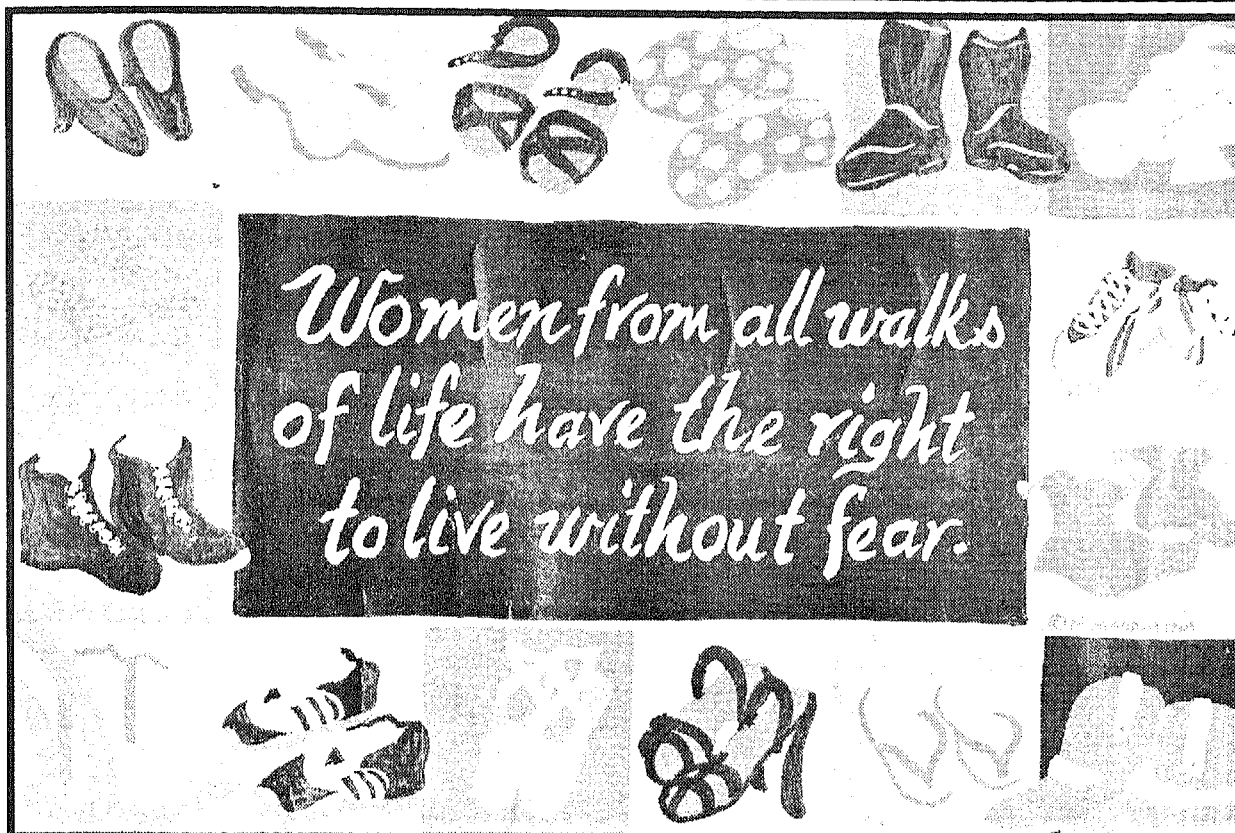
in helping out at o-week or other student radio events, give either of us a tingle.

Applications close on Friday 14th November. If you miss out on getting a fortnightly show or don't think you're up for a regular spot, there will be opportunities to participate in an "open mic" show each week.

Drop your completed applications into Radio Adelaide at 228 North Terrace or the SAUA office near the Cloisters. Download your application here: <http://student.radio.adelaide.edu.au/student/applications/studrad04e.pdf>

Cheers,

**Emma & Dan**  
dan.murphy@student.adelaide.edu.au  
emma.toop@student.adelaide.edu.au



# Reclaim the Night

Reclaim the Night is the banner under which various marches, rallies and campaigns have been run by women against violence in many countries around the world. The basic premise is that women and children deserve to be able to live their lives without fear of physical and sexual violence, including freedom of movement within their communities during the day and after dark.

There are various reports about where Reclaim the Night first started, but all agree that it was in Europe in the mid 1970s. Some say the first rally took place in 1976 in Rome, in response to reported rapes reaching the disturbing figure of 16,000 per year. That march attracted a crowd of 10,000. More rallies were held in Germany in the following months.

The rally that is usually credited as being the original Reclaim the Night was in Leeds, England on November 23, 1977. A series of crimes known as the 'Ripper murders' had been terrorising the city and the solution offered by the authorities was for women to stay indoors at night for their own safety. Reclaim the Night was initiated in defiance of this onus being placed on women to protect themselves from (male) perpetrators of violent crime. In solidarity, marches were held in 11 other towns.

The Reclaim the Night concept was appropriated by the United States and renamed 'Take Back the Night' in 1978. The first one was in San Francisco and attracted 5000 women from 30 states, and focussed on the pornography industry as a form of violence against women.

Since then, Reclaim the Night has taken various approaches to addressing different forms of violence against women and children and has been held around the world, from India to Holland.

The first Australian Reclaim the Night was held in 1978 also, and since have been held in all capital cities and a number of rural areas. "Reclaim the Night represents a challenge to the curfew mentality that is imposed on 51 per cent of the population. It symbolises a rejection of existing beliefs that 'women shouldn't walk alone at night' and 'that women should be careful of what they wear and who they speak to'. Such warnings deflect the onus and responsibility of male violence from men onto women, and endorse a kind of gender apartheid on the streets," said Anne-Lise Wallis from the New South Wales Council of Social Services in 1993.

In addition, Reclaim the Night has served to build solidarity between women campaigning for allied causes, as well as a somewhat therapeutic expression of strength and independence for women who are survivors of sexual violence.

Although the traditional objectives of Reclaim the Night remain as core values of the campaign, in recent years it has been widened to advocate for other causes

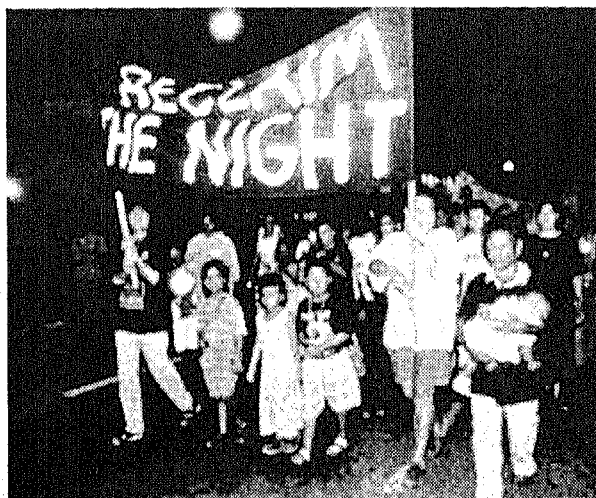
too, including international efforts to make rape a war crime, protesting the international traffic in women, and advocating for the rights of women migrants and refugees.

Nowadays, the most controversial aspect of Reclaim the Night is a matter of organization, and whether or not a Reclaim the Night rally will be a women-autonomous event. There are strong arguments for and against male participation in this campaign. Some women contend that Reclaim the Night is an expression of women's strength and solidarity, and makes the point that this is the only night of the year where women can walk alone without fear. Also, women who are survivors of sexual violence at the hands of men may not feel safe walking in the presence of men (there are known instances of perpetrators attending the event as a form of intimidation). On the other hand, some organisers have seen the inclusion of men in Reclaim the Night as valuable. They see men's inclusion as contributing to social change, and an opportunity for men to make a statement of their opposition to sexual violence. In some communities and cultures, women feel safer walking with their male partners and family members. Often a compromise is reached by having women lead the march and men follow, men marching under a banner like 'Men Against Violence' or men lining footpaths along the march route.

No matter the form of the event, Reclaim the Night is an important statement on the horrific social scourge of sexual violence, of which women and children are the predominant targets. The best Reclaim the Night will be the one that will not need to be held at all.

Gemma Clark

An excellent Australian website on Reclaim the Night: <http://www.isis.aust.com/rtn/>



Above: Adelaide RTN promotional material by M. Magdalena, 2002.

Below: A 1990s Take Back the Night, San Francisco.  
Below left: Reclaim the Night, Fiji.



Reclaim the Night is  
being held in Adelaide  
this Friday evening,  
October 31.

Meet at Victoria Square at  
6.30pm for speakers

March heads off at 7pm

Street party in Hindley  
Street, 7.30pm

For more information contact  
SAUA Women's Officer,  
Georgia Phillips on 8303 5406.

# serial killer sampler

thanks to the sensationalist reporting of crimelibrary.com

## myra hindley & ian brady



28-year-old Ian Brady and 24-year-old Myra Hindley were a murderous combination of personalities.

At a young age Brady burgled houses which got him time in prison. At prison he learnt all he could about the outside criminal world and decided he would be an enemy to society.

Brady and Hindley first met from working at the same office. They talked of their sadistic tastes and showed the same interests in nazism and pornography. It was then that they became a couple.

In September of 1964 Brady and Hindley moved in with Hindley's grandmother. It's at this time Brady was introduced to Myra's sister, Maureen, and her 17-year-old husband, David Smith. Brady immediately wanted to impress Smith with his tales of thieving and criminal knowledge.

To prove himself more to Smith, Brady picked up 17-year-old homosexual Edward Evans, on 6 October 1965. Brady tied Evans up in his home and invited Smith over. Brady then smashed Evans skull in with an axe in front of Smith who was horrified.

The next day Smith contacted the police who arrested Brady and Hindley. The police searched the house and found a dead boy in the bathroom and also found evidence of other murders. With this evidence the police dug up the Moors north of Manchester and discovered the bodies of two children.

Brady and Hindley's modus operandi was to pick up young people, sometimes the victim was subjected to rape and mutilation then killed and buried. It was estimated that they killed about 6 young people.

Ian Brady and Myra Hindley were convicted of murder on 6 May 1966 and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Dahmer then enlisted himself into the army to be posted for training in Alabama. While back home his father was remarrying, Jeff did not attend. His short term in the army was hounded by punishments from his superiors because of his inability to stay sober; he was therefore discharged and returned home to live with his grandmother in Bath Township.

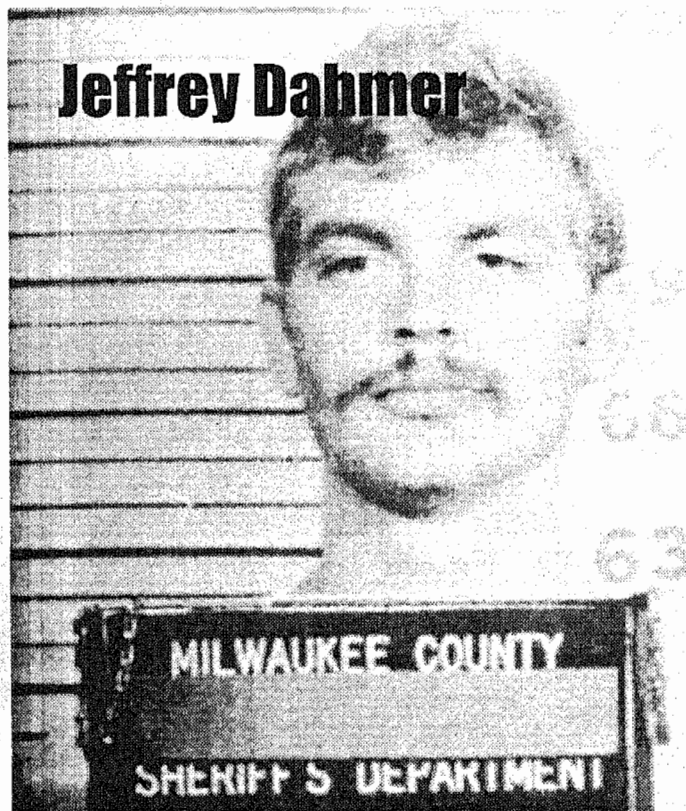
One fatal day in June, Dahmer went to see his father in order to borrow his car so he could go to movies, but instead of going to the movies, he just drove around the countryside. He then spotted a young hitchhiker bare chested and offered him a lift into town. The hitchhiker's name was 19 year old Steven Hicks. Dahmer took him to his grandmother's house for refreshments, it was here that his wrath began. It would last for 3yrs and 17 victims later.

During his killing spree Dahmer became more and more fascinated with death he obtained a sexual fetish for death. Each victim was stripped, placed in various positions, sleep with the bodies, take photographs of each stage of dismemberment he would also masturbate into the carcasses, he became a necrophiliac and a cannibal. All this so that he wouldn't feel alone anymore.

The experiments were to drill a hole into the back of the cranium and injecting hydrochloric acid into the frontal lobes of the brain, while he was still alive. Such experiments were to create a 'zombie' in order to be in complete control of his victim.

Photos of various stages of dismemberment, a severed head lying on the floor, the fridge had 3 bags containing a heart, flesh and a portion of muscle. A freezer contained 3 heads, a human torso, a bag containing flesh and some internal organs. The cupboard contained various chemicals and 2 bleached skulls. On the floor there was a large kettle holding 2 hands, a penis and testicles. There was 3 more skulls found in a filing cabinet. A wardrobe contained a complete skeleton, dried human scalp and more genitals. In a box there were 2 more skulls, next to the box there was a 260 litre vat containing acid. Police found 3 human torso's in various stages of decomposition.

## Jeffrey Dahmer

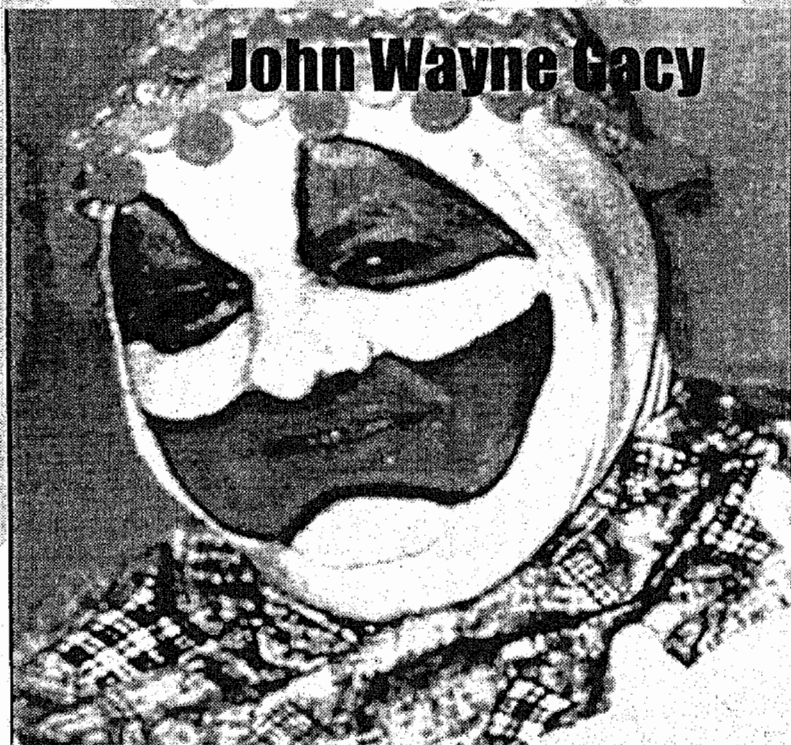


Gacy was born and raised in Chicago. Badly educated, he worked briefly in Las Vegas before returning to Chicago. He attended business college and began a moderately successful career at a clothing company. In 1964 he married and moved to Iowa where he managed a Kentucky Fried Chicken Restaurant, belonging to his wife's family. In his spare time Gacy enjoyed donning the costume of a clown, to perform for children at local birthday parties and celebrations.

In May 1968 he was convicted of sodomy and sentenced to 10 years. His wife divorced him. He was paroled in 1971 and returned to Chicago where he worked for a construction contractor. In 1975 he left to establish his own business, PDM Contracting. He remarried in 1975 and moved to the Chicago district of Des Plaines. He became a prominent local businessman, a member of the Jaycees and a Democratic precinct captain. His new wife divorced him in mid 1976.

