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Ondit

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volume 71, edition 19

3. current affairs
4. campus news
7. letters
9. opinion
15. poignant end of year musings
18. vox pop
20. office bearers
22. bar & restaurant
23. arts & theatre
26. literature
28. film
31. local music
32. music
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.

Editors
Bonnie Cruickshank,
Gemma Clark &
Tristan Mahoney

Advertising
Michael Fyfe

Distribution
Yak Rozitis

Subeditors

Current Affairs: Rosie Sidey
Opinion: Steven Robert
Vox Pop:
Jo O'Connor & Dan Murphy
Bar & Restaurant: Belle Hammond
& Sarah Eckermann
Literature: Rosie Lovell
Arts & Theatre: Leo Greenfield &
Maxim Sharoglazov
Film: Matthew Osborn
Australian Film: Dan Varrichio
Music: Jo O'Connor & Sara King
Local Music: James Cameron
Photographer: Dan Murphy

About the cover
Caught in the grip
of the city madness.

Thank you
James, Maxim, Yak, Rosie Sidey,
David Faber, Dan Murphy, Leo,
Matty, Kate Stryker, Emily,
Mikey, Sarah Hanson-Young,
Fiona Dalton, Peter Day, Jo
O'Connor, Russell Marks, Dan
V, Victoria, Linley, Melissa,
Penny and every person who
has contributed to *On Dit* this
year.

teenage terrorists

suburban gang violence on the increase

Escalating levels of gang warfare and a recent spate of violent attacks in the southern suburbs of Adelaide have left residents angry, afraid and frustrated by the fact that the police and the State Government have failed to address the problem.

Last week, however, senior members of the police confirmed that 'youth gangs' were responsible for increased incidents of vandalism and street crime in suburban Adelaide, and have promised to take action.

The most recent events have demonstrated the extent of gang activity in Southern Adelaide, with the suburbs from Morphett Vale and Woodcroft to Christies Beach and Lonsdale now referred to by *The Advertiser* as 'Suburbs of Fear'. Residents in these areas no longer feel safe to leave their homes, even in daylight, due to the menacing presence of large groups of teenagers who roam the local streets and parks. Two weeks ago, a 58 year old Morphett Vale resident was brutally assaulted after confronting a young male when his car was hit by rocks. The attack, which took place in broad daylight on the side of a major road, caused the victim permanent loss of sight in his right eye. He now faces the possibility of total blindness. Two 17-year-old males have since been charged over the incident and may be tried as adults but the vicious nature of the attack has left local residents feeling afraid and helpless. Earlier in the year, a woman reported being attacked by a group of 12 year-olds whilst walking along a bike track in Morphett Vale. The 27-year-old female was kicked by a group of young boys on bikes and later confronted by a gang of about 20. Similarly violent and unprovoked attacks have taken place in the surrounding suburbs where reports have emerged of young thugs brandishing metal fence posts, knives and guns.

The same gangs are responsible for vandalism and graffiti throughout these suburbs and appear undeterred by efforts to repaint over walls and repair the damage they have caused. Local bus drivers report seeing teenage gangs roaming the streets on a nightly basis, ripping out street signs, trees and letter boxes and scrawling graffiti on everything in sight. More recently these offences have demonstrated an increasing propensity for violence, last week a security guard at Noarlunga Downs Primary School was assaulted by a group of youths after responding to an attempted break in.

An invitation only meeting has since been held for southern suburbs residents, police and a Local MP which raised possible solutions to the problem of increasing crime such as curfews for children and increased numbers of surveillance cameras. But residents, who continue to suffer damage to their property and fear the effect of violence outside their homes, are seeking a more permanent solution to the problem. This public outrage has finally prompted South Australian Police to take more drastic measures to combat youth gang activity in the form of Operation Shoulder, which began late last week. The police operation, which will take place in the southern suburbs, will include undercover personnel and an increased number of patrols with a focus on problem areas in Woodcroft, Happy Valley and Noarlunga. Operation Shoulder will also promote increased parental control of problem youths via members of a "community programs unit" who will make contact with the parents of teenagers who have been spoken to by the police. The operation will feature a range of covert initiatives as well as uniformed patrols, in an attempt to create a visible police presence in the gang prone areas which may continue indefinitely. Anti-graffiti programs will also be improved in the Southern

suburbs and police have encouraged greater cooperation with schools and other agencies in an attempt to find long term solutions to the problem.

The Premier Mike Rann has promised tougher penalties for youth offenders, particularly those involved in violent incidents (who he believes should be prosecuted as adults). "I would like to see some of these young thugs actually named and shamed," he said, reiterating the need for the public to come forward with their complaints and report incidents to the police. According to Assistant Commissioner of Southern Operations, Brian Fahy "someone knows who all of these people are and what they're doing" and a special hotline has now been set up for the public to call in and voice their concerns. This is particularly important given a recent decline in the willingness of victims of crime to come forward, as they believe that reporting youth offending is a waste of time.

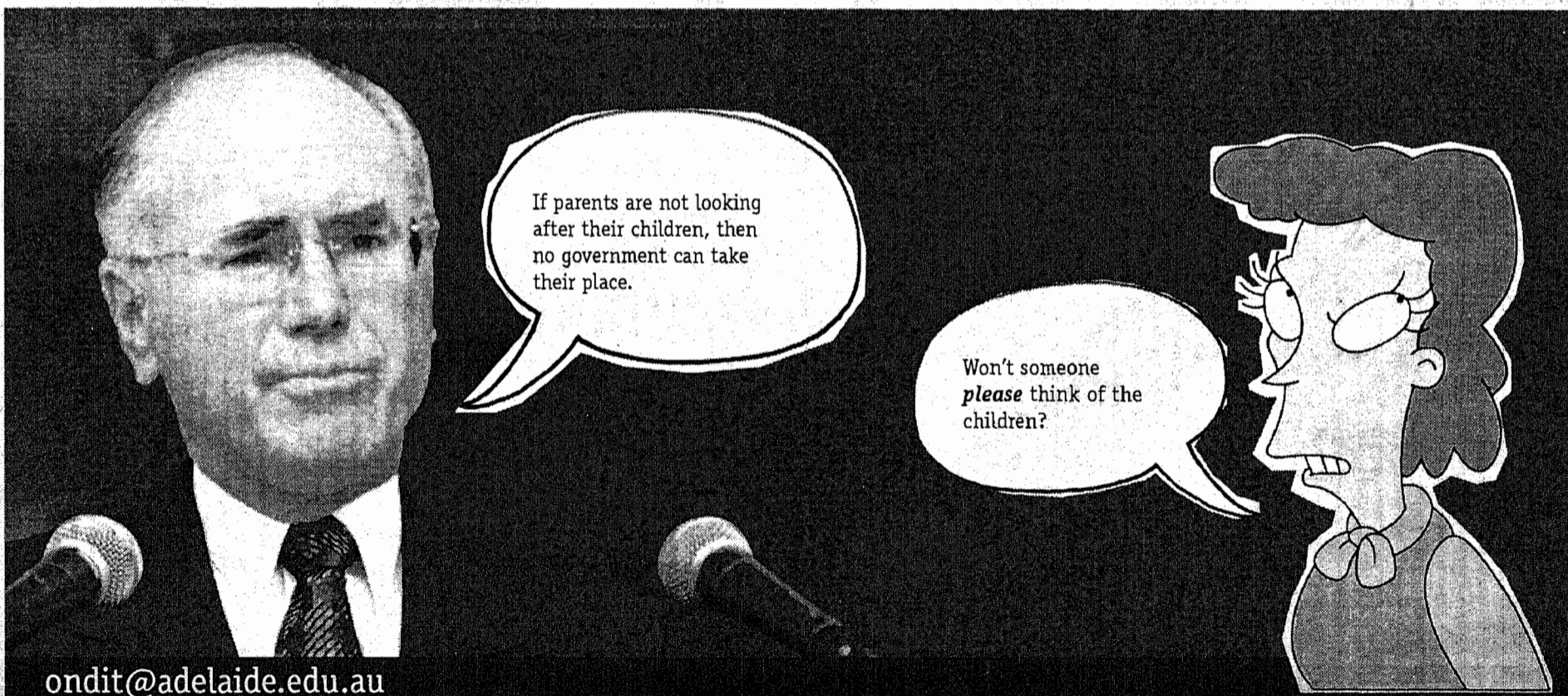
There has also been a push for an official inquiry into the juvenile justice system in South Australia which will begin in early November when State Parliament resumes. Government ministers are reportedly open to the inquiry while members of the Liberal party also believe that the action is 'timely' and should address issues such as how to deter youth criminal activity as well as penalties. Yet according to Prime Minister John Howard, irresponsible Adelaide parents are to blame for the increased levels of gang activity on suburban streets. "No responsible parent will allow a child of 12 or 13 or 14 to be out at all hours and I don't think I can emphasise enough in our communities that parents have responsibilities," he said last week on radio 5DN. Mr Howard further explained that "if parents are not looking after their children, then no government can take their place", asserting that the government cannot assume responsibility for curing all

social problems. Premier Mike Rann has mirrored the Prime Minister's concerns about teenage thugs causing mayhem in the middle of night, asking, "what are their parents doing?"

The public outrage over youth gangs comes only weeks after Mike Rann lashed out at outlaw motorcycle gangs following a serious assault in an Adelaide night spot. A security guard and a female staff member at the Garage Nightclub in the city were attacked after members of a 'bikie gang' were evicted from the premises. This event prompted Mr Rann to crackdown on the gangs and acknowledge the serious threat they pose to our community. The behaviour of the two groups bears a frightening resemblance, and southern suburbs residents report numerous instances of teenagers gate crashing parties, vandalising property and assaulting people when they are refused entry. According to SA Police there are up to 14 youth gangs creating havoc on suburban streets and it is not surprising that one of these already has possible links to one of Adelaide's outlaw motorcycle gangs.

Of the five main gangs responsible for terrorising the Southern suburbs, it is believed that there are up to 100 members in each. Leaders of these gangs have been known to brag that "there are too many of us for police to control". There is no doubt that youth gangs have a well established presence in our community but the increasing number of attacks and the growth of these groups is a major concern for Adelaide residents. Whatever the cause of these problems the time has come for more serious action not only from parents, Police and the State government but from all members of the South Australian community.

Rosie Sidey



SAUA Roundup

Last Wednesday's SAUA Council saw some of the new councillors really getting into the swing of things. The first three of so hours of the marathon session were spent interviewing and eventually appointing Orientation Directors for 2004, who will work under Orientation Coordinator Victor Stamatescu to kick off the SAUA's activities for next year. Despite orientation directorships traditionally being used as a profile-building opportunity for factional underlings, there was a worrying lack of candidates this year. In fact, O'Week and O'Tours have been left open in the hope of attracting more (or any) applicants. In the end, Sarah Eckermann, Alexis Buxton-Collins and Joshua Rayner were appointed O'Camp Directors and Andrew Fleming, Patrick Moore and Adam Edwards scored the O'Ball positions. Given the financial position the SAUA was left in following Orientation 2003, we wish them the very best of luck...

The last two hours of Council were dominated by debate over Female Sexuality Officer Emma O'Loughlin's report. Councillor David Pearson questioned O'Loughlin over the resigned nature of her report, which essentially stated that she would not embark on any new projects for the remaining five weeks of her term. In response to O'Loughlin's defence of ill health, Pearson replied, "I

don't want to be too rude, but if you can't do the job, then maybe you should just step down and your honorarium be used elsewhere." Questioning by O'Loughlin's successor, Kate Stryker, as to what she was planning to work on provoked the startling response of "I would like to answer that question, but I am choosing not to." Upon further questioning, O'Loughlin stated that this was on the grounds that her answer would be "too bitchy". President-elect Alice Campbell promptly moved a procedural for the meeting to move in camera. What we can report on are the motions passed during the in camera session, which presented O'Loughlin with three options: work with the two sexuality officers-elect, take unpaid leave for her illness, or resign from her position. A decision was requested by 5pm the next day; and if this was not forthcoming, a special council meeting would be convened to suspend her pay.

O'Loughlin's resignation was received the next afternoon.

This year has seen three out the eight elected inhabitants of the Lady Symon Building's ground floor resign, miracle budgets, and a whole lotta bellyaching in the open plan office's inaugural year. Despite this, our Students' Association has lived to see another year. Let's hope next year's reps have similar luck.

Cruickshank, Clark & Mahoney

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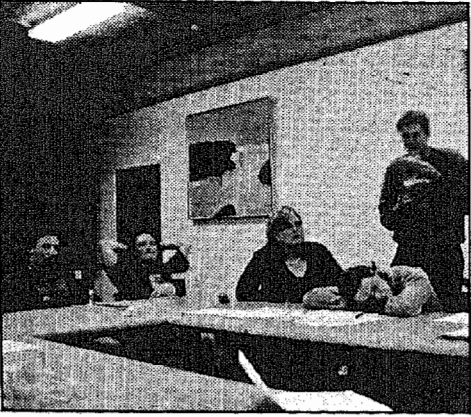
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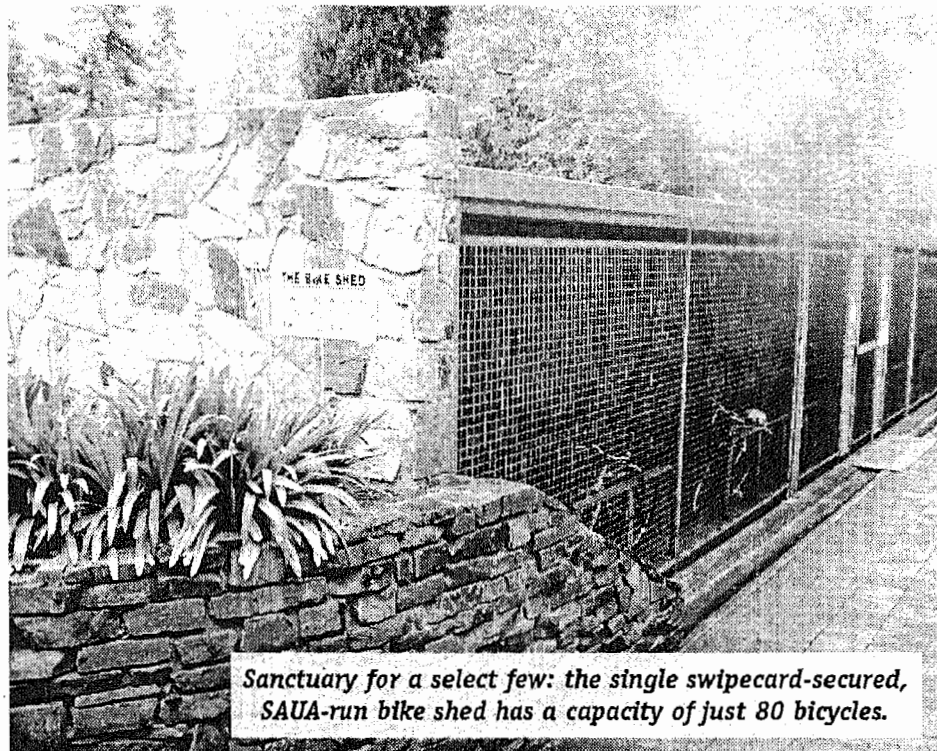
Last week *On Dit* published a letter from a disgruntled student who had recently had his bicycle stolen from the University's North Terrace campus. In response to this and several anecdotal reports of bike theft on campus, *On Dit* investigated this issue and its impact on student welfare.

In a report solicited from Campus Security, in the period January 1 to October 28 this year, a total of 65 bicycles were reported stolen, with a combined value of over \$41,000. This rate of theft is equal to one bicycle every five days. (Unreported thefts would bump up this frequency considerably.)

The vast majority of the thefts were reported in the late afternoon and evening, and from bike racks located at various places on the North Terrace campus. Hotspots included near the Medical School, the Barr Smith Lawns and Barr Smith Library, and the Mawson Laboratories.

The theft of a personal possession, let alone a form of transport, is frustrating and upsetting for anyone, but for a student it carries a further burden. Students on low incomes who live within riding distance of university often rely on bicycles as their sole form of transport to study, and do not have the funds to easily replace their bikes if stolen.

The North Terrace campus currently has one swipecard-secured bike shed, located between the bottom of the Barr Smith Stairs and the Lawns, which provides some peace of mind for a maximum of 80 cyclists. Administered by the SAUA Environment Officer, a spot in the bike shed costs \$11 per semester, with access possible only with an activated student ID card. With only 80 places available, and access up for renewal every semester, the bike shed has reached capacity within the first week or two of each semester this year. Although the construction of a second bike shed has been mooted to meet the high demand for such a facility, funding has been a stumbling block. A new bike shed will cost \$12,000 to construct, with the SAUA responsible



Sanctuary for a select few: the single swipecard-secured, SAUA-run bike shed has a capacity of just 80 bicycles.

for coming up for the money. In addition, a location for the shed would have to be negotiated with the University (a spot near the Engineering Building and Frome Road has been suggested already).

Considering the SAUA's current financial situation, \$12,000 is a staggering sum without some sort of grant or gargantuan fundraising effort. *On Dit* hopes that incoming Environment Officer Stephen Kellett, due to start his term on December 1, will look into security options for the significant number of students who cycle to university and ways to reduce the incidence of this cowardly act.

Gemma Clark



Reclaim the Night Adelaide 2003

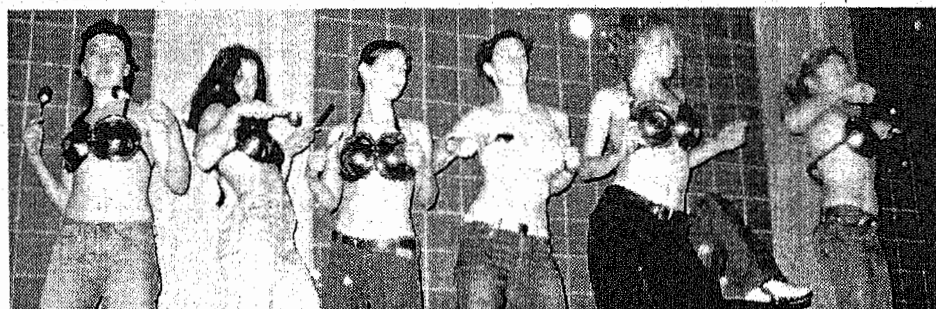
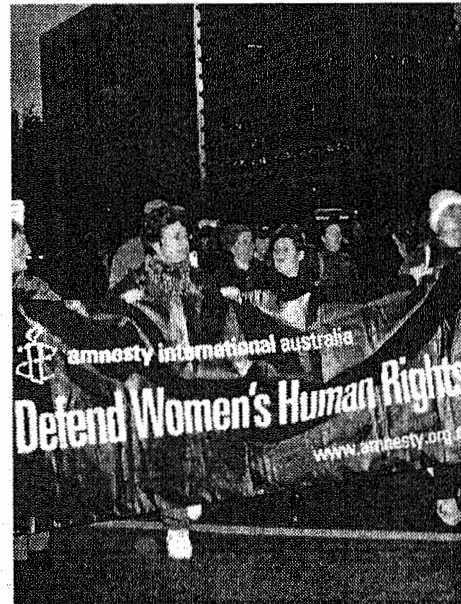


The annual Reclaim the Night march in protest of violence against women and children was held in Adelaide last Friday night, concluding with a street party in the West End.

Organised by a collective of women, including from the three SA universities' students' associations, the event attracted a gathering of just over 100 women and a handful of men in Victoria Square. The crowd was addressed by speakers on key issues around the central theme of ending violence against women. Sharina Hassin of the Muslim Women's Association spoke out against the verbal and physical intimidation and harassment Muslim-Australian women have encountered in their day-to-day lives following the events of September 11, 2001. Karina Lester, a granddaughter of the Kunga Tjuta people of Coober Pedy, explained the significance of the nuclear activity on their land, and how the poisonous waste violates the story of the Seven Sisters. Elspeth McGuinness of the National Council of Single Mothers and Children spoke in opposition to the Federal Government's proposed '50/50' legislation, and urged for more female input into the legislative process. (In an amusing aside, when McGuinness declared that Prime Minister Howard's idea gives a mother half a child, a voice from the audience interjected, "He can have the bottom half!") Community and women's groups including Yarrow Place Rape and Sexual Assault Service, Amnesty International, the Relationship Violence No Way Project and Resistance were also out in force.

The march moved from Victoria Square along King William Street and Hindley Street before concluding in Register Street, where the crowd was treated to an excerpt from *Bust*, a dance/play by body image advocate group Innabody. The provocative performance seemed to connect with Mother Earth herself, as when one performer announced, "Liberate your breasts!", the very heavens opened and began to rain on the audience, who nonetheless stayed on for some spoken word and bands Star Ten Hash and Autonomy. For many, a retreat into the cosy and neighbouring Caos Café followed.

Gemma Clark



The University of Adelaide & the Global Petroleum Industry: together at last

This week, shockwaves were sent down the spines of those students currently occupying a position in the SAUA Environment Office when a media statement was released on the University website signalling the forging of a partnership between ExxonMobil and the University of Adelaide. This link has been constructed specifically between the Australian School of Petroleum, (an Adelaide University department opened in August 2002) and ExxonMobil, the world's largest privately owned oil and gas company. University of Adelaide staff and students within the School of Petroleum will now be directly contributing to future ExxonMobil projects.

The dynamics of this partnership are outrageous. Adelaide University is now, as of the signing of this deal, an institution that is supporting a company currently committing the environmental equivalent of genocide. Inherent to the deal is Adelaide University's commitment to assist in increasing the productivity of ExxonMobil and contribute towards

the further degradation of the earth's atmosphere and reckless extraction of fossil fuels.

Mobil, the public face of Exxon in Australia, is currently the only major petroleum company in the world that refuses to support the Kyoto Protocol. Furthermore, Mobil was the key force behind the recent US rejection of the Protocol, as it was the company responsible for the largest monetary donation to the 2000 Bush presidential campaign and lobbied for the US administrations rejection of it. It is obvious that Mobil has made a concerted effort to thwart any possible chances of improved environmental practice by the US. In doing so they have halted major progress in carbon emission reduction and good environmental practice throughout the world.

Mobil is currently the only petroleum company purchasing and using Shale Oil which produces massive amounts of greenhouse emissions, not to mention the health risks caused through its

extraction from Shale rock. The Stuart project which is currently under operation in Queensland to extract Shale Oil has caused negative health effects such as immune deficiencies and reproductive problems for many who are living in the local area.

ExxonMobil has an annual profit margin of approximately 15 billion dollars and endeavours to spend a further 100 billion dollars in the near future on the expansion of their gas and oil production. A massive profit, however this company refuses to commit a single cent to renewable energy and sustainability initiatives for the future. This company makes a mockery of good environmental practice and avoids the responsibility that the world's largest energy company should assume.

