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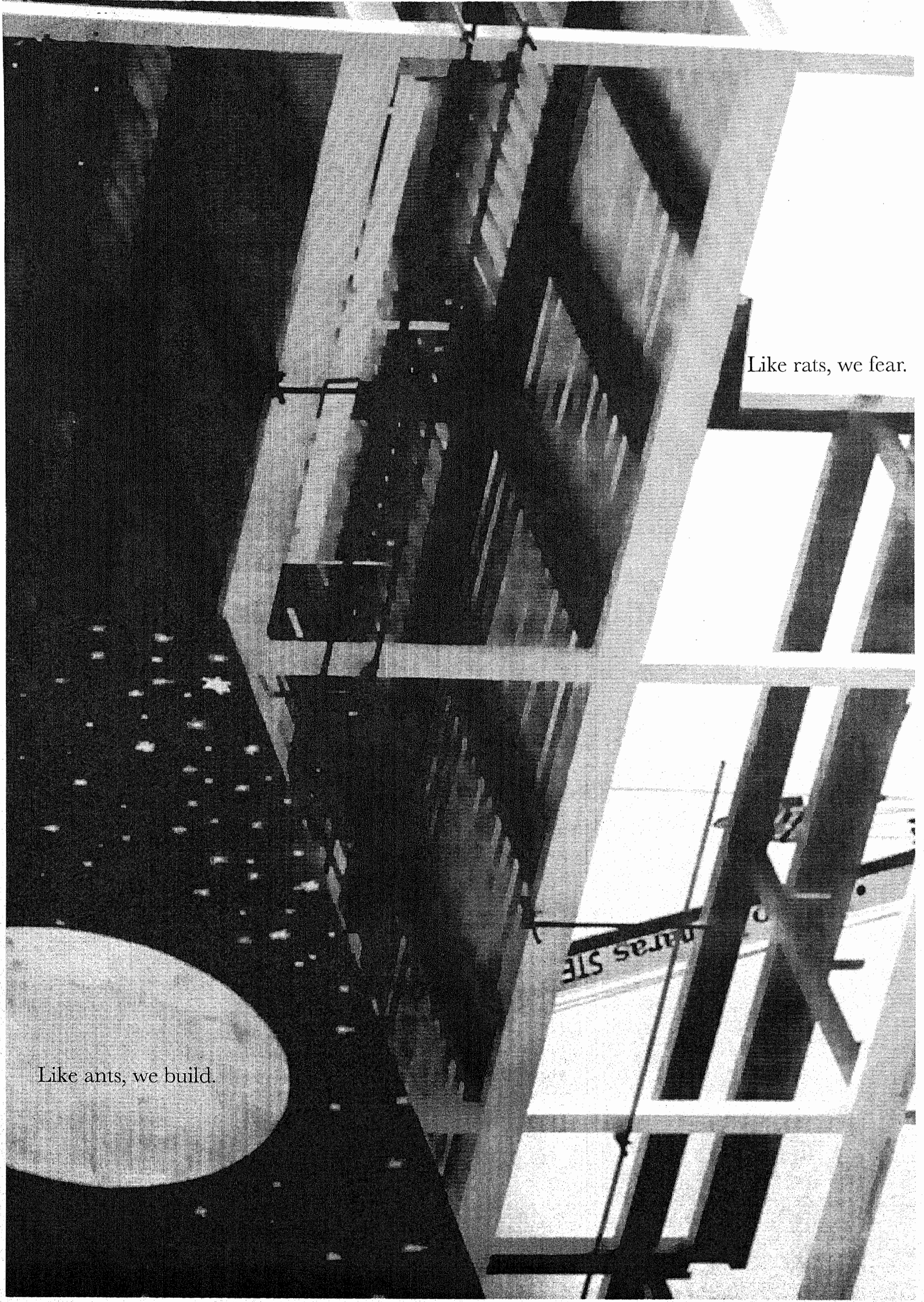
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On Dit



Volume 72
Edition 3
8.3.2004






Like rats, we fear.