No suspicion fell on Gacy until late 1978 when he was investigated following the disappearance of a teenage boy. A search of his house revealed a number of incriminating items related to other disappearances. In December 1978 Gacy went to the police and confessed. He claimed he had first killed in January 1972. He confessed to 33 murders, indicating where the bodies were in 28 of the cases—buried under his house. Most of the victims were young male prostitutes. Bodies were uncovered from December 1978 to April 1979 when the last known victim was found in the Illinois River.

## John Wayne Gacy





# on dit

## 2004



### Hello there.

See the heading at the top of this advertisement? See how trashy it looks? It's written in one of our favourite fonts - it's called 'Uncle Typewriter.' Neat huh?

A font is a bit like the voice of a word. It affects the way it sounds in your head. Many people think that the tone of a piece of writing is a function of the font that it appears in.

For instance, the phrase 'I LOVE YOU' looks all fucked up in Dirty Ego, but would look fine in, say, *Quigley Wiggly*.

With all this in mind, a font is totally meaningless without words - just a bunch of silly old geometric algorithms.

Sometimes we think *On Dit* is a bit like a font. Without writers, reviewers and subeditors, *On Dit* is nothing more than newsprint and staples. It may sound corny, but this paper would be nothing without the people who give up their time to contribute.

That's where you come in, Mojambo. **Applications are now open** for next year's volume of *On Dit*, and we need nutty people like you to help us unleash its terrible wrath on an unsuspecting public.

So if you think you'd enjoy having the run of a whole section of *On Dit*, pick up an application form from the Students' Association (ground floor of the Lady Symon Building), or stop by our strange office in the **basement of the George Murray Building**.

Here's a list of the sections you can apply for:

**Current Affairs, Campus News, Opinion,  
Humour, Music, Local Music, Literature, Visual Arts,  
Theatre, Food & Wine, Science & Technology.**

**Hurry!** Applications close soon.

May the fonts be with you,

**James Cameron, Tristan Mahoney & Sara-Jane King**  
On Dit Editors, 2004

# melbourne cup

tuesday . november 4th . 2003

on a day when style truly matters, why not enjoy yourself with the adelaide university union at either

'equinox function room' (north terrace campus) or 'lirra-lirra café' (waite campus).

**equinox: superb two course meal \$24.50 p.p**

**lirra-lirra café: superb buffet \$22.00 p.p**

halal & vegetarian options available

**10% DISCOUNT**  
FOR ADELAIDE  
UNIVERSITY STUDENTS  
upon presentation  
of your Union Card

- champagne on arrival
- jazz band
- sweeps
- best hat prizes
- fun door prizes
- big screen
- coffee & chocolates

so, for the greatest day in racing...  
join us for a thoroughbred performance.  
book early to avoid disappointment!

enquiries phone: **1300 305 131**

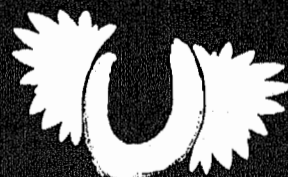
or e-mail: [functions@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:functions@adelaide.edu.au)

booking form available on-line from  
[www.union.adelaide.edu.au](http://www.union.adelaide.edu.au)

**12 noon to 4pm**  
\$3.00 pints of west end  
\$3.00 champagnes  
\$3.00 brandy plus mixer

**happy hour 4pm to 6pm**

OR...  
head up to the **unibar**...  
watch the race on  
the big screen  
cheap drinks & great meal  
deals like **\$5 nachos**  
available



adelaide university union

# Vox Pop

1. If you were to be slaughtered, how would you prefer your killer to do it?
2. What is the creepiest thing about Adelaide?
3. What do you think would be the tastiest part of the human body?
4. Where is the best place to hide a corpse on campus?



**Barry**

1. I'd like to do it myself. First, I'd slice my stomach, then have a high-ranking officer (preferably a representative of the Shogun), decapitate me. It's called 'Kaishaku'.
2. The elderly.
3. The liver.
4. Those large concrete cylinders.

**Alistair**

1. Quickly, without pain. Perhaps a shotgun to the base of the head.
2. The Union.
3. The knee.
4. The -80 freezers in the molecular sciences building.



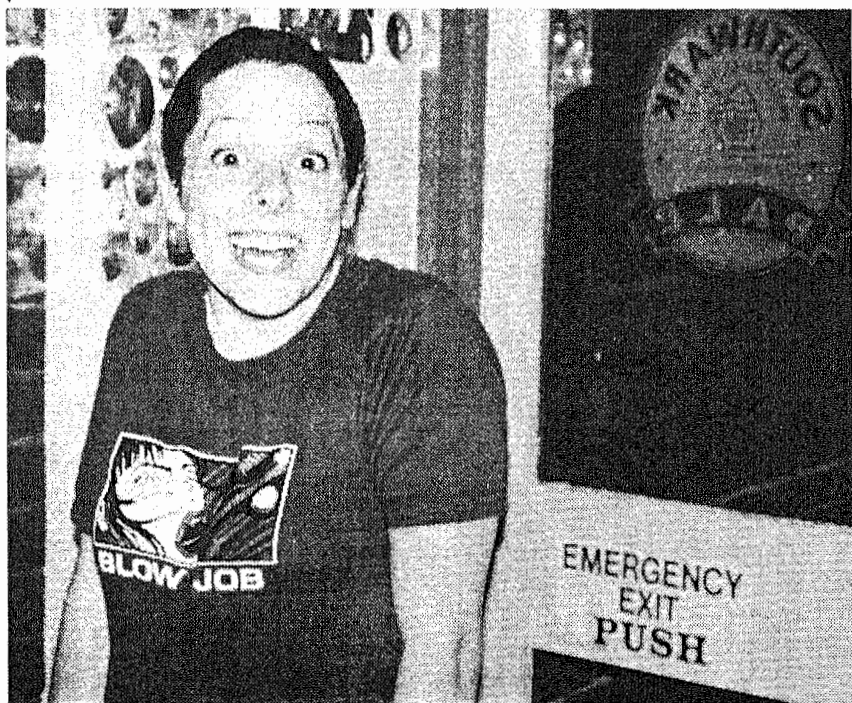
**Carla & Ben**

1. C: The killer would chase me up a flight of stairs, slicing at my clothes. Once they caught me they would stab me in the back, throw me off a tall building and finally my body would land on the cloth roof of a white convertible.  
B: Head chopped off by a silent chainsaw whilst I was sleeping.
2. C: Hardcore Goths.  
B: Hindley Street Falafel.
3. C: Pancreas.  
B: Brain.
4. C: Last cubicle of the female toilets in The Cloisters.  
B: The concrete poster tube things.



Rebecca, Siobhan & Sam

1. R: Decapitated.  
Si: Ditto.  
Sa: I'd like to die in a glass elevator.
2. R: The paedophiles – all those missing children.  
Si: The people in the 24 hour grocery store in North Adelaide.  
Sa: Tall poppy syndrome.
3. R: The Lips.  
Si: Tongue.  
Sa: The balls, or maybe the arse.
4. R: Chopped up in a wheelie bin.  
Si: The top floor of the Engineering North building.  
Sa: Let the pigs at Roseworthy deal with it.



Angela

1. I would prefer my body to be coated in molasses and eaten by ants.
2. After living in Sydney and Melbourne, I'm not sure if Adelaide can be creepy.
3. The vagina.
4. In the ceiling of the med school.

Josh

1. Chased of a cliff by a hundred topless women on roller-skates.
2. Josh: Chinatown.  
Eds: Chinatown? You're not being xenophobic are you?  
Josh: Er, I don't know what that means.
3. The eyeballs – that'd be all right.
4. The guys' toilets in the basement of the Barr Smith Library. They stink, and no one uses them.



# SCHLOCK HORROR!

## Education Vice-President, Leah 'Machete' Marrone

### The week that was:

After finding out that *On Dit* had published an outdated column of mine and blamed it on me I wrote: ... misprinting people's columns- unfounded accusations... suddenly deciding that office bearers don't exist. I ask you, where is the accountability of student news?

Following apology from *On Dit*: Despite the sometimes slapdash approach to the SAUA section of the paper, I still believe that *On Dit* is one of the best things to come out of our association, and I urge people to contribute, especially to the letters section.

### What's going on in Education Department?

We are still busy lobbying senators and trying to inform the public of the inequitable reforms/ recessions in the federal government's higher education legislation. We need your help in this, please contact me for more information and please come along to the public education rally: **November 8, 1pm Colonel Light statue, Light's Vision, North Adelaide.** Also Public Education Alliance meetings - last Monday of the month, 6.30pm in the Union Building, Equinox room (level 4).

The week before last week the education department held a student poverty week to highlight:

\* Youth Allowance payments set at between 20 and 39 per cent below the poverty line.

\* Payments for students on Austudy are a staggering 39 per cent below the poverty line. These students are

also ineligible for rent assistance.

\* The average full-time student is working 15 hours a week, but forty per cent work more than 16 hours, and 18 per cent work 21 hours or more, so there's hardly enough time to make it to lectures and no time to get involved in uni life.

\* The work students find themselves in often has poor conditions and low pay...

And that this message doesn't seem to be getting through somehow. Student poverty is still seen as 'romantic' and politicians still think students are bludgers.

Thank you to all of those who got involved, and I remind people that the education welfare officers in the union can assist you with problems with Centrelink and in getting interest free student loans. For issues with your job go to [www.utlc.org.au/ywls](http://www.utlc.org.au/ywls) -the Young Workers Legal Service.

AND DON'T FORGET If you have problems with exams, marking, etc, contact the Students' Association or the Education and Welfare Officers in the Union.

Get informed, get involved and don't believe everything you read. Contact: [Leah.marrone@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:Leah.marrone@student.adelaide.edu.au)

*On Dit* editors: Joining forces to offend office bearers

## Activities/Campaigns Vice-President, Adelle 'Not Nice' Neary

With only one more teaching week to go, I think it is about time to go out with a bang! That is why we are providing you with a **FREE BBQ** this Friday, on the Lawns, to celebrate the end of it all! For those of you who missed the launch of **The Strokes** new album *Room On Fire* last week, never fear! We still have loads of prizes to give away including t-shirts, posters, copies of the album and single, and the chance to win two tickets to the Big Day Out! So get along to the End of Year Party in the Unibar on the last Friday of the academic year. There will be a **happy hour from 4-7**, the much loved end-of-term **karaoke with prizes**, a **huge SAUA raffle** with prizes including alcohol, alcohol, alcohol and more alcohol... and a **free BBQ** out on the balcony! The best thing of all that it is free to enter! So get your arse along and do your thang behind the microphone... Or

just get pissed. The choice is yours really!

If the Melbourne Cup is more your scene, then perhaps you would like to attend one of the **Union Melbourne Cup luncheons**? You can go to either the Equinox or the Waite campus (Lirra Lirra), and for \$24.50 get a 2 course meal, drinks on arrival, entertainment and heaps of other stuff! It will be taking place on **November 4**, so if exams and assignments are getting you down, no doubt the Melbourne Cup will be the perfect tonic!

And now that I have provided you with a list of potential distractions, I would just like to wish everyone luck with their assignments and exams (I know I need some!) I will be seeing you next week for the last hurrah... xxadellexx 8303 3901

## Women's Officer, Georgia 'Gouger' Phillips

Hi everyone!

Welcome to the last academic week of 2003 - I can't believe how fast this year has gone by, and how much has happened...

### Reclaim the Night

HAPPENING THIS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31!

I've mentioned this in previous office bearer columns, but why not let you all know again...

The Reclaim the Night march is a worldwide event by women's groups calling for safer street and safer nights for women and children. One in ten women experience sexual assault in their lifetime. While women's groups recognise that a large proportion of violence against women and children happen within the home, we cannot deny the fact that women and girls experience fear when walking through the darker streets and alleys.

Reclaim the Night is about taking back what rightfully belongs to us. The streets and neighbourhoods belong to us whether it is day or night. We all have the right to walk freely, without fear through our streets.

I would like to invite and encourage all women to take part in this significant event - We are meet-

ing at **Victoria Square** at **6.30pm** for speakers, and then marching to Hindley Street for a street party at **7.30pm**.

For any further information, please do not hesitate to contact me in the Students' Association, or the Women's Information Service on (08)8303 0590.

### Women's Standing Committee

The last meeting of the Women's Standing Committee for 2003 will be held this **Tuesday** at **3pm** in the Students' Association meeting room.

I would like to invite and encourage all women who are interested in getting involved in the Women's Department, to come along to this meeting.

### Women's Collective E-Group

If there are any women who would like to be a part of the Women's Department e-group, simply send an email to [saua\\_womenscollective@yahogroups.com](mailto:saua_womenscollective@yahogroups.com)

Good luck for all of your end-of-term assessments!

Georgia

Phone: (08)8303 5406

Email: [georgia.phillips@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:georgia.phillips@adelaide.edu.au)

## Sexuality Officer, Emma 'Oh no' O'Loughlin



Hey everyone!

Well as you might have noticed, if you read these columns that is, I have been away sick for a number of weeks. But it's the end of the year and once again, elections are over and new office bearers have been elected.

Congratulations to Stryker and Alan who will take over the reins in December.

There isn't much to report from the department at this time of the year, I am just getting ready for change-over and preparing for the new office bearers to have a fantastic year next year. Due to my illness, I have been unable to plan anything for the rest of the year, but I am sure there will be great and wonderful things happening next year.

Happy studying!

## ATSI Officer, Darren 'Deranged' Kurtzer

Well, from all accounts ATSI/Environment Week was a big success and hopefully will be something others can build on in the future. From the Aboriginal flag flying over Bonython Hall to the stirring performances of Steve Goldsmith and Co. on the didgeridoo the week offered students and staff a chance to enjoy a taste of Indigenous culture. The kangaroo snags proved a hit with many, including them country folk used to this succulent animal. Although, the vege patties turned out to be made of mince. Oh well, I should have guessed it since they were coming from a butcher. The film night was also a great success despite limited numbers attending, and our special guest introduction gave us some unique insights to the film and its making.

I would like to extend my gratitude to all of those people who helped out and made the week a success and something I can be proud of. Without you it would not have been possible. I was especially pleased with the involvement of some of my fellow ATSI students around the barbecues and for help in the kitchen when I needed it. All you guys and gals from CASM were awesome! It was so good to hear your music echo out across the University. I cannot understand why the Director of the Centre for Australian Indigenous Research and Studies does not encourage more of this or support student initiated and managed events.

Hope you enjoy the rest of the year and do well in your studies and I look forward to seeing you for an end of year drink.

Kind regards,  
Darren



It's the last week of term which of course means that assignments and exams are looming. I have spent a considerable amount of time talking to students who are freaking out that their exams have been scheduled close to one another and have not allowed for study. In some of these cases we have been able to talk to the University and relevant faculties to get the exam times altered to allow for people to prepare properly. If you have this problem please let me know and I can see what we can do. Send me an email and let me know what's going on - sarah.hanson@adelaide.edu.au

On **Saturday November 8** there will be a huge **PUBLIC EDUCATION RALLY** in order to highlight the problems South Australian students, business owners and families will face under the Federal Government's higher education policy. The changes will turn university education into a rigged user-pays system where accessibility to uni will be based on whether a student is able to afford the enormous fees rather than academic merit.

The main concerns outlined in the Minister's reforms package are:

## President, Sarah 'Slasher' Hanson-Young

- \* Making it harder for young South Australians to get an education.
- \* Cutting 2000 university places from South Australia.
- \* Crippling the SA economy by forcing young people to move interstate or overseas to gain entry to University, further escalating SA's brain drain.
- \* Making Australian university education the most expensive in the western world.
- \* Crushing the dreams of current secondary students who wish they could attend university but will not be able to afford to buy a limited place.
- \* Making 50 per cent of university courses dependent on expensive upfront fees
- \* Replacing HECS with a new loans scheme (similar to the new postgraduate education loans scheme) that will allow universities to charge market rate fees to undergraduates;
- \* Charging a rate of interest on HECS and PELS debts (it is estimated that this will increase debt levels by 30%);
- \* Putting a limit on completion time for degrees of 5-6 years.
- \* Establishing generational debt for students and their families who cannot afford over the full fees (which may range from \$20,000 - \$150,000 per for each university degree!)