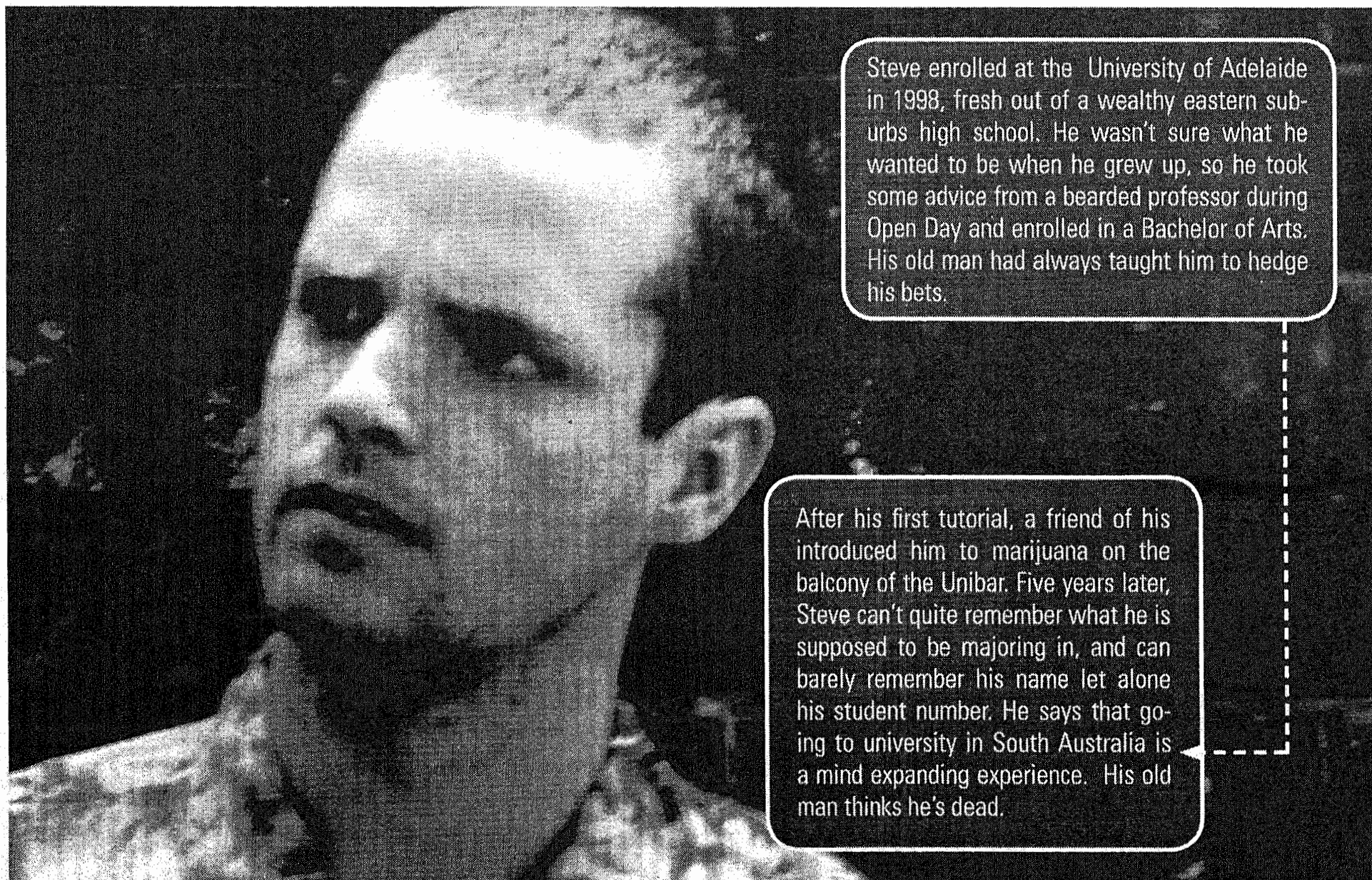
At the official announcement of the ExxonMobil-University of Adelaide partnership the head of the school of Petroleum John Kaldi announced that: "By association, this link provides an even stronger connection between

University of Adelaide students studying petroleum engineering and geoscience with an outstanding industry leader." It seems the term 'Leader' has become a somewhat overused term in the recent days and months. Some have adapted the definition to include Australia's Prime Minister (The visionary with eyes in the back of his head). In reference to Professor Kaldi's statement: Despite ExxonMobil being the largest oil producer in the world they are in no way the 'leader' of this particular industry. They are instead the most irresponsible player in the entire industry, with an absolutely blatant disregard for proper environmental practise.

The university should be looking to contribute to the sustainability and renewable energy industries. It is the responsibility of this institution to progress, support and enhance improved sources of energy use and practice for the future.

However as it currently stands the University is now directly contributing to improper environmental practice of the worst kind, and at the highest level. ExxonMobil-University of Adelaide. Guilt by association.

Stephen Kellett
Environment Officer-elect



Steve enrolled at the University of Adelaide in 1998, fresh out of a wealthy eastern suburbs high school. He wasn't sure what he wanted to be when he grew up, so he took some advice from a bearded professor during Open Day and enrolled in a Bachelor of Arts. His old man had always taught him to hedge his bets.

After his first tutorial, a friend of his introduced him to marijuana on the balcony of the Unibar. Five years later, Steve can't quite remember what he is supposed to be majoring in, and can barely remember his name let alone his student number. He says that going to university in South Australia is a mind expanding experience. His old man thinks he's dead.

Now that it looks like half the students enrolling in university will be paying full fees before the end of 2005, we're starting to panic. The marketing department told us that nothing convinces well-to-do teenagers to part with their parents' dough like glossy posters and media saturation. And we trust them -we insist that their degrees should have an impact (whatever the fuck that means).

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Final Rant-Down

Over the course of the year the opinion section has featured snippets from a variety of students about everything from thesis topics to top 10 orgasms. Thanks to everyone who contributed to Other Ideas and the opinion section this year. One of the best features of *On Dit* Opinion 2003 has been the diversity of people and viewpoints in every edition, and I hope that next year sees even more opinionated people writing in and stirring the pot. Thanks also to sub-ed Dave for his words and work throughout the year.

There were a few things I wanted to write about this week, so for my last article I thought I'd put down some other ideas of my own.

Steven Robert

Probably Misses His Old Glasses

I've recently joined the ranks of the bespectacled. I don't really need glasses mind you, I can see functionally well without them, but they take the fuzzy edges off things more than five metres or so away, and serve as a luxury rather than an optical necessity. Leaving the optometrists and wearing the glasses for the first time, I noticed an odd side-effect that no other four-eyes I've talked to can confirm. My vision was altered so that not only was everything clearer, but it was a bit higher up than it I remember it, having the effect of making me feel shorter. And I'm not talking about a couple of inches, it was a good foot or so. Everyone was taller than me, the trees were taller, I felt humbled and more down to earth. I think glasses have made me a better person.

Angry Guy with Bottle

Where do Coke get off with their Nutritional Information panel, a product which no one could conceivably be buying for its nutritional value at any rate. For starters, they're keen to point out that not only does a 600ml bottle contain no fat whatsoever, but also that it contains no saturated fat. The fact that there's a shitload of sugar in there is subtly disguised by the fact that they have decided that there are three servings to your bottle of 200mls each and list the amount of nutrients in each of those servings. When you buy a Coke is the idea that you pour it into three glasses and share it with your friends or have one a day or something? No, you're supposed to guzzle it down all in one hit and thereby attract good looking people like on the ads. What a crock.

School's out for Ever

This is my last week of uni. It's sad that it's becoming a more expensive and less vibrant experience year after year. If current corporatisation and policies continue, studying in ten or twenty years' time will be an even more sterile and vocational experience. However there are still enough young people, ideas and beer around to ensure that it's a great place to be, and will continue to be so as long as our leaders and powerbrokers are all university types with vague happy memories of good times, average bands and greasy schnitzels. After all, that's what it's all about. That, and getting toasted. Nicely toasted.

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LETTERS

Thanks to (almost) everyone who wrote in to us this year. Nothing warms an editor's heart more than a healthy letters section. Except maybe colloidal silver and jerking off in the shower.

What's Wrong with you people?

A letter from the office of the 2004 Orientation Coordinator

Dear readers of *On Dit*,

I'm writing this letter to fulfil my election pledge that I would consult the student populace on the content of *O'Ball* in 2004. This is your chance to have some direct input into next year's Orientation and tell us what bands you like.

Now before you beer swilling, Billabong wearing, Nu-Metal listening engineers start laying into me about how 'heaps gnarly' 28 Days, Grinspoon, Superheist and Pacifier are, let me lay out some facts. Two years ago *O'Ball* brought you some of the aforementioned bands. The event was attended by fewer than 2,000 people and subsequently lost money. In 2003, a spirited, bright eyed team of *O'Ball* directors strove to bring you something different, something more 'avant-garde' if you will. You didn't like that either. Around 1,800 people attended that concert, which, although costing less to put on than previous years, still lost bucket loads of money.

Well what the hell do you people like? No, seriously, I'd like to know.

This year the deal is that in order to guarantee success, *O'Ball* has been scaled back to the size and budget of those of the mid-nineties. This means that the bands that will be playing next year will be a couple of small 'up and coming' Australian acts as well as a bunch of cool local bands. Just think, you'll be able to come and see a band that may be the next 'big thing' rather than paying \$98 to see some band that you've been told to like (because their name's Jet and there's heaps of record company-produced hype about them).

Some suggestions so far have been The Cat Empire, Architecture in Helsinki, Little Birdie and Andromeda, just to name a few. Please help us add to this ever growing list. I also welcome any suggestions for local support acts. So,

to make a long letter short, please send your suggestions to this address:

oball2004@yahoo.com

With your input and attendance next year I'm sure that we will be able to resurrect our annual rock concert to its former glory.

Thank you

Victor Stamatescu
O'Co 2004

Hey Phil, you left your damn lights on.

To the Editor,

The Woomera Detention Centre (WDC) is seemingly out of the news for the last few months, yet they persist to frustrate members of Adelaide University and international (Japanese) collaborators, I'm writing about the CANGAROO Gamma Ray Observatory on the Woomera Rocket Range, near the WDC. Our observatory was built years before the WDC was constructed. Despite the last few of the detainees leaving, the WDC persists in maintaining its lights at night for the ridiculous reason of vandalism. This is plainly not an issue, as there are no protesters or likely to be any, and the place is harder to break in or out of than Fort Knox. I would remind the Minister responsible, Amanda Vanstone, that the Australian Government must honour its obligations with regards to the Treaty on International Observatories, which it signed, which has a clause about unnecessary light pollution. The WDC lights are now plainly infringing this clause of the treaty under these circumstances.

Yours Sincerely,

David Swaby
CANGAROO collaboration

Yay us

Hi there *On Dit* crew,

I don't particularly want a free feed (a t-shirt would be ok though) but I thought you may like to hear praise from an avid *On Dit* reader. This has been my first year at Adelaide Uni and I have felt involved with Campus culture through *On Dit*. Not only are the articles informative, they are usually very entertaining, lifting my sense of sobriety. I missed a few issues so will be heading to your office to get 1,4 and 5. Thanks for publishing the covers last edition.

Thanks to you all.

Mandy

Getting off in the tub

Dear *On Dit*,

This probably isn't the appropriate forum, but something tells me you guys can help me.

For some reason, I find it impossible to get off in the shower. This annoys me no end, as the stress of my degree means I need to get off on a fairly regular basis. My friends tell me that the shower is a pleasant and convenient place to choke the bishop, but try as I might, it is impossible for me to finish the job whilst standing up.

I'm sick of having to carefully spaff onto wads of toilet paper, and the checkout attendants at the 24 hour supermarket are starting to look at me funny when I stock up on cheap condoms and socks. Plus I suspect my parents can hear more than they should.

I would save so much time and expense if I could get it over with in the shower. Do you have any advice?

Yours in anticipation,

Backed Up

We don't usually like to give personal advice, but it's the last edition, so what the hell? It's usually much easier to get off in a squatting position when you're in the shower. However, some people feel uncomfortable having to squat like a bored and depraved monkey at the zoo.

For a more dignified approach, try bathing instead. You'll find that the spaff takes on a fun consistency in the warm water - just make sure you take a quick shower afterwards. Also, you would be wise to keep the thrashing to a minimum, as the regular spish-spish spish noise could make your parents suspicious.

Good luck!

- Eds

The magic of Colloidal Silver

Dear *On Dit*,

This is a community service announcement for any woman who has suffered the agony of a urinary tract infection, especially a recurring one. Are you at the point where it feels like you're pissing needles, antibiotics aren't working, and even doctors' tests aren't showing an infection? Try this crazy stuff from health food shops called colloidal silver. Drink a little bit (15ml) and swab where you're stinging and you'll be good as new, as long as you keep up the water intake. Seriously.

Alkaline Alice

Don't mention it

Dear *On Dit*,

This is just a quick note congratulating you on not using so many poney letters this year. Obviously, your letters section is top notch enough for you not to have to resort to shameless filler. Well done!

An Imaginary Person

We know it's a bit late, but here's our advice on . . .

How not to write a letter to On Dit

Exhibits A and B demonstrate a number of faux pas when it comes to writing to a newspaper.

1. If you're going to make a claim about the factual content (or lack thereof) in past editions, it's probably best to use an argument that relies on examples more substantial than "many more advantages which I won't bother going into" (exhibit A).

2. Don't make defamatory comments about your political rivals. It's not a good look. It also has the potential to force the Students' Association to catch up an unpleasant amount of dough. You will note in exhibit B that we've blacked out the examples for this reason (a shame really, they were such witty examples).

3. Remember, factionalism is not cute. It's even less cute when factions air their delicate laundry in the media. Save the sad in-fighting for Cafe Deval, children.

3. If you're going to criticise the quality of a newspaper's content, try to come up with something vaguely interesting, informative or humorous. If you want tired and bitter editors to go to the effort of transcribing your tattered and confused vitriol, you would be wise to make it worth while. More style, less purile, that's what we say.

4. If you're going to direct mindless vitriol at someone, have the yarbles to put your name to it (exhibit B).

Thanks to the helpful stooges who supplied such an informative examples.

Cruickshank, Clark & Mahoney



Thursdays 7pm - 2am!

All Night Drink Specials

\$3.00 Base Spirits

Inc. Johnny Walker Red, Jim Beam, Smirnoff Vodka & Bundy

\$3.00 Champagne

\$1.80 Schooners

\$2.00 Southwark Pales

\$3.50 Tequila Shots

\$3.00 Cowboy Shots

\$4.50 Fusions

DJ's - Free Entry Drink Specials

175 Nth Tce Adelaide Myer Centre 8231 5464

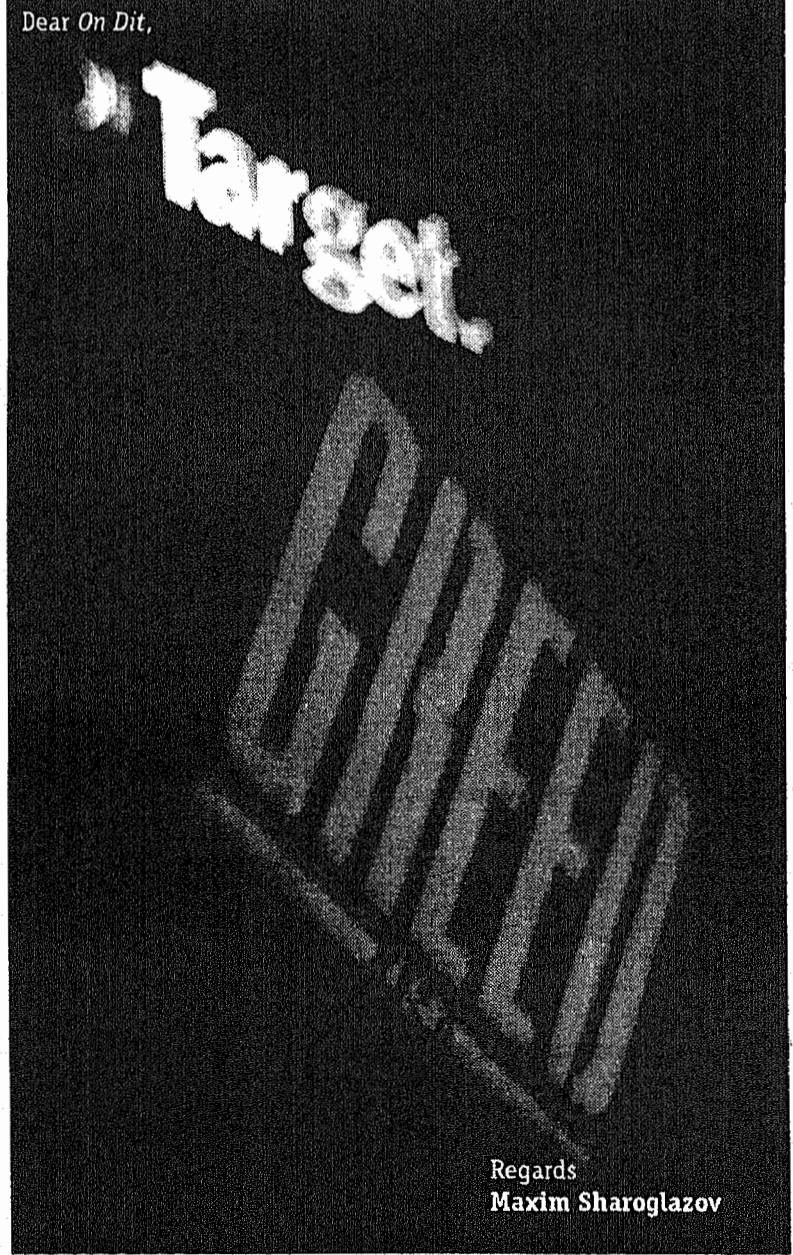
Handwritten letter with annotations. Includes phrases like "On Dit, I would like to ask why you print such pieces in your paper?" and "I quote: 'We have eaten the milk!'".

Exhibit A

This week's Letter of the Week goes to David Swaby. Nice work Dave - you get a free lunch. Thanks to the fine people at the Lodon Tavern for supporting the letters section this year (and feeding our starved student population).

Handwritten letter with redacted sections. Includes phrases like "Additionally, who is this slender, thin, craggy man about a M/S delegates" and "Lastly, maybe a liberal scum, but with the nasal voice & boat shoes he is a very funny, top bloke."

Exhibit B



Regards Maxim Sharoglazov

John Winston Howard: Unstoppable creature of nefarious destiny.



Some time ago, John Howard's reign of smugness attained an order of magnitude that forces even the bloodiest of bleeding hearts to admit some amount of respect, if not outright awe.

Enough has been said about Howard's "miraculous" ability to shrug off - even take advantage of - the kind of scandal that would have crushed a lesser man into political oblivion. From the MV Tampa to Iraq to his inside dealings with the Brazilian ethanol industry, to his exorbitant travel expenses (some \$750,000 on his last European tour),

to his bailout of his brother's textile factory, the amount of nepotism, deception and cruelty that has slid off his back is nothing short of astounding.

Although I wouldn't go so far as to say that he is capable of black miracles, there are a number of strange historical coincidences that give some credence to the notion of Howard as Australian Antichrist.

Think about this: John Howard first entered Parliament on the 75th anniversary of the enactment of the Australian Constitution. Prior to

this, he had been actively involved in the Australian Liberal Party since the tender age of 18. He even managed to campaign for the Tories in the 1954 British elections.

Even the Prime Minister's name is ominous. Named after none other than Winston Churchill, Howard also shares a middle initial with a vicious American warmonger.

It is this kind of scary coincidence and synchronicity that makes me so attracted to the PM. When you look at his political cunning (unparalleled in

the modern era of Australian politics), Howard still seems like any old man - and a gooselike old bastard at that.

But when you combine his prowess with the auspicious circumstances that surround his rise to power, John Howard seems more like a force of nature - a terrible, awe-inspiring giant among weasels.

Stanley George

Antisemitism and Generalisations of the 'Other'

The academic Robert S. Wistrich has called antisemitism "the longest hatred". For over two thousand years, Jews have been accused of being the killers of Christ, spreading bubonic plague, and sacrificing Christian children to drink their blood during Passover - just to mention a few examples. At the heart of many such accusations lies the allegation that a nefarious conspiracy has been hatched by Jews to control the world. The most infamous of slanders of this type is the antisemitic tract *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, which was produced by the Russian secret police in the late nineteenth century, using a French political satire as a basis. *The Protocols* has had many prominent supporters, including Adolf Hitler, Henry Ford and, more recently, Mahathir Mohamad. Indeed, it is possible to buy a copy of *The Protocols* from the Australian League of Rights at one of their monthly meetings in Adelaide.

Following the Second World War, overt expressions of antisemitism were restricted mainly to the political far right. However, as memories of the Nazi genocide of European Jewry (and the Allies' failure to intervene to save Jews) fade, antisemitism has become at times an acceptable political platform to support one's own cause. Whilst no state or people ought to be above criticism - Israel and Jews included - the singular historical disaster that befell Europe's Jews has resulted in the repeated blurring of legitimate criticism of Israeli internal and foreign policy and antisemitic attacks on the Israeli State. At no point in history has this confusion been more apparent than it has in the last few years.

Following the 11 September 2001 terrorist attacks, individuals around the world used the attacks to further their antisemitic claims. British Holocaust denier David Irving reproduced various media stories - many of which he alleged had been suppressed - on his web site. These reports suggested that Jews - and perhaps the State of Israel itself - had been behind the attacks, and even alleged that Jewish employees in the World Trade Center had been warned to stay away from work on the day of the attacks. Although quick to condemn them, Irving - to name but one example - has used the attacks as an opportunity to defend and legitimise his antisemitic ideology. A few months later, Mahathir Mohamad, who also condemned the attacks, accused Israel of being the main cause of international terrorism and of using the 11 September 2001 attacks as a pretext "to upgrade its terror attacks". Such remarks followed those that he made in the late 1990s accusing Jews of being responsible for the Asian financial crisis. Shortly before his retirement as

Malaysian Prime Minister, Mahathir further angered leaders across the globe by stating:

The Europeans killed six million Jews, out of twelve million. But today the Jews rule this world by proxy. They get others to fight and die for them [...] We are up against a people who think. They survived 2000 years of pogroms not by hitting back but by thinking. They invented Socialism, Communism, human rights and democracy ... so that they can enjoy equal rights with others. With these they have now gained control of the most powerful countries and they, this tiny community, have become a world power.

Such statements from Irving, who sarcastically (albeit truthfully) refers to himself as being a "court-certified

of Islam, that he chose to lash out at a religious group that is hardly represented within South East Asia.

The Palestinian uprising has blurred the boundaries between legitimate criticism and antisemitic attacks even further. Israeli excesses against Palestinians have resulted in the emergence of an unspoken and uneasy pseudo-alliance of right wing extremists, radical Muslims, peace activists and elements of the political left. While sharing a similar public aim (that being to pressure Israel into stopping its extreme actions against Palestinians) many otherwise responsible and moderate individuals and groups do slip into using the rhetoric of the far right in their opposition to Israeli abuses. Whilst many groups would publicly abhor the racist ideologies of the far right, they

If anything, the fact that Jews worldwide generally have a far more secure existence than ever before has only increased the viciousness of the antisemitism that they experience.

racist", come as no surprise. However, whilst many Malaysian politicians have attempted to explain away Mahathir's antisemitic rhetoric, the fact remains that the United Malays National Organisation, Mahathir's political party, has distributed copies of *The Protocols* and other antisemitic literature at its conferences. As the leader of a moderate, progressive predominantly Islamic country that has a strong economy and is a centre of regional stability, Mahathir did neither himself, his fellow Malaysians or indeed Muslims around the world any favours in blaming major world problems on arguably the most infamous of all alleged world conspirators. Mahathir does not speak for all Malaysians; however, in a climate of uncertainty and fear, Mahathir's rhetoric has achieved a heightened level of importance and is leading many to question why, in the light of so many positive and personal contributions that the Malaysian Islamic community is making to educate and open the eyes of the West to the reality

themselves are party to their promotion through their occasional misguided attacks on Israel.

This is not to claim that criticism of Israel is never justified - it can be. Many Israelis are guilty of damaging their nation's reputation by immediately claiming that they are the victims of antisemitism the moment any criticism of Israel is raised. Not totally without a grain of truth (but only the tiniest grain, I hasten to add) do many antisemites claim that an antisemite is an individual whom the Jews do not like. Occasionally hysterical claims of antisemitism, in conjunction with valid criticisms of Israeli actions, serve only to further obscure the real issues. Reliance on a history littered with abuses targeted at Jews as a defence is not the solution.

In ages of extremes, antisemitism has repeatedly experienced revivals; 1930s Europe is but one example. The events of the last three years provide yet another example in which an extreme course of events has resulted in a dramatic increase

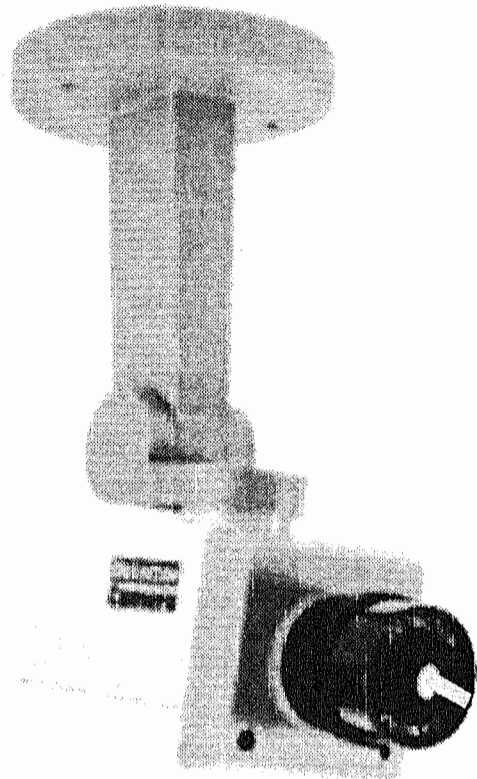
in overt antisemitism. The far right has never really disappeared from the political landscape, and its antisemitic rhetoric is a constant; however, in climates of political turmoil, its public face becomes more apparent. What differentiates its current incarnation from previous ones is that for the first time in Jewish history, Jewish people find themselves in a vastly different climate from their ancestors. Whilst antisemitism is an ever-present menace that lurks in the background, Jews are no longer the victims of pogroms, and there exists a Jewish State. If anything, the fact that Jews worldwide generally have a far more secure existence than ever before has only increased the viciousness of the antisemitism that they experience.