PARAS STE

Like ants, we build.



3. Current Affairs 5. Students' Association 6 Campus News 7. Letters 8. Opinion 16. Office Bearers 18. Vox Pop 20 Bar & Restaurant 21. Student Radio

22. Literature 24. Arts & Theatre 28. Film 30 Local Music 32. Music 35. Clubs & Classifieds

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

Send your submissions to ondit@adelaide.edu.au. Weekly deadline is Wednesday.

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Thank you
Judith, Gemma, Leo, Luc & the Dans. Can't really think of anyone else. We're such Martyrs. Won't catch us bragging, mind.

Kerry Claims Democrat Nomination

but is he much chop at overthrowing dictatorships?

With the passing of Super Tuesday in the US Democratic Presidential nominations, Massachusetts Senator John Kerry has emerged as the candidate to take on President Bush in the November election.

Twelve months ago however, it seemed unlikely that Kerry would win the nomination so easily. Howard Dean, the Governor of Vermont, and former doctor, was the early favourite but after early wins in both New Hampshire and Iowa, Kerry emerged as a serious and credible contender.

Kerry has the endorsements of some notable figures including Edward Kennedy, and former candidate Wesley Clarke, as well as the all-important "special interests" including education, health and environment pressure groups and many trade unions.

A senator since 1984, his opponents are attempting to characterise Kerry as the American "Mr Flip-Flop", due to an inconsistent voting record during his 20 years in Washington. Early in the campaign Republicans were branding Kerry a liberal, a tag that is potentially dangerous to a candidates chances of picking up votes from the independent group of voters who choose a side late in the campaign. He is a staunch supporter of abortion rights and against the death penalty, but has voted more moderately on issues such as trade, balancing budgets and notably, war and national security.

Although he voted against the 1991 war in the Persian Gulf, last year he voted in support of broader war powers for the President, perhaps with the Democratic primaries in mind. On the current issue of gay marriages, where Bush has signalled an intention to seek to amend the constitution, Kerry recently said in the debate prior to Super Tuesday; "I believe that marriage is between a man and a woman." He has however stated his support for same-sex civil unions, and

has criticised Bush for his plan to ban gay marriages using the Constitution. A gun owner and hunter, Kerry also believes that all Americans have the right to bear arms but wishes to "crack down hard" on corrupt dealers and gun runners.

The election campaign leading up to November promises to be one of the most ferocious ever seen in the States, with the Bush/Cheney team launching a series of emotive, Hollywood-esque commercials on the back of Kerry's victory. These attempt to paint Bush as a "steady leader" at the helm of a recovering economy. It is clear that Bush will want