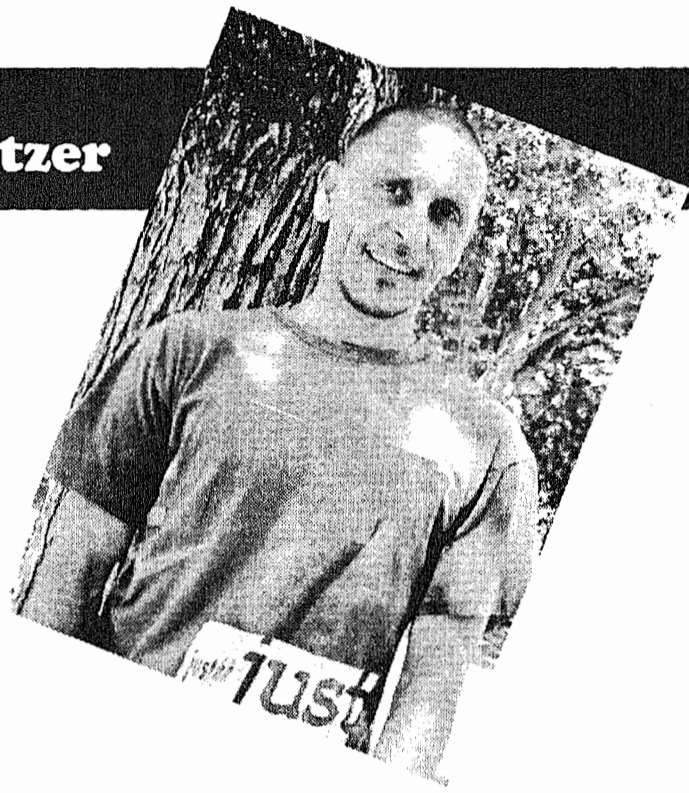
- \* Disabling student services & representation by establishing VSU
- \* Specialisation and forced shutdown of courses and research in areas such as humanities & social science, visual & performing arts, etc.
- \* Blackmailing universities into unfair workplace agreements
- \* Increasing fees for TAFE.
- \* Reducing of face-to-face teaching and active learning.
- \* The push to make education a privilege, not a right

### Howard's Education Policy Bad for all Students, Worse for South Australians

Under these changes South Australian students and families will be worse off than in other states. South Australia's economy cannot afford more young people moving interstate simply because they cannot afford to attend or fit in to a SA university.

Help fight these regressive changes. We must encourage our SA Senators to block them in the Senate and demand real solutions with real community involvement and consultation. The rally will be meeting at the **Colonel Light Statue (Light's Vision), North Adelaide, at 1pm.**

For more information contact Sarah Hanson-Young on 83035406 or email sarah.hanson@adelaide.edu.au





# South Australia's Own



**On Dit gets the scoop on the latest offerings on O'Connell Street...**

## The Caledonian Hotel 219 O'Connell St North Adelaide

*Welcome to the Hotel Caledonian...*

The newly renovated Cally is the most northern pub along O'Connell Street's strip of pubs, cafes and entertainment venues. The hotel that once had friendly, country-pub feel with a huge front bar loaded with old men, West End Beer and a TAB Machine has had a very expensive slap of paint and seemingly a clean out of all the locals.

Physically, the renovation looks...crisp. The walls and floors are bright white the new gold signage sparkles. Even the cramped TAB room (in which you can't get a drink) and the adjoining pokies room, seemed meticulously clean and ordered. The front bar is spacious with only a little furniture. This may mean the pub will become a great venue to watch sporting matches on the large TVs mounted on the wall but at other times, it may feel a little sparse. The raised bar itself and everything within it, looks strategically designed in an attempt to create a young, hip ambience for customers who like to be 'cool' and think they have a disposable income. The beers on tap seem to reflect the desired patrons and include a number of not-so-typical beers including Amber Ale, James Squire, Indian Pale Ale, Corona wheat beer and Becks. There is a notable absence of Coopers on tap, but stubbies are available. This room also includes a bistro/café section with comfortable, squishy booths and reasonably priced meals that are a little more exciting than the usual pub schnitzels and fish and chips. Meals such as fajitas, ribs, a variety of pasta and salads plus more are available for around \$11.00 - \$16.00. There is also a full coffee menu and a large range of yummy cakes.

The new sweeping veranda on the Barton Terrace side allows ample space for alfresco dining over looking the parklands. The back restaurant is flash and will appeal to the suit-wearing, long lunch-taking people of North Adelaide business. It is very aesthetically pleasing with white linen, beautifully set tables and one wall dedicated to a towering wooden wine rack that stores just some of the vast range of wines on offer. The meals are a little more expensive on this side of the frosted glass wall, but the service and presentation is impressive.

Personally, I felt that for a pub that first got its licence in 1870 and is on the National Trust list, it lacks a little old time flair. It seemed to me, that the chiming of the pokie machines and the race callers in the stifled gaming room, the hiss of the coffee machine in the café, the chink of wine glasses in the classy back restaurant, and the loud, echoing chatter of the tryhard 25+ crowd in the sparse front bar don't mix. There is a lot going on in this pub. It seems to attempt to cater for everyone in some way, but no one particularly well. In time the right mix may be found because it is a beautiful venue. However, if not, the pub has a late licence, open till 12 Sunday through Wednesday and till 2am Thursday, Friday and Saturday so will be a successful, even just as a last resort for those diehards in search of one more drink.

Ann Mitchell

## The Banque 107-109 O'Connell St North Adelaide

Next time you visit your bank, imagine what it would be like to ask the teller for a glass of Adelaide Hills chardonnay or a cold beer, instead of enquiring about the latest interest rates. State Heritage listed 107-109 O'Connell St, formerly the National Australia Bank's first ever branch, is now home to Adelaide's most exciting entertainment venue, The Banque.

Located in the heart of North Adelaide, Banque is a modern and comfortable lounge bar featuring an extensive wine list, sumptuous tapas-style food and modern mix of stick drinks and cocktails. After months of renovations the interior of the building is almost unrecognizable, featuring a stunning Italian Carara marble bar, low lights and minimalist furniture with a sense of style that seems almost out of place in a street lined with cafes and pubs.

The Banque, with its focus on entertainment, coupled with gourmet food and good wine has proved to be welcome change for Adelaide residents since it opened to a heaving crowd on Friday October 3. Drinks are surprisingly well priced for a lounge bar venue all light beers at a mere \$3 while you can pick up a stubby of pale at what is arguably Adelaide's lowest price of \$4. The Banque is also home to a variety of other local, premium and imported beers which are complemented by equally well priced top quality spirits. The wine list has been compiled by Julien Forwood at Moët & Hennessy and features a delectable variety of South Australian, French and New Zealand wines.

Home to Adelaide's most impressive cocktail menu, patrons at The Banque can also sample one of eight different martinis as well as a variety of classic and contemporary cocktails to suit every taste.

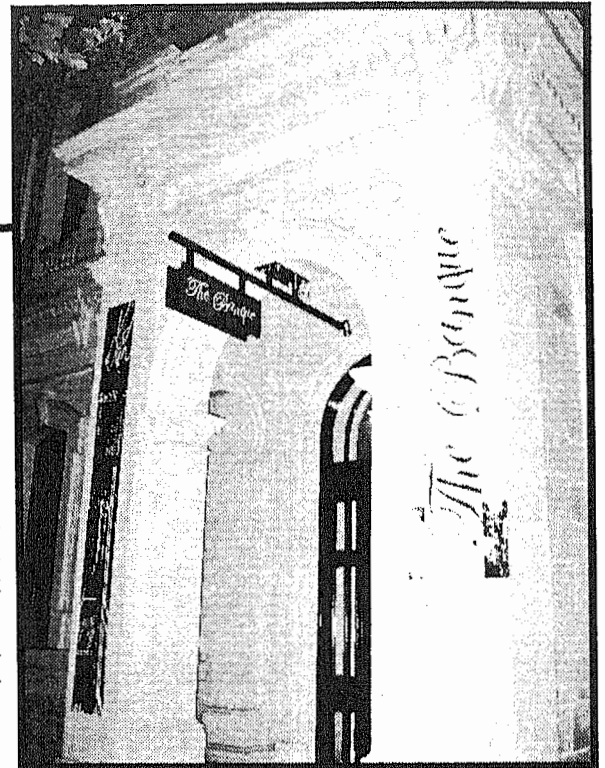
Unlike most entertainment venues, Banque features a variety of live musicians, DJs and bands 7-nights a week including solo pianists, latin guitarists and funky house tunes on Friday and Saturday nights. Black and white images from The Three Stooges and Fred Astaire classics such as *Shall We Dance* flash across the wall almost in accompaniment to the music, and giving the place a very unique feel.

The interior of the building is modern yet retains a comfortable and relaxed sense of style, particularly the dimly lit lounge area with its low set couches and the large cushioned stools that surround the bar. The walls are adorned with original pieces from local artist Jane Disher who has followed The Banque from its earliest stages of creation as well as artwork from the nearby Greenhill Galleries. Bank notes peaking out from under the polished floor boards, make for an interesting point of conversation but here's a hint, don't try to pick them up.

The Banque brings a refreshing sense of style and comfort to North Adelaide offering the perfect venue for a quiet mid-week drink, late lunch or a weekend groove. Part owner and manager 24-year old Luke James has used his local and international hospitality experience to create a modern Sydney-like bar, without hefty door charges or expensively priced drinks. If you want to witness some impressive cocktail action from the boys behind the bar, sample some of Adelaide's finest food and wine and groove to Adelaide's coolest DJs and live bands then head down to The Banque, but get in early if you want score a comfy couch and avoid the lineups.

Overall rating: An excellent venue, The Banque has already become the place to be seen in Adelaide. It's open 7 nights from 5 pm, Friday and Saturday till 2 am. Get in while you can.

Rosie Sidey



# Hand-made by the Cooper family.

**Freddy vs Jason**



Nothing smacks of B-grade more than a movie title involving the word 'versus', but in the case of *Freddy vs. Jason*, the sharp, self-aware humour brings it right up to standards set by the *Scream* movies. Almost.

Freddy Krueger (Robert Englund), the claw-fingered, disfigured killer who attacks children in their sleep, has long been defeated by the parents of the neighbourhood in which he first struck in *Nightmare on Elm Street*. By erasing any trace of his crimes, there is no longer any memory of him and as his powers are based on the fear people have of him, he is unable to kill again. That is, until he decides to recruit Jason Voorhees (Ken Kirzinger), the machete-wielding, hockey-masked killer from the *Friday the 13th* films.

The exact mechanism by which a resurrected Jason is able to once again set Freddy on a murderous rampage, or how Freddy had enough power to set things into motion is uncertain, but also unimportant. Despite whatever plotline the studio decided on, the movie would always have been about two great horror legends belting the snot out of each other and we're not left wanting.

Survivors from prior Freddy attacks have been kept from dreaming by experimental drugs, but a Jason attack at 1428 Elm Street has people whispering the Freddy's name again and voila! He's back, but who knows if this is for the last time - the amount of sequels in both film franchises with the word 'final' in the title tends to soften the meaning over time.

With the two characters fairly unknown in the market at which it is aimed (apart from references in *The Simpsons*), there's enough history provided for a good time to be had by all, and the formulaic requirements of the genre met for it all to work. In stark contrast to *Jason X* (set in outer space), the old house, stormy nights, surreal mental institutions and abandoned campsites provide a much better environment for cheap thrills, spurting blood and girls with huge breasts running around hysterically.

The way in which the Scooby Doo-esque gang figure out (a) what the hell's going on, and (b) how to make everything right again is not going to win any awards, but should raise some laughs and make you jump a little. The effects aren't groundbreaking either, but are pretty stylish and even funny, often unintentionally. The prosthetics are not limited to the villains, with the insanely busty heroines with collagen packed lips helping to restore peace and quiet to the neighbourhood sure to please the target audience - hormonally-charged young lads. Horror addicts will pick the script to shreds but for everyone else, it's a fine way to waste a few hours.

Matty

**GIVEAWAYS**

Thanks to Foster Workshop PR, we have the pleasure of dishing out free passes for you to see *Freddy Vs Jason*. Come on down to the *On Dit* office this Wednesday at 2pm to claim your tickets!

Another John Grisham adaptation has been made. Even from here, I can hear our dearly departed Chris Farley screaming, "For the LOVE OF GOD WHY?" But this time it - wait for it - doesn't suck. Indeed, it seems to have surpassed that and actually gone on track to actually being a genuinely good movie. The plot is apparently changed a bit from the book - from tobacco companies to gun companies being sued and a few minor points - but that certainly doesn't detract from the plot's standard. Basic premise - a young wife loses her husband to a crazed robber in a shooting, sues the gun companies, jury gets chosen but one juror swings the others how he wishes for money.

Grisham's world of gun companies hiring teams of defence lawyers purely to manipulate and bully juries is stunning in its honesty and relevance. The corruption and repercussions of arm-bearing shown in this movie will further ignite the already divided American public over the right to bear weapons.

Cusack is great as Nicholas Easter, a seemingly reluctant juror with enough intelligence and charisma to manipulate the rest of the jury to whatever verdict he wishes. Gene Hackman turns in another stunning performance as Rankin Fitch, the defence lawyer for the gun companies being sued. Rachel Weisz stands up admirably as the broker of the deal and Dustin Hoffman is in his usual scintillating form as the moralistic prosecutor. Hackman scores the quote of the movie with, "Trials are too important to be left up to juries." The result and end of the movie is never as obvious as it might seem.

Fleder has created a clever, suspenseful movie with a fast enough pace to keep the audience interested. Despite a few clichéd lines here and there, *Runaway Jury* could be a sleeper hit this year and is definitely worth watching.

Massiv Micky D

**Runaway Jury**

**The O List**

**Films Worth Seeing**

- 1) Kill Bill
- 2) Raising Victor Vargas
- 3) Getting Square
- 4) Intolerable Cruelty
- 5) Matchstick Men

**Video/DVD to Buy/Rent**

- 1) Secretary
- 2) Indiana Jones Box Set
- 3) The Matrix Reloaded
- 4) Old School
- 5) Australian Idol: Karaoke DVD

**A 5-Step Guide To Die If You're Acting In A Teen Slasher**

- 1) Engage in drunken sex
- 2) Have a shower (alone)
- 3) Investigate a random noise
- 4) Forget to switch on light globe
- 5) Scream, neglect to run, and accept that you will soon resemble chunky spam.

# Australian Film

A look at the current state of Australian cinema

Two very remarkable and deceptively original Australian films have recently opened at cinemas around the country. Both offer valuable critiques of present Australian society, with an eye to the recent past, but neither will attract wide critical praise or huge audiences.

*The Rage in Placid Lake* has popular alternative crooner Ben Lee as its main drawcard, and those wanting to experience another chapter in the singer's career will either be thoroughly disappointed, given the almost total lack of any reference to *Breathing Tornados*, or delightfully surprised. Lee is no actor, and never had any intention of becoming one, but director Tony McNamara and producer Marian Macgowan wanted him to play the part of Placid Lake, a young man far removed from the societal conformities that exist in present-day Australia.

Lee does it well. At no stage does the film take itself (or Lee) seriously - the casting of Garry McDonald and Miranda Richardson as Placid's ultra-hippie parents renders seriousness an impossible concept, and any doubts as to this are erased when Richardson rationally discusses her orgasms - or lack thereof - in front of her son. They are the typical flower-power lefties, disillusioned with capitalism and (most of) its trappings, and convinced that they know a better way to raise their young boy. Sending him, as a 5-year-old, to school in a dress, to challenge the other children's preconceived notions of sexuality, was not one of their better decisions, and so began a lifetime of torment for young Placid, to which he was encouraged to respond with calm empathy.

The film is undoubtedly a comical critique of modern-day Australia. Placid's three antagonists come across as stupid and inept, despite the expectation that they are expected to 'succeed', relatively speaking, in society; ie, they will marry, buy a house, have kids, and, in Placid's words, fuck each other's wives. The insurance company for which Placid works is ultra-modern, with 'stylistic' interior designs, and ultra-boring.

But the film, distinctly postmodern, offers another critique: that of Placid's parents, who, true to stereotypical form,

are horrified to learn of his employment at the company. They act generally in the way that the Liberal-voting parents of a Rostrevor scholar would if their child announced his intention to compete for a Greens preselection. One of the film's messages is that despite sociological and psychological literature that suggests that anger is a destructive response, it remains a very human one.