In highlighting the example and longevity of antisemitism, a picture of a frightening human response to situations of duress and insecurity emerges. The way in which people lash out at an identifiable group of 'others' whom they perceive to be doing better, progressing faster or getting richer than they are is at the core of antisemitism. The birth of antisemitism occurred whilst the Jews were a physically identifiable grouping in society by their religious beliefs that extended to clothing, holidays and food ceremonies that were viewed with suspicion and scorn by the wider community. By virtue of these differences, the Jews were an easy target when things turned against the community of which they were a part. Now, 2000 or so years later, it would be nice to think that now that we no longer sacrifice animals at every opportunity and read the future in livers, the idea of a group of people being inherently responsible for the ills of the world would be seen for what it is. It is an enormous cowardly lie that some of us choose to tell ourselves so that we will not have to actually do anything about the situation of the world, other than sit around and complain about the way in which the greater conspiracy has prevented us from taking a greater (and better paid) part in it.

For antisemites, antisemitism is a number of things: an excuse to hate something that other people claim is evil, a way to make foolish friends, a way to draw attention to oneself, a way to lose one's friends that see it for what it is. Antisemitism is ultimately a pretext for the means to the end of blaming the 'other' for one's own woes.

Anthony Long

Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they're *not* out to get you.



Picture this: It's a comfortably scattered Sunday morning-after, pushing into the first daylight-saving afternoon of the season. Close friends (including my brother and sister) sit with me out on the front patio, guarded by seven foot fences from the prying eyes of the interested. We smoke, we drink, we laugh and make merry, and we talk

to scream like a lost infant.

With the music now off, for I desired some quiet time, it wasn't long before I noticed the voices emanating from over the neighbours' backyard fence. They were quite loud and animated, but I simply ignored them. The walls are very thin in these cheap North Adelaide townhouses, and I have grown used to

always think of shit like that. Try to relax and ignore it, it's just paranoia... or so I thought.

It was a certain key word that triggered my attention. It had been easy to shut off from the conversation before, but when I heard the word "management" said to shrieks of laughter, my world crumbled instantly.

there had been listened in on. They had actually been monitoring my behaviour! It sounded like listening to me had become some kind of hobby of theirs, a voyeuristic pleasure, kicks for free.

But such simple pleasures are not free. The expense is one's moral standing. For example, I now know that these people are somewhat lacking in scruples. They are not very principled when it comes to how one conducts oneself in society. Eavesdropping is a particularly disgusting act, and the voyeur is looked down upon in western culture: the peeping tom, whose own life is so lacking that he must seek interest in the lives of others without their knowing.

Such is the perverse thrill of spying on others. I was not oblivious to my own indiscretion while listening in, but then the topic of conversation was Me, which gave me the right to listen. Privacy must be valued above entertainment, and the invasion of another person's privacy is the cardinal sin of the suburbs. Yet surely it is still more loathsome to use this invasion for the purposes of entertainment?

Perhaps I am being a little harsh in my use of the word 'invasion', for I realise that I should probably keep my voice down, knowing how thin the walls are. But this is my home, and I should have the right to do as I wish, unimpeded by a fear that others are listening. If I had wished, I might have listened to these people at any stage in the past, but I have not. I am a principled man, I value my privacy, and I believe in treating others as you desire your own treatment at the hands of those others. Now I understand how these people wish to be treated, and I listen every time they speak loud enough. While I shall not reveal their personal habits, I shall reveal a few of mine in which they took an interest: My consumptive habits, and dealings over the phone to do with these habits; My relationship with my housemate; My bodily functions (including excretion, urination, masturbation); deeply personal conversations between my father and I; My half-baked aspirations to a career in freelance writing; and virtually anything my friends and I might discuss; the list goes on.

It became clear that nearly everything I had said in the house over the two and a half months I had lived there had been listened in on.

about everything that is sordid and depraved, including the performances of the Hilltop Hoods and Jungle Brothers at Traffic the night before. This article was meant to be a review of the show, but it was after everyone left and I had settled down on the couch to read the article by Hunter S. Thompson, *The Great Shark Hunt*, that a much more interesting topic for discussion fell into my lap and began

simply switching off to these background noises. Also, my eardrums were still bleeding from the night before, and the high-pitched whine of tinnitus is great for covering unwanted sound.

However, it wasn't long before drug-induced paranoia got the better of me. I started to wonder if they could be talking and laughing about me? Of course not, I thought. You're coming down, and you

A day or two before, I was entertaining a friend at home. Talk turned to how we had gotten into certain pastimes, and an anecdote about using amphetamines for work-purposes was told. The code-word for the consumables at this workplace had been "management", so naturally I could not ignore these voices now. I could only hear snippets of conversation, for their voices would drop and become hushed every now and again, but I knew that *they were talking about me*, laughing about me, and it was now my duty to find out exactly how much they knew about the wandering side show that I call a life.

Too much, I discovered over the course of a horrifying four-hour ordeal, in which I was rooted to the spot by the back door, standing with my book still tightly clenched in my hand, knuckles white with rage at how these people could be so disgustingly insensitive, so vindictive, all for the entertainment of their friends (there were probably about five people in the backyard, but it is only a couple that live in the house). I was mortified by how much these people knew, and in such detail. They could remember things said by me, and guests of mine that I couldn't have remembered on my own. It became clear that nearly everything I had said in the house over the two-and-a-half months I had lived



An artist's impression of the errant eavesdroppers.

Now, considering that they have only listened to that which was loud enough to hear (I am assuming that they don't have any electronic surveillance equipment, but I really don't know any more... someone please call the police, they may have gotten to me by the time this is published), I'm not sure that I am right to classify this as an actual invasion of my privacy. However, it is quite easy to see that this kind of behaviour constitutes an active participation in the violation of my privacy. This, in my personal opinion, is base and disgusting. These people, I gather, are in their late twenties to early thirties, and the question begs: Don't these people have lives of their own? Probably not. They even seemed to understand that what they had been doing was wrong, for every now and then, conversation would suddenly shift to a cover-up about snow skiing, for no reason at all. They knew that I could be listening to every word they said, and indeed I was, but my conscience is clear. So guys, I just want you to know that This is what I'm about, and I know what you're about, and it sickens me. It really makes me feel physically ill to know that this is what you people do (fucking lame-arses!).

Perhaps *Big Brother* is to blame: they're missing their fix. People have been touting violence in the media as a cause for actual violence for years;

perhaps voyeurism in the media is seen as a justification for engaging in it in real life? Whatever the causes, this is wrong, and there are no excuses. The irony of my listening in is not lost on me, and I find it beautiful: Hunting the hunter, as Thompson did with the sharks before he engaged in a long bout of paranoia, which turned out not to be paranoia at all. The voyeur is watching the voyeur.

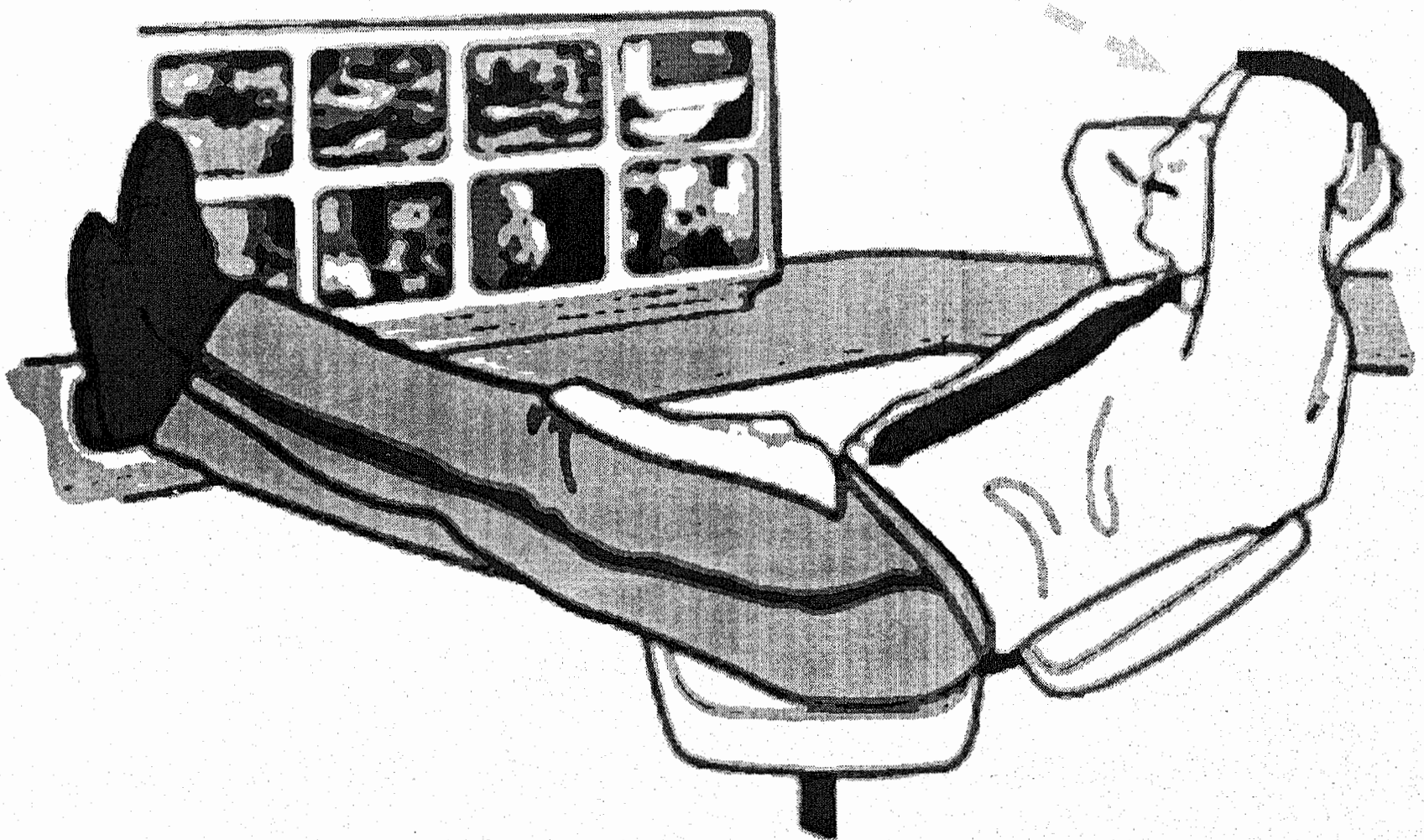
It is for this reason that I have, in secret, purchased and installed several radio-controlled microphones and tiny digital video cameras about their home. Also, I have used a crystal set to tune into their cordless phone frequency.

Christ said more than once, "do unto others as you would have them do unto you", and their indiscretion has become my license to expose their lives for the entertainment of the general public. So, from now on, every Friday night from 6pm onwards, come-one-come-all to the car park behind the Melbourne Street Wine Cellars. I have set up a projection screen on the back wall of my house, and together we shall expose the inner lives of my dear, sweet, but as yet unnamed Provost Street neighbours.

It's going to be one helluva shit-train from here, folks. Let's enjoy it while it lasts.

Hagemann

It is for this reason that I have, in secret, purchased and installed several radio-controlled microphones and tiny digital video cameras about their home.



Sisterserpents

chicago art activists

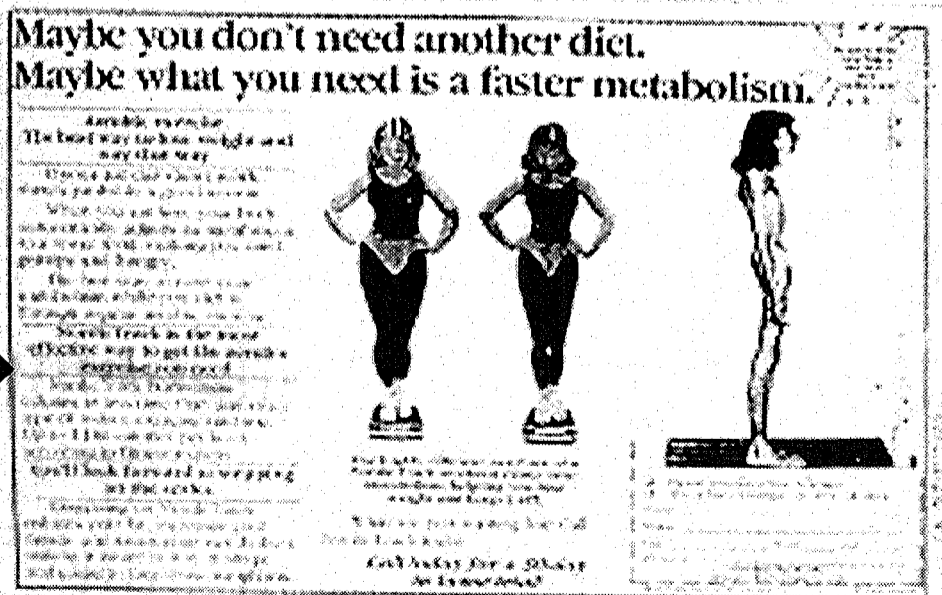
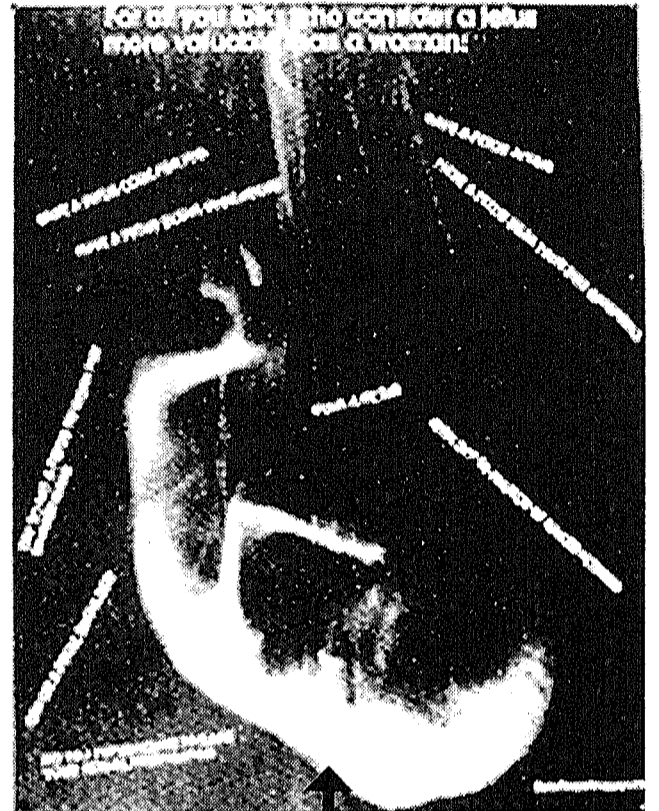
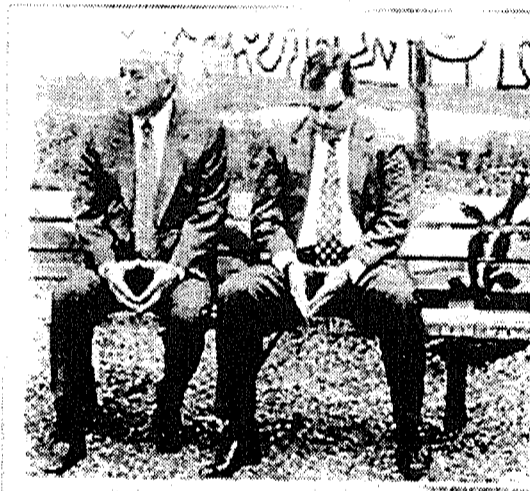
The Sisterserpents are a group of feminist activists who have famously and controversially taken on misogyny through provocative art. Established in Chicago in 1989, their manifesto then declared that, among other things, "Our art is merely and marvellously our weapon." Throughout the late 1980s and early 1990s, the Sisterserpents were anonymous despite their infamy, with the exception of their spokeswoman, Mary Ellen Croteau. They spread their message through easily distributed, guerrilla artist tactics such as stickers, rubber stamps, posters, as well as more traditional forums like art exhibitions. However, Sisterserpents' exhibitions were far from Establishment, with titles including *Art Against Dickheads*, *Piss on Passivity*, *Piss on Patriarchy*, and *Home Improvements: Demolishing Domesticity*.

The tone of Sisterserpents' work is provocative, confrontational, retaliatory, and at times, brutal. Like British feminist artist Linder (profiled in On Dit 71.15), they attack sexism in its common disguise of harmless social practice. From little boys' games to army pin-ups, consumerism and domestic goods, the Sisterserpents manipulate and appropriate imagery from the misogynist enemy in the name of "idea warfare". Liz McQuiston's excellent anthology of feminist campaigns and artwork, *Suffragettes to She-devils*, aptly described the Sisterserpents as "creating a confrontational visual language that stopped at nothing to make a point".

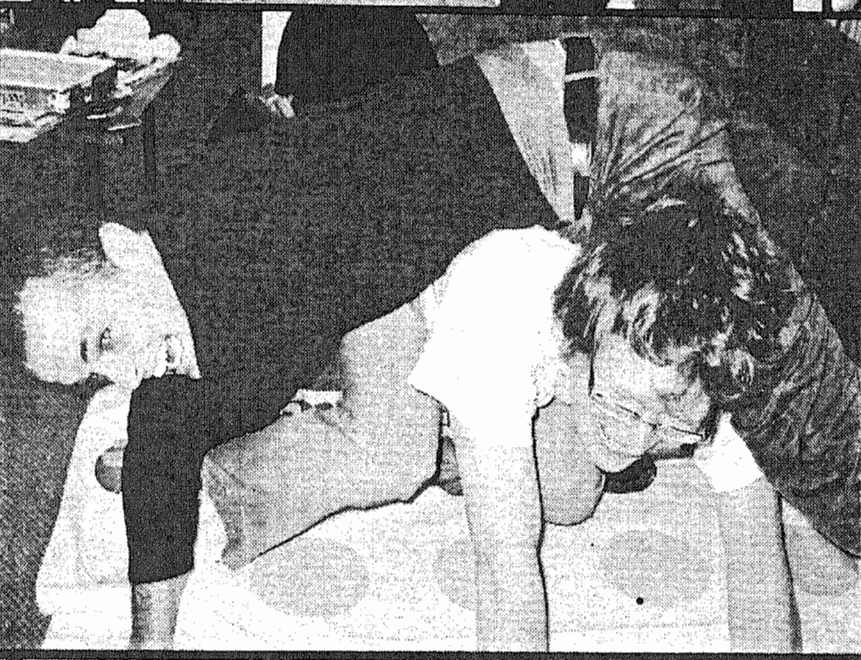
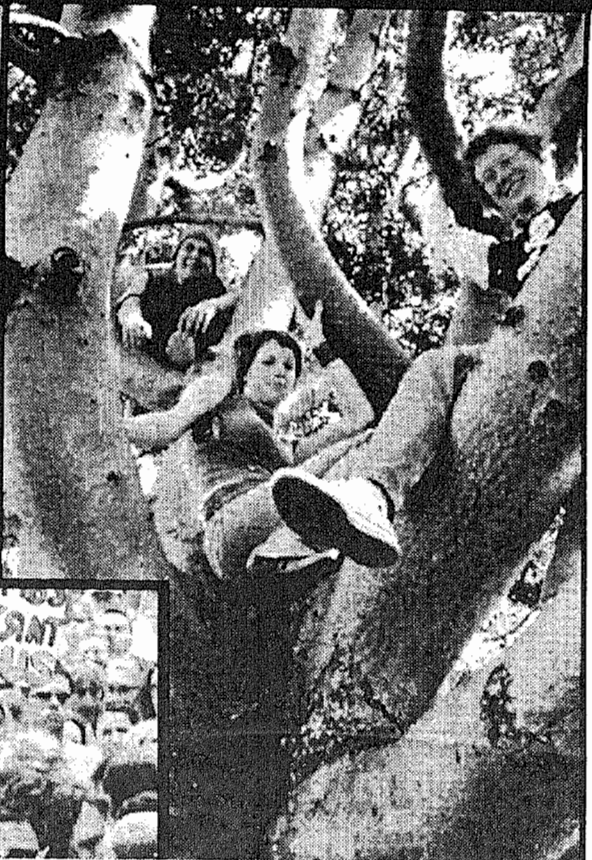
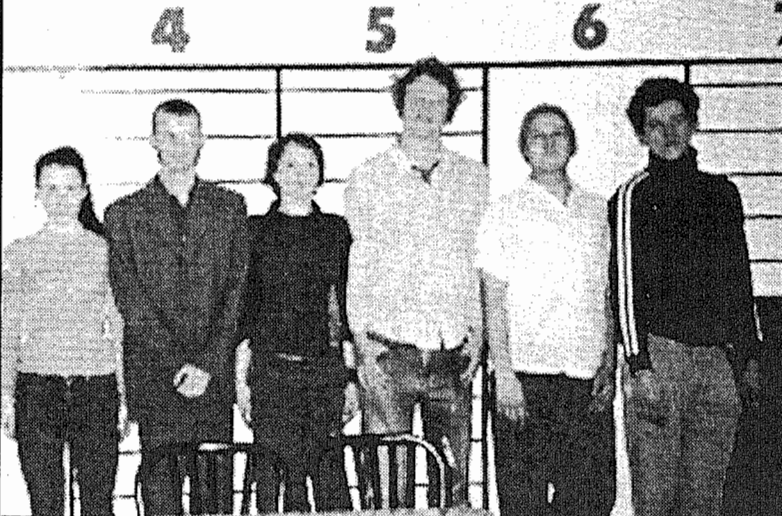
Most famously, the Sisterserpents sought to reclaim the symbol of the foetus from the anti-abortion campaigns of the Moral Majority in the United States. One particular poster, 'For all you folks who consider a fetus (sic) more valuable than a woman', was widely debated with its suggestions of 'Have a fetus cook for you', 'Have a fetus affair', 'Jerk off to photos of naked fetuses', and, ultimately, 'Fuck a fetus'.

Having spread its work to other US cities, exhibited in New York, Denver, and Hamburg and Berlin in Germany, and had posters included in a permanent collection in the Smithsonian's Design Museum, it's fair to say the Sisterserpents have achieved recognition by those on both sides of the anti/feminist argument. Croteau seems to take delight in the publicity her group has received from letters sent to every member of the US Congress by the American Family Association. As Croteau says on her own website, "My art is in-your-face, radically and unapologetically feminist... My work is about taking a closer look at our culture, about seeing things in a slightly different way, and intends to undermine patriarchy with wit and humor."

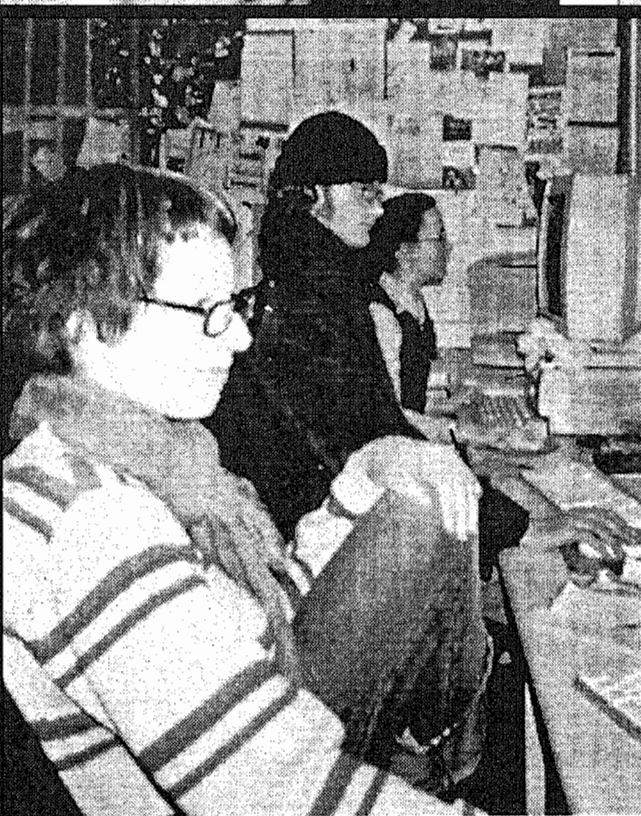
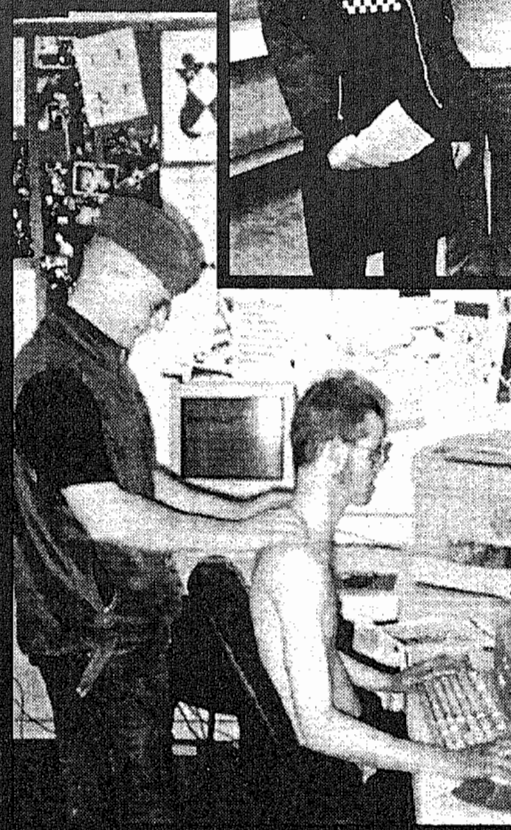
Gemma Clark



LINE UP



pictorial





bonnie

When I go to bed at night I dream of copy. There is always too much. The articles are shuffled around, slotting on the page in every permutation like some fucked up logic puzzle, until every piece fits perfectly and I can rest. It is not possible to escape it. Nor should it be. When the legacy of 71 years of history rests on your shoulders, Friday night drinks kind of lose their importance.