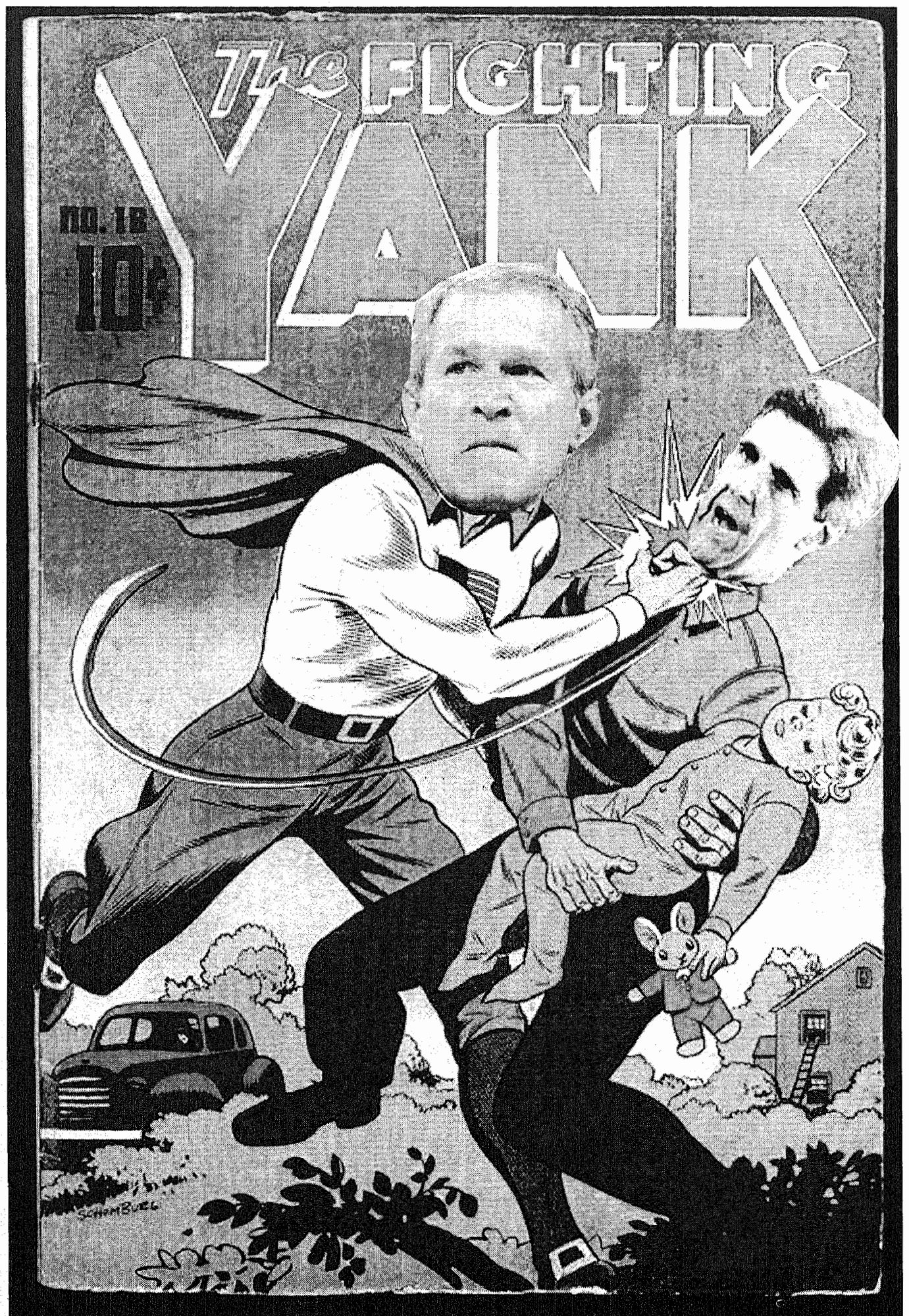
to fight this election on his supposed strongpoint, "national security", while Kerry will be desperate to focus on health, education and employment.

Undoubtedly, the campaign funds of the President will assist him greatly in disseminating his message. With over \$100 million in what has been nicknamed the "Republican war chest", Bush and Cheney will continue to broadcast commercials in States where they feel they can make inroads into the Democratic voting base. Some sectors of the Jewish community, traditional

Democrat voters, are already signalling an intention to vote Republican because of the hard line foreign policy which they believe has had implications for Israel.

After what many believe was the softest Democratic Primaries season in decades, Kerry is running head to head with the President in early polling. This may be a concern for the Kerry camp, as the overwhelming theme of the Primaries was to choose the candidate who could "beat Bush".

Adelle Neary



SAUA ROUNDUP *Uh-oh!*

Ooooooh. Now we're cooking. It took the first full sitting of SAUA Council in a stuffy room in the Postgrads' Office for things to really heat up in the Students' Association.

The meeting started amicably enough, with Union President Rowan Nicholson bringing to Council a refreshingly logical plan to appoint new standing committee members. Nicholson's plan, currently being used in the AUU, replaces an absent or unwilling committee member with the candidate who polled the next highest amount of votes for that position. The AUU President's argument for the plan was sensible, cogent, and even came with a list of the "losing" candidates, supplied by last year's Returning Officer.