The use of a critique of the Age of Aquarius to comment on modern-day society is very inventive, and it is here that a parallel can be drawn with another recently-released Australian film, *The Night We Called It a Day*. It's pleasing to see director Paul Goldman hasn't completely shied away from controversy after his brilliant but ill-conceived *Australian Rules*. Here, the controversy is far more acceptable - and enlightened - than denying an Aboriginal community consultation rights and hence disrespecting the fundamental beliefs of that community and indigenous Australians across the country.

Goldman's latest film is a rather stark telling of Frank Sinatra's eventful tour of Australia during the early 1970s. The film centres around promotions manager Rod, played with typical gusto and an amount of camp by Joel Edgerton, who, after semi-successfully arranging tours by groups including Black Sabbath and Billy Thorpe and the Aztecs, wants Old Blue Eyes himself to come Down Under.

Previously ignorant audiences do not emerge from the film with the once-held notion that Frank Sinatra was some form of mythic musical god, the Bradman of crooners. Writer-producer Peter Clifton has made reference to, among other things, the late Sinatra's alleged mob connections, and much of the script centres around the singer's famous temper. Before long, the film is set up as a battle between Australian egalitarianism and the very imbalanced United States star system. The Australian media and the ACTU, led by a young-ish Bob Hawke (wonderfully overplayed by David Field) goes to war against the brash, insolent entertainer who appears to represent everything Australian workers like to think they're not.

By providing us with this flavoured picture of early 1970s Australia, when Hawke may as well have been PM even though his term didn't commence for another decade, we can clearly see the differences between then and now.





'Then' was a time when, after the tragedies of the Viet Nam War and the sensationalism of Watergate, unions were linked unequivocally with the ALP and working Australians were vocal in their demands for egalitarianism and complete rejection of British and North American systems of hierarchy. 'Now' is a time when class differences have re-emerged in Australian society (if they were ever really gone), and when asylum seekers, immigrants and Aborigines are once again bearing the brunt of a capitalism that endorses a certain degree of social Darwinism.

*The Night We Called it a Day* and *The Rage in Placid Lake* are both very political films, providing certain critiques of contemporary Australian society that haven't been a part of mainstream Australian cinema of recent times, with the possible exceptions of *The Bank*, *Lantana* and *Looking for Alibrandi*. There have been plenty of independent productions that have had comparatively narrower releases: of the thirteen indigenous-themed films released in the last decade, at least six (*Blackfellas*,

like *The Bachelor*, *Joe Millionaire* and *Mile High* rule local networks, having jumped into the present from some receding (or so we had hoped) penis-dominated society. Byrne, along with fellow actors Petra Yared, Susie Porter, Claudia Karvan, Alice Garner, Radha Mitchell, Michela Banas, Anna Lise Phillips, Evelyn Sampi and Danielle Hall have the chance to follow in the footsteps of some pioneering Aussie female actors of the 1970s and 80s, but only if the present group is given the chance. The likes of Judy Davis, Noni Hazlehurst, Wendy Hughes, Kerry Armstrong, Sigrid Thornton and Sandy Gore were influential in Australian cinema's renaissance, and maybe it's time that another *Luigi's Ladies* was attempted by the current crop. A female film, let alone a feminist one, however, is unlikely to reach mainstream appeal in the current climate, and this is a crying shame. With the exception of Sue Brooks' *Japanese Story*, the last female director to create a mainstream Australian film with a female central character was Kate Woods, who brought Melina

**Before long, the film is set up as a battle between Australian egalitarianism and the very imbalanced United States star system.**

*Bedevil*, *Vacant Possession*, *Radiance*, *Yolngu Boy* and *Beneath Clouds*) offer direct critiques of present-day Australia, and other films, including *Romper Stomper*, *Floating Life* and *Head On* have done the same, all of them framed very much within racialised discourses.

The other major parallel between *Night/Day* and *Rage* is, of course, Rose Byrne, who also appears in that abominable *Takeaway*, which is what *The Castle* would have been if the latter hadn't been so damn funny. Byrne, a former Sydney stage actor, burst onto the movie scene in the Bryan Brown/Heath Ledger crime caper *Two Hands* in 1999, but her best work in an Australian film was in Clara Law's *The Goddess of 1967*. She is an extremely talented performer, whose screen persona is a dream mixture of girl-next-door and grand poise – and she's far better than the supporting/love-interest roles she's had in local films this year. Neither *Night/Day* nor *Rage* provides her with anywhere near enough of a meaty role to really show her talents, and this lack of strong female roles has been a disturbing trait of mainstream Australian features over the last few years, with the exceptions (again) of *Looking for Alibrandi* and *Lantana*, and perhaps *Me Myself and I*. It's a situation that must be rectified in an era of increasing chauvinism, as crass programs

Marchetta's *Looking for Alibrandi* to the screen three years ago.

*The Rage in Placid Lake* and *The Night We Called It a Day*, together with (arguably) *Danny Deckchair*, herald a potential new era of mainstream cinematic critique of contemporary Australian society. The challenge for the industry is for these films to continue, and then, for audiences, to take those critiques on board and reactivate their political selves, to begin once more to ask the tough questions the Murdoch press does not. It is only a matter of time before detained asylum seekers become the subject of a major, internationally marketed Australian film; in a way, it would be nice if it was a film about the past than one about a horribly inhumane and unjust present.

**Russell Marks**



DVD of the week

## Old School

2003 D: Todd Phillips

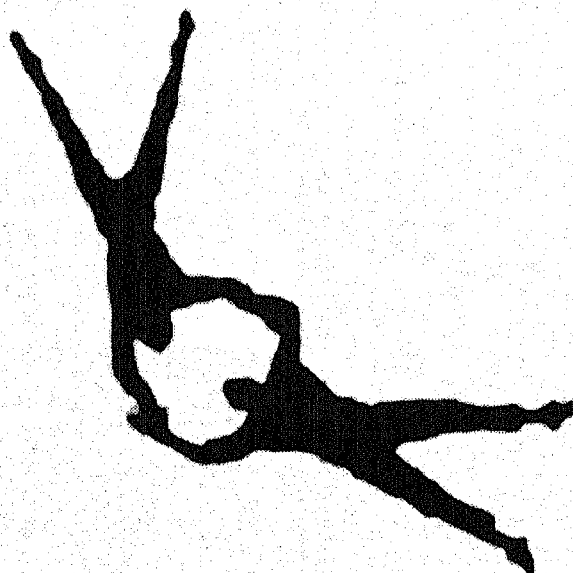
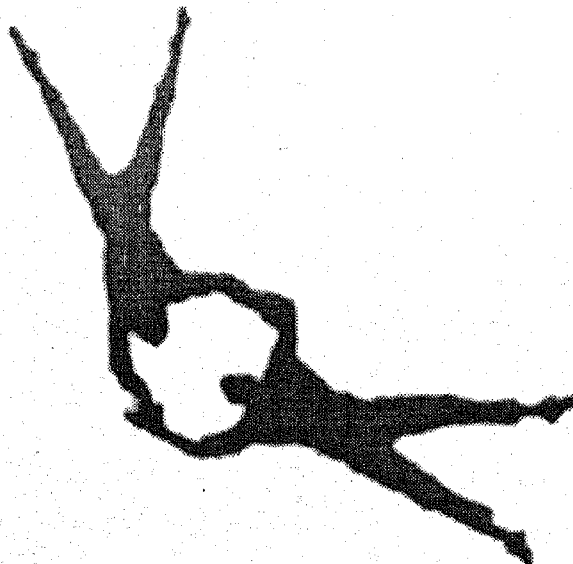
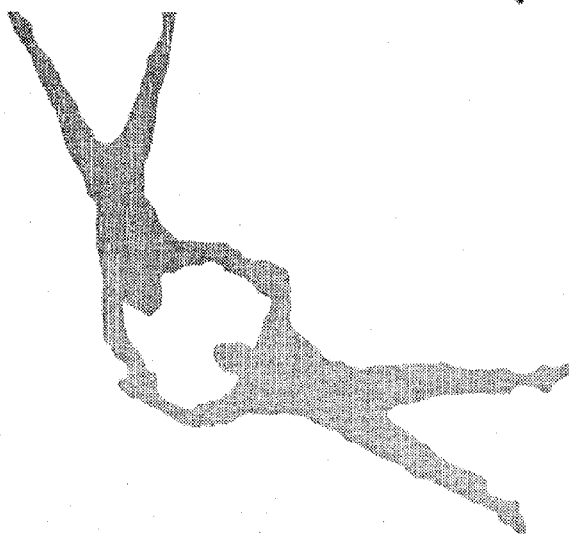
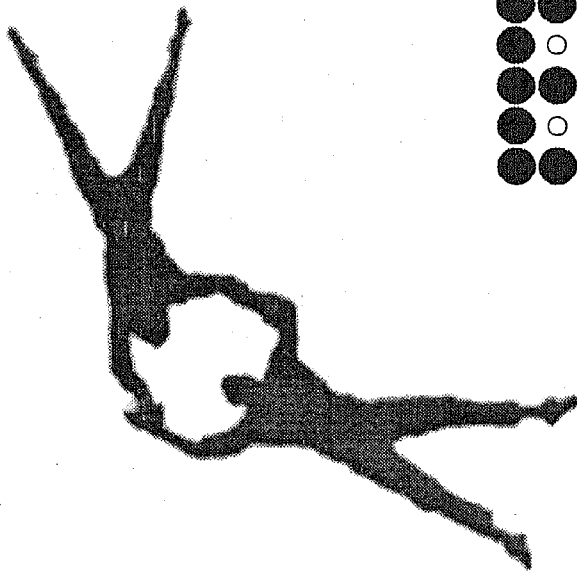
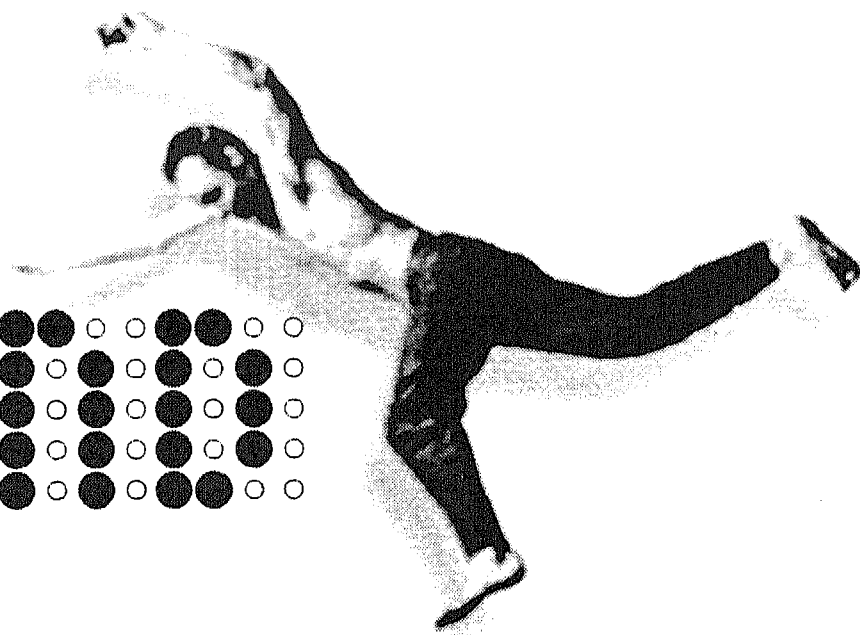
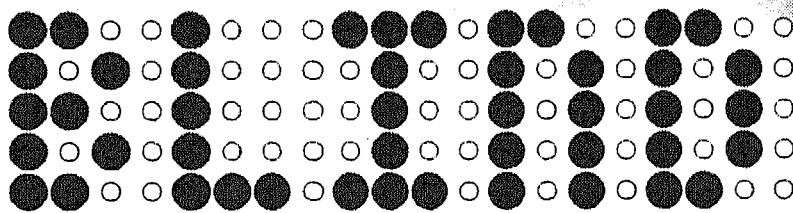
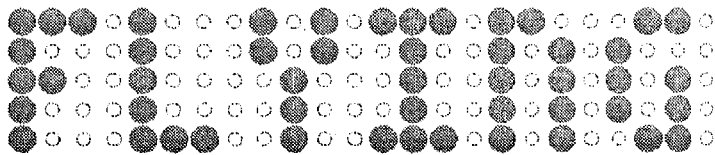
Luke Wilson, Will Ferrell, Vince Vaughn

## Universal

The teen comedy genre is given a new spin in *Old School*, with a trio of 30-something men getting back to their college roots in hilarious fashion. It's pretty low-brow, but if you expected anything else, you might be stupider than several of the characters. Mitch Martin (Luke Wilson) is well cast as a yuppie who upon arriving home early one day, discovers his girlfriend Heidi (Juliette Lewis) gearing up for a good ol' gang bang. Shocked and broken, he moves out into a house near the local university and with the help of his two best friends, doofus Frank (Will Ferrell) and cheesy Beanie (Vince Vaughn), Mitch transforms his abode into a raving fraternity. Why he chooses to do this, instead of actually throwing normal parties outside of university regulations is a bit of a mystery, but as the whole concept of fraternity is distinctly un-Australian, ignoring this and other cultural obstacles might be the best idea. When the dean of the university reveals himself to be the kid Mitch and co picked on in their childhoods, a campaign is initiated to close down the most popular house on campus. But we want to see more reckless drinking, random nudity and other cool moments like the Snoop Dogg cameo, so we cheer on the big lumbering idiots in any case.

With so many appalling Hollywood comedies being spewed out these days, it's good to see that at least one hasn't had ever potentially funny moment ripped out in the place of schmaltzy mush. It's obvious a *Saturday Night Live* production, and one should imagine that Will Ferrell's career is only going to get bigger, while probably not going beyond the SNL comic boundaries however. But then again, Adam Sandler did *Punch Drunk Love*, so don't quote me on that. His character's wedding, separation (brought on by a drunken streak) and subsequent attempts to give away the same crappy present without success are among the better moments, and his scene with Seann William 'Stifler' Scott (sporting a fine mullet) is gold. The ending is ripped straight out of *Billy Madison*, but when the film also boasts homage to Ed Norton's *Fight Club* office scenes, where everybody wants in on his club, you can deal with some borrowed ideas. With more laughs a minute than *Just Married* and less frustrating 'actors', this has 'party video' written all over it.

Johnny Boy



● ○ Flying Blind  
 ● ○ A co-production by Legs on the Wall  
 ● ○ with the Axis Theatre Company and the Arts Club Theatre  
 ● ○ Adelaide Festival Centre (Dunstan Playhouse)  
 ● ○ October 8 > 18



● Add one socially inept lad, an old Vaudevillian couple, a mother and daughter combo bent on mischief, then mix with a volatile young couple, shake vigorously in a boho bouncy castle set, light with spark from dark musician. Place in unexplained hole and sit back at safe distance.

Inspired by the Greek theory of Kairos or the idea that holes appear in the fabric of fate giving us a chance to change our lives. The seemingly idyllic lives of eight oddballs are upheaved by the sudden appearance of a glowing hole. Does each take the plunge

*Flying Blind* was originally performed at the Belfry Theatre in Canada 2001. This production was a collaborative effort by Arts Club Theatre, Axis Theatre Company and Legs on the Wall. The immediate impact of this production was the physicality. The precision with which the scenes were executed highlighted the talent of the entire crew. The detailed manner in which the performers interacted with each other and their environment was dynamic to say the least. The brilliance of the choreography and performance was in the ease with which physically demanding action was expressed. Quite the dash of mastery by this troupe of flesh puppeteers.

The incessant slapstick antics were layered individually as well as encompassing the greater elements of the cast. Some scenes echoed *The City of Lost Children* by timing movement sequences with prop interaction, like the plank being inadvertently placed over the hole just as the unsuspecting sleep walker traversed the obstacle. Other scenes remind one of Chinese opera, the circus and western interpretations of old formats such as the Matrix particularly in the relationship of the young lovers. The passion between the characters Delia (Alexandra Harrison) and Justin (Rowan Marchingo) manifested in razor sharp choreography that literally exploded across the walls as wire stunts were quoted by aid of a partner as support. Martial arts, acrobatics and dance gave poignant focus to physical expression and narrative.