I recall, most of all, the events of this year that played out in a very surreal manner. The city assumed an almost Shakespearean feel on the morning of March 20; the sky opening up to make way for unseasonal rain, church bells resounding up North Terrace with the rhythm of a metronome, all the necessary romance and fanfare to mark the beginning of a war. The mornings are always ethereal; colours that a computer could never create, framed by trees that extend back beyond our memory or comprehension. And every technological catastrophe seemed more ridiculous and unfathomable than the last. But imagining 14,000 people reading each page we produce is possibly the

Dear me. The time has come for me to write a poignant assessment of what this strange and twisted beast of a newspaper has done to me.

The pressure's on. As I write this, I still have three pages to lay out and a front cover to print. (Fuck stains, the cover!) What's worse, somewhere in the depths of my arse lurks an opinion piece about how attached to John Howard I am.

I'm a little scared, but no more or less than usual.

This is the fear that changes an editor, for better or worse. That thick sense of doom that hangs over you for a solid four hours before that cursed courier arrives to take away our baby. The Nightmare Hours, we call them. When the printer spits out sick certificates instead of corrected pages. When the half the content for the film section is yet to materialise. When phantom advertisements refuse to open. When office bearer columns disappear into the abyss. When the network ceases to exist.

Sometimes I think about what the three of us must look like while we ease this paper into the world. The theatre of it must be spectacular. From edition one, our Crazy Russian Theatre Guy has made a habit of planting himself on the office couch, rolling spliffs and taking in the oiled machine that is Cruickshank, Clark & Mahoney. Watching us combine our forces to subdue the beasts that stand between us and the

satisfied relief of another edition in the can. Man alive, it must be some kind of trip.

It's the kind of trip that changes a man. I can't exactly tell you how I'm changed - I mean, I still can't take a dump without appropriate reading material. I still get all teary when I hear one particular Belle and Sebastian song. I still enjoy red meat more than most things in life. I still have a disturbingly optimistic sense of time management. I still mumble at my long-suffering co-workers.

If nothing else, *On Dit* has helped me realise that anger is awkward and inefficient. It occurred to me about midway through this year that people hardly mean any harm, and that it is best to give up, let go and be happy. When it's 3am and you've still got three pages and a cover hanging over your head, it becomes clear that there are bigger fish to fry.

What will never change is the size and shape of the real estate that Cruickshank and Clark occupy in my heart. Were it not for their patience, trust and sheer reliability, this year would have ruined me for keeps. They are like the adorable sisters I never had, and the idea of losing them is too much for me to comment on right now. Lame as it may sound, WWCC&CD will be my quiet mantra for some time to come.

"chronic, relapsing disease" that requires treatment, not punishment. But the figures are staggering. Over 70 per cent of Australians over the age of 14 have consumed alcohol at least once in the short term" at least once in the past year. binge drinking among young people has increased markedly in the past decade.

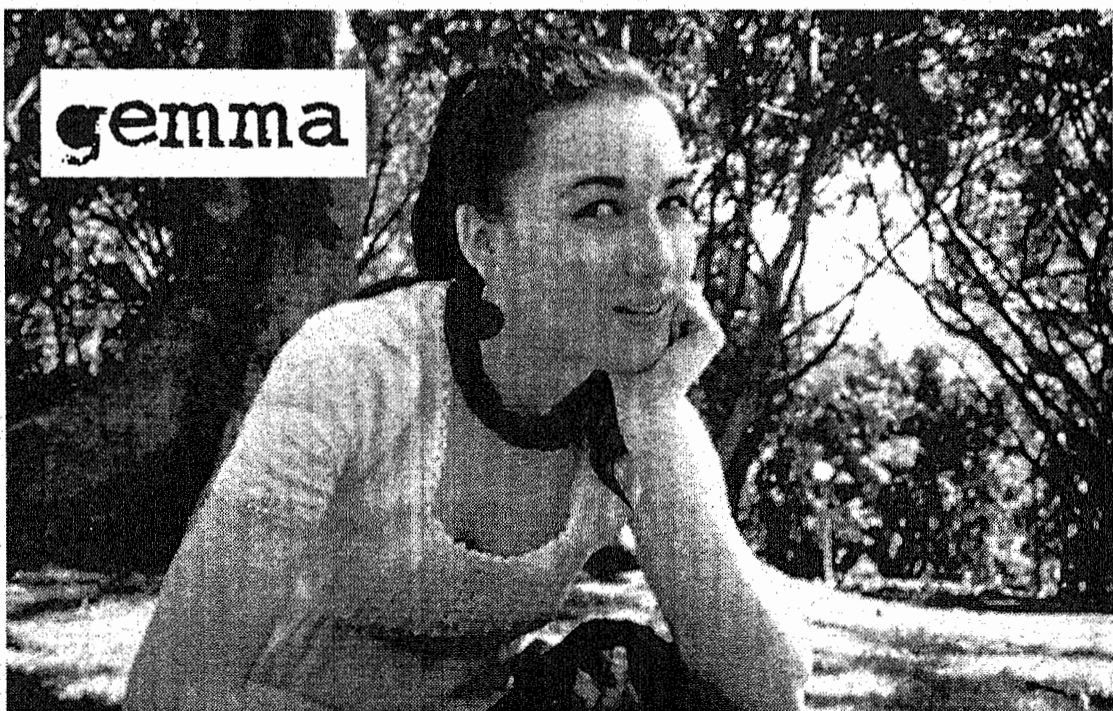
Over 80 per cent of the alcohol consumed by young people aged 14-24 is consumed "on days when drinkers considered themselves at risk of injury or acute illness". Despite this, the majority of teenagers, according to the Committee's findings, "drink to get drunk".

Viviana Bagnall, in an illuminating article in *The Bulletin* (September 9),

characterised by relapse, and that drugs, mainly alcohol, tobacco and cannabis, are often viewed as integral to sections of Australia's culture. In many ways, the introduction of harm-minimisation teaching is likely to have a significant impact on the lives of young people.

The most significant harm-minimisation introduction in Sydney, Coles and the Australian Medical Association (AMA), have a long history of such initiatives and even promote crime and other anti-social behaviours.

report, accuse the majority of the Committee of "moralising".



gemma

least believable (and most terrifying) reality of all.

Technology, social trends and political exhaustion have allowed *On Dit* to evolve in to a very different publication from its original form as pioneered in 1932. Given this trend it is difficult to know whether it should cater for the increasing preference towards palatable pop-culture articles (reviews?) or remain stubborn about why this paper exists in the first place. We decided that it needed to do the latter - we wanted people to trust *On Dit* again. Whether this is naive optimism or a decision of integrity, I'm truly not sure. After all, knowledge really only results from experience.

Love and appreciation goes out to many people who have guided me with one hand and propped me up with the other this year. Gemma and Stan, we are three lucky chumps. You have brought out the best in me, and I hope that the privilege has been returned. Maxim, who can find beauty on the sole of a shoe. James, every moment has been a delight. Andrew, you are growing so fast that it's giving me an inferiority complex. Much praise also for Matt, Emily, Mikey, Penny, Michael Devlin, Rob, Joshimitsu and Sharan who have warmed my seat throughout my long social absence this year.

Best of luck to James, Stan and Sara for Volume 72.

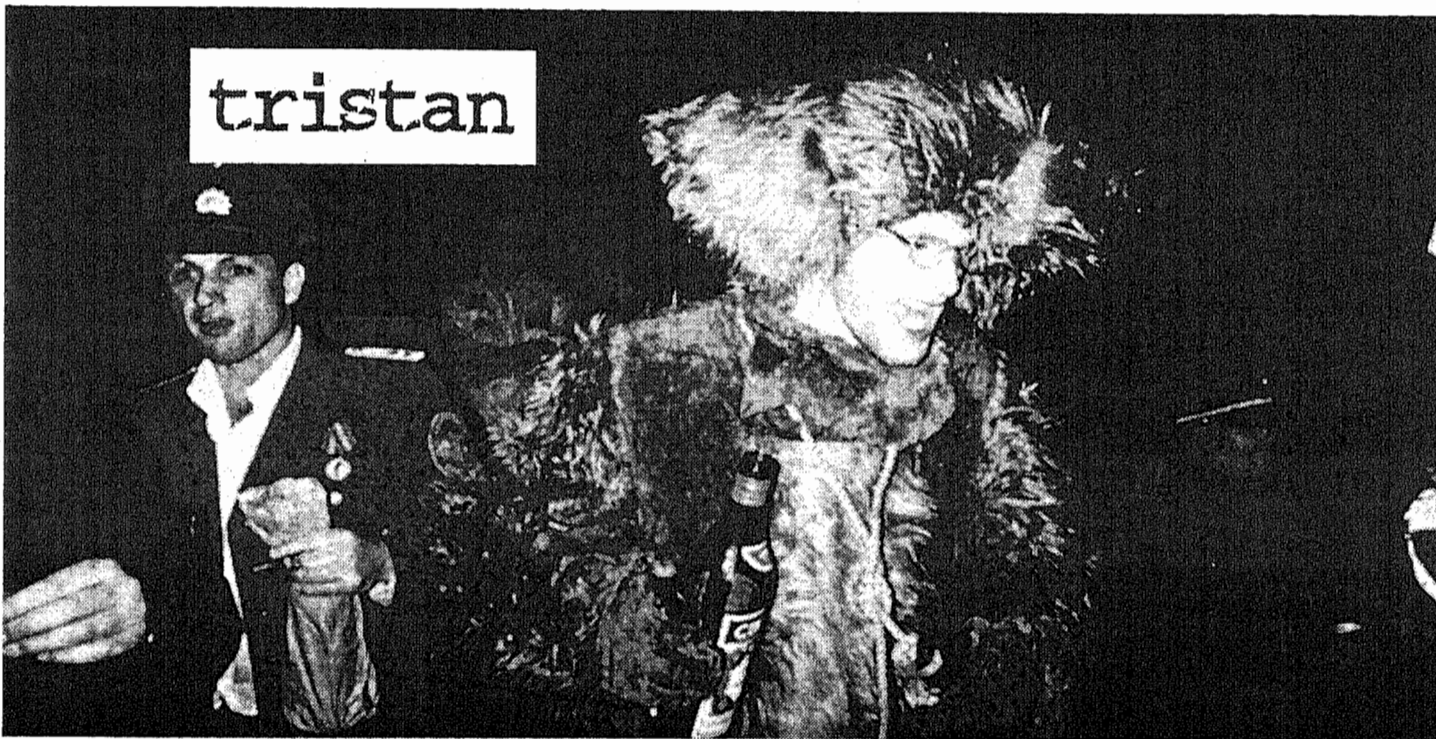
who assumed the role from Liberal 'alexops' - pre-mixed spirits that taste which are extremely magenta - has come at over 40 per cent of drinking alcohol before

is alcoholic stigma. It is often seen less by a culture that does and even applauds but denies its often-over the long term, condition of complete alcohol. People who are are strong cravings, loss of self-control, (brought about actual physiological structure) and an ever-increasing tolerance to larger and larger amounts of alcohol.

Unfortunately the term 'harm-minimisation' has been often misunderstood. Many people assume it to be a 'blanket' solution, which means the same thing for heroin addicts as it does for 14-year-old school students. It does not. 'Harm-minimisation' properly introduces many multi-faceted approaches, each designed specifically for a select group of people.

More unfortunate is the Committee's stance on harm-minimisation. Quoting one report, "the term 'harm minimisation' has lost a lot of meaning...[and] can no longer provide strategic direction for drug policy" (page 296). *Road to Recovery's* 122nd recommendation is that "governments replace the current focus on harm minimisation with a focus on harm prevention and treatment of substance dependent people".

both needle exchange safe-injecting sites, the regards the views of the Association of Australia Australian Association of (AASPE), the Alcohol and Council of Australia (ADCA), City of New South Wales even the ANA in favour in particular. Professor conservative DRUG ARM such treatments in favour the experimental National parties abstinence, and it is has been adopted by the



"chronic, relapsing disease" that characterised by relapse, and that drugs, report, accuse the majority of the Committee of 'moralising':

and Stuart Edwards, in a dissection report, accuse the majority of the Committee of 'moralising':

To edit a student newspaper at any time is to be bestowed with the privilege of publishing and disseminating material for and by what is arguably the most imaginative, progressive and passionate group in any given society. However, I can't help but feel that the years that I have written for and shaped the content of *On Dit* have been some of the most culturally and politically tumultuous in recent memory. To be able to distribute a counterpoint to the disturbingly conservative media we are otherwise bombarded with and provide a forum for alternative thought is a true honour.

In 2001, I began my *On Dit* experience in earnest, as an eager hanger-on, proofreader and semi-regular contributor. Of that year, the date September 11 is now etched into the Western memory after American imperialism was dented by four hijacked aeroplanes. A gruesomely asymmetrical war on a convenient scapegoat soon followed. Closer to home, the Howard Government was responsible for one of the most reprehensible tragedies on our humanitarian record: Tampa.

In 2002, I subedited the Opinion section with one Tristan Mahoney. By the end of that year, while asylum seekers rotted in desert prison camps, "terror struck home" when two car bombs detonated in a nightclub strip in Bali. Tears flowed for white tourists as Australians caught a sniff of the atrocity that is a mere way of life for many, especially non-Western, societies.

Eleven months ago, as Bonnie, Tristan and I were still coming to grips with the quirks of layout software and the challenges of a predominantly green team of subeditors, our Government declared us at war. A huge grassroots social movement swelled, as 100,000 ordinary citizens took to the streets to say no to this unnecessary, arrogant violence. The peculiarly apocalyptic feel of the final editions of the 2001 and 2002 volumes of *On Dit* spilled over onto our very first edition.

Nevertheless, I can easily say this has been the best year of my life, and just under my confident countenance lurks a fear that I may not live one to match it in its excitement, optimism and fulfilment.

Without the following people all this would not have been possible, so here come the thank-yous. Bonnie, for straight shooting and great ideas. Tristan, for showing me what you're made of. Yak, for holding my hand. Sarah, for defying the downward spiral. Big Brother for the late night comfort and Paris Creek yoghurt for the early morning sustenance.

From here, I'm sneaking back into the anonymous world of the full-time student, and rounding off my university days with a go at Honours in what Brendan Nelson would consider a "silly" degree, and from there I will have to forge some sort of non-student identity for the first time since I was five years old. I sincerely hope that you feel you have derived something worthwhile from the paper I sank my heart into for twelve months.

Questions:

1. What is your fondest memory of On Dit 2003?
2. What is the main thing you've learnt from working in the On Dit office?
3. Do you have any advice for new applicants for 2004?



JC

Local Music guru and Trash Deluxe

1. Being bedfellows with Bonnie and Maxi. Getting stoned before driving home at 4am after proofreading on Sunday nights. Looking after Josephine's love life.
2. What I WANT to learn is who stole the hardcore porn from the *On Dit* library. I'm looking your way, Leo.
3. Look sharp. I want to be renowned for having the best-dressed set of subeditors any newspaper has ever had. Also if you embrace your role within the paper it will become one of the most enlightening years in your life, so don't be afraid to hyper-extend yourself (what the fuck?).



Arts subeditor and fashionista

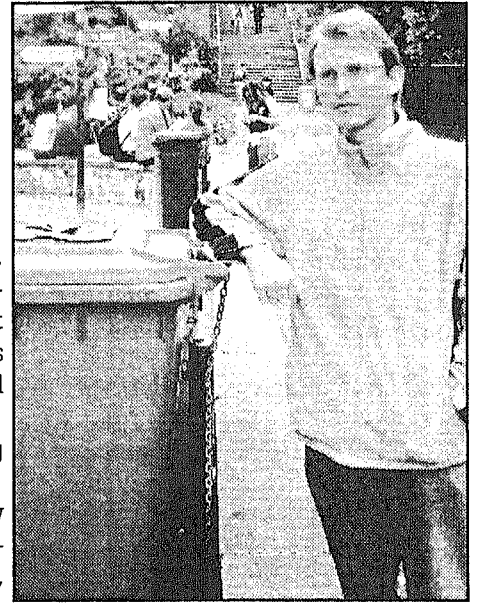
1. So many fond memories! Interviewing Waikiki and Jimeoin. Meeting all the people associated with *On Dit*. Just being out and about in the art scene. It's been fantastic.
2. Again - heaps. I've learnt to be more confident and talk to people. Producing the end product and doing the comic.
3. Just be yourself and if you're passionate you'll get there. Just work hard.



Current Affairs subeditor

1. Without a doubt the close friendship I've forged with Sir Anthony Mason following our 5 minute phone interview... either that or signing my first lot of autographs on the Barr Smith lawns...
2. It's actually possible to be a sub-editor and never really set foot in the office...
3. New applicants should know that showing your *On Dit* identity card at media functions and concerts will not get you backstage but it's worth it, cos you can still flash it around campus and look cool!

**Steven
Opinion subed
and general cutie**



1. I like the bit where I wrote articles. Also it was cool reading opinion submissions from a whole stack of people, most of whom I have never met, and thus getting to know them in a random and superficial way.
2. If you spend too long proof-reading tiny print, your vision goes all spotty.
3. Nobody really cares what anybody else's opinion is. Try to maintain a diversity of contributors and subject matter, and keep it entertaining.



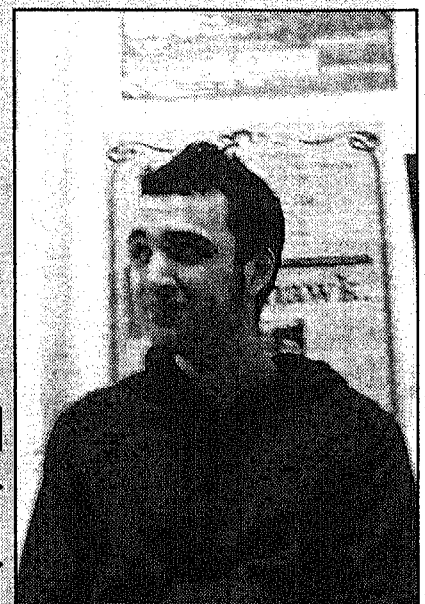
Literature subeditor

1. My general animosity towards the computers caused many frustrating yet amusing situations, exacerbated by my lack of understanding of Mac computers and Incoming disappearing every time I looked for it...
2. How to use Mac computers? not really...how to waste time in the *On Dit* office, the black hole of procrastination..
3. Scam as much as you can. Be nice to the editors especially when they are sleep deprived and try and enjoy your work (or lack thereof), don't take it too seriously and have fun.



Bar & Restaurant subeditors

1. The fact that two of the 18 restaurants we've reviewed have since closed down. Do you think it had something to do with us?
2. Free food is easy to scam if you say you're from a local publication.
3. Bribery will get you everywhere.



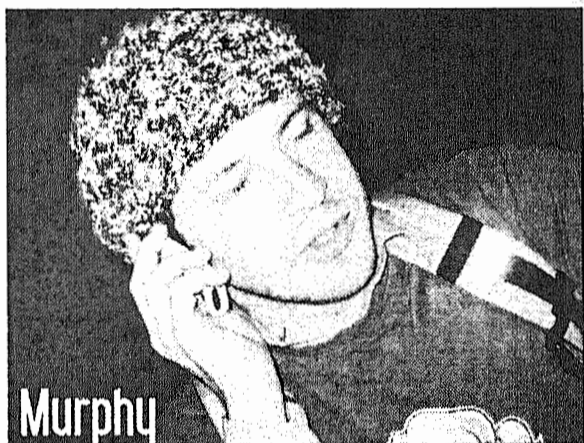
**Mikey
Advertising Manager
and sometime mentor**

1. The day I saw Stan's cock.
2. You can never really understand something until you see it from all sides.
3. Time management is not just for geeks and nerds, although admittedly those categories of people have a near stranglehold on the practice.



Vox Pop / Music subeditor

1. Listening to Poison the Well on one of the G4s. Stan came in and told me to "turn that fucking shit off". This happened numerous times with various CD's. I never tire of that game.
2. How to have fun while working with a really REALLY excellent bunch of people. Moreover, I've learnt that to get the most out of student media, you really have to put in the effort.
3. Do your best with whatever you do. Just because people are there for you; don't take advantage of their goodwill and generosity. The rewards will be multiplied.



Murphy

Photographer and tech support

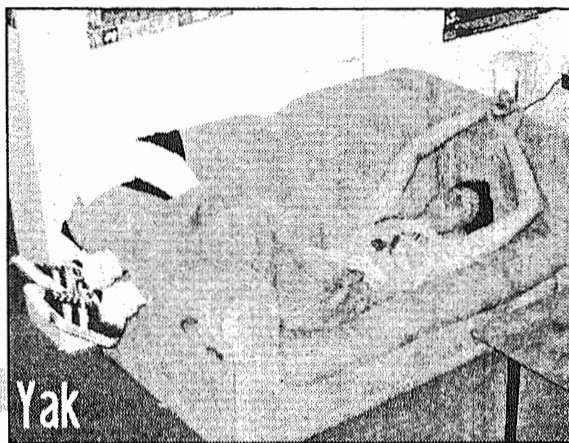
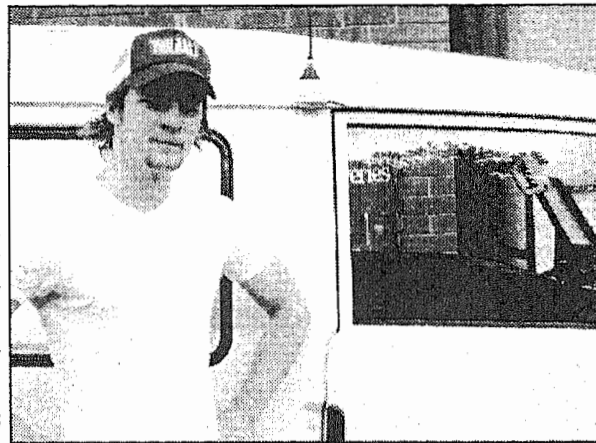
1. Childlike excitement surrounding the unfinished office video, Nat and Yak asleep on the two couches after O'Ball and learning the phrase "did you beef?"
 2. There's no "I" in "team"... But there is a whole bunch in "floccinaucinihilipilification". As a result, probably learning how to spell floccinaucinihilipilification was the best thing I learnt from working at *On Dit*.
 3. Rub the editors' noses in it as often as possible by never falling behind and getting your work in on time. That way they won't have to ring you in the wee hours of Monday morning shouting, "Fuck! Where the fuck's your fucking column?"
- Also, there's no way you can make the phrase "babies with cancer" funny these days, we've tried.

Cruickshank, Clark & Mahoney Eds

1.
 - Cr: The Finder (constantly) needing our attention, the nauseating smell of green tea emergency deodorant, hotline conversations with my #1 informant Gemma, Monday morning debriefs with Stan on the ledge, blogs, our ailing office equipment, feasting with Maxim and JC in 104.
 - Cl: Cleaning the whiteboard on Monday mornings at 7am and the rest of the Post Edition Ritual. Gazing out of our open window on a fine afternoon and wondering how old those magnificent trees on the Barr Smith Lawns are. Saturday night Simpsons quote rallies with Tristan; the more obscure, the better. Bonnie presenting me with my "It's just like your first communion, only sexy" gift from 7-11. That Wednesday afternoon on Darling Harbour. Seeing people reading *On Dit* on the bus.
 - M: Making irritating sex noises with Clark. Spending quality time with Cruickshank and Keith. Helping the strange feel as comfortable as possible. Communing with the broken down server. Monday morning carpet mouth. Watching people fall off our poorly assembled swivel chairs. Showing Mikey my cock. Humping Yak. It's the little things, really.

**Mattyo
Film subeditor and resident tough guy**

1. Not getting walloped by the editors after a record number of weeks of getting my shit in real late on Sunday nights. And staying #1 on Mortal Pongbat for as many weeks.
2. My shit doesn't smell as sweet as was previously thought.
3. Cynicism is what passes for insight when courage is lacking. And Stanley likes to drink. Exploit this fact.