After an initial bout of acquiescence, Council became suspicious of Nicholson's initiative. Why was he so eager for standing committee positions to be filled? Where did he get the time out of his busy schedule to explain the process to SAUA Council? And who gives a rat's arse about standing committees anyway? All these questions were answered when Councillor David Pearson spat the dummy over certain councillor's "going the hack" on an apparently unsuspecting Nicholson.

"He's my friend," lamented the fellow NOLS champion, who is fast gaining a reputation as Council's self-appointed can-do watchdog. "I asked him to do it for me because I don't know the policy. Surely there's nothing wrong with that!" Pearson went on to say that he was sick of factional "bullshit" and that if the SAUA was serious about its office bearers making use of their standing committees it would be wise to make sure that the committees at least had one or two members on them.

Right on, Dave.

The new committee members were then 'tentatively' appointed by Council, despite their not being present. The relevant office bearers were directed to call the lucky appointees to inform them of their new positions before the next council meeting.

The next big agenda item brought *On Dit* editors James Cameron and Tristan Mahoney into the spotlight. Councillor Pearson had two concerns: one with regard to *On Dit's* ability to sell advertising space, and another about the general air of editorial cynicism and negativity in the paper.

Evidently, Pearson had been discussing *On Dit's* advertising regime with the marketing department of the AUU. Pearson suggested that a part-time Advertising

Manager (appointed by the editors) could leave some advertising clients dissatisfied, which would reflect poorly on the AUU. Heaven forbid. Pearson went on to suggest (in a round-about sort of way) that it would be more efficient for the AUU to take care of *On Dit's* advertising budget.

On Dit Editor Tristan Mahoney agreed that it would be easier for the AUU to absorb *On Dit's* advertising, and that such an arrangement had been negotiated early in the year. After some initial enthusiasm, the AUU then felt that it lacked the resources to take on the demanding job of selling ad space in the SAUA's flagship newspaper. Council then directed the editors to contact the marketing department in lieu of advertising. (*We haven't done it yet. We'll call them as soon as this edition's in the can, we promise* - Eds).

Pearson's second beef was with the sense of negativity that currently pervades *On Dit*, particularly with regard to goings on in the Lady Symon building. "In my two years at this university, I can't remember *On Dit* being so negative and cynical about the SAUA and the AUU," said Pearson, referring specifically to Tristan Mahoney's coverage of the AUU's re-branding campaign (*On Dit* 72.1). The Editor's response was swift. Mahoney pointed out that the debate about whether or not *On Dit* has a balanced view of the SAUA was older than two years, and was not about to be resolved in one meeting. He went on to suggest that if *On Dit* lost its cynical edge when it came to student politics, the students themselves would lose interest in matters concerning their representation altogether. "Students today are fucking cynical, and if we don't level with them they wouldn't think twice about turning the page to see who's in Vox Pop." The rest of his tirade was reminiscent of that line in *Macbeth* about protesting too much...

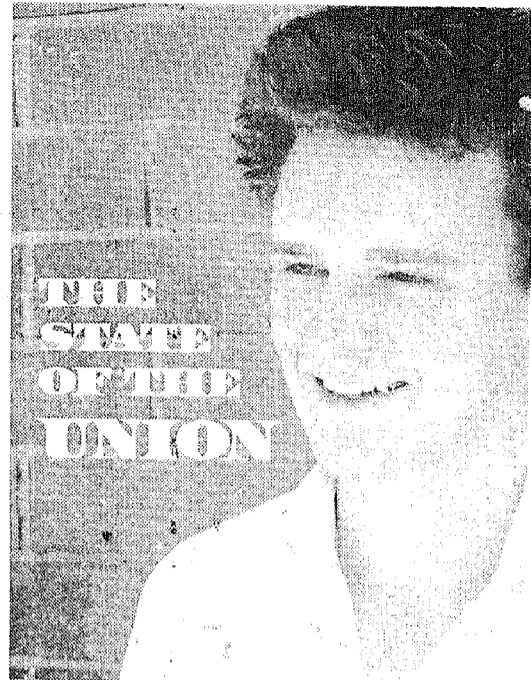
After the editors finally agreed to be less cynical in their coverage of the SAUA, Pearson made it clear that all he wanted was an open discussion of whether or not *On Dit* was *of* or *through* the SAUA. He then admitted that that probably wasn't going to happen in a cramped room full of irritable councillors and office bearers.