The torrid lovers were contrasted by a slick old Vaudevillian couple. Monsieur Abalone (Joey Lesperance) and Philomene (Debra Iris Batton) busted out moves smoother than a Fred Astaire clone's pre-toddle bottom. They demonstrated subtlety of control as opposed to the raw force of the young couple. The beautifully kooky mother (Edna) and daughter (Ida) relationship played by Manon Beaudoin and

Shannan Calcutt provided entertainment as ample as Edna's gorgeous body suit. Again the details of the interaction enriched the presentation of this intense relationship. Floating amongst these characters is the brooding musician Zed (Carl Polke) and the impetuous geek Fritz (Colin Heath). Each character provides a different perspective of physical movement that has been coordinated wonderfully to bring about a truly magical piece courtesy of Wayne Spech's direction and the solid work of movement directors Rowan Marchingo and Veronica Neave. The sound design also demonstrated the power of the slightest touches. The incorporation of Zed playing live music on stage proved to be most refreshing. There definitely was order in that caught jester.

The hole is like a portal between external and internal realities where the gates of heaven and hell are found inside the minds' of each character. The curious characters delve into the possibility of change through this hole of experience, where inner joy and pain is manifested into external reality akin to *Solaris*. Perhaps the question remains in the ability for people to change after coming to terms with their limitations or fate if you will. As I watched the production a voice from *Fight Club* did reach me.

*Tyler shrugged and showed me how the five standing logs were wider at the base. Tyler showed me the line in the sand, and how he'd used the line to gauge the shadow cast by each log.*

*Sometimes, you wake up and have to ask where you are.*

*What Tyler had created was the shadow of a giant hand. Only now the fingers were Nosferatu-long and the thumb too short, but he said how at exactly four-thirty the hand was perfect. The giant shadow hand was perfect for one minute, and for one perfect minute Tyler had sat in the palm of perfection he'd created himself.*

*You wake up, and you're nowhere.*

*One minute was enough, Tyler said, a person had to work hard for it, but a minute of perfection was worth the effort. A moment was the most you could ever expect from perfection.*

For two hours I did sit in the shadow of a hand, a biological anomaly; this one had eight fingers clasped firmly around my mind.

**Maxim.**

# EXPERIMENTAL ARTS FOUNDATION

Lion Arts Centre  
North Terrace at Morphett Street Adelaide

## Adelaide's Secret Art Society; Vol 2

There's a lot happening in Adelaide, when it comes to the visual arts, you just have to keep your eyes open. I did one night, as I headed down Hindley Street to the Experimental Art Foundation. As I headed on down to find this gallery the sun was setting, the golden glow of the vanishing light gave the city a new look and a different atmosphere. It was the perfect setting for the eccentric artistic type. I imagined them, as I was trekking down to the back of beyond to see what the latest 'it-kids' were creating.

When I finally reached my destination I was met with the usual art crowd that gather at all the opening nights around town; all interesting, all individuals and all a little mysterious. As they nibbled on cheeses and sipped on local wines I

wandered into the exhibition. Here on display was the work of artist Andrew Best entitled *Paradise*.

*Paradise*, is far removed from its title and conjures up an apocalyptic view of the future. Stepping into the gallery you are transported into a different time. I felt like an archaeologist looking onto the forgotten tomb of the corporate world.

Within Best's insolation discarded photocopiers and other office paraphernalia are laid out, used and forgotten. Best's artwork acknowledges the fact that nothing lasts forever and everything must date and fade. Amongst the fallen equipment of the corporate world delicate weeds have forced themselves up through the floor. These plants are captures in spot lights and are the most interesting feature of the exhibition.

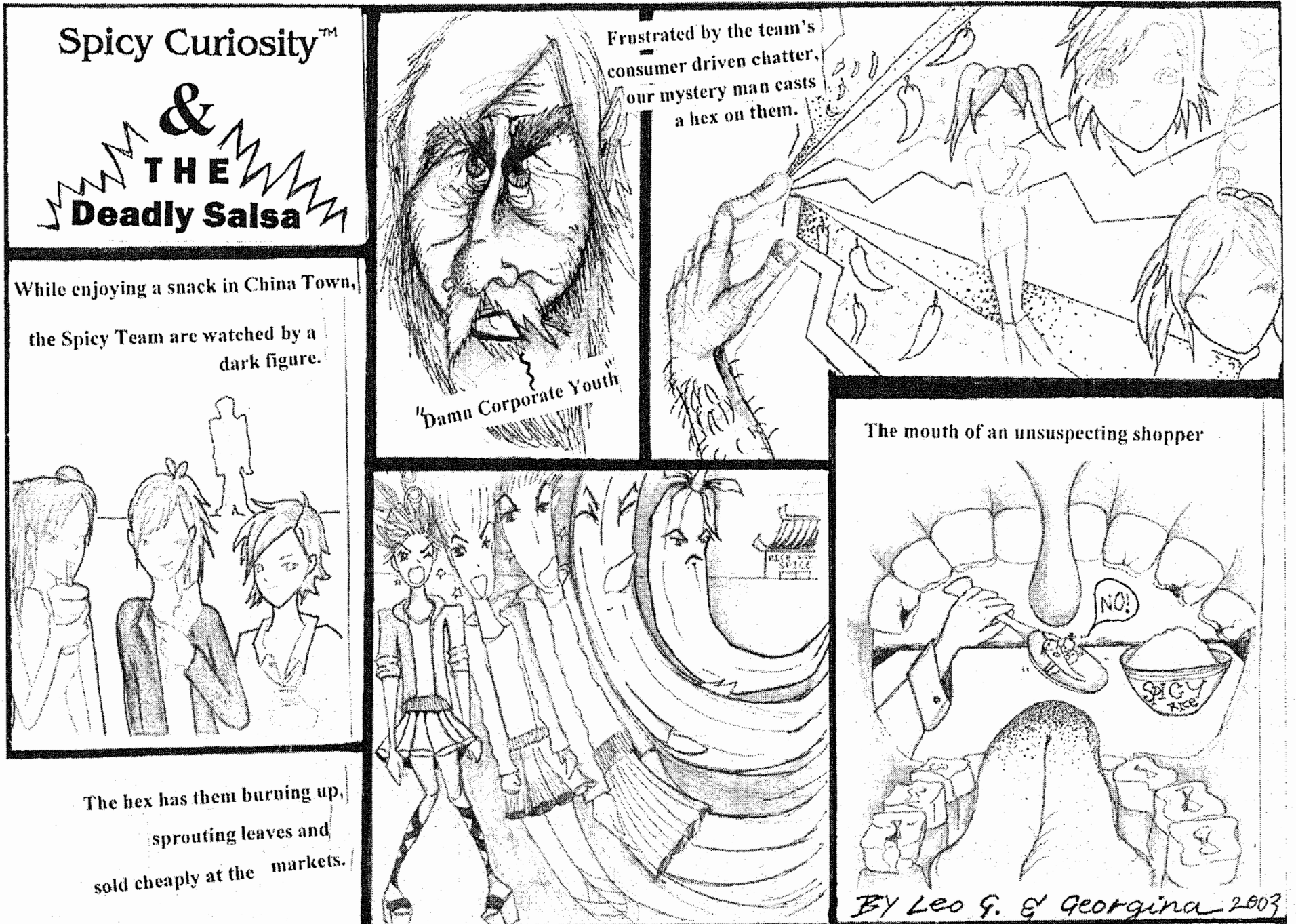
This dark presentation leaves little for the optimist, and may leave you dazed and perplexed.

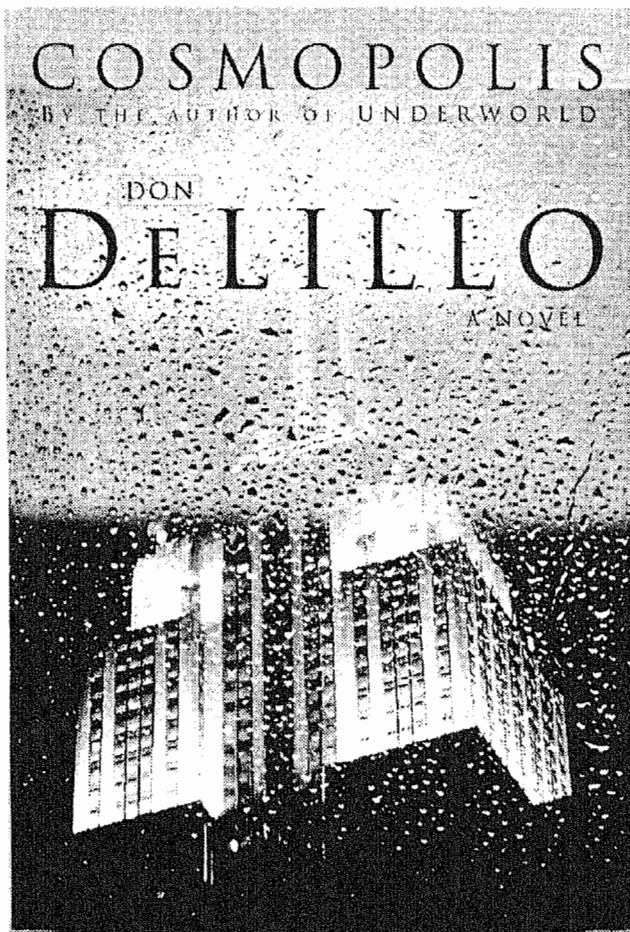
Best's work seems to be riddled with a particular type black humour, which gives his work a sideshow quality.

Also on display with Best's work, was that of Alex Gawronski titled *Abstrakt Attack Kabinett*. This presentation had a similar feel to it, stark and gritty. Against bland wooden walls Gawronski placed bold diagrams that encircled a green screen. This screen hummed, and made some ask the question; "Is this on?" But that is the excitement of the Experimental Art Foundation, within its walls anything could be art, you just have to look for it.

These exhibitions run until November 22 at the Experimental Art Foundation, which is open 11-5 on Tuesdays to Fridays and 2-5 on Saturdays.

Leo Greenfield



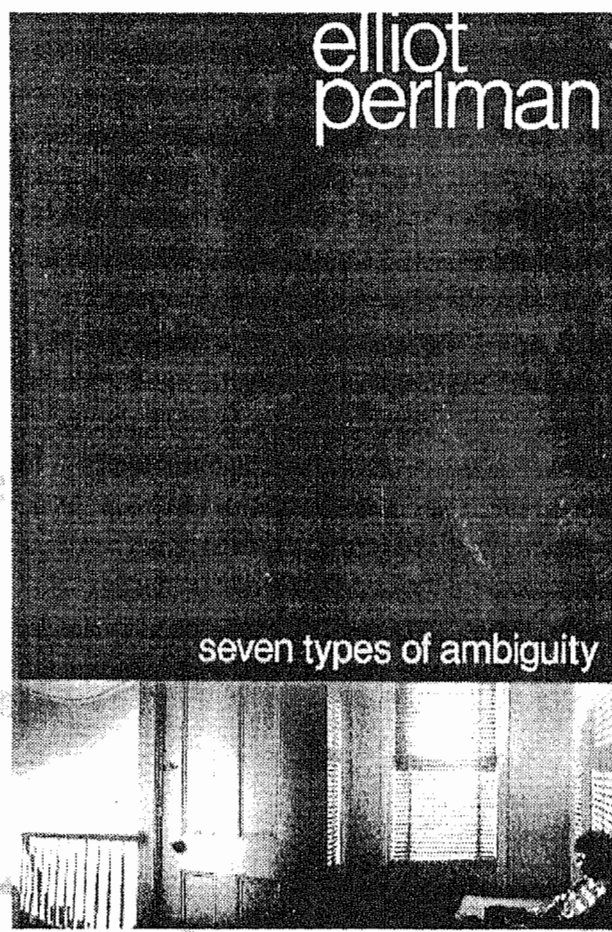


*Cosmopolis*  
Don DeLillo  
Picador

Although it is framed by a glossy cover, that is where the positive aspects of this novel end. *Cosmopolis* by Don DeLillo is written in a style that more closely resembles that of a dictionary than a novel. With many incoherent, and absurdly large vocabulary stylings (particularly in conversation) this novel seems to be an attempt by the author to demonstrate his ability to use a thesaurus rather than tell a story. Unrealistic settings, characters and scenarios, make this book, by nature, a fantasy; however Don DeLillo has loosely based the characters on real people, thus making the story even more confusing. Set in Manhattan, this storyline follows that of a multi-billionaire, following his activities for a day. Taking all the events that may happen to a person in a lifetime and squeezing them into one day does wear thin, however with Eric Packer (protagonist) travelling from one lady friend to another in his limousine, while brushing aside death threats, delivered to him courtesy of his personal bodyguard, like common flies. A deceased rapper's funeral procession, WTO protest rallies and the president visiting all seems too much for one day, even for a busy city like Manhattan.

Littered with snippets of insight into the psyche of this most powerful man, the reason for the disappointing novel becomes apparent. It was written by a sexually frustrated male, exhausting his dissatisfaction through the means of a novel. I did however like the comical side of this novel, putting this novel into the comedy/fantasy category. Taking the reader on a journey through the daily events of one of the most powerful and influential men in the world would normally be somewhat of an enjoyable book, however the language and genre taken by the author makes *Cosmopolis* a very distasteful book. Not worth reading, no matter how bored you may get with your politics readings, this book is simply not worth the hassle.

Priscilla



*Seven Types of Ambiguity*  
Elliot Perlman  
Picador

Do you put off reading novels because every time you feel like a read you figure you'd better do some 'proper' reading? I do, and then I never end up doing the required readings anyway. So, this year I gave up on giving up novels, figuring that if I'm going to procrastinate I may as well enjoy myself - it's far better than cleaning my room and putting my CDs in alphabetical order.

So, here is your prescribed procrastination for the upcoming exam period: *Seven Types of Ambiguity* by Melbourne author Elliot Perlman. It's nice and chunky so should keep you going well into the holidays, and a little depressing with nostalgic peeps at the main character's university days, so should make your exam filled life look bright and happy.

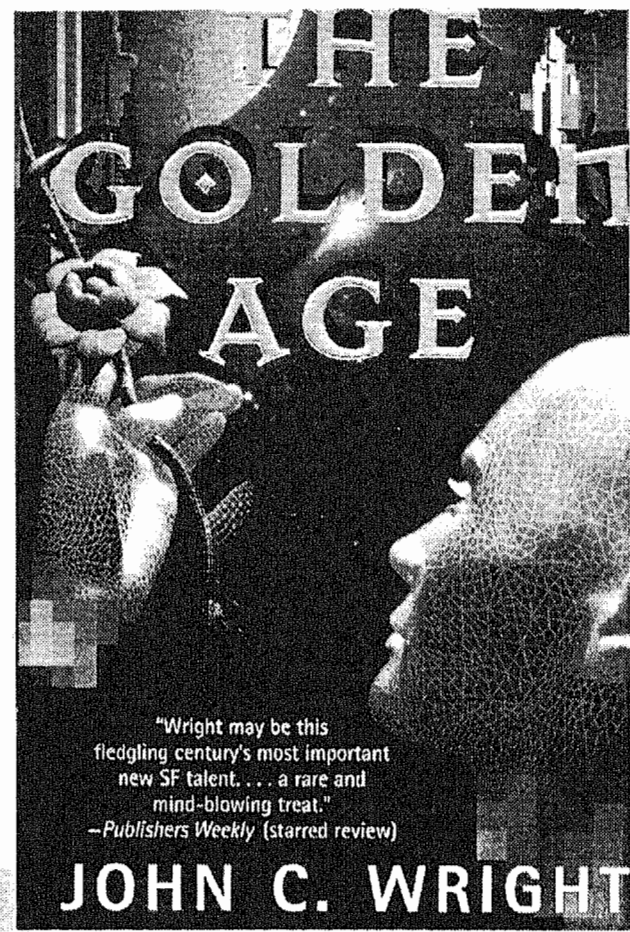
Said character is Simon, seen by some as a complete nutcase and others as a misunderstood, depressed 30-something. Sensitive, brilliant philosopher and poet Simon has never gotten over his undergraduate girlfriend of nine years ago, and since being part of a mass retrenchment of Victorian teachers, his obsession with her (Anna) has become the main focus of his life. Anna has married a stockbroker and they have a small boy, Sam, who Simon kidnaps in an attempt to once again be a part of Anna's life.