Yak

Distribution dood

1. The series of extravagant lunches and dinners in Sydney after the media conference in Newcastle.
2. The there are a lot of people in this world, particularly those who use the George Murray Basement toilets, who don't know how to flush, or are disturbingly comfortable with public masturbation.
3. You're never as funny as you think you are, so it's best not to try to be.



DJ Maxi on the Dexx

1. Monday mornings on the sledge, post-courier.
2. Feeling comfy in the fuzzy womb of delirium.
3. Feel comfy in the fuzzy womb of delirium.



2.
 - Cr: If the world is going to implode/explode, it is likely to occur at 4am on a Monday morning.
 - Cl: I was amazed to find that it is possible to work 70 hours a week spread over three jobs plus study and still maintain general happiness and wellbeing - as long as you love most of what you're doing.
 - M: I've learnt that anger is inefficient - it's much easier to Give Up and Be Happy. I've also learnt that homemade soup can be reincarnated almost indefinitely.
3.
 - Cr: Compulsive email checking is neither healthy nor necessary. Give as much as you take. And remember, if in doubt, hold shift.
 - Cl: Don't be afraid to introduce yourself and let people know who you are. Be polite, be honest, and be yourself. Share your passions with others. When writing something, consider whether it's worth someone else's time to read it. Avoid in-jokes and self-indulgence (aside from final editions). And take some nice photos of yourself before you're hired - your complexion will never be the same.
 - M: Privacy, sleep, personal hygiene - a true subeditor cares not for such things.

And then there were four...



SAUA President, Sarah Hanson-Young

So this is my last column in *On Dit* ever. I've been doing this for the past two years, firstly as Environment Officer and now as President. The Students' Association has changed a lot over the past four years that I've been involved, as has the general student community and I hope that I have been able to contribute to it changing for the better.

The level of representation of real student issues this year has increased and been quite successful. This year the SAUA has been able to ensure student views and concerns regarding plagiarism, supplementary exams and assessment techniques were listened to and reflected by university policy.

At the beginning of the year we managed to stop the university outsourcing the security service. We organised the biggest student peace rally in Adelaide's history with 7,000 students taking to the streets to defend peace.

The biggest issue tackled all year of course has been the Federal Government's attacks on higher education and their proposal to change legislation that will make attending university difficult for most and impossible for many. The SAUA has regularly represented Adelaide University students on this issue to the University, the government and the wider public. We have continued to lobby our parliamentarians on these issues and have appeared in front of the Senate Inquiry dealing with the legislation. The SAUA also organised the on-campus demonstration when Alexander Downer visited our University, letting him know that the government's elitist reforms were not welcomed on our university.

And then, of course, there is all the other bits and pieces like liaising with the university for scholarships for Temporary Protection Visa holders, making sure that the university continues to improve its quality of learning and teaching and listens to student concerns, and that the SAUA itself is functioning properly and that those who have been elected by students do what is in the best interests of students.

I would not have been able to achieve all the things I have on my own and I owe gratitude to all who have helped me. I owe big thanks to:

The SAUA Officer Bearers - you have taught me patience and persistence.

The *On Dit* crew - thank you for teaching me the art of rubbing people up the wrong way and fixing up my spelling mistakes!

Other SAUA reps and students who got involved in our activities, thank you for your help and for keeping the SAUA real.

Union staff - thank you for your advice and giving me the time of day (especially Carmel, Graeme and June).

Chris, Vicki and Kylie from Student Care.

Everyone in the PGSA, OSA, Clubs, Sports, WISA and RACSUC

University staff - thank you for letting me do my job.

The SAUA staff (Naomi, Peter, Emma and Elly - where would I be without you?)

The Vice-Chancellor - he's really not a bad bloke...

My true friends - you know who you are!

Zane, my very patient and lonely husband.

And lastly, Brendan Nelson for simply being such a pain in the arse.

Good luck with the rest of your lives!

Love Sarah xxx

Women's Officer, Georgia Phillips

Welcome to swotvac and the last edition of *On Dit* for 2003! I hope that all of your studies are treating you well.

Well, what a year! I can't believe how fast this year has flown by... It seems like only yesterday that I was thinking about what to write in my first column - way back in Orientation Week!

I would like to thank everyone who has helped out the Women's Department over the last 12 months. Thanks especially go to the Women's Standing Committee - Kate, Belle, Lauren, Amy, Linda and Julia (the 2002/2003 committee) and Jess, Emily, Jo, Mel, Kellie and Linda (the 2003/2004 committee), and to all those unelected people who helped out when you could (you know who you are...). I would also like to thank every one of you who has come along and supported the events of the Students' Association this year - particularly those run by the Women's Department!

I encourage all of you to get involved in the Students' Association - it most definitely is a fun, enjoyable and rewarding experience. After all, it is YOUR Students' Association and being involved means that you can get a whole lot more out of your university days, aside from the educational bits.

"Whatever women must do they must do twice as well as men to be thought half as good - luckily, this is not difficult." (Charlotte Whitton)

Have a great summer!

Georgia



Education Vice-President, Leah Marrone

The end is nigh. The final *On Dit* and the final days of term. Well done, you've made it this far. However, it is not over for many just yet. Exams are nearing, don't forget that if you experience problems, unfair marking, etc, please go and see the Adelaide University Union's Education/Welfare Officers in the Lady Symon building. The year is not over for the Students' Association either, please come join us in the Public Education Rally, November 8, 1pm at the Colonel Light statue, North Adelaide (after the Christmas pageant- make it a day out, if that's your kind of thing).

The year that was:

Please don't forget: the people in Iraq, the people that remain in Baxter, the higher education legislation that is still sitting in parliament - our senators can still be lobbied over Christmas.

The year to come:

* New reps in the Students' Association who need your help to continue the work in lobbying Senators and the public on the benefits of defending public education.

* Consider your vote in next year's federal election - the future of higher education and Medicare rests in your hands.

Finally, I'd like to thank everyone who has attended a rally, signed a petition, written a submission, or simply talked to a friend about the regressive Nelson legislation, or the invasion of Iraq, or even the nuclear dump. We are university students, if we are not being political, and helping to set the political agenda, who will? Thank you for electing me into this position and good luck to Aurelia who will be your EVP from December 1.

Study hard and have a great summer (when it finally gets here).

Ciao.

Activities/Campaigns Vice-President, Adelle Neary

Well, it seems like only a moment ago that I was wondering how I was going to come up a new way to start my column each week - and now I am writing my last one for the year.

It has been a blast, and I would like to be very self-indulgent now and thank everyone who has contributed in any way shape or form to the SAUA and the Activities department this year.

To every band, speaker, student who came along, helper, sponsor and general dogsbody - you guys rule!

To the office bearers who didn't resign, and actually came into the office on a regular basis - it has been a pleasure (most of the time...)

To the Union - why have we had to wait nine months for a new photocopier? But I still love you, some of the time...

To the new team of awesome SAUA staff - next year's office bearers are very lucky!

If you have any suggestions, queries, quandaries or anything of the sort before the end of the year, I am going to be in the office for the next month, so either drop in or drop me a line. You might even meet some of the new office bearers who have joined the Circus!

I would like to end the year with a quote, or some sort of philosophical statement, but alas, I can't think of a relevant one. So I guess for me it will just be this one from my favourite band - kinda obvious, but hey, I'm a person who wears my thoughts on my sleeve.

Bring down the Government

They don't, they don't speak for us.

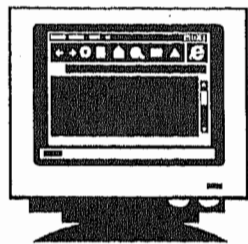
- Radiohead

Catcha later punks! The pleasure has been mine. May the force be with you.

Your other SAUA office bearers for 2003 were Male Sexuality Officer Jasn Walsh (resigned in August), Environment Officer Paul Grillo (resigned in September), Female Sexuality Officer Emma O'Loughlin (resigned in October), and ATSI Officer Darren Kurtzer (column not submitted by deadline).

Want to find out more about your Students' Association?

Keep up to date via the SAUA's shiny new website:



<http://www.saua.adelaide.edu.au>
<http://www.saua.adelaide.edu.au>
<http://www.saua.adelaide.edu.au>

On Dit 2004

is currently looking for a nutty team of semi-professionals to assemble the 72nd volume of everyone's favourite student newspaper.

If you have a thing for writing, deadlines and weird stimulants, stop by the SAUA Office (basement of the George Murray Building) and pick up an application form.



**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 November 14. 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

N.U.S.

**National Union of Students
National Conference 9th - 14th December**

**Applications for Conference Observers
are open! (5 positions available)**

If you would like to attend the NUS Conference and see what all the student polities are fighting about please forward a letter of application to the SAUA President, Sarah Hanson-Young by 5pm Friday 7th November.

Send or drop it into the Students' Association,
Level 1 Lady Symon Building, Adelaide Uni.
email: sarah.hanson@adelaide.edu.au



South Australia's Own



Daniel O'Connell

165 Tynite Street
North Adelaide

My stomach fluttering with nerves, myself and my twelve companions headed to an old and faithful venue, the Daniel O'Connell Irish pub for a celebration dinner.

If you walk through the Daniel O'Connell and head towards the rear of the building you become pleasantly surprised by a large and lofty dining area. One whole wall seemed almost completely made of glass while the thatch style roof and dark wooden decor gave the room that distinctively Irish feel. There is a huge bar along with table dining service so our delightful waitress soon approached us. With her machine gun voice and a taste for the sadist things in life she informed us of the specials and the number of 'misprints' in our menu. With her bubbly personality and sexual innuendo jokes she both fascinated and scared me at the same time.

The food was fantastic; the menu had few choices with most of them being typically Irish like Sausages and Colcannon (mashed potato with cabbage and bacon mixed in) other options included staples like fish and chicken served with traditional Irish fare. I decided to stick with something safe like schnitzel, and wow, when it came out the serving size was as though they had just crumbed and deep-fried a whole cow! Served on a

square platter it had to be turned diagonally just so it would fit on my section of the table.

The schnitzel was one of the tastiest I have ever had, fried so the crumbs were crisp and crunchy the meat was tender. Over the top was spread a mix of tomato onion and mushroom with big strips of Brie cheese draped over the top. It also came with a leafy green salad but I can't tell you about that because I never made it past the schnitzel.

Along with an ample wine list the Daniel O'Connell also came with a tasty dessert wine list and a selection of deserts. I chose the Chocolate Mouse, but was slightly disappointed. Thick spoons of chocolate mousse were sandwiched by three meringue style biscuits, which combined with vanilla ice cream, and passion fruit sauce was delicate taste refreshment.

The Daniel O'Connell is a little expensive (mains are around twenty dollars each) but the size of the meals more than make up for it. The downsides are that there isn't a lot of parking and they don't normally split the bill for large groups, but apart from that I highly recommend it.

Belle

The Bar On Gouger

123 Gouger Street
Adelaide

The Bar On Gouger offers a relaxing lounge feel to an outing, the mood lighting adds to the comfortable nature of the venue and the music doesn't drown out the possibility of conversation. The bar is open every night, mostly always until those wee hours of the morning making it a great place to party-hard, chill, or throw a birthday party.

The staff here are always super friendly and good at getting to know the regulars, in fact mates-rates is almost a by-word in this place. Depending on when you go you'll run into different crowds. Saturday night is often chic and stylish with the odd mid-life crisis lurking around the bar, but you will find they are in a definite minority.

The Bar On Gouger is unique in that it also functions as a live music venue and an art gallery. In my time I have seen several excellent local original bands, and some smooth DJs. In fact one of the bar staff is a regular DJ as well. Every second Sunday of the month, the bar rocks with an 80's DJ night, and it serves as the monthly theme party fix some people crave.

Drinks do tend to lean towards the expensive side, but the benefit is that you are guaranteed a quality beverage. Basically at Bar On Gouger

you have got a choice of all the boutique beers, cocktails, some good wines and the usual array of pre-mixes and non-alcoholic options. Also, you will always find a few good specials. At the moment, it's that time of the year which sees the great German festival, 'Oktoberfest', and thus the special at the moment is on a German import. They also are currently having something for the non-beer drinkers of you who are out there, a special on some sweet pre-mix that I'm not particularly interested in. You will also find a two for one cocktail special on Sunday nights.

Like most lounge places there are comfortable seating arrangements both inside and out. It really is an excellent place where you can go and chill out with your friends and sit on some comfortable couches sipping your cocktails, pre-mix or beer. This place is really worth checking out, so if you are around this part of town and looking for somewhere to start or end your night, I can thoroughly recommend the Bar On Gouger.

Heidi Holzkecht

Hand-made by the Cooper family.

tracing out stencil culture

"For hundreds of thousands of years, people have shared the abilities on which culture rests. These abilities are to learn, to think symbolically, to manipulate language, and to use tools and other cultural products in organizing their lives and coping with their environments. Every contemporary human population has the ability to symbol and thus to create and maintain culture." Kottak.

The humble stencil much like the jean is quite the utilitarian device.

Stencils have been around through out the ages from its origins in indigenous cultures to modern day use in labelling and directive contexts. This easy, repetitive method for human expression was glamorised through ol' Andy in the Pop Art period. Repackaged during the 20th century and conceptually commented upon by Duchamp by the essence in his 'Ready-mades', the everyday for popular 'art' consumption during a stirring period from 1917 onwards. A stencil requires minimal tools to make it happen over and over again. A stencil's potential to be placed nearly anywhere opens up a narrative within its environment.

Street art potentially poses a threat to elements of political and social control in its embedded message. Regardless of the style or method by which it is expressed. There is an inherent protest against the corporate and governmental control of public space in any art that finds its canvas on the street.

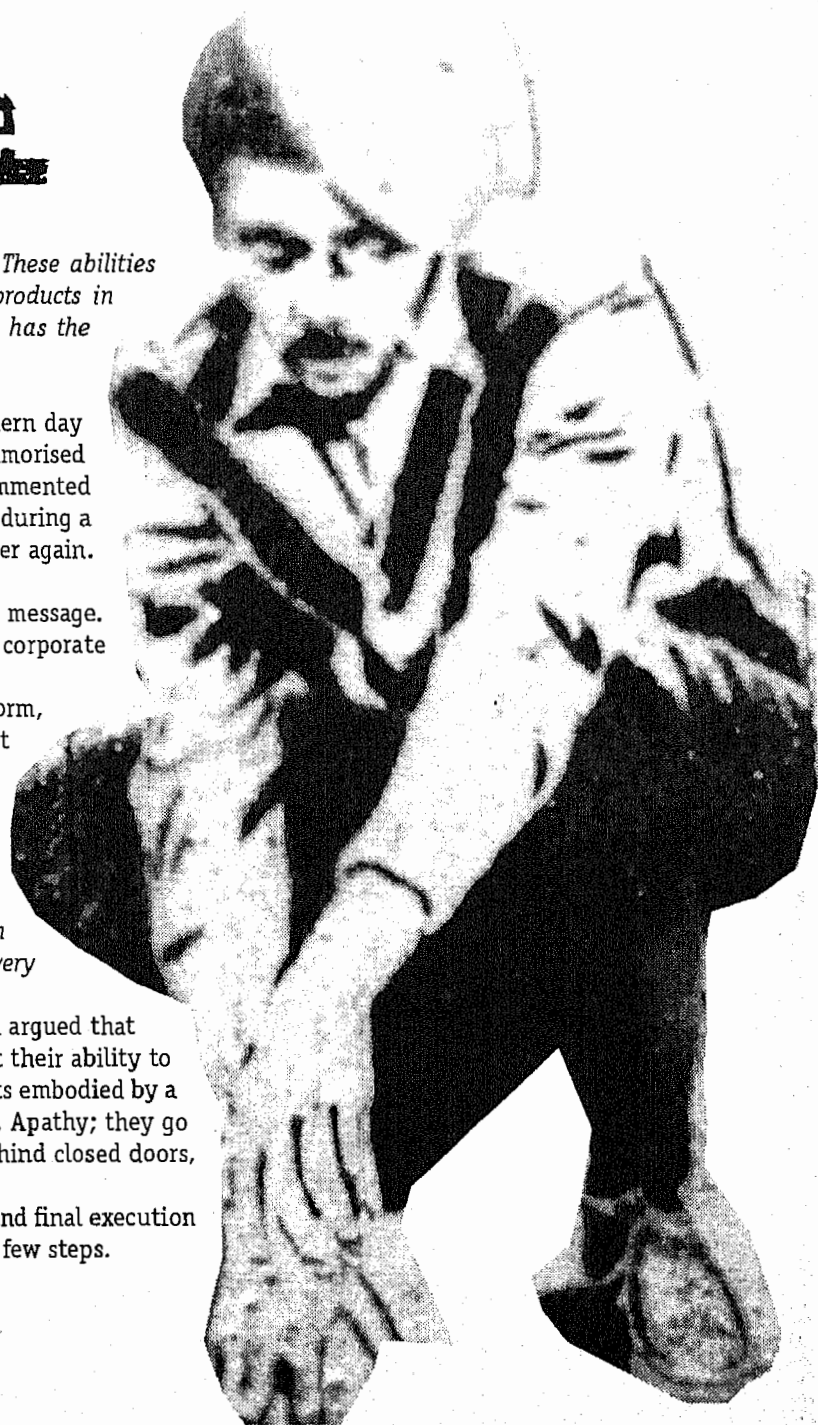
A response to this larger issue of the control of public space; street art, in its expressive form, promotes a message that the public may fail to interpret due to its chosen medium. Street art causes public space to contest those who control it, yet simultaneously, the public disregards the message as an act of vandalism.

"Whether or not it says so in so many words, the fuck you message is implicit in the use of graffiti as communication. The medium itself implies alienation, discontentment, marginality, repression, resentment, rebellion: no matter what it says, graffiti always implies a 'fuck you'. Though addressing the larger society in this contemptuous manner may be a secondary or even tertiary element of the graffiti writer's agenda, this element always lurks in the background of every graffiti on every wall." Phillips.

The ability to create images in public space is a power that must not be overlooked. It has been argued that we have become desensitised to the presence of billboards and various forms of advertisement, yet their ability to influence our consumer decisions is often forgotten by the consumer. One approach by street artists embodied by a Monkey painting (Melbourne) is that your average person is subservient to whatever is presented. Apathy; they go with the aesthetic flow. Some act on feelings. Such creatures don't just sit around and doodle behind closed doors, their aim is to get out and paint.

The nature of creating the stencilled image is straight forward. The rapid nature in formulation and final execution is implicit in this format of street art. A basic framework for the expression can wrapped up by a few steps.

Maxim.



steps to success

1 Organise the arsenal.

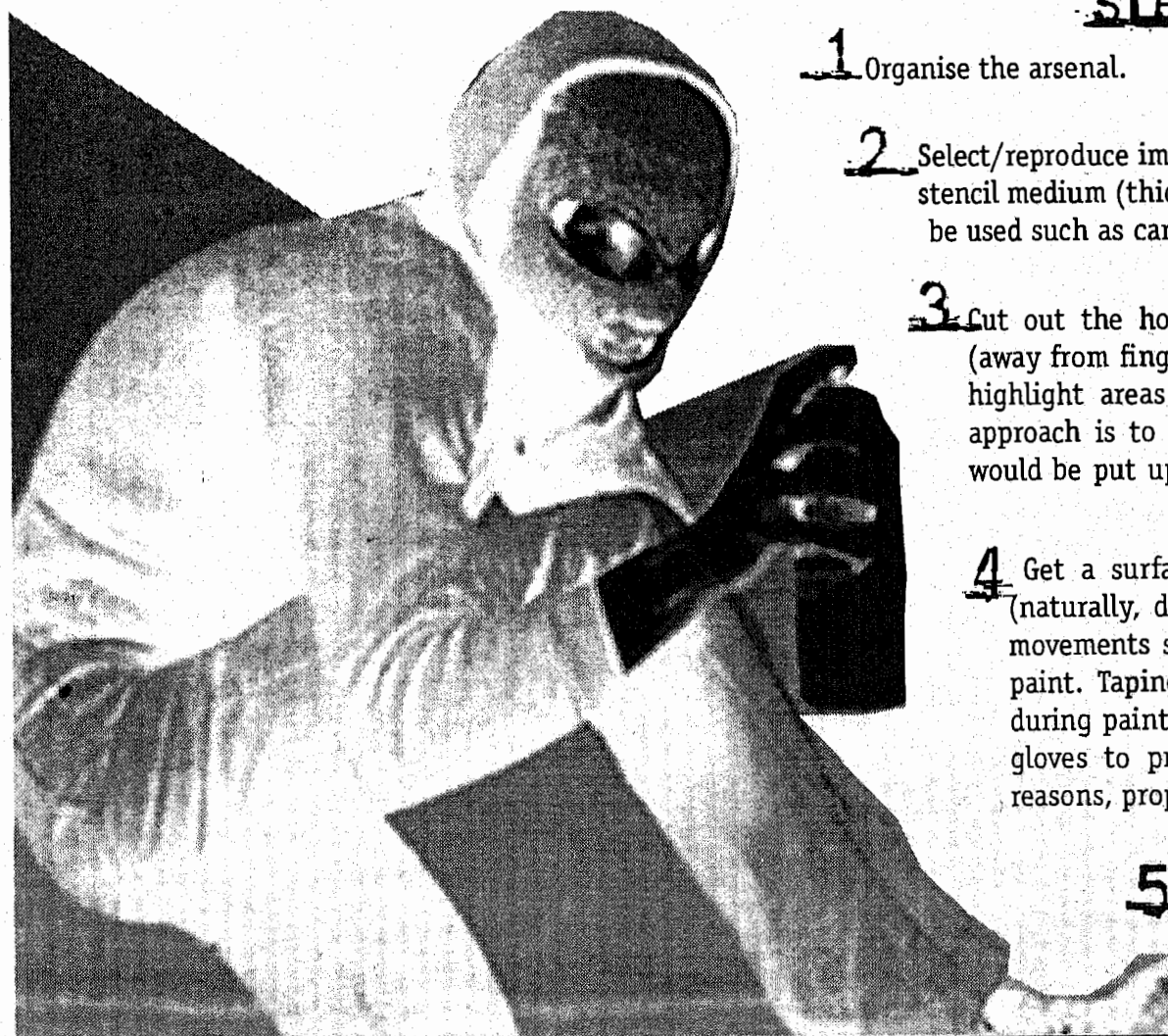
2 Select/reproduce image by way of print or hand drawn. Paste onto stencil medium (thick plastic is ideal). Many types of mediums can be used such as cardboard from cereal packets or X-ray material.

3 Cut out the holes, use a decent scalpel with replacable blades (away from fingers). Bridges must sometimes be cut to reach into highlight areas (detail in the middle of the picture). Another approach is to use layers by producing multiple stencils (which would be put up on the surface one at a time) to achieve greater detail.

4 Get a surface like the back of poster, bit of wood, or card (naturally, don't spray on any public property). Use light, even movements so as not to smudge and drip excessive amounts of paint. Taping, sticking or manually holding down the medium during painting is advisable to achieve a crisp finish. Disposable gloves to protect hands and a mask is important for health reasons, propellant paint is toxic (watch out for that Cobalt Blue or Chrome colour).

5 Wait a second, carefully peel away stencil.

6 Make another. Teach your friends.





THE PITCHFORK DISNEY

Theatre 62
Fourbox Productions

Fourbox have been committed to producing shocking and contemporary theatre in an attempt to reinterest youth back to this art. However with *The Pitchfork Disney* they have surpassed this goal, and have created a show that rivals anything that shall be performed at the State Theatre Company this year, or perhaps this decade. This brutally grim and humorously shocking play by English playwright Philip Ridley concerns the apprehensive and secluded lives of fraternal twins Presley and Haley Stray. Ever since their parent's mysterious disappearance ten years ago, they have lived in their parent's house, co-dependent on each other and in a state of permanent childhood. From the twin's introduction, the script is continually a crescendo; every new addition to the plot promotes further absurdity in the storyline and mental intrigue into the complex character's psyche. The twin's instability is immediately obvious, with the two adult's bickering over the bounty of chocolate that consists of their weekly shopping. We are introduced with intricate skill and timing to their disturbing ways

of dealing with the loss of their parents and thus the entire world; continually retrogressing into memories of their past, and also seeming to share an incestuous relationship. One of the most disturbing scenes sees Presley lulling his sister to sleep by giving her 'medicine' and describing the scene outside the window; the apocalypse of the world, after the atom bomb has hit, and only they are left alive because they were 'good children'. Both Craig Behenna and Ksenja Logos's portrayals of their character are hauntingly disturbing. They react to everything around them with all of the psychotic energy of seriously ill outpatients, as well as perfecting their relationship as siblings. Presley's world is then put in more jeopardy than a sanctimonious Green with his introduction to Cosmo Disney, who is throwing up outside of the Stray's house. The young, beautiful dandy delights in uncovering the awkward past of the Strays, and engaging in power struggles with Presley. Ninian Donald develops the character Cosmo with a youthful exuberance and vulgarity, and is a perfect addition to the play. It is hard to comment

on the play without ruining it for the viewer, as every segment contains a barrage of personal developments and controversy. While the plot is interesting and psychological, it is the intricacies of the show that make this play exceptional. Members of the play are awesome in their adaptation of their roles, and it is the first play I have seen without a single member of the cast lacking or bringing the production down. The set is dark and dirty, concentrating the reality of two disturbed adult tenants living in a damaging relationship. One of the best effects is the use of talcum powder all over the set, and with any violent movement (or footsteps of a 200kg cast member) brings down a shower of dust. The dramatic techniques employed during dream sequences and stage direction during vital scenes are impeccable, making *The Pitchfork Disney* truly terrifying. I cannot stress how much the viewing of this play is to anyone with a penchant for weird theatre. It is also a great viewing for anyone that wants to impress a date with how 'arty' they are.