For the record, regardless of whether *On Dit* is *of*, *through*, *with*, *for*, *under* or *on top of* the Students' Association, this newspaper exists first and foremost for the students of the University of Adelaide, and will not bend to the editorial aspirations of either SAUA Council or Union Board.

In other news, Council also heard interim reports from the O'Week, O'Ball, O'Camp and O'Guide directors. After some quibbling about who deserved more gratitude and applause, it was agreed that Orientation was a swimming success, making a tidy profit for the Students' Association. The precise amount of revenue is yet to be determined, but will probably come to light at the next meeting of SAUA council.

Kouncil Kwote of the Week: "There will be a new bike shed before I graduate, even if I have to break out the bricks and mortar myself." - Stephen Kellett, SAUA Environment Officer. What a champion.

Stan & JC



Dear Mayo Hater

Last week you argued in *On Dit* that your Union fee should fund cheaper food in our beloved Helen Mayo Café.

I would like to clear up one common mistake. Right now your Union fee does not subsidise any of our food outlets one cent. In fact the Mayo, the Unibar, Rumours, and all the rest yield a modest return.

The Union pours this money back into Clubs, Sports, student representation and welfare, this newspaper, and everything else on campus other than study.

So why must our food outlets stand on their own feet?

Because only a few years ago they were in the red and put our other services at risk. Thankfully no longer.

From the dramatic collapse of Melbourne University Student Union we have learned the danger of financial mismanagement.

Our Union now strives to provide affordable food to students, to pay our staff—many of them student casuals—a decent wage, and yet still to meet our tight budget.

Since we do not prop up our food outlets with Union fees we debate how to meet this challenge almost without stop.

So lately we have rewritten the Rumours menu in response to student feedback and brought healthy alternatives into the new Wills. Expanded Union Card discounts are also on the table.

One way for you to take part in this debate is to write anonymous letters to *On Dit*.

Another, somewhat more effective way is to get in touch with the Union itself. Why not speak to one of the elected Directors of our Board?

You can even come to the student committees which set our commercial budget and policy. After all, they exist for your input.

Rowan Nicholson
President
Adelaide University Union



Amusing Election Week Picture #4: Formidable NOLS Godmother Tanisha Hewanpola hobnobbing with Liberal candidate Drew Rudland outside the polling tent, anonymous MAD candidate sending a text message in the foreground. Need we say more?

**STOP
PRESS!**

FLINDERS UNI TO INCREASE HECS BY 25%

At approximately 1:25pm on Wednesday March 3, a representative of the Students' Association of Flinders University (SAFU) informed the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide (SAUA) President that their administration is going to increase their HECS by

25%. If you read the articles about the higher education reforms in the Orientation edition of *On Dit* you should know that universities are currently implementing the Higher Education Support Act and universities are now allowed to increase HECS by 25%. As universities are ridiculously underfunded at the moment they must charge students an increased level of HECS to receive more funding and therefore students must receive more debt. So, obviously this process has now started in our very own state.

So what's been happening in Universities across our nation? It started with Sydney University last year where the governing Senate increased HECS before the reforms even became legislation. A huge fight occurred, with students being dragged out of the Sydney University Senate meeting, making the front page of the Sydney Morning Herald. In the past few weeks Queensland University of Technology, Swinburne University of Technology, Griffith

University, La Trobe, Deakin and The University of Southern Queensland have all increased their HECS, so they can sufficiently operate as a University. In most cases, students were unaware of what was happening right until the very last minute and were unable to have their opposition officially noted by the Universities' governing bodies.