Simon's extreme actions have massive consequences for the whole community, including Simon himself, Simon's 'girlfriend' (prostitute Angelique), Anna, Sam (of course), Sam's father and his workmates, Simon's psychiatrist and his family, and Simon's lawyer. These are the people who tell Simon's desperate story, and at the same time reveal their own desperations.

Because *Seven Types* is told from seven different points of view, readers are able to develop an unusually broad and deep understanding of the narrative and characters. The closest book I can find to this is *Enduring Love* by Ian McEwan, which is set in London, rather than Melbourne, but also scopes a very human, very desperate scene of love, friendship, and the weird ways humans work.

*Seven Types* is gripping and emotional. Read it because you won't forget it, and because it'll make you a wiser person.

Annalise Gehling



*The Golden Age*  
John C Wright  
TOR

Unfortunately for John C. Wright, the sci-fi of today must exist in the shadows of its predecessors. Wright has tried to live up to standards set by authors such as Aldous Huxley and Philip K. Dick. He has created a utopian society of the future. He included the initial of his middle name on the cover.

*The Golden Age* is an NMP: novel of mass production, as potentially dangerous for the literary world as any country's WMDs for our world. In an attempt to overcome this problem, Wright created another: the horrendous amount of scientific jargon. The reader is mercilessly bombarded with Wright's habit of displaying his scientific knowledge. Sure, the intricacy of the setting and theme demands some scientific explanation, but Wright has gone too far.

It is hard to feel a part of Wright's world, which is an important aspect of any good story. You should be transported to the fictional world and perhaps haggle for a beard with one of the characters. You simply cannot relate to a character named Nebuchadnezzar! No bullshit! Get on your knees in the bookstore and find out for yourself. The scientific jargon and unpronounceable names serve only to inhibit the flow of a good story.

In the end, I do not regret reading this book. It was enlightening - I now know never to read John C. Wright again. But seriously, for what it is - a sci-fi NMP - *The Golden Age* is worthy. You will never be bored with the myriad of characters and ever changing settings. Some trippy scenes spark a competent reader's imagination well.

To finish on the best note possible, the concept behind the book - though borrowed from the above authors amongst others - was great. Set 10,000 years in the future, *The Golden Age* is a story amongst intergalactic worlds. It is a prediction of what our world could come to be, should it survive our mistreatment of it.

If you're a sci-fi geek, you'll love this book. If you're a pseudo literary critic, steer clear.

Ryan Paine

# The Unspoken Things + The Smocks

@ The Crown and Anchor

Friday October 24

The Smocks: theatrical...



Deadpan...



Most people that express how intimately they love the 'Cranker' are instantly dismissed as raving alcoholics. However, I love this venue as it allows bands like the Unspoken Things and The Smocks to play rock on Friday nights (yeah yeah, and happy hour I 'spose).

The Unspoken Things, Adelaide's (Australia's?) premier psychedelic band were in top form on this night. Playing their perfect sixties freak-out, these guys have built up a strong following, demonstrated by the large amount of paisley-clad youth in the bar. They have improved since last time I saw them, have more interesting originals, and a cool covers repertoire including 'Back Door Man' by The Doors and other assorted Nuggets. I have already featured these guys before, and all they have done since then is improve. The only thing I really have to say is fuck you, Unspoken Things, for being so goddam good, and they remain one of Adelaide's 'guaranteed good nights out'.

The Smocks, on the other hand, almost require an essay to analyse their performance. The band's music style, alongside their stage presence, was completely schizophrenic; each member of the band seemed to have their own personal, well-defined character. The singer was the absolute pinnacle of front man charisma. The Rob Younger look-alike twisted his hands around the microphone lead, and strutted confidently along the stage with a grace and pomp that rode the fine line between beauty and hilarity. He was both manic and articulate; contrast his flipping about and screaming on the floor before he stood up, concerned, and politely stated, "oh, I seem to have spilt my beer; this saddens me." One of the highlights of his stage show included inviting the audience to sit down with him as he sang a lovely ballad - girls held his hand, guys wept openly, it was glorious. His kneeling down on his knees and

hitting the mike on the floor was emotional, and the wild glitter thrashing over the audience was simply bizarre. The keyboardist's pallid expressionless face and motionless stance throughout the entire gig was almost just as mesmerising as the lead singer's movements. He seemed completely unable to move anything but his hands. Even when not playing, the keyboardist would hold his hands over the next chord that would be played, just waiting for his cue, almost unaware of the audience observing his performance. This added immensely to the overall absurdity of the band; I loved it. His musical style was really interesting, playing cool bass lines and minor keys piano lines. Alongside one theatrical singer and a morbid keys player is the juxtaposition of a chilled out guitar player, languid to the point of falling asleep. The guitarist was excellent however; being able to sway between really loud rock songs to playing repetitive, ambient riffs with relative ease. As The Smocks were playing the last song of the night, a slow drowning piece, a member of the audience, who we shall label 'C.C.', started to perform cartwheels and break dancing, much to the delight of the crowd. At the height of C.C.'s crazy crowd pleasing antics, The Smock's lead singer yelled at him to quit stealing his lime light - this was even more hilarious as C.C. had by then run out of moves to execute and was reduced to performing the Bee's Knees. I know I haven't really mentioned much about The Smock's music style, but that is partly because it was so all over the place that it would be impossible to cover in this article - and also after such a stage event it seems kind of irrelevant at 12.30am Cranker time.

Jimmy Trash



Loving...



...and Sleepy.

standing on the shoulders of giants

7. Murder Inc and the african savannah  
I really don't like Ja Rule.  
1. He sounds like he's cackling out a turd w  
"singing"  
2. He says he  
3. The only th  
"The princess  
cool, and has  
and ashanti ma  
you're wastin'

4. His songs are dick.

Sources  
Ja Rule - The reign  
Toto - Africa

Who's cooler? This kickass  
pirate or lame ass Ja?  
Go watch geonies and then  
get back to me.  
stylobite.com.au

B SIDE B SIDE B SIDE  
Demo tape review  
load of shit  
DJ Stylebiter!!  
Piracy does not fund terrorism  
Probably not but still...  
eigenradio.media.mit.edu/  
is worth checking out...  
This song = bits of daytime  
radio + the tramon break fro  
DJ Yracc's classic "Sniper"

6. Bungle Juthers  
Someone did a crappy Drum and Bazzz remix of that classic jungle  
brothers track "jungle Brothers" (man the early 90s were  
a creative hotbed!) so I did a crappy remix of that. Ace!

On the face of it, I didn't know what to make of this shabby recording. It's like an aural zine, with shitty production values in recording and sleeve art.

Was it meant to be political commentary as particularly inelegant and clumsy satire? Clumsy, because it brings attention to facts which I thought were widely self-evident. Still, I guess that you need someone to say the obvious, otherwise it'll be the emperor's new clothes all over again.

Was it meant to be an ironic and post-modern commentary on the propagation of generic pop crap?

Was it an expression of late blooming noir teen angst?

Whatever it was, I found it vaguely charming at first, the carefully calculated crudness striking a delightful dischord on my aesthetic sense. It could be worse, I thought. It could be merely mediocre, rather than striking a fine balance between Classically Bad and Unremarkably Bad.

Then I came across an absolute gem which made me change my opinion. The track is called "Nintenclub." It's made up of a cheap vocal emulator program (where the computer reads the phrase you type, kind of thing) reading the lyrics to 50 Cents' "In Da Club" to the backing of the same song and it's fucking brilliant! There's nothing like a weedy,

nasal, white-boy computer voice to draw attention to how utterly ridiculous and totally without artistic merit the lyrics to that song are.

"Hey girlfriend, it's your birthday, We're going to party like it's your birthday"

What the fuck does that tripe, along with other such overused RnB cliches mean? Ho, ho! The emperor's new clothes indeed!

Other tracks, like "Keep Looking at Me! (Cuz I'm JT)" and "Murder Inc and the African Savannah" suffer from noisy, feedback-plagued sampling which renders unintelligible whatever clever point that is being attempted to be

made.

The other tracks are at their best decent beats arranged in mildly interesting ways, and at their worst subscribe to an unexcusably bad case of the car-crash school of beat mixing. Some of the beats are funky and rolling, some of them are unnecessarily pseudo militaristic.

The price is right, though. It's free and will be distributed at record stores. Email [nerdfunk@email.cc](mailto:nerdfunk@email.cc) for more information.

Yak

## Over Enthusiasm in subeditors is the earliest sign of their becoming a pathological, rooftop-shootin', little-boy-stealin', shallow-grave-diggin' maniac

There is a plethora of crazy things happening in the next week in the world of local music and arts, so I have decided to abuse my position and blatantly tell you about these things because I believe they are intrinsically important.

**Brillig Cd Launch @ Jade Monkey Friday 31<sup>st</sup> October.** Four years ago, as a very under-aged youth I learnt to dance at The Proscenium. I was trained to look sombre, and shake my shoulders from side to side, making sure not to move from your knees down. Brillig make me dance like want to dance like that again. They embody every part of eighties post-punk gothic soul; they play pure depressive pop. Their new album 'Pterodactyl' is stunningly recorded, and has a very full sound seeming the band only has three members. They are being supported by Bit By Bats, whom I'm very anxious to see live. Entry is \$7, and they will be launching their new film clip alongside the album. The 'Pterodactyl' album is the perfect Halloween soundtrack, so if you are looking for a good pagan night out this Friday...

Now this may be taking my liberties too far but what the heck. As a keen connoisseur of the arts in Adelaide I cannot let a single reader not know about the performance of **The Pitchfork Disney** by London playwright Philip Ridley. This new play presented by Fourbux Progressive Arts (who have previously done great things including a bizarre Irvine Welsh play) has been described as "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory through an East End of London Gothic Lens" and looks to be a superbly psychotic episode. For anyone into alternative, absurd or just plain freaky theatre, go out and see this bad boy, opening @ Theatre 62, 145 Sir Donald Bradman Drive, Hilton, from Monday 27th October and running until Saturday 8th November.

Tickets: \$20 Adults/\$15 Conc/ \$12 Club 26  
Bookings: Venuetix ph.8225 8888

The coolest band in Adelaide **The Trafalgars** are heading off to Melbourne next Friday to record at HotHouse studio, and to work with Craig Harnath who has recorded JET, You Am I, Even, Oasis, The Cassanovas, The Anyones, Dallas Crane and Wilco. They were recommended to Craig by Jet and The Anyones, who described Craig as "good with that style of music". They are recording a 6 track EP that will be released early next year some time. The EP will contain guest spots including Steve and Mal Pinkerton from The Anyones, Adrain Whitehead from Pollyanna and The Trims, and Ashly Naylor from Even, all whom are fans. You can catch them back here for their first gig back at the Fuse Festival on Nov 22nd.



On February 28 of this year, four optimistic Orientation directors took it upon themselves to make contact with the Strokes. The aim of this correspondence was to secure our favourite boy-wonders for the upcoming O'Ball gig, rather than marring the event with the usual kid punk bands that usually dominate the line-up. Read on to see what ensued...

There were times when we got caught up with the rock and roll life and we had to sort that out, we had to bring back the people who were sort of on the moon, bring them back to earth.

- Fab

It's hard to explain at 4am, but here it is.

Adelaide University students have been running O'Ball for longer than anyone can remember.

We're one of the biggest annual music festivals in South Australia - second only to the Big Day Out, a touring festival with a ticket price in excess of \$90 Aus. Traditionally, we charge twenty to thirty bucks. We're here for the kids, Ryan. We do it for the love of rock and roll. Right now, we're on earth for the same reason you are.

However, there are factions within our Students' Association who don't think the same way. They want to take the safe option by booking pop punk and nu-metal shit for O'Ball 2003. In a way, they're right. Nu-metal still sells and we have a bottom line just like anyone else. If we fuck up, the students have to wear it.

So here's our idea.

If The Stokes play one gig at O'Ball, we can guarantee an ecstatic crowd. The kind of crowd who would remember forever the time they got to see that seminal band who helped save rock and roll.

Remember Glasgow? Remember how the crowd knew who they were listening to, how they loved the band in a way those deadhead K-ROCK rent-a-crowd punks never could?

Adelaide is like an antipodean Glasgow - between four and six thousand working class kids who would climb over their mothers just to see a band like The

Strokes. Thousands of people have been hanging out for an opportunity like this, especially if they missed your last Australian tour.

One gig, Ryan. One historic, gloriously leftfield gig. The band could play whatever they wanted. No pressure. No skipping from city to city, hotel to hotel. No promoters in your face all day long. It'd be like a holiday. A chance for The Strokes to catch their breath, to try out their new stuff in a hassle-free situation.

More than this, it's a chance for The Strokes to show the world that they aren't the pretentious emperors people say they are. Why would an arrogant band play a one off gig at a dishwater university in South Australia?

We're serious about this, Ryan. We're experienced, professional and above all determined. This is no pipe dream. We understand that this isn't the slickest proposal you've ever seen - but we figure honesty is the only way we can sell this idea.

Granted, we are a bunch of starry-eyed kids, but that shouldn't change the fact that this is an opportunity worth your consideration. All we need is for you to make us an offer. All we need is a beginning. A starting price, for argument's sake.

Yours in bated anticipation.

Dan Varricchio  
Dan Joyce  
Yak Rozitis  
Mike Brouer  
O'Ball Directors 2003

The Strokes never came to O'Ball this year, and the event ended up losing just under \$20,000. Gerling rocked out, mind you.

Thanks to Brooke from Making Waves we have a Strokes prize pack and three limited edition singles to give away. Unfortunately, the number of prizes we have means that only one contestant does not win, so we have chosen not to publish the results at all. Otherwise it seems like victimisation, and we're not in the business of such things. The luckier among you will be contacted on the details you provided.

**1** I don't really like any of that 'grunge' music that The Strokes play, but I tell people I like them so that they think I am cool and have rock cred. The CD, but especially the t-shirt, would help me let everyone know how friken edgy and up with it I am. I already have a Ramones t-shirt that I got from Supre. I also bought some hi tops to get some 'old school flavour' to my image and I get the ppl I pay 150 bucks to do my hair to cut it so that it looks like I did it myself, How FULLY SICK is that!

Catch'  
Andrew

PS Jimmy Trash is my idol

**2** Dear Eds,

I hope this entry for The Strokes Comp isn't too late.

I can say that I am one of the saddest Strokes buffs this side of the black stump. Yes, I do have their first, and might I add, absolutely brilliant, album *Is This It*, which is sheer eminence of rock. And at only 36 minutes and 27 seconds, I have listened to this album more than a just a couple of times in a day. I mean, I certainly can't resist lazy vocals of Julian C yet alone try to forget the guitar riffs of Nick and Albert. In fact, I'm listening to the CD right now.

I've been dying for The Strokes to tour here, and finally they are, so I'll be right in the front row for them at the BDO. I've stayed up all night in the past to catch a glimpse of them on RAGE (even though I would tape the clip and replay it numerous times). I even own a *Is This It* badge with the guys on it.

Anyway, I would just love a copy of *Room On Fire* to own (no, I still don't have it yet), even though I've heard the whole album played on Triple J. It so rocks!!!!!! And the T-shirt's cool too.

Catch ya,

Margaret Legedza

**3** Hullo

Well hear goes when I almost had an illegitimate child the other month, the first thing that popped into my head was...Julian thats what he'll be called.

PS. I also bought This is it the first week of release

PSS. I also saw The Strokes headline reading 2002.

Word in bond,

Alex Moran

**4** I think that you guys should give me the CDs and t-shirt for the sole reason that today is my birthday and my crappy friends forgot about it and I'm utterly destroyed because of this.

And plus those dudes from the Strokes are cool.. and they play good music screw those "so-called big apple Strokes buffs"!

later  
didi

**5** To the On Dit crew,

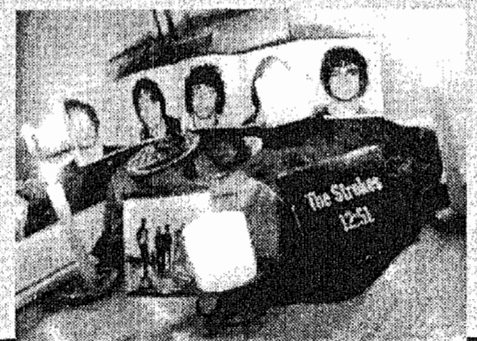
I have erected this shrine in the corner of my room to honour the musical wonder and effortless style of The Strokes. Friends of mine say the shrine has healing powers; showing those who lack musical taste the light to a better musical world. I say that it stops me from opening my wardrobe, for fear of setting all of my clothes, and as such, *My Room On Fire*.