Jimmy Trash

Clifford Possum

It's the exhibition of the year, and it is right here in Adelaide. Currently on display at the Art Gallery of South Australia is the work of renowned Aboriginal artist Clifford Possum Tjapaltjarri (1934 - 2002). Clifford Possum was born on Napperby Station near Alice Springs and remained in this area to live and work. This collection is magnificent and shows a rich insight into the beauty of Aboriginal culture.

Possum's work is based around traditional Dreaming stories and ceremonies of the Western Deserts and Anmatyerre Country in the Northern Territory. The exhibition is made up of numerous exquisite paintings and sculptures that demonstrate how innovative this great Australian artist was. Possum took ancient images, motifs and Dreaming stories and transported them into the world of contemporary art. Possum was the first ever Aboriginal artist to be accepted by the international art world, contributing to a solo exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Art in London in 1988.

As an artist he wanted to stay true to traditional concepts of Aboriginal art and rejected resorting to Western techniques. In 1950 he turned down an opportunity to work with fellow great artist Albert Namatjira, as he wished to focus on his own ideas. By 1972 he joined an Aboriginal art group, the Papunya Tula Artists and worked in the iconic Western Desert 'Dot' painting style.

The paintings in the collection are enriching gateways into the culture of the Anmatyerre Country and have a truly sacred glow to them. The piece *Honey Art Ceremony* (1972, powder paint on composition board) illustrates Possum's early painting style. This painting is delicate, intricate and brightly coloured. These earlier works are quite small in comparison to Possum's later and more mature works in the 1980s. At this time he reached a pinnacle in his own style, transporting traditional images onto a massive scale.

Possum was the first to create gigantic Aboriginal paintings, and he did so with amazing skill and staggering technique with *The Great Map Series*. The paintings in this series are deeply embedded with the unique spirituality of Aboriginal culture. You could explore these paintings for hours as they take the viewer into the world of the Dreaming. Here skeletal warriors fight against fires and the elements, love stories are woven and animals and humans dance the same tracks. Possum's paintings are hypnotic and breathtaking; you can just lose yourself in them.

Narripi Worm Dreaming (1986, synthetic polymer paint on linen) is a beautiful painting that shows again how much a pioneer of Aboriginal contemporary art Possum was. Here as with many of his paintings he recreated many Dreaming stories that had never been painted before. The results are a fascinating collection of rhythmic works that seem to move and pulsate.

Each painting on display in this collection is amazing, each one more striking than the last. Clifford Possum's paintings are 'Dot' paintings, but they show great depth and create such a moving atmosphere they are truly works of genius.

Leo Greenfield

(Back ground piece *Narripi Worm Dreaming*, 1986).

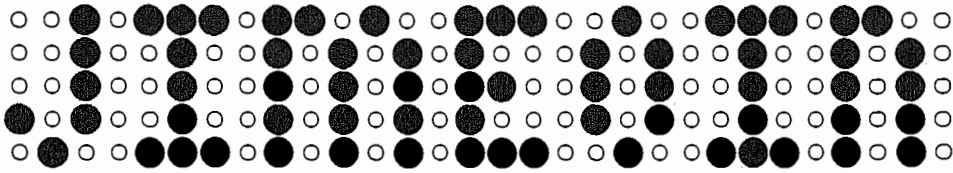
Bazaar Union Street

Union Street Bazaar invites you to feast your eyes on the work of young Adelaide designers, artists, jewellers and musicians, in a fun and colourful open-air market in the heart of the East End. Choose from high quality hand made items quirky one off garments, cute tees for boys and girls, vintage fabric bags and skirts, individually hand crafted jewellery and much, much more.

Union Street Bazaar makes its debut splash this Saturday November 1, from 12pm, and every weekend through summer. Be there to support local talent!

Any enquiries please contact Asha Townsend on 0402 372 528 or Ashley Hurrell on 0416 153 286.

[insert Irish joke here]



Jimeoin is coming to town, with a new show and a new film. The undisputed king of stand up is currently travelling around the country performing his latest hit show, *All Over the Shop*. And while Jimeoin was in Alice Springs *On Dit* was lucky enough to have a little chat with this famous Irish comedian.

Jimeoin first came to Australia when he was twenty one and ever since then he's had a love for the place and our warm weather. But more importantly the Australian people have had a great love for him and his unique style of humour, which has made him an icon of the Australian comic scene.

This comic star first grabbed everyone's attention when he appeared on the Midday Show. Jimeoin said that the Midday Show wasn't really trendy at the time and its humour was cheese, but it suited him fine. Jimeoin enjoys working in television and film, but really loves the atmosphere of the live gig. When it comes to the live performance there is "no ring master", if the audience laughs you go with it, but if they don't you have to change things on the spot.

This stand up comedian has taken his shows all over the world, from Europe to Australia, New Zealand to Asia and even the Middle East. When asking about the response Jimeoin receives in other countries, he said that it's much the same as in Australia. Jimeoin

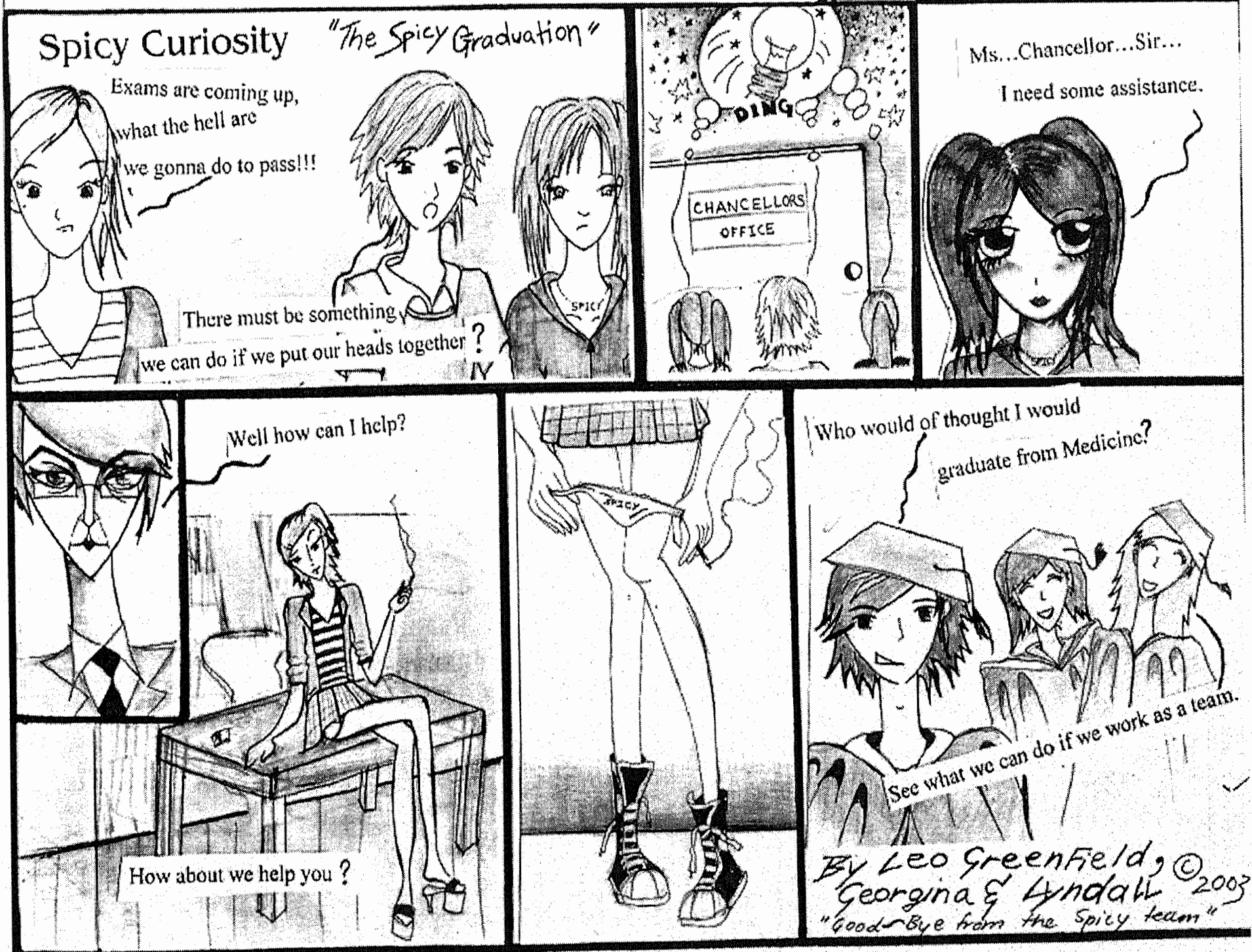
believes that humour is universal, and he has found that his particular type of humour exports very well.

Jimeoin said that to be a good stand up you have to get out there and do heaps and heaps of shows, and that is exactly what Jimeoin does himself. This year alone he has done over a hundred live shows and when he is on tour he works up to seven nights a week. But he said "Monday's not a funny night".

There is an art to telling a story and Jimeoin is a real artist. Most of his material is drawn from his own life, from his memories and experiences. Many of his shows have been years in the making. Created from ideas he had long before he worked as a stand up comedian. Being Irish has influenced his material, but his travels around the world have left more of a lasting impression on this comedian.

All Over the Shop will be on in Adelaide from November 27 - 29 at Her Majesty's Theatre. It sure to be a blast as Jimeoin said himself; "well it's different from my last show, and I haven't been in Adelaide for one and half years". Also his new film *The Extra* will be out with the Festival of Arts early next year.

Leo Greenfield



Smutty read of the week:

Fleshpot

Edited by Jack Stevenson
Headpress

Like porn? Don't like porn but still strangely fascinated by its firm, rhythmic grip on modern society? You'll love *Fleshpot*, an addictive anthology of essays on the history of erotic cinema.

New York-born but a resident of Denmark (where else?) since 1993, editor Stevenson is a film print collector and distributor as well as a respected author of journal articles and books on cult, underground and exploitation cinema. If you're into smut, trash, or the just plain weird, he's your man.

Stevenson has authored just under half of the anthology's content and has solicited the remainder from film aficionados native to the US, Britain, and non-Anglophone Europe. The mix of contributors produces a diverse yet coherent package of erotic expertise.

Complementing the well-researched text is a wealth of incredible photographs, many of which are stills from or promotional billboards for long lost (or censored) films we are unlikely to have the chance to see. The warning of 'adult content' on the dustjacket is justified, too: there's no scrimping on full frontal or otherwise 'obscene' images here. The pleasure of these graphic delights far outweigh a tiny, sans serif typeface that is initially quite annoying to read.

Going beyond the now mainstream coverage of *Deep Throat* star Linda Lovelace, a shortlist of the highlights of *Fleshpot* looks something like this:

- * Bodil Joensen, the Danish woman who shot to infamy on the underground scene for her cinematic exploits with animals - pigs, dogs, horses... The Global Queen of Bestiality is widely believed to have committed suicide, but no one quite knows when

- * A hilarious look at the absurd moralist sex education cinema in US high schools in the 1970s. It's funnier than *The Simpsons'* Fuzzy and Fluffy Bunny

- * An expose of the now-quaint façade gay erotic cinema bubbled under in the 1940s and '50s, usually in the form of 'bodybuilding' or 'wrestling' films

- * The influx of Scandinavian films into the US circuit in the 1960s and '70s - and just why the word 'Danish' soon conjured up images slightly more exciting than a breakfast pastry

- * An interview with Annabel Chong, otherwise known as the woman who fucked 251 men in one session, all captured on film

- * The author's own manifesto on what makes the perfect porn film

- * And a fairly gratuitous, purely pictorial chapter on vintage sex photography.

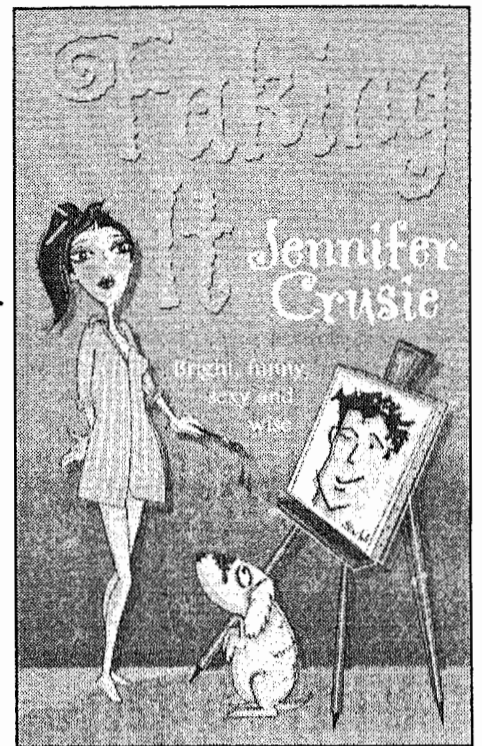
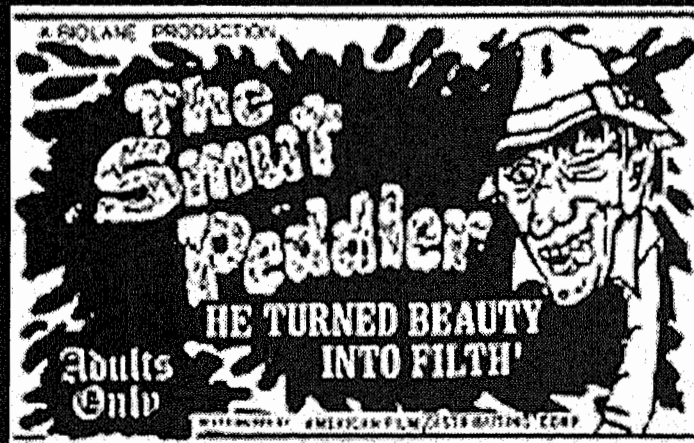
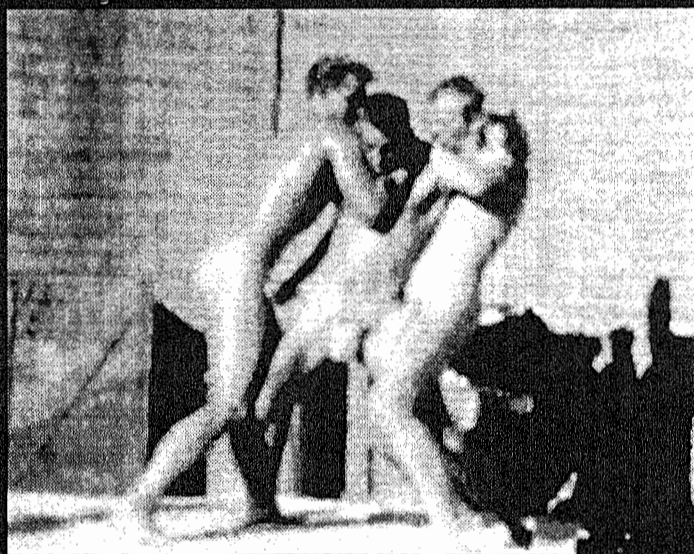
Fleshpot would make an excellent holiday read, or the perfect way to alleviate swotvac stress.

Gemma Clark

Some of the stars of *Fleshpot*, from top: three greased-up spunks in *The Foolish Hoods*, a 1950s 'wrestling' film; Bodil Joensen, notorious for her affection for farmyard animals; typical promotional material for 1970s sexploitation.



Cinema's Sexual
Myth Makers &
Taboo Breakers



Faking It
Jennifer Crusie
Pan Macmillan

Mural artist and retired forger Tilda Goodnight is struggling to pay off the mortgage on the family art gallery and to keep the Goodnight secret hidden.

As if her life wasn't complicated enough she finds herself some time later in Clea Lewis' closet and collides with sexy Davy Dempsey. Tilda's there to get back one of her paintings that Clea has bought to impress her rich and modern art-obsessed lover Mason. It's the last of six forged "Scarlets" Tilda did about 15 years ago for her now deceased dad, but she's now eager to preserve her new clean reputation. Davy wants to steal Clea's account codes to retrieve the \$3 million his blonde ex-girlfriend stole from him.

Somehow Tilda exchange a literally breathtaking kiss with her fellow burglar, and when Davy follows her home and rents a room from her mother, Tilda's life finally is a real mess. She has not only to deal with charming conman Davy but also with the whole Goodnight clan (her split-personality sister and her precocious teenage niece) as well as with a host of supporting shady characters and would-be hit men. All of them, including Tilda and Davy, are *Faking It*.

Will Davy recover his \$3 million? Will Tilda get back all of her "Scarlets"? Will her mother run off to Aruba with a hit man called Ford? And what will happen when all their secrets are out?

Faking It is not only a romantic love story but a hilarious novel about the inimitable way of the Goodnight women to deal with their home made problems. It doesn't take much for readers to figure out that Tilda and Davy are meant for each other, but what makes the novel really enjoyable is Crusie's quirky humour. Her characters are lying or stealing or both but nonetheless charming and endearing.

If you appreciate a "bright, funny, sexy and wise" novel then this book will be just right for you, if you don't, well...then you'll probably never know the difference between a man labelled "doughnut" and one who deserves the title "muffin".

Tina

SARAH EMILY MIANO

*Encyclopædia
of Snow***Encyclopaedia of Snow**
Sarah Emily Miano
Picador

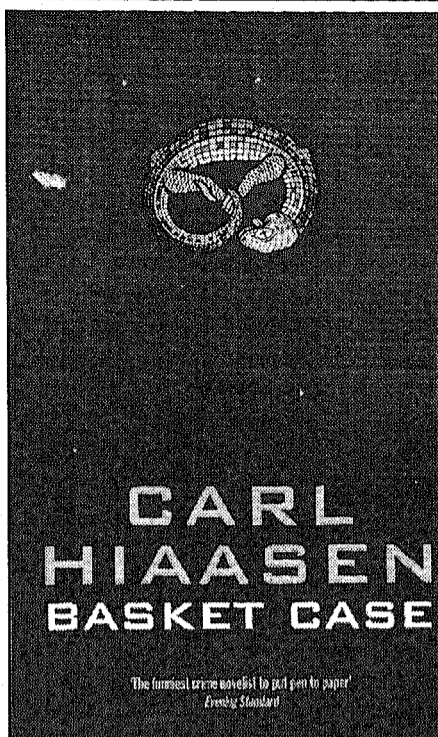
Encyclopaedia of Snow is one of the most unusual books I've read. A quick look at the blurb presents you with a newspaper article, which describes how the manuscript was found, in the car of the author after a freak snow storm, and reported to be a joint project between Miano and an unknown Swiss alchemist who dedicated his life to snow studies. So what's going on, is this true, or some made up story? I'm still not sure and I've finished the book.

The book is an Encyclopaedia, but not your usual sort. It runs in alphabetical order, with a ranging number of entries for each letter. The entries consist of almost any form of writing: actual scientific descriptions of elements of snow, poetry, free prose, short stories, excerpts from other well known or famous authors on some aspect concerning snow, dictionary definitions of various words, quotes, letters, memories. Needless to say the writing is incredibly diverse and therefore always interesting.

As I read through the book, the question of who wrote it continued to plague me. Some entries, although creative writing describing various childhood memories or adult relationships and experiences were attributed to various people, from all over the world, like they had written their own little entry for the collection. So did they contribute to the book or are they fictional characters? Other characters are less likely to be fictional such as T.S. Eliot.

The writings themselves are very well written and entertaining, and although there is always the predominant theme or subject of snow in some form or another, due to the changing characters and form of the writing, along with different subject matter and stories, the book remains interesting and entertaining throughout. This is a great collection, and is (obviously) a book that you can pick up whenever you have a spare five minutes and have a read. I highly recommend *Encyclopaedia of Snow* to anyone looking for some slightly unusual holiday reading.

Rosie

**Basket Case**
Carl Hiaasen
Pan Macmillan

Take one fictitious rock star, and kill him under suspicious circumstances: a diving accident would be perfect. Add middle-aged journo protagonist with an age-of-death obsession (his own, that is), who is a fan of said rocker, and I think we have a pretty formulaic crime novel. Then grab Carl Hiaasen's *Basket Case*, and see for yourself. Personally, I'm a big fan: this is the second novel of his that I've read, and I'll be going back for thirds. Forget the plot, all detective stories are the same - it's not originality that counts, it's how you play the game of story-writing, and Hiaasen is an allstar.

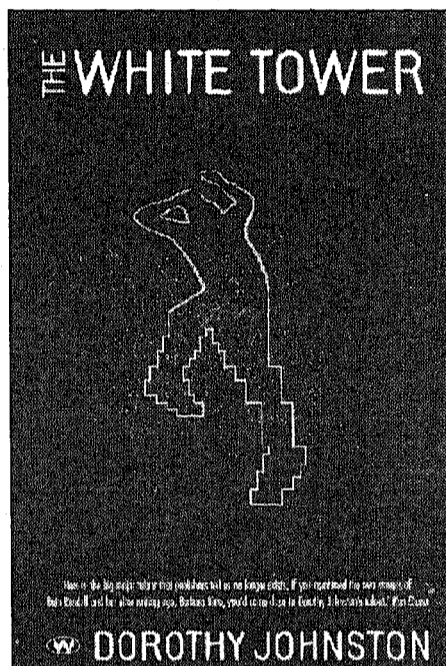
We're talking black humour here, right? Anyone that doesn't like it isn't worth knowing, in my opinion. If you are one of these more intellectually squeamish types, try Hiaasen. He writes a nice grey/black brand of comedy that will gently ease you into the foulness, like slipping into the warm, fetid and alligator-infested waters of a Floridian swamp. Incidentally, all Hiaasen's books are set in Florida, so guess where he lives? It's a great backdrop for crime stories; anyone heard of *Miami Vice*? Look out for the scene where our hero successfully puts out the eye of an attacker, armed only with 20 pounds of deep-frozen monitor (that's lizard, for all you engie/comp. types).

The style of prose is very easy to read, so most will race from cover to cover, and the story isn't special enough to leave you disappointed and hanging at the end, wondering what happened to all the characters - things are tied up pretty neatly. What will get you to try some more Hiaasen is the little moral messages he leaves in every nook and cranny. As a former journo himself, Hiaasen has souped his protagonist up into some kind of super-mutant-anti-journo he always fantasized about being; the kind that spits on his boss' proofreading, or asks all the wrong questions at a press-conference held by the owner of his paper, which is how our hero, Jack Tagger (classic, even the name reeks of American detective formula) ends up on

the obituary pages (writing, not featuring). *Basket Case* has many valid themes, naturally to do with the press, such as media ownership, commercialization, and the new wave of ladder-climbing, arse-licking, scumbag editors that are polluting our brainspaces with articles that do more for the advertiser than the reader...phew, it certainly touched a soft spot in me.

Hiaasen is very funny, and very serious at the same time. You need to pay more attention than you'll give it credit for in the first fifty pages. Enjoy!

Ben

**The White Tower**
Dorothy Johnston

For me there are two types of crime novels: those that tend to focus on the human aspects of crime and those that focus on the clinical aspects of crime. Johnston's integration of the life of Sandra Mahoney, and the clues she uncovers about the reasons behind an apparent suicide she is hired to investigate, is both original and inventive. Johnston blurs the lines between the two types of crime novels in a way that leaves little to be desired. *The White Tower* is the second novel by Johnston to contain the character of Sandra Mahoney but there's no need to worry if you pick up this book without having read the first. Set in Canberra, Mahoney is a private investigator whose speciality is computer related crime. She is hired by Moira Howley to find answers as to why her son, a young man with an obsession for MUD games, would wish to take his own life. The plot keeps you going as more and more is learnt about Niall Howley and the life he no longer lives. The meaning of the title "White Tower" is instantly apparent but as the novel progresses additional meanings come forth. If you like crime and are yet to read a decent Australian novel in this genre I'd recommend you read *The White Tower*. If crime's not your cup of tea, you still may still find something interesting in this intriguing narrative.