This has definitely been the case at Flinders University. SAFU was completely kept in the dark about their situation until a document was leaked to them about the University's intentions and then they helped leak it to the press. Much to their dismay the University's governing body has failed to listen to anything they want to say about the situation. SAFU will more than likely put up a good fight at the meeting where the reforms will occur. Keep reading *On Dit* to find out more!

Alice



University to release Higher Education Support Act

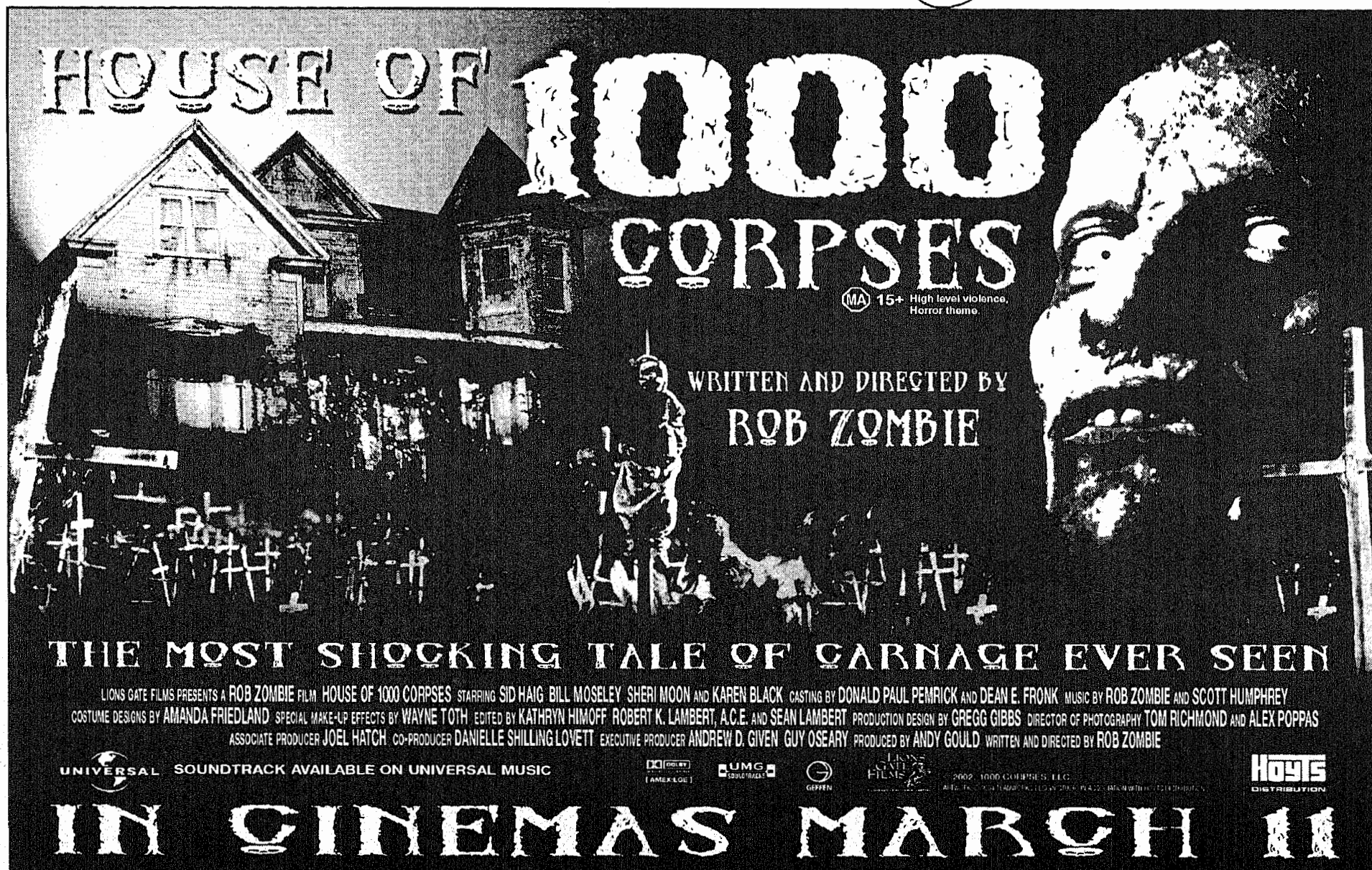
During two separate meetings the Vice Chancellor has assured the SAUA President that the university will release their proposal for HECS changes and the implementation of the Act that will be put to council.