Despite this however, I will not remove this sacred Strokes shrine - even if it means having to wear my jeans continually for the rest of the year. In the face of my devotion to The Strokes, even my personal hygiene is superfluous. Adoration is an understatement.

Trying my luck,

David Gregory

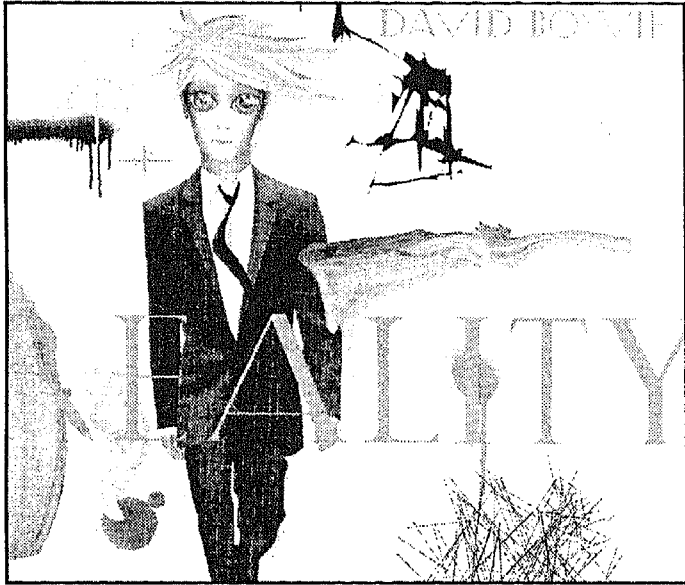
see below for evidence



# On dit

## album of the week

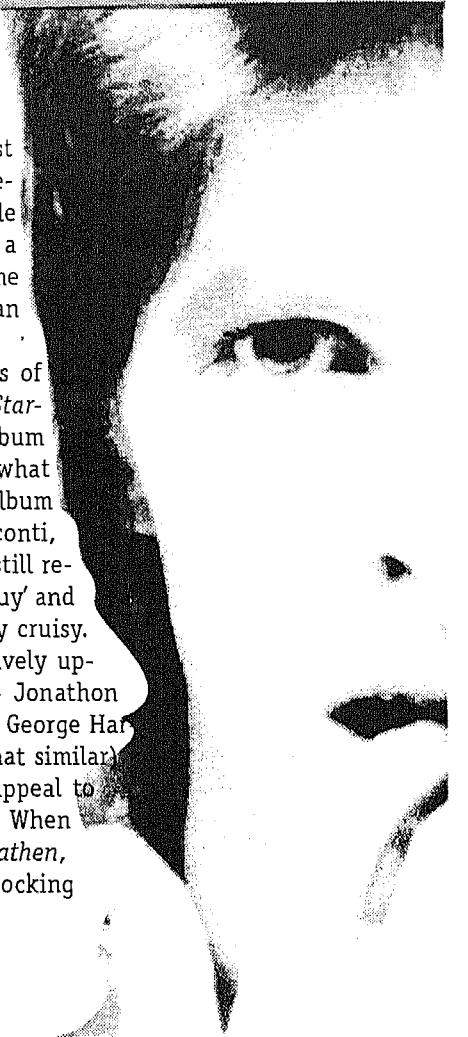
**David Bowie**  
**Reality**  
**Columbia**



David Bowie will never ever be accused of going stale (at least musically – his smoky lungs are another matter), and religiously re-incarnates himself with a new image and style of music every couple of years. His latest embodiment is the most 'rock' he has been for a good 20 years. He is decked out as a cool, black suit-wearing anime character and the majority of the album has more guitars in it than any of his work since the early '80s, which is a very good thing.

In its entirety, *Reality* has more similarities to the quirkiness of Bowie's *Heroes* album and the commercial rock value of the *Ziggy Stardust* album than 2002's *Heathen*. *Reality* is everything his last album wasn't; it is very loud, not nearly as disheartening, and contains what is possibly his euphoric single for decades, 'New Killer Star'. The album is also thoroughly produced by long time Bowie comrade Tony Visconti, giving it the much more pompous and glam feeling. This album still retains some of *Heathen*'s melancholy in the form of 'The Loneliest Guy' and the awesomely depressing 'Days', but otherwise the album is very cruisy. Tunes like 'Fall Dogs Bomb The Moon' and 'Fly' are actually positively upbeat and enticing. Mix this in with some interesting covers – Jonathon Richman's 'Pablo Picasso', reworked and including Spanish guitar, George Harrison's 'Try Some, Buy Some', and a new and rocking (yet somewhat similar) version of his '70s hit 'Rebel Rebel'. This album will definitely appeal to those who are into Bowies late '70s stuff, and is a definite 'grower'. When I first heard it I just couldn't stop comparing it to the brilliant *Heathen*, but it is obvious Bowie has just wanted a much more diverse and rocking album. And he has achieved it.

Jimmy Trash



## Songs for the unhinged

*It's 2.45am on a rainy Thursday night. You haven't slept for days. Your eyes itch, your bones ache and your fluorescent kitchen light is constantly flickering. The light dances like woodland nymphs whipped into a sexual frenzy, across your newspaper-clipping covered walls. Is that cutout of Jack Nicholson looking at you funny? Is he laughing at you? Again? The tension rises, the silence is too much to bear. You scramble for the CD player, you need....*

**Roy Orbison**  
**Super Hits**  
**Columbia**

Mr Roy Orbison weaves a magical web of solid gold on this release, doesn't he? He he, yes, that's right. Are you sad? Sometimes I get sad, too. No one understands me, but Roy. When he sings 'Only The Lonely' I really hear him. He must listen to my dreams. I really feel this on the track, 'In Dreams'. I like to whistle 'Blue Bayou' to and from my office, even though I haven't worked there for five years. It is possibly the third greatest song ever crafted after CCR's 'Fortunate Son'. I've never been to the Bayou. I knew a man once who wore a purple hat when he ate pork sandwiches. He didn't like Roy and so I showed him my collection of ... you like Roy, don't you gentle reader?

Derwent

### Derwent's Top Five Songs

5. 'Watching The Detectives', Elvis Costello
4. 'Africa', Toto
3. 'What's Love Got To Do With It?', Tina Turner
2. 'Touch of Paradise', John Farnham
1. 'I've Got You Under My Skin', Frank Sinatra

**Salt 'n Pepa**  
**Very Necessary**  
**Warner**

Nothing lets the light shine in like the vocal stylings of Salt, Pepa and Spinderella [cut it up one time]. Due to their wide radio coverage 'Whatta Man' and 'Shoop', make for great icebreakers in any uncomfortable conversation. Personally I quite enjoy listening to this album on my couch with, my left foot in a bucket of ice and my right foot in between two pieces of steak [rare]. Sometimes they use foul language, but I burrow my head into my pillow whenever I anticipate a swear word. My favourite tracks are 'Somebody's Getting On My Nerves' and 'None Of Your Business'. Unfortunately this album, although titled *Very Necessary* does not contain the fantastic single 'Push It', and that makes me want to burn things.

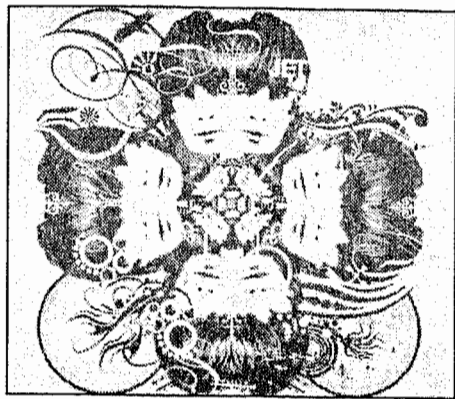
Derwent

**Tommy Emmanuel**  
**Determination**  
**Mega**

One thing that really annoys me about this album, apart from the unwarranted commercial popularity of the opening track, 'Who Dares Wins', is the fact that there are no vocals. So, I like to make up my own lyrics. I write them all down in a notebook that I carry everywhere with me and sometimes I read them out loud on the bus. 'Initiation' is quite good and so is 'Hip'. But 'Nu Shoos Blues' is a bit much.

Derwent

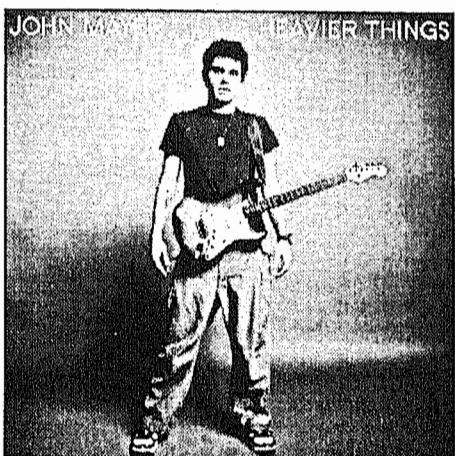




**Jet O'Rourke**  
*Are Ya Getting' On?*  
Warner

Adelaide's own Jet O'Rourke debut E.P. is very Brit-rock influenced. Definitely the strongest track is 'Fight The Good Fight' and could be easily mistaken for a less polished Oasis. There isn't too much variation between the five tracks, and the lyrics are simplistic, but a solid debut none-the-less.

**Glitz Mullet**



**John Mayer**  
*Heavier Things*  
Columbia

I cringed when I heard the opening track, *Clarity*, open with a potentially corny slow-clap sample, but I needn't have worried. This sophomore effort from Mayer certainly puts any notion of a Grammy hangover to bed with a collection of delicate, wistful tunes that subtly permeate the mind to create a cosy sense of wellbeing. In many ways this is a better effort than Mayer's previous offering, *Room For Squares*. *Heavier Things* boasts deeper lyricism, improved musicianship and a greater understanding of song deliverance. Aside from these vital changes, Mayer's smooth, laidback style has not been compromised, and there are certainly worse things to do on a cold, wet afternoon that curl up by the fire with Mayer and a hot cocoa. While *Room For Squares* consisted predominantly of love songs, *Heavier Things* is a more mature gathering of thoughtful introspect. 'Bigger Than My Body' is a catchy single but more about a personal struggle with physical existence than wanting to "run through the walls of my high school" as in 'No Such Thing', the first single from *Room For Squares*. 'Home Life' is another highlight with its Asian-style keyboard groove, and despite my early misgivings 'Clarity' turns out to be one of the best tracks on the album, with Mayer's soothing, Harry Connick-esque vocals

recognising that his fame cannot last forever "because it can't, it just can't". While this album should not be taken too seriously (after all, despite the shift in maturity, this is still a pop record), it is surprisingly very good and certainly worth a listen.

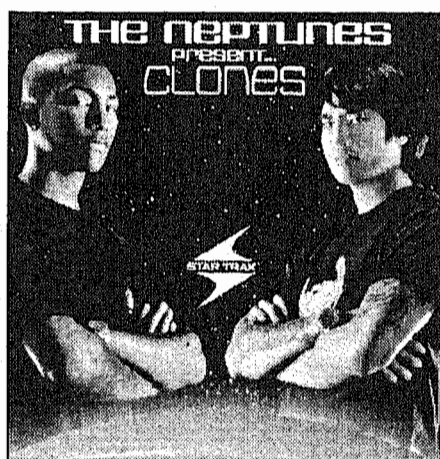
**Lachy**



**Kings of Leon**  
*Youth & Young Manhood*  
BMG

*Youth & Young Manhood* is the debut LP from Tennessee four-piece Kings of Leon. Within the first three minutes ('Red Morning Light') of this record it's easy to see why everyone is so excited by the KOL. The track flows with blistering rhythm and youthful energy...oh yeah, it's also about groupies as Caleb sings "Hey hey another dirty bird giving out a taste." The Kings' sound can be placed in the '70s, combining country, blues, rock n roll and a touch of pop. However, their sound is very much 2003. This whole record feels like an honest storybook of what these four young lads have seen while travelling with their father, a preacher. For instance the stunning 'Joe's Head' is about a fellow who kills a man for sleeping with his wife, then shoots his wife. And after that ordeal lights up a cigarette to celebrate. Phew. The underlining word when summarising the KOL is... potential. At an average age of 21, The Kings have just started which is quite frightening as *Youth & Young Manhood* is easily one of the debut records of the year.

**Alex Moran**



**The Neptunes**  
*The Neptunes present... Clones*  
Star Trak/ BMG

There's no denying that the Neptunes have produced some of the biggest tunes of the past couple of years and many of

these artists return the favour on *Clones*: Snoop Dog, Nelly, Busta Rhymes, Kelis and Dirt McGirt (formerly Ol' Dirty Bastard). Pharrell's trademark falsetto on 'Frontin'" featuring Jay-Z is definitely the highpoint of *Clones*. Much darker is Rosco P. Goldchain's 'Hot', the tale of a bank robbery sung over the sound of reversing vinyl. The Neptunes' side-project N\*E\*R\*D's contribution to *Clones* 'Loser' is slightly disappointing, in comparison to 'Truth or Dare' or 'Provider' from their *In Search Of...* album. Sitting uneasily on the album, is the inclusion of rock bands Spymob and The High Speed Scene, neither tracks featuring the Neptunes. *Clones* closes with Kelis' 'Popular Thug' originally from her *Wanderland* album, and now featuring guest vocals from fiancée NAS. While it's not one of Kelis' finest efforts, it's one of the best tracks on the album. The Neptunes limited palette of production techniques makes the album a little hard to swallow whole, but there are a few standout tracks that make *Clones* worthwhile.

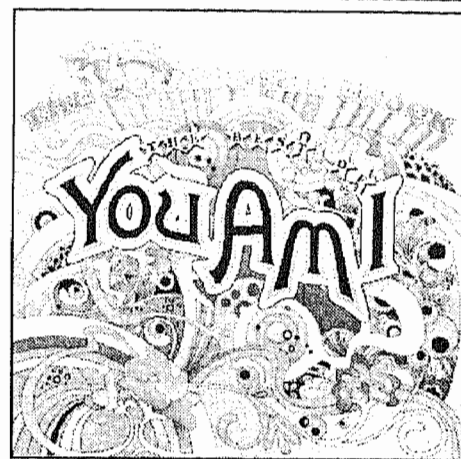
**Glitz Mullet**



**Obie Trice**  
*Cheers*  
Shady/Interscope Records

Let's face it, US hip hop is not in a good position at the moment as it continues to say very little new or even entertaining. Enter Eminem's second protégé Detroit's Obie Trice and his debut LP *Cheers*. The first single is the club anthem 'Got Some Teeth,' which flows in a humorous and smooth fashion. It will most likely be a drunken anthem for the foreseeable future. The influence of Eminem and Dr Dre on this record does stand out as Obie is obviously well behind them as an artist. Not to forget, this is Trice's debut and at times he does show potential. The tune 'Don't Calm Down' reveals the softer side of Obie, as he informs us of his childhood and his focus to succeed in the rap game. The irony of this tune is the chorus, which is sample not unlike what Moby would use...hmm. The highlight of this record is 'Shit Hits The Fan,' which features Dr Dre, who as usual shines brightly. It is a dis to Ja Rule, who is not someone who has helped the decline in quality of hip-hop. The other high point on *Cheers* again features 50 Cent and Eminem, who unfortunately blow away Obie. This record is not the savour of American hip-hop, but is a decent enough debut. Ultimately you'd be better off waiting for new material by Eminem, Dre and 50 Cent.

**Alex Moran**



**You Am I**  
*The Cream And The Crock*  
BMG

Despite not having owned many You Am I recordings in my time, I popped this one in and found I knew close to all of the tunes. You Am I are that kind of band: whether you're kicking back listening to the radio or at a party, this bouncy Aussie battler always seems to pop up and stick in your head for days after. And then there are the live gigs. Many fans will testify there is not a better band to see live in the country.

So it comes as no surprise that after six albums in over a decade as one of Australia's leading rock bands, You Am I have brought out a best-of record. It covers all the hits (*The Cream*), predominantly in chronological order, and is temporarily accompanied by a bonus disc of other selected album tracks and rarities (*The Crock*).