Kavvy

**Subpoena Colada**
Mark Dawson
Pan Books

Mark Dawson, the author of *Subpoena Colada*, thinks he's pretty special because he worked as a DJ at Manchester's Hacienda before becoming an author/lawyer. The story's alright, but I quickly became annoyed by the frequent pop references and even more annoyed at the main character's obsessive drug and alcohol usage that should have seen him dead and buried by the second chapter.

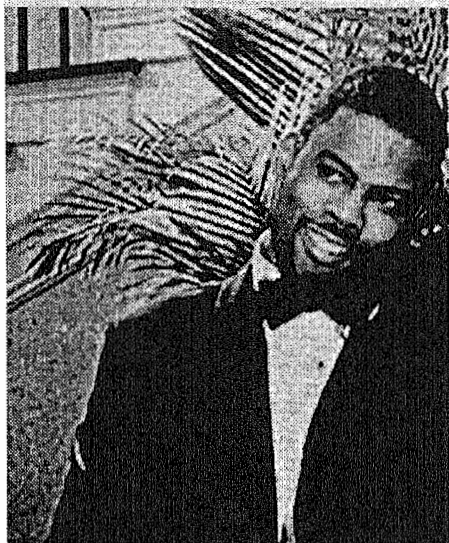
Basically the story revolves around Daniel Tate, lawyer for '80s rock star Brian Fey. If you like to read about sex, drugs and rock and roll then this book covers all that and even includes money laundering, paparazzi, back-stabbing and alleged murder. I felt mixed emotions for Tate, often feeling sorry for this character, but most often thinking he was a stupid tool, who deserved the problems he had at work, with his girlfriend and with his alcohol and drug addiction. Author Mark Dawson does have some funny things to say about manufactured rock bands, soap stars and old rock singers who don't know when to retire but I got the strong impression that Dawson wishes he was Hunter S. Thompson.

Not a bad book, better than my tutorial readings anyway...

Emily

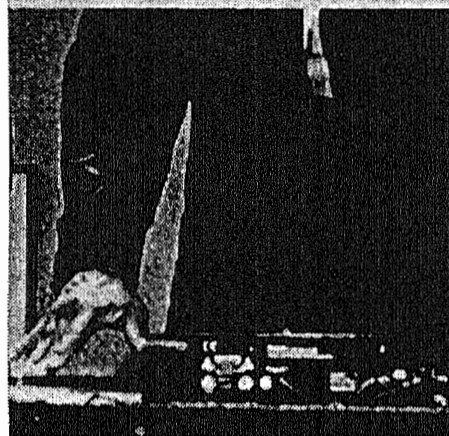
More smut!

Well, you never know. It being the end of year and all, we have quite a number of books still waiting for reviewers. Come and have a grope through our filing cabinet of delights if you're up for some holiday reading (in return for a well-written review). Pop down to the office during the week; we're usually around in the afternoons.



Head of State

Now Showing
General Release



What do you get when you cross a hilarious comedian with a stifling, cautious Hollywood script? Other than the making of a really bad joke, you also get an uneven hour and a half of missed opportunities. For star, writer and debut director Chris Rock (the next Eddie Murphy anybody?), the current American political arena is a prime target for his usually sharp and entertaining style of humour, but it is clear that the head of DreamWorks stepped in and shot the potential in the arse. Which is a shame, because you leave feeling like Rock wanted the film to be so much more. Following the aftermath of president Bush's 'victory' at the last election, the electoral system is begging to have cheap shots taken at it, but in this film, it's not pointed enough and doesn't contain enough references to Bush to really get the laughs coming as thick and fast as one might expect from Rock. Having said this, there's still a heap of fun to be had and it's a helluva lot better than *Bad Company*.

Rock plays Mays Gilliam, an alderman from a neighbourhood that is so bad 'you can get shot while you're getting shot!' (an alderman is essentially a mayor, but with a relatively minor office). He is selected by a political party (obviously the Democrats) to run for President after their presidential and vice presidential candidates are killed when their campaign planes crash into each other. Relying on the fact that a black man won't be elected, particularly in the two months till voting begins, the party powerbrokers choose him to run, exploiting him to win minority points for the party which could see power-hungry candidate Martin Geller elected in a future ballot.

The stage is set for Rock to unexpectedly win over people with his 'no-crap' pragmatic approach, addressing real social problems with the catch cry 'that ain't right!' that has been seen before in Kevin Kline's *Dave* and Eddie Murphy's *The Distinguished Gentleman*. Instead of following what the party asks him to address in public speeches, Gilliam dons his ghetto clothes and relies on his own average nature to drive his campaign home. It's at this point, when Rock acknowledges problems that America is facing, where the real jokes come thick and fast. "What kind of a drug policy," Gilliam asks a packed auditorium, "makes crack cheaper than asthma medicine?" If only the whole film was like this.

The concept of supplying the presidential candidate with his own 'superwhore' to commission their own sex scandal is ingenious, although poorly under-utilised, and the opposition's motto; 'God bless America and no place else' is too one dimensional. Bernie Mac brings fresh breath when the film begins to run out of puff, but it's a lost cause. Sure, it's not bad, but a year from now, no one will remember this flick. Go rent some of his standup instead; when he isn't forcibly restrained, Rock is one of the most brilliant American comedians, mixing razor sharp wit with a disdain for authority.

Matty

If you're up for a sharp romantic comedy, you're in for a treat, but if you're looking for a worthy addition to the Coen Brothers franchise, you've come to the wrong place. But for the notable absence of their idiosyncrasies, there is the combined sex appeal of George Clooney and Catherine Zeta-Jones to cover over any gaps. Maybe if they'd written the script, things might be different.

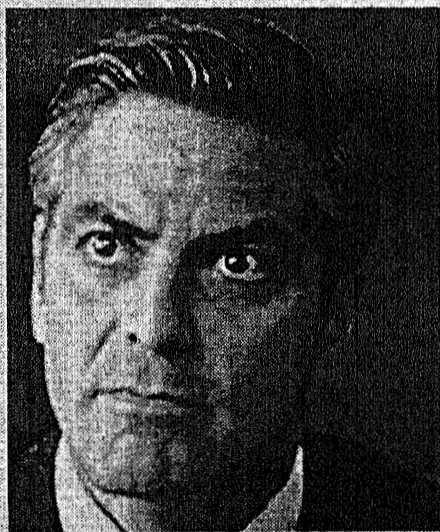
The basic premise is this: Clooney is the Cary Grant-esque Miles Massey, a famous attorney whose airtight prenuptial agreement is legendary in the legal circles of America, literally sending shudders up lawyers' spines (if they possess such a thing). Zeta-Jones plays Marylin Rexroth, a ravishing seductress who is in the practice of marrying rich guys and then rolling them for every penny in divorce court. During one such legal proceeding, she comes unstuck when her soon-to-be-divorced husband hires Massey, who promptly wins the case. Marylin is not surprisingly bitter and plots revenge upon the lawyer.

With one player ruthless in the court and the other ruthless in the bedroom, their two worlds collide and the resulting portion of the movie is the playing out of these opposing personalities. The trademark screwball comedy of the Coens is the perfect arena for their relative plots and schemes. The casting is top notch, with Billy Bob Thornton playing a Texan oil mogul who falls for Marylin. He grabs every opportunity for goofy laughs, but I couldn't help but think of his own relationship with Angelina Jolie; the circle of art imitating life, imitating art continues to roll on.

There's more wit than most other romantic comedies on offer at the moment, but the Coen Brother fan in me is still going to complain and declare that he's not totally satisfied. Still, the fun that is made of social inequality, immoral agendas and the excess that is contemporary America will leave even the harshest critics smiling. Clooney and Zeta-Jones, abetted by an awesome cast that also features a pony-tailed Geoffrey Rush (!), lap up the silver screen with gorgeous and stylish performances that dwarf pretenders a la films such as *A Guy Thing*, *Just Married* and so many others.

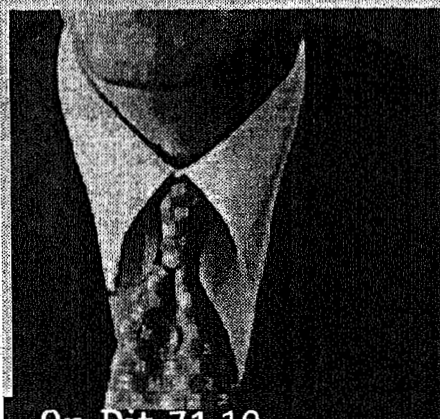
It's witty, ruthless and sharp, but as long as you're not after a left-field Coen Brother offering in the vein of *Raising Arizona*, *Fargo* and *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* this movie will be a more than tolerable pleasure.

Johnny Boy



Intolerable Cruelty

Now Showing
General Release



On Dit 71.19

The O List

The Best Films of 2003 (So Far)

- 1) Confessions of a Dangerous Mind
- 2) Kill Bill: Volume 1
- 3) Wilbur Wants To Kill Himself
- 4) The 25th Hour
- 5) Matchstick Men

The Best Videos/DVDs of 2003

- 1) Transformers: the Movie
- 2) Back To The Future Trilogy Box Set
- 3) The Animatrix
- 4) Ring/Ring 2/Ring 0: Birthday
- 5) Indiana Jones Trilogy Box Set

Things to Look Forward To on The Screen

- 1) The Matrix Revolutions
- 2) The Honourable Wally Norman
- 3) The Lord Of The Rings: The Return Of The King
- 4) Kill Bill: Volume 2
- 5) Alexander

ondit@adelaide.edu.au

There have been so many videos and DVDs coming in to the office but with everyone getting pumped up for their upcoming exams, I've had no choice but to chain myself to the television and get intimate with the...

Videos of Spring/Summer

2 Fast 2 Furious (Universal)

While creating the follow-up to *The Fast And The Furious*, the scriptwriters must have said to themselves, all they want to see is great cars, exhilarating chase sequences, hot bodies and have a slamming R&B soundtrack to bring it all together. The great thing is that the resulting film is a lot of fun. The acting clout of Vin Diesel was obviously not worth his asking price but his absence has no real impact. I think we're all the better for a sleek product that takes pride in production over a half-arsed message.

The Boys (AV Channel)

This Aussie masterpiece stars David Wenham as Brett Sprague, a crim who has just been released after a 12 month imprisonment. Returning to his family home, he begins to restore the domestic life with excruciatingly primal results. The DVD extras are plentiful, including a documentary, commentary and soundtrack music. It's very much of the *Romper Stomper* ilk, but with a different kind of intensity and realism that makes it so much more personal.

Gatwalk (AV Channel)

Have you ever wondered what it what be like to be the star on the catwalks of Milan, Paris and New York? Particularly if you are a member of the Pseudo Models, read on. Made in 1995, in the peak of the Claudia Schiffer, Kate Moss, Christy Turlington and Naomi Campbell era (and before the murder of Gianni Versace), this candid documentary exposes the frenetic and glamorous life of a supermodel. Featuring interviews with models and designers such as Giorgio Armani, Jean-Paul Gaultier, Valentino and John Galliano, this is a fascinating and sexy film to watch.

Hulk (Universal)

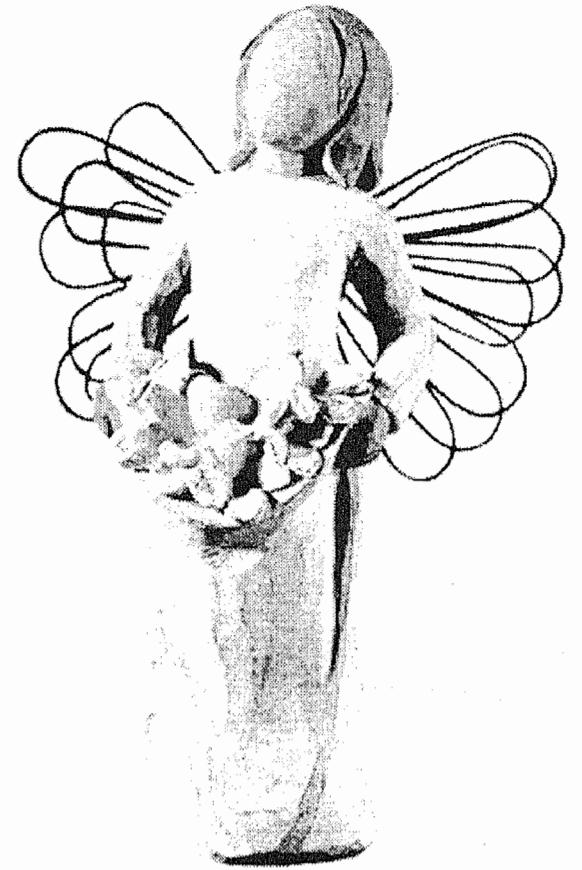
One of the many superhero stories to be translated to film recently, this time with Aussie Eric Bana getting pissed off and belting random people as the Hulk. CGI plays a large part in what is primarily a psychological story about repression and the multifaceted nature of personality. Director Ang Lee has successfully translated the comic to the screen thanks to inventive editing, but the plot is too inadequate to sustain the film, mostly for the lack of one clear and charismatic adversary. Not as good as *Spider-Man* or the *X-Men* movies, but craps all over *Daredevil*.

The Indiana Jones Trilogy (Paramount)

With rumours of a fourth film almost certainly being quashed, this box set recognises the awesome fun that was the adventures of Indiana Jones. From *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, to *The Temple of Doom* and *The Last Crusade*, this collection is a must have for all fans. The transfers are incredible, and the bonus material disc includes the 'making of,' interviews with everyone possible, an ILM feature, and a look at the soundtrack and stunt work that made the movies so exciting. Check it out.

Jesus of Montreal (AV Channel)

This provocative 1989 film about a group of actors staging an interpretive passion play is given new life in this remastered release. The voyage of the thespians, performing in the face of an obstinate Catholic Church and searching to find meaning in their lives provides an excellent story that will no doubt continue to entertain people, Christian and non-Christian alike. The digital transfer means that the dazzling colours are enriched and the film shines strongly.



Pure (21st Century)

David Wenham makes a second appearance in this list, this time as a nasty pimp who deals in heroin and women with no thought to the social consequences. When the young son of one of his girls begins to realise the harsh realities of his life in the pits of England, their already fragmented domestic life begins to spiral into desolation and destruction. Powerful performances from each actor make this one of the better junkie movies since *Trainspotting*.

Repli-Kate (Universal)

With a former Miss USA teaming up with the producers from *American Pie*, you know what you're in for, but the movie is surprisingly fun. The story goes like this. Dull scientist guy likes girl. He accidentally clones her and with the help of his friend, trains her 'to be like a regular guy.' Original girl begins to fall for guy. Hilarity ensues. For a straight to video movie, it's actually quite good. There's enough awkward situations, spontaneity and humour to warrant renting this baby.

The Matrix Revolutions

This coming Thursday, at 12:30am local time, cinematic history will be made as the final chapter in *The Matrix* trilogy will be released simultaneously in every major city across the world. As well as combating piracy, this concept will no doubt create even greater expectation than was seen before *Reloaded*, as all but a handful of people will have no idea about the story, new characters and other surprises.

At the conclusion of *Reloaded*, the inhabitants of Zion were preparing for an imminent attack from tunnelling Sentinels and Neo was trying to figure out his role in the conflict, as well as taking on an army of Agent Smiths.

It doesn't matter that exams are upon us; there is no choice but to get along to the most anticipated movie this year. To avoid disappointment and to beat the crowds, pre-order your ticket now!



Peace, Love and the Horrible, Horrible Truth

danV muses on the Altamont Tragedy

Everything they told you is true. Yes, there is good in the world, there are good things. Good times. Moments of unexplainable beauty. Intangible lucidity. But. It will eventually, irrevocably, come to an end. One day, two weeks, three months, or perhaps sixteen years from now, mark my words, for you will weep and wonder where it all went and why you squandered it away like so many others before you. Your progenitors who smashed life together to create you will atrophy before your eyes, your friends will vanish like curls of smoke from stolen cigarettes; your lovers that held onto you tightly in promise, confession and trembling import will disappear interstate, never to be heard of again. You'll call them for a friendly chat and a mild attempt at closure only to be hung up on before you even get a chance to speak, and like an amputee you'll limp thereafter. And you'll know.

I turned twenty-four yesterday. I don't feel particularly old, but I certainly feel older. When I was a kid I used to measure how much I'd grown by comparing how far away the toilet bowl looked from previous observations. The toilet bowl hasn't gotten further away in a while now, yet now more than ever I can see the end of things before they've even begun, a prophecy of sad yet somehow necessary doom for all of this....stuff.

The catalyst for this latest existentialist crisis (Number 713 in an ongoing series. Collect the Whole Set) of mine was a film. Yes, some nights ago I witnessed one of the greatest documentaries ever committed to film. It is called "Gimme Shelter", and it was mentioned in On Dit some editions back, so if you missed it you have no excuse. It details in great grainy, so-sad-I-freaking-cried detail just how and when the sweet ideals of the hippies failed and got fucked and went away to a place where picket fences dot the landscape. Specifically, it shows how The Rolling Stones performed a free concert in 1969 at Altamont in the States for 300,000 people, when Hell's Angels, (who for some ridiculous reason were asked to perform as security guards by Mick Jagger) violently assaulted the stoned (and mostly harmless) crowd, spread bad vibes and stabbed and bashed a man to death. The Angels claimed he was training a gun on Jagger, and they merely disarmed him (albeit literally), but the truth is a horrible, wily thing,

and you can't believe everything you hear, can you?

To describe it as the full stop on the end of an era is a gross understatement. It was akin to a painful leather boot to a stoned, hopeful face, like Orwell's omnipotent oppressors in 1984 made flesh.

Here though, you can see that the aggressors aren't even aware of their underlying motives for the violence they unleashed. It was all rather timely given our Premier's current "War on Bikies" (incidentally, for those of you waiting for the "War on Wars", I suspect you'll have to wait a few more years yet). Is it any wonder that there is a stigma attached to bikies when their history is tarred with such senseless violence?

These guys at Altamont however, were there just cruising for a fight, looking for any excuse. The film clearly showed the menace, hate and frustration in the Hell's Angel's eyes. Even before the Stones took to on stage, they were at it. They attacked the lead singer of warm-up act Jefferson Airplane and prowled around the stage in between the performing band members like they owned the joint. As their eyes scanned the crowd, you could see their utter contempt for those below. "Fuckin' peace lovers, wouldn't know the first thing about blood and guts and real life. Damn nigger lovin' queers. Hell, even Jagger's a dirty fag." It was in-group/ out-group prejudice taken to the extreme.

I liked how Keith stopped the music; he had the balls to grab he mike and tell them to quit with the aggression, even whilst doped up to the eyeballs. Jagger on the other hand, sensing the impending doom he has helped bring about, tried to be more diplomatic and downplay the danger. "O.K, let's all be cool. People, Angels, everyone, let's be cool". What Jagger didn't realise is that the old zeitgeist of good vibes embodied in "Honky Tonk Women" and was long gone. The only thing the Angels could relate to was "Paint It Black". Pete Townsend described his role as popular songwriter once as "expressing his audiences own inarticulation". When that inarticulation reaches a critical level, fists start to fly.

Any slight behaviour from the crowd (like chicks trying to touch the band members, or stoned fans dancing around on stage) was treated as an invitation to

belt them with pool cues, and a torrent of kicks. Even a naked woman, obviously drugged out, who tries to get close to the stage is hauled and man handled from one side of the stage to the other. I found it interesting to note that whilst the white Hell's Angels smack everyone around, that the male African American concert-goers, having long been stereotyped as violent and aggressive, were possibly the most chilled of all. I was saddened to later discover that the man killed by the Angels was in fact a black man. In the aftermath, an Angel described his bike as his life, saying those who touched it at the concert deserved the beatings they received. If you parked your motorbike in front of a stage in the middle of a 300,000 strong crowd, is it reasonable to then get upset and crack skulls when it inadvertently gets knocked over? Yeah, we've all heard of the bike's importance as a symbol of freedom and nonconformity, but that's taking it too far.

When the concert was over, you could sense that from that day forth, something had changed. The sun got a little bit colder, the free love got to be a little more expensive, the dope became less of a trip into one's self and something that put you in touch with the Godhead and the collective enthusiasm and the new Mother Earth energy, and more of a commodity, franchised and controlled, to be pushed by pushers. The hippies came to realise something the earlier Beat generation had already figured out a decade prior, that when you see/touch /feel/experience something truly rarefied and beautiful it's always married to a scent of melancholy, not joy. Because joy is an illusion, and all beautiful things move towards their end. Because nothing that good will last forever. Because some fucking fat fuck of a man is going to come and fuck it all up for you.

The dreams of the hippies didn't turn into a nightmare like some bad Hollywood voice over, they just woke up and graduated into the harsh reality. They slowly traded their ideals with which they forged their identity for comfortability and the real world/ the machine/ the powers that be/ the cruel nature of things ensured that their Technicolor naiveté had the contrast turned down. "When the train passes they all have fat stomachs and responsible jobs" (Burroughs, Naked

Lunch).

That's kinda like the world you and I exist in' now. Except the attention spans are shorter, there's greater inequity between the classes, and the expectations of the plebs are higher. Everything is boring. You've seen it all before. You don't bat an eyelid when someone tells you they have a video of a guy being run over by an ambulance. Your thoughts don't linger on those dying in Palestine/ Israel/ Afghanistan/ Iraq/ and countless other countries you don't even know the name of. I don't know the name of them either, not now, not at three in the morning. It's a pretty mean old world out there sometimes, and it's going to get bigger and meaner unless you put this paper down, run to your loved ones and remind them how much they mean to you. Blow a kiss to yourself in the mirror. Apologise to your better half for being a prick that time. Help old ladies cross the street. Do it. Resist the urge to cringe, just try it out before it's too late. Change change change the horrible horrible truth. You could be dead tomorrow. Dead. How many of us believe we are a cool, worthy human being? How many of us are lying to ourselves?

Bah. What do I know? Life is a complex, ambiguous, and bizarrely immoral experience when you think about it. Right now I'm having as much difficulty finding a point to all this as I am trying to decide whether the Angel's really did attack that guy because they thought he was going to shoot Jagger.

Did he actually have a gun? Looks like he may have, yeh. Was he in fact, aiming it at Jagger? Maybe. Maybe he had had enough of a rich white boy like Jagger making millions by ripping off the music of his ancestors, whilst extolling the sexual qualities of Negro women on "Brown Sugar". Perhaps he was aiming it in provoked and baited desperation at the Angels who were beating on him, his girl, or the surrounding chilled, blissed-out crowd one too many times. Or waving it in self-defence. We'll never really know, because fate, time and all that other stuff intervened and he died that night. His life ebbed swiftly away, under the stars, in a field surrounded by 300,000 of his brothers and sisters. Wearing a gaudy, lime green suit. Kicked and stabbed and pool-cued to death.

dan V





Danny McDonald & co.

Prince Albert
Saturday November 1

I headed towards this gig with great anticipation for two reasons: Danny McDonald's track 'Sandy Harrelson' on the *Antipodean Screams* compilation is an awesome swampy 60's track, and the Prince Albert is a superb, chilled out venue. I had some hesitation upon hearing he was going to be playing solo but watching a guy rock out on an acoustic guitar is very appealing, so I was willing to overlook. The support act (a female solo artists who I wish by God I was a good enough journalist to actually remember her name) had the hard task of playing at the Prince Albert before 10pm, when it is still serving meals right in front of the makeshift stage. She seemed far too polite whilst the many diners chat drowned her out. The lack of attention paid obviously disheartened her, and she refused to raise her volume above their cackle. It was a pity she didn't become more assertive whilst the room was full, for as soon as the crowd left the few that stayed were treated to her beautiful work. Her voice was still a little weak from shyness, but her guitar playing was complicated and beautiful, almost Nick Drake-esque. Her songs were well crafted and intimate, and some of her finger picking was very impressive. She was very thankful and receptive to those who stuck around to support her. (And yes I know how futile this is, seeming I cannot

remember her name).

Danny McDonald then sauntered onstage with the air of someone who has been in the business for a long time - 10 years in fact. But while he has had some considerable impact along the Eastern front, even his recent deal with Shock records has been able to make him known in Adelaide; a total of eight people were there to see him. I cant say his gusto was really warranted, however. He seemed cold and on auto pilot as he sang, routinely advertising his new album and singles that were for sale, and using lines that could be said anywhere between songs. His style was a little like the Beach Boy's most poppy singles; jubilant, positive and sang with a high zest. Unfortunately the tunes were all obscenely repetitive; all the same key, same tempo, and most annoyingly, all 'happy'. They were catchy, but never seemed to incite any real emotion or even hit a strong feeling of any sort. The introduction of a second guitar player/harmoniser added to the 'Summery Beach' feel of McDonald's songs, but failed to really add much to the overall effect of his music. The Prince Albert is still a nice place, but.