This proposal will be accessible to different faculties and organisations around campus and they will be able to submit a document about what they think and what outcomes they actually want from the legislation. Although he knows "what everyone will say," students and staff will at least be able to have their opinions officially noted in council. The SAUA will put together a submission that will no doubt ask for HECS to not be increased but the SAUA expects it won't really get its way. Once again, keep reading *On Dit* for further updates.

Alice Campbell
Students' Association



Flinders University Vice-Chancellor Anne R. Edwards: has very big hair



HOUSE OF 1000 CORPSES

MA 15+ High level violence. Horror theme.

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY
ROB ZOMBIE

THE MOST SHOCKING TALE OF CARNAGE EVER SEEN

LIONS GATE FILMS PRESENTS A ROB ZOMBIE FILM HOUSE OF 1000 CORPSES STARRING SID HAIG BILL MOSELEY SHERI MOON AND KAREN BLACK CASTING BY DONALD PAUL PEMRICK AND DEAN E. FRONK MUSIC BY ROB ZOMBIE AND SCOTT HUMPHREY
COSTUME DESIGNS BY AMANDA FRIEDLAND SPECIAL MAKE-UP EFFECTS BY WAYNE TOTH EDITED BY KATHRYN HIMOFF ROBERT K. LAMBERT, A.C.E. AND SEAN LAMBERT PRODUCTION DESIGN BY GREGG GIBBS DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY TOM RICHMOND AND ALEX POPPAS
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JOEL HATCH CO-PRODUCER DANIELLE SHILLING LOVETT EXECUTIVE PRODUCER ANDREW D. GIVEN GUY OSEARY PRODUCED BY ANDY GOULD WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ROB ZOMBIE

UNIVERSAL SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON UNIVERSAL MUSIC

IN CINEMAS MARCH 11

Hoyts DISTRIBUTION

Letters

Pull your head out!

Dear Eds.

Dan Joyce is absolutely correct when asserts that when it comes to propaganda conservatives are so much more entertaining than those from the left (*On Dit* 72.2). He's right, because it's so much easier to come up with witty remarks, and snide comments when you don't give a rat's arse about anyone else but yourself.

At least I'm out there trying to fight for something that I believe in and the majority of the student population believe in, a fair and accessible education system for all. So attack my arguments and not who I am!

And come off it we're on way to "Hell in a hand basket" because of the left, pull your head out, it's not the Left sitting back firing off pot shots at those that are out there trying to create progressive change.

Cheers
David Pearson

[insert left/right pun here]

Dear *On Dit*,

I would like to talk to you about originality. Namely, an accusation made that the Left has in inability to be original, and quote, "eloquent and entertaining" and the right is fantastic at this, with regard to their propaganda. Well, I'd like to get a few things sorted here. Firstly, being right wing naturally means caring more about money than other people. Is it particularly eloquent, entertaining or original to bomb the shit out of a nation so that you and your friends can have a few billion dollars to add to your collection? Is it entertaining to be told by the Right that they are doing this to liberate this nation? Is it eloquent that the general public in Western nations get sucked into such bullshit on a regular basis? How about the refugees in those prisons in our desert? Is it original and entertaining to be told that they are all terrorists, prepared for attack on our decent, white, Christian nation? Well, okay, maybe that particular claim is entertaining due to the enormous amount of bullshit that it contains but the scary thing is that many people still believe it.