'The Cream' kicks off with the old gem 'Berlin Chair', and on the back of frontman Tim Rogers' dirty guitar riffs we experience a variety of different styles that still manage to retain that trademark You Am I emotional honesty: From the boppy 'Good Mornin'" to the tearjerker 'Heavy Heart' to the old-school garage rocker 'Rumble', You Am I remind us that they've got a very impressive bunch of songs indeed nestled somewhere amongst Rogers' trademark mop.

For those like me lacking an extensive You Am I collection this record is essential, with the second disc providing a more comprehensive experience than most best-ofs, while the rarities (eg the demo version of 'Trouble', a duet which later featured Powderfinger's Bernard Fanning) and psychedelic design should prove too much of a temptation for the diehard fans.

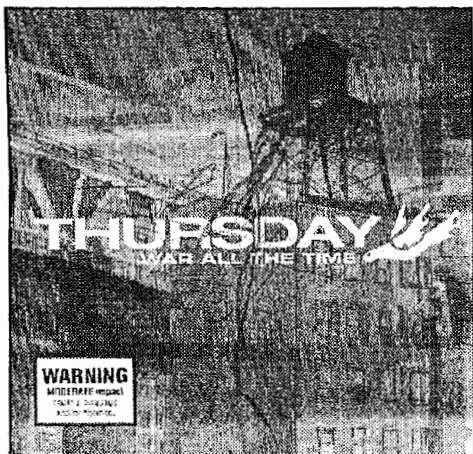
**Lachy**

You guessed it...  
**The final music meeting**  
for 2003 will be this

**Tuesday at 1.30**

on the **Rumours Cafe**  
balcony, level six of  
the **Union Building**.

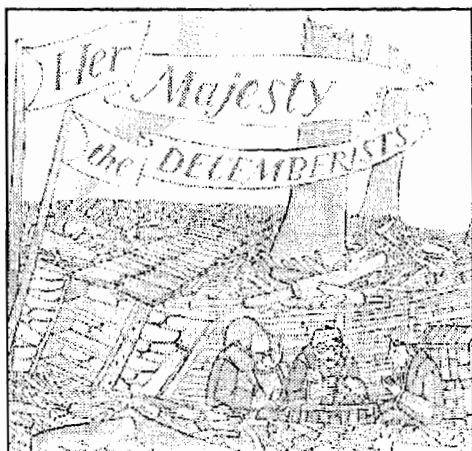
Why not snaffle  
some tunes for swotvac?



**Thursday**  
*War All The Time*  
Island / Universal Music

*War All The Time* is an incredibly emotive album. Being only a new fan of the band, I cannot make comparisons between this and older material but I can testify that this album is innovative and pleasant on the ears for fans of emo (and other styles of music). Track 4, 'Signals Over The Air', is a personal favourite due to its wistful yearnings. 'Marches and Maneuvers' also proves to be a nice relevant comment on war in times like these. An enjoyable element of this album is the juxtaposition of singing with screaming and piano ballads with rocking guitars. 'This Song Brought to You By A Falling Bomb' is another notable track as it slows down the pace of the album and introduces a contemplative mood. Overall, Thursday's latest release is a moving and well-written achievement that shows the importance of progress and dynamics.

Jo



**The Decemberists**  
*Her Majesty the Decemberists*  
Trifekta/Kill Rock Stars/FMR

Having not before been acquainted with The Decemberists, it was with intrigue and expectation that I placed *Her Majesty the Decemberists* into my treasured cd player. It's quite hard to define The Decemberists' musical style- There is a definite folk-pop influence, and yet there is also a quirkyness to each carefully constructed track, with lyrics in the same poetical vein as that of Augie March, which gives their music a greater depth and intricacy. Beginning with the creaking and groaning of a warship and a blood curdling scream, the pirate song 'Shanty for the Arethusa', boldly illustrates the rich sensory experience The Decemberists are capable of creating. Meloy's nasal vocals have a definite prominence in each track, so if you don't appreciate his singing, you may find it difficult to appreciate The Decemberists' music altogether. However, give this album time, and you may find it as fulfilling as I have...

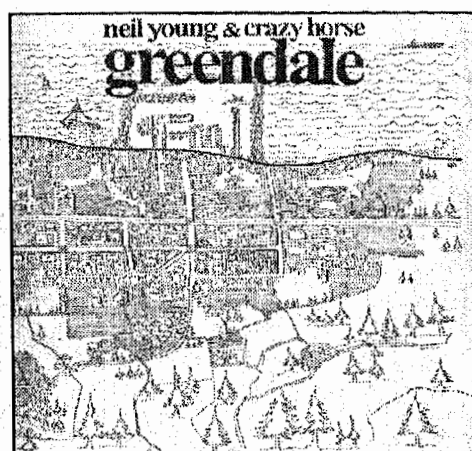
gevad



**Harry**  
*The Trouble With...*  
Warner

I am extremely pleased to see that record labels are continually releasing artists that are not necessarily what current trends desire. Harry is a very good example of this. She looks exactly like Shakira, but that is where the comparison ends. The opening song 'Goddess on the Floor' sounds more like Rammstein than anything else, and thus it continues on a track that Harry invented as she wrote each track. There is a dark, manipulative feel on *The Trouble With...* stemming from Harry's rebellious childhood and very adult life before adulthood was reached. This album takes a few listens to get into, I believe due to the fact that Harry is not an easily understandable person. Some tracks just don't make sense, such as the cover of Salt 'n' Pepa's 'Push It,' unfortunately she drives the old school classic into the ground. But apart from this *The Trouble With...* is actually very clever, greatly original and deeply mysterious. It will be interesting to see whether Harry makes it in the mainstream market, because she certainly made it in my end of the market.

Tito



**Neil Young and Crazy Horse**  
*Greendale*  
Warner

Neil Young has made a career out of making unexpected left-hand turns. He is, after all, the only man in rock history to be sued by his own label for producing albums that didn't sound enough like him. With *Greendale*, Young has created a 'musical novel' that follows the life and times of the fictional Green family. The songs are among the most personal he's ever penned, ranging from the dark and biting to the light and humorous.

Young's guitar, harmonica and organ on *Greendale* are supplemented merely with Ralph Molina's drums and Billy Talbot on bass, and has a sparse, demo-ish sound to it as a result. The ten songs muse about the destruction of the environment and the demonisation of the media, offering stories ranging from Grandpa Green's struggle with a haggling TV reporter to Sun Green's conversion to environmentalism after an FBI agent shoots her cat. The limited edition of the album also includes a bonus DVD featuring an acoustic performance of *Greendale*, recorded solo by Young earlier this year in Dublin.

Guybrush Threepwood

## SINGLES BAR

**Gyroscope**  
'Driving For The Storm' / 'Doctor Doctor'  
Festival Mushroom

Being compared to the late, great At The Drive In is high praise indeed, and these youngsters from Perth have only enhanced their reputation with energetic live performances (showcased here by the impressive the B-sides). 'Driving For the Storm' encases the same frantic energy reminiscent of ATDI, but with a more Aussie flavour, while 'Doctor, Doctor', the next offering on this double A-side is slightly more melodic, accompanied by a wandering guitar line.

Lachy

**Architecture in Helsinki**  
'Kindling' EP  
Trifekta

Melbourne eight-piece alt-pop outfit Architecture in Helsinki are a unique group, capable of taking infectious and energetic pop music to unexplored realms. The short but ever so sweet 'Kindling', and the horn laced 'Silent Treatment' are perfect examples of this. The re-mix of 'Lo-Fi Kids' didn't sit with me as well, however the bonus animated video of 'Like a Call' is absolutely brilliant.

gevad

**Kings Of Leon**  
'Molly's Chambers'  
BMG

Fresh out of Tennessee, this is the second single to come out of the acclaimed *Youth and Young Manhood* LP. 'Molly's Chambers' is an impressive slice of retro rock from the three brothers complete with dirty guitars and at times incoherent, drawling vocals. Yes, it's nu olde rock, but it's good nu olde rock.

But don't buy this single. Clocking in at just over two minutes, with no B-sides, you'd be better off just buying the album.

Lachy

**Muse**  
'Time Is Running Out'  
Festival Mushroom

Muse return with their sexiest single yet, kicking off with a sensual groove before Matthew Bellamy delivers another trademark wailing chorus, filled with the operatics that make Muse sound so damn powerful. While the B-side is nothing special, the inclusion of the music vid makes it a worthy package for any Muse fan.

Lachy

**Starsailor**  
'Silence Is Easy'  
EMI

As the title track from Starsailor's latest album, 'Silence Is Easy' bursts with an intangible sense of purity, as Walsh's vocals (which aren't dissimilar to that of fellow UK group Turin Brakes) soar alongside the rhythmic motion of the guitars. B-side 'Could You Be Mine?' is a gentle ballad, and 'She Understands' is of similar ilk. All are brilliant.

gevad

# CLUBS: A BARREL OF LAUGHS FOR THE STUDENT BODY

**NAILS! NAILS!  
NOTHING OVER \$25**

FREE Permanent French Set  
for the Bride to Be  
\*conditions apply\*  
Call Your Passionate Nail  
Technician  
on 0438 816512 from 6pm  
M-S  
(proof required)

**Take a break  
from exam study**

AUFS holds **free** screening of  
*Bad Boy Bubby*  
**Thursday October 30**  
Union Cinema Level 5 Union  
Building at **7pm.**  
Arrive on time to be eligible  
for door prize.

## AIESEC Post Exams Pub Crawl

Who said SA was the driest state?  
**November 24, 2003**  
Enigma, Jimmy Rowes, Players,  
The Exchange  
Just **\$15** for your official t-shirt  
(you can't get drink specials with-  
out it!)  
To buy t-shirts just visit the  
AIESEC office at the basement of  
Security House, Commerce Build-  
ing. Entrance via stairs,  
233 North Terrace.

## Adelaide University Media Association ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Tuesday October 27, 1pm  
Equinox Meeting Room (Level 4 Union Building)  
This is your opportunity to get involved with the  
club and add a few extra-curricular activities to your  
resume.

Nominations are now open for the following posi-  
tions:

Club President  
Vice-President  
Secretary  
Treasurer  
C/A Delegate  
And...

5 General Members

- Returning Member (must be a member of the club  
this year); to ensure consistency within the club
- Publicity/Industry Officer: responsible for working  
with sponsors and organising the promotion of club  
events
- Activities Officer: responsible for coordinating the  
club activities
- Communications Officer: in charge of communica-  
tion between the club exec and its members
- 1st Year Rep: to be elected at next year's OGM.

If you're a student or  
staff member of the  
University of  
Adelaide, email your  
classified notice to  
[ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au)

## Yellabinna Wilderness Fundraiser

**Wednesday November 12, 7pm @ The Gov**

The Wilderness Society is currently working to protect a  
large area of the Yellabinna Mallee Wilderness, which lies  
above Ceduna in our state's north west. The area is home  
to many endangered and endemic species of animals and  
plants, such as the Mallee Fowl. Not a single hectare of this  
wilderness is fully protected. The major focus of this cam-  
paign is to protect at least 1 million hectares of Yellabinna  
wilderness under The Wilderness Protection Act.

To support the campaign, a fun-raising event is being held  
on the 12th November 2003. A major focus of the event is  
to create a community support group for Yellabinna and the  
money raised at the event will be used as a seed fund for  
the Yellabinna Action Group.

The night will evolve around great local music, knowledge  
sharing, delicious food and good company...

When: November 12, 2003, from 7pm

Where: The Gov. Hindmarsh

Artists include:

The Soulful sounds of Niki Wallace,  
Local hip hop music from the Seeds of Babylon,  
Tribal Celtic band Selkie,  
World music by DJ Henri

Plus a spectacular audio/visual presentation by Pseudo  
Sound Project which will capture the amazing wilderness  
around us.

Entry : \$8 Waged \$5 students and concessions

For more information contact: Amy Macken

at The Wilderness Society

on 8231 6586, or email: [sa@wilderness.org.au](mailto:sa@wilderness.org.au)

check out the web [www.wilderness.com.au](http://www.wilderness.com.au)

The Wilderness Society (SA Branch) Inc.

GPO Box 1734

Adelaide, 5001

Email: [sa@wilderness.org.au](mailto:sa@wilderness.org.au)

Webpage: <http://www.wilderness.org.au>

Phone: (08) 823 16586 Fax: (08) 8231 1068

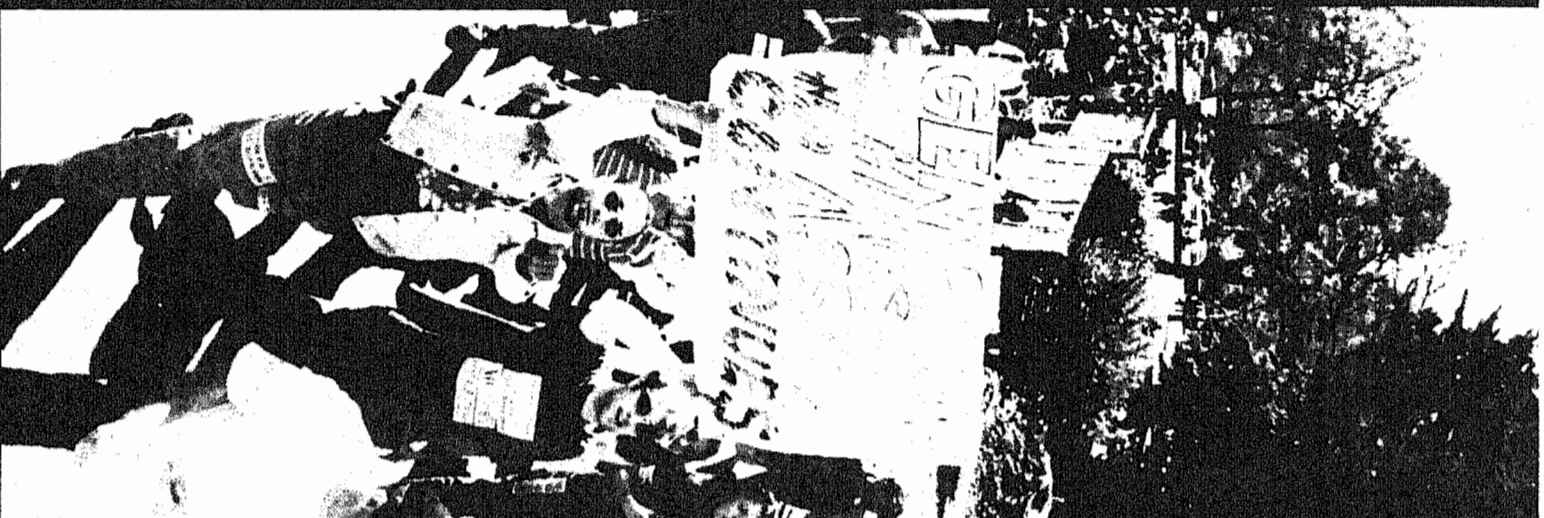
## CAR FOR SALE!

Zippy Red 1986 Mit-  
subishi Colt Sedan  
**AUTOMATIC**  
Cassette player/radio  
**\$950**  
Ring Kim on  
0411 436 138

## AUU Student Care Board

Applications for the stu-  
dent representative on the  
Student Care Board are now  
open. To apply please write  
to the AUU President, Geor-  
gia Heath.

Applications close on **Mon-  
day November 10 at 5pm**  
and can be dropped into  
Union Information.



# EDUCATION RAILLY

**STOP THE GOVERNMENT'S  
REGRESSIVE ATTACKS ON  
EDUCATION:**

- Stop 2000 South Australians from loosing a place at University
- Stop cuts to SA's accessibility to education & economic growth
- Stop unregulated increases in Uni fees
- Stop 50% of students having to pay full fees (up to \$100,000 per degree!)
- Stop Attacks on Student Representation & Services
- Stop 5-year cap on studying & cuts to life-long learning

## HELP SAVE YOUR FUTURE SAVE THE FUTURE OF S.A.

Join in the Public Education Rally November 8th.  
Meeting at 1pm at the Colonel Light statue,  
Light's Vision, North Adelaide.

For more information, please email  
sarah.hanson@adelaide.edu.au,  
or, phone Sarah Hanson-Young  
on (08) 8303 5406