Jimmy Trash

STUDENT RADIO CONTINUES BROADCASTING UNTIL DECEMBER 1

MON 3rd
2100 The Flux Capacitor Feat !DARE.
2200 Forn of Intellect.
2300 The Vinyl Lounge Feat. Exclusive interview with LOOP TROOP.
2400 DJ's Choice with Dunks and Adam.

TUE 4th
2100 LOCAL NOISE Feat. Fluid.
2200 Dont Ask us were just Girls.
2300 Pirates of the Airwaves.
2400 It's not Dead air... It's a Dramatic pause.

SAT 8th
2100 London Loves Whippin Picadilly.
2200 Working Title with Emma + Dan.
2300 Roots Records.
2400 Stefan Jazz.

MON 10th
2100 Saturday Night Roller Disco Feat. !Dare.
2200 Three Chords.
2300 Punk Around.
2400 Heavy as a Really Heavy Thing.

TUE 11th
2100 LOCAL NOISE Feat. Unprovoked Attack
2200 On Dit Radio
2300 How's Ya Mamma
2400 Lost in the Mix with DJ David James

SAT 15th
2100 The Motown Hour
2200 Hullaballoza Radio
2300 G-Spot
2400 The Show Formerly Know as.
with Paul + DJ Zanda

live lineup featuring Barcode, Borderland, Icons and Lamiar do what they do best.

Well done to the boys from the Flux Capacitor, Mondays @ 9, for receiving another Media Award nomination. !DARE The Adelaide Radio serial has been a hit, and now sees it being produced in cartoon form for the new C31-TV to be aired next year. There is also interest from ABC-NATIONAL comedy producers which is a major plus for the boys. Well Done.

Wired 4 Sound

Marky Vee and Davie Gee.
Your Ex-Studly Radio Directors

Jimmy Trash's Top Five Local Gigs of 2003

1) King Daddy, Jihad Against America and Babydoll at the Crown and Anchor. Babydoll's CD launch; I danced like a crazy MoFo hypercharged on absinth. One of the girls from Jihad stage dived while Babydoll were on and broke my glasses. I may or may not have passed out on the cop shop ledge down Grenfell Street after that.

2) Muscicar and The Purple Hearts at the Cranker (sheesh). This was The Purple Hearts last ever gig and it was awesome! A 5 minute noise finale ending with smashed drum kits, exploding golf balls and even more smashed keyboardists.

3) The Trafalgars at the Jive opening party. Nothing really special, just that they sounded really good and the smell of something bigger was in the air...

4) The Unspoken Things and The Smocks at the Cranker again, just for the sheer lunacy of The Smocks performance.

5) Phly at the Austral. The lead singer put his penis in front of a female audience member's face while still playing. Oh, and I'm sure Sex Hurricane 1975 should get a mention in this list somewhere.

Holiday Gig Guide

Summer's here kids, and you know what that means! Lots of alcohol, drugs and sex! But you know the only thing you can be guaranteed not to regret these holidays is seeing as much local music as possible.

On Sunday November 30 "Monstropoli" will be exploding in a violent, Japanese lizard monster style, with the likes of Adelaide University dynamos Pseudo Model, Kermis, Left In The Changeroom, Pinguino, Jeremy Goldring and DJ Demise all rocking out all night long. Door charge is \$6 and everything kicks off at 7:30pm. This is going to be huge.

Also on Sunday November 30 at the Weimer Room presents The Quintet; an Adelaide Uni jazz band so chilled out they could freeze the most delicious of martinis.

Sat November 15 sees Skulker, Sumi and the awesome southern drawl of Southpaw rocking the Enigma Bar. Gig starts at 8.30pm, \$15 at the door.

Hello Happy Radiopunters

Thanks for your tuning into STUDENT RADIO 101.5. Your call ins, no matter what state of disorderlyness they were in, have been constructive, threatening and at least amusing. Stud Rad this year has had one of the best diversity of shows in history. Thanks to all the applicants. A first this year saw no shows being axed (although many walked a fine line) no legal battles and not too many complaints about Blake and Victor's ON-AIR antics! Thanks boys. This year, shows ranging from Mowtown classics to Live Dancehall DJ-ing, house traxs, Hip Hop regulars and, of course, Monday's Punk installment.

Your listening means a lot to the producers so that next time your are listening to Stud Rad 101.5 give your favorite show a call and say hello!

LOCAL NOISE has been an absolute hit this year. An injection of new and fangled equipment has ensured that the transmission towers at Mt Lofty are rocking every Tuesday night @ 9. Thnks must extend to Dougie and Darren the producers of the program for a stepping job, and also to Bianca for here ongoing technical assistance.

HORNHEAD '03 (the Stud Rad gig) was a rockin hit. With a crowd of 300+ showing up to witness a massive

unirecords

album of the week

Basement Jaxx
Kish Kash
 XL Recordings



Kish Kash is another bundle of chaotic fun from Basement Jaxx. Following on from 2001's *Rooty*, *Kish Kash* is the result of 18 months' work from Basement Jaxx and is most certainly worth every minute of the wait.

One of the amazing things about Basement Jaxx is their absolutely canny ability to select just the right vocalist for each track. *Kish Kash* features guest vocalists such as Brit MC Dizzee Rascal, Lisa Kekaula from the Bellrays, even JC from, of all places, NSYNC. However, what takes *Kish Kash* to a new level of cool is the smooth-as-fuck vocals of Me'Shell NdegeOcello and the craziness of Banshees' icon Siouxsie Sioux.

'Lucky Star' and 'Good Luck' will have you up and moving, and 'Feels Like Home' and 'If I Ever Recover' are perfect recovery tracks. Chances are you will initially find yourself skipping over a couple of songs, but after a couple of listens the whole album fits together perfectly.

There has been some talk of Basement Jaxx trying to hard on *Kish Kash*, and that the multi-layered sounds are more noise than nice – don't believe it, it's bollocks. What you hear on *Kish Kash* are some of the most imaginative and addictive sounds released in a long time.

Naomi Vaughan

On dit

album of the week



Salmonella Dub
One Drop East
 Virgin

Salmonella: a bacteria commonly the cause of food poisoning. Dub: dance music based on reggae beats. OK, so I don't understand this kiwi outfits name, their music still manages to find that laid-back, cruisy bone in my body (somewhere in the lower spine, I think). *One Drop East* opens with the spacey Reggae of "Longtime", whose panning backing vocals are one of the album's highlights. This is followed by the smooth snake-ish groove of "Slide". The album's first single, "Dancehall Girl", is infectious and its horns and keys fantastic. The trippy beats on "Nu Steppa" and "Octopus" are simultaneously danceable and laid-back. The latter is probably the album's best track. The only weakness present in this overly pleasing effort is "Simmer Down" which does precisely that, but out of context is an excellent (if not overly) casual track. Put *One Drop East* in your glovebox alongside your Massive Attack and Portishead releases for lazy-groove based cruises down Rundle St. Or, preferably, as background party music.

6ft rabbit heads for tinseltown

DVD of the week

**The Chemical Brothers:
 Singles 93-03
 Virgin/EMI**

For the Chemical Brothers, the ten years of chart-topping albums and mind-blowing shows they have enjoyed is unparalleled. From 'Life is Sweet' to the new track 'The Golden Path', this DVD captures the essential spirit of the duo's music, but still manages to leave enough out for it to be frustrating for those intimately acquainted with their back catalogue. While somewhat incomplete, it does feature ten of their videos, and extras such as six live performances, a home video and interviews with Richard Ashcroft, Norman Cook, Noel Gallagher, Beth Orton, Bernard Sumner and the lads themselves.

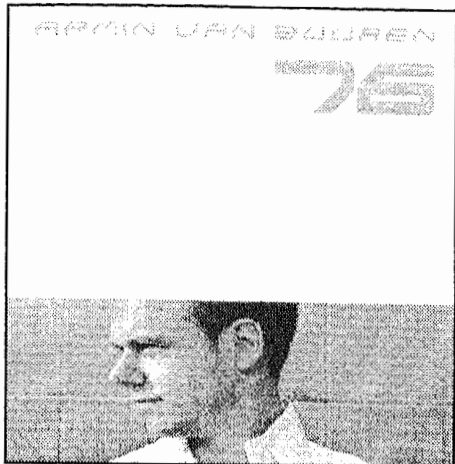
If you've only seen one Chemical Brothers video, you'd be correct in assuming that they have a tendency to release exceptional clips. While 'It Began In Afrika', 'Music: Response' and a few others didn't make the final cut, the Dolby 5.1 Surround Sound and crisp, widescreen vision make up for it. The interviews with directors were the deciding factor in my approval of the DVD, with a hilarious and surreal effort from Dom&Nic and a treatise on life, art and his decision not to use the Chemical Brothers themselves in his clip. "There's a tall blonde one and a short curly one... they make a great noise but you wouldn't want to stare at them for however long that is." Michel Gondry's preparation to produce the 'Star Guitar' video is fascinating, transposing the beats and samples into his own unique notation, expressed initially in squiggles, dots and hieroglyphs and then by oranges, shoes, bottles, and brooms that are used to map out the scenery for the clip.

The interviews with other artists vary in quality. Oasis guitarist/singer Noel Gallagher, who features in 'Setting Sun' and 'Let Forever Be', seems less interested in the innovative fusion of rock and dance genres his collaboration helped create than the Chemical Brothers' refusal to let him be in the videos. His comments such as "They have a way with drums, and that's for starters" aren't too helpful, but Beth Orton's reflection that they are as innovative as Phil Spector could be a little too flattering. The best line belongs to Norman Cook: "Twisting peoples heads... fucking with peoples heads is definitely one of their hobbies."

The live performance videos go some way to showing their amazing live show, but short of being there yourself, there are still somewhat inaccessible. The Red Rocks amphitheatre, where U2 did their 'Under A Blood Red Sky' shows, and the Glastonbury concert are among the better of the offerings.

Their sound is eclectic, soulful and scary, able to ignite a stadium of fans, but this DVD comes short of fully expressing this. As such, it's probably a great place to start from for newcomers or otherwise best left to the purely fanatic. 7/10.

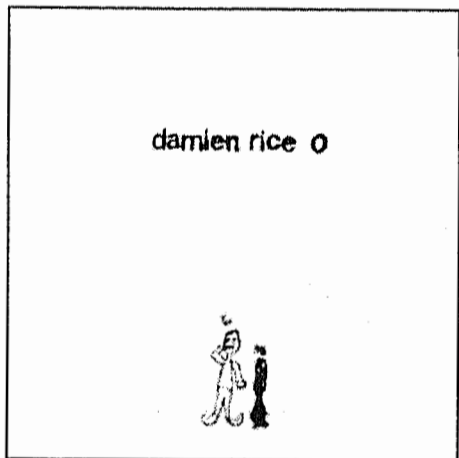
Matty



Armin Van Buuren
76
Hussle/EMI

Regarded as one of the world's biggest trance DJs and producers, Armin Van Buuren is known for uplifting trance tracks. His debut album, *76* (I think the title is derived from the length of the album, 76 minutes), is pure trance- he hasn't watered down his style or tried to mash together genres for a crossover hit. The single, 'Yet Another Day' featuring the vocals of Ray Wilson really showcases what Armin Van Buuren is all about, huge trance tracks and epic trance tracks. With most of the 13 tracks over the 5 minute barrier, many passing 7 minutes, *76* is very hard to swallow as a whole. A range of both male and female guest vocalists breaks up the album, a very wise move because there is little to distinguish the tracks otherwise. It goes without saying that this will only appeal to lovers of trance, but *76* is still a decent album and not just a vehicle to piggy back the 'Yet Another Day' single, which is often the case in dance music.

Glitz Mullet



Damien Rice
0
14th Floor Records

This is the debut LP from Irish singer/songwriter Damien Rice. Damien Rice has slowly been gaining a lot of support in the UK and the USA, as he recently won the US version of the Mercury Prize Award. The first track on the album, 'Delicate', is utterly gorgeous. Like the title says it is both delicate and subtle, flowing in a mesmerising fashion. There is a rare honesty in Rice's voice as he sings: "And why do you sing Hallelujah? If it means nothing to you, why do you sing with me at all?" The first single 'The Blower's Daughter' is nice enough, again showing Rice's raw emotion as he declares: "I can't take my eyes off you." However, the highlight of *0* is

the beautiful 'Cannonball,' which mixes pop and folk to create one of the prettiest songs of the year. Rice conveys his emotions with ease here singing: "Stones taught me to fly, love taught me to lie, life taught me to die, so it's not hard to fall when you float like a cannon." Stunning. The rest of the record doesn't come close to the beauty of these three tracks, but limbers along in an inoffensive manner. This record is a nice and occasionally brilliant debut effort and within twelve months Damien Rice could also be selling thousands in this country.

Alex Moran



Duncan James
The Speed Of Life
RCA/BMG

Although filling the 'metropolitan Australian male artist' cliché to a tee, the music on Duncan James' debut album is affirming and stunning. Drawing influence from the likes of David Bridie, Ben Harper and even the Stereophonics, James utilises memorable vocal hooks to make it seem like his songs about the trials and triumphs of life and love are intensely real, not merely just going through the motions. While incorporating slick production (particularly on 'One Small Step') James wisely chooses not to push the boundaries of innovation too far, for it isn't warranted. The sound is extremely fresh, with loops and samples used sparingly to complement the lush piano and guitars rather than become overbearing in the mix. There's no shortage of fine songs, from the soothing title track to the adoring 'She's A Satellite,' with the delicately hypnotic 'Wide Awake and Waiting' a personal favourite. It's great to see a number of new Australian musicians like Duncan James (and Pete Murray, whose album *Feeder* is also damn good) earn the opportunity to show their wares, particularly when it's their debut as is good as this. Check it out.

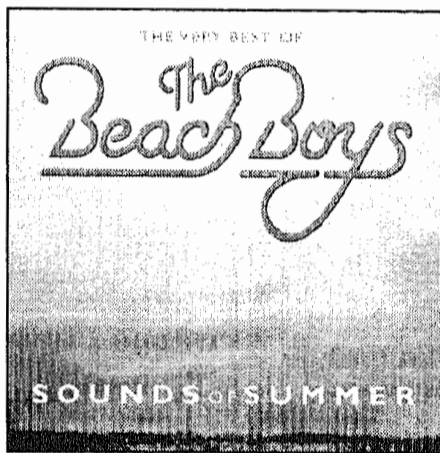
Mattyjo



Beth Orton
The Other Side of Daybreak
Heavenly/EMI

It's hard to review an album of b-sides, remixes and live tracks without thinking that it is a hastily put together leftovers, an attempt to squeeze some more cash out of the fans. *The Other Side of Daybreak* is the b-sides and rarities from Beth Orton's beautiful *Daybreaker* album released earlier this year. The Roots Manuva remix of 'Daybreaker' (originally produced by regular collaborators the Chemical Brothers) is what you expect of Orton, the unexpected. Often dubbed the "Comedown Queen" by the dance music press Beth is an artist who transcends genre, her songwriting and voice the jewels in her crown. The live version of 'Concrete Sky' shows the splendour of her live performances, showing what she is capable of even without the cutting edge superstar producers. The IPG remix of 'Thinking about Tomorrow' is particularly successful, as is the Four Tet remix of 'Carmella'. Some of the remixes struggle to warrant their place of the album, but do represent the other side of Beth Orton being dance music. *The Other Side of Daybreak* is a fractured affair, but it is Orton's beautiful voice and excellent songs that hold it together.

Glitz Mullet



The Beach Boys
Sounds Of Summer (The Very Best Of The Beach Boys)
Capitol

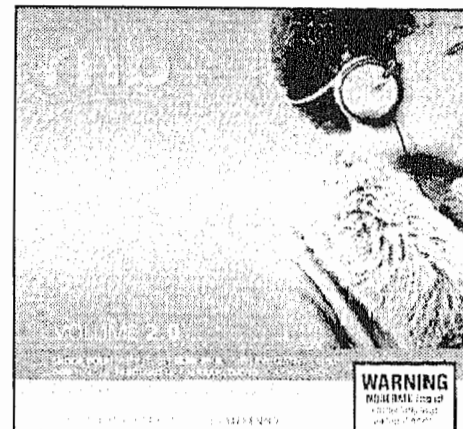
You can imagine Capitol trying to replicate the success of The Beatles' *1* with this album. Well, aside from the rather obvious fact that the Beach Boys are NOT the Beatles and never will be, this disc is a bit of a winner. After all, the Beach Boys were in essence a party band, and images of sun, surf 'n' sand (and California girls) go hand in hand with summer (well, as far as the Beach Boys are concerned anyway).

Naturally this collection of 30 tracks - value for money if nothing else - kicks in with the songs everybody knows, including 'Surfer Girl', 'Surfin' Safari' and 'Surfin' USA' (hmmm... beginning to see a pattern here...). Of course there are those frighteningly juvenile songs that Brian Wilson would rather forget ('Be True To Your School', 'When I Grow Up (To Be A Man)'), but further listening reveals the lesser known songs that added a latent sense of maturity to the band as it morphed throughout the '70s. 'Come Go With Me' and 'Good Timin' are a pleasant and rather sophisticated change

to the Boys' better known material, and of course closing duties are given to the wonderful 'Good Vibrations', the opener from The Beach Boys' classic album 'Pet Sounds'.

Not all that different from the *Best of the Beach Boys* released a few years ago, but fun nonetheless. But listen to 'Kokomo' at your own peril.

Guybrush Threepwood



Rnb Super CD Volume 2.0
Mixed by DJ Lenno
Warner Music

It doesn't take a terribly astute social observer to notice the trend towards pop R'n'B on the Top 30 charts within the last ten years. This double-CD is a reflection of the trend, mixing together 48 songs loosely falling into this ever-expanding commercial genre. You'd be hard pressed to find a song that hasn't grabbed your attention on SA-FM and caused liberal booty shaking. Personal chartbusting favourites include 'Got Your Money' by ODB featuring Kelis and 'Scandalous' by Mis-teeq, as well as a fantastic remix of four Missy Elliot favourites (I like to call it Missy's Bootylicious Quadro-Remix). There are also gold hits from the past including 'Push It' by Salt 'n' Pepa and Marvin Gaye's 'Sexual Healing'. This is definitely a CD any pop R'n'B aficionado would appreciate, whilst they don themselves in bling bling before heading out to Church the Nightclub.

R'n'Boy

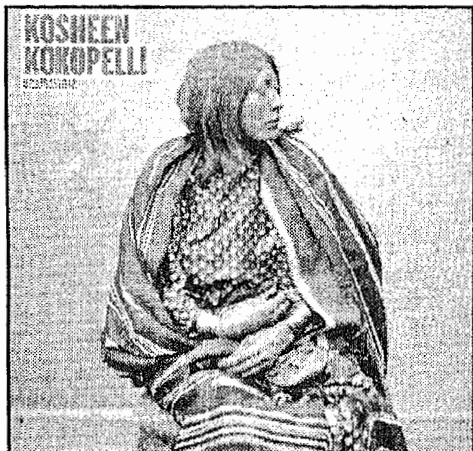


Erykah Badu
Worldwide Underground
Motown/Universal

The Badu trademark headwraps may be gone, and replaced by probably the biggest afro I have seen in this side of the '70s, but Erykah Badu's elegant groove certainly hasn't disappeared. Since her 1997 debut, *Baduizm*, Badu has been a breath of fresh air in the RnB scene, her voice often compared to...

continued from page 33...

that of Billie Holiday. The uber-sexiness of 'Bump It' is the definite album highlight, and the cool RnB of 'Back In The Day' featuring Lenny Kravitz is also worth a mention. Badu has fun on *Worldwide Underground*, but still deals with heavier issues of the hood on 'The Grind' and even fits in some jazz on 'Think Twice'. 'Love of My Life Worldwide' remix featuring RnB/hip hop heavyweights Queen Latifah and Angie Stone and is a funky cut - the original version is strangely featured as a bonus track. *Worldwide Underground* sees Badu flirt with some harder hip hop, but maintains the sweetness and fun of her earlier albums.



Kosheen
Kokopelli
BMG

I was excited by this album, sadly and like so many others, by the first single I'd heard on the radio. For those of you who've heard 'All In My Head' you'll know what an inspiring and personal middle-range rock power ballad it is, alternatively describable as a long distance love song. It touched me in some special places. Sian's lyrics have definitely grown more personal since *Resist*, a change that, when coupled with the rockier guitar feel the band has adopted, makes *Kokopelli* a harder, darker and entirely different musical experience. Still, Sian's haunting and beautiful voice is strong enough to link the albums as signature Kosheen. Standouts on the album encapsulate the new mix of love and desperation: 'Recovery' about not fitting in (plus excess drugs and alcohol) and 'Coming Home', a yearning to be back with those you love. A hearty mix of rock and other influences which speaks to your heart, well mine at least.

Esky



Poison the Well
You Come Before You
Atlantic/Warner

Poison the Well deliver a nice mixture of tracks on their most recent release, *You Come Before You*. The band, hailing from Florida in the US, has released three albums to date. Aside from the fact that Poison the Well believe this to be their best release yet, one can hear the progression in their song writing. There are twelve tracks on this awesome disc, including the opening track, 'Ghostchant' and the notable intensity of 'Loved Ones...' Many interesting elements comprise this album, including angry screaming, emotive singing and drumming of epic proportions, all of which are balanced with heavy guitar grindings. Other standout tracks include the calm interlude of 'The Opinionated Are So Opinionated' and 'Apathy is a Cold Body'. It's difficult to class Poison the Well in a style of music, but fans of melodic rock, emo or hardcore music might just enjoy *You Come Before You*.

Jo



Late Night Sessions
Various Artists
Ministry of Sound/EMI

Unlike most Ministry of Sound Compilations, this is not some thrown together double CD of dance floor anthems or the latest chilled beats. Instead, Mark Dynamix (who was recently voted Australia's second best DJ by *inthemix* readers) raids his record crate for an eclectic mix of some classic tracks, shit-hot new releases and overlooked gems in a range of styles. Disc One, the Twilight Mix, will please the fans of Ministry's Chill CDs opening with Zero7's excellent remix of N.E.R.D.'s 'Provider', and (of course) features chill out compilation regulars Kinobe, Jakatta, Moby and Morcheba. The inclusions of the Art of Noise, Primal Scream, Badly Drawn Boy and a remix of Panjabi MC's 'Mundian To Bach Ke' break from the predictable chill-out mould. The mix even takes a turn down the drum and bass path with 4Hero's beautiful remix of Nuyorican Soul's 'I Am the Black Gold of the Sun.' Moonlight Mix (Disc Two) picks up the pace with some old school Jamiroquai, Royksopp's gorgeous 'Eple', Futureshock, Goldfrapp and Zero7's 'Distractions' featuring former Adelaide girl, Sia Furler, on vocals. At times *Late Night Sessions* is predictable, but its excellent mix and track selection makes it my pick of the chillout/down-tempo compilations of the moment.

Glitz Mullet

**The best of 2003:
picks from the
On Dit office**

Matty's Top Ten Albums of 2003

1. Radiohead: *Hail To The Thief*
2. Muse: *Absolution*
3. The Sleepy Jackson: *Lovers*
4. The White Stripes: *Elephant*
5. Gelbison: *1704*
6. Black Rebel Motorcycle Club: *Take Them On, On Your Own*
7. Eels: *Shootenanny!*
8. Serart: *self-titled*
9. Gerling: *Bad Blood!!!*
10. Songs: Ohia: *The Magnolia Electric Co.*

Jo's Top Ten Album Releases of 2003, in vague order of preference

1. AFI: *Sing the Sorrow*
2. Thursday: *War All The Time*
3. Missy Elliott: *Under Construction*
4. Poison the Well: *You Come Before You*
5. Rob Dougan: *Furious Angels*
6. The Bad Plus: *These Are The Vistas*
7. I Killed The Prom Queen: *When Goodbye Means Forever* (Due out November 24, awesome from what I've heard.)
8. The Ataris: *So Long, Astoria*
9. Unwritten Law: *Music From High Places*
10. Sunk Loto: *Between Birth and Death* (This one will be out in November too and it sounds good. Trust me.)

Cruickshank, Clark & Mahoney's Top 10 Songs to Edit a Newspaper By:

1. 'High Noon', DJ Shadow
2. 'Special', Violent Femmes
3. 'Sympathy for the Devil', Rolling Stones
4. 'Shake Senora', Harry Belafonte
5. Anything by Godspeed You! Black Emperor, as long as it's after 3am
6. Anything by Nick Drake
7. 'My Father My King', Mogwai
8. Selected songs from *Son of Evil Reindeer*, the Reindeer Section
9. 'Get Me Away, I'm Dying', Belle & Sebastian
10. Yak's girl-voice rendition of 'Edelweiss'

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