On the other hand, we have the Left who apparently have nothing original to say. Granted, we are continuing to fight similar battles as always but

I'd like to once again ask a series of rhetorical questions. Does the Left fail to be eloquent when it continually cares about the rights of others? Is it not entertaining that we never give up and continue to fight despite all the odds? Is it not original to actually want to work for an NGO for a miniscule amount of money instead of for big bucks in a corporation with the same qualifications? Are Rod Quantock, Michael Moore and Billy Bragg completely not entertaining? Surely the hollow sound of Billy Bragg's voice is amusing for most.

At the end of the day people are more likely to listen to the right because there's (unfortunately) more of them out there spouting their shit about economics and the rights of the individual. It is also much easier to joke about someone bombing a nation to get what they want, as is often the case with the Right, instead of joking about someone having a long and painful sit in, complete with hunger strike, to get what they want, as is often the case with the Left. I will admit that I do laugh a lot at the Right and their ridiculousness but it's mainly to keep me sane.

Regards,
Alice

PS. I hope my opinions will now start some form of debate in the letters section of *On Dit* and I'd love to hear everyone's thoughts.

Okaaay.

Standing erect amidst a collection of newcomers, returning students and those old guys who attend for the free beer, I found myself seriously pondering the torrid state of world affairs.

I enjoy the competitive nature of those festivities which encourage you to endure a rather large onslaught of liquid, but feel discouraged when informed the intended purpose of said competitions is not to award the winner but to encourage them to vomit copiously and as a result entertain the crowd. Much akin to the television (and recent movie) series *Jackass* and to a lesser extent the *Funniest Home Video Show*, they are quite humorous at first, but eventually boil down to nothing but a rag-tag collection of people (in this case Australian, rather than American) traumatising themselves.

What will these "entertainers" become later in life? Bums? Probably not, if they continue with their studies. Outstanding citizens? Perhaps. If they truly are our future, then, in essence, our society seems to be devolving into a miasma of troglodite intellectuals.

On another note, if I have spurred the interest of you or your readers, I encourage them to question me about any aspect of life, the universe and everything (including myself, if they so wish). Flaming will be read, laughed at and is eagerly encouraged.

Dreaming of clear skies and bright futures despite a lack of promise.

Skip

7

Send your letters to ondit@adelaide.edu.au or drop them into the On Dit office, basement of the George Murray building.

Try to keep them under 700 words and free of racist, sexist, homophobic or defamatory material.



**DJ
SPOONY
LOVE**

A Lobby Group for International Sleep Day

Nobody would deny that milk is one of the first crucial elements of our lives [vegans? - ed]. Having been brought up on our mothers' milk in the very first days, most of us hold a certain affection for the white liquid, be it in the form of cheese, yoghurt or ice cream. A couple of years ago, the elixir finally got its appropriate honour, when the 1st of June was dedicated to it as the World Milk Day.

What sounds like a bizarre joke of the dairy industry is actually a worldwide annual anniversary organised and initiated by the FAO, the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations – and, indeed, by the International Dairy Products Association. The World Milk Day is meant to promote the importance of milk for a healthy diet, and as a crucial part of agricultural income.

The World Milk Day, however, is only one of numerous, more or less popular international days,

such as the World AIDS Day, the International Refugees' Day, the International Mountain Day, or even the International Day of the Television.

Most international days, weeks, years and decades are announced by the United Nations General Assembly, or by one of the UN's subdivisions, such as the WHO (World Health Organisation), or the FAO as mentioned above. The UN's list of international days was started in 1948, when the world organisation dedicated the first international day ever to itself, announcing the 24th of October to be United Nations Day. Since then, the list has steadily been growing. The next anniversary to be added was Human Rights Day in 1950, followed by International Children's Day in 1954. By now, we are supposed to solemnise at least 59 international days per year, with eight of them being held in March, and with October holding the record with ten international

days being celebrated.

After children having their international day since 1954, women celebrating their annual anniversary since 1977, and even the youth being awarded with an international day in 1999, in 2000 finally men too, gained their own international day, mainly thanks to the lobby work of the Gorbachev Foundation of the former Russian president Michael Gorbachev. The issue International Men's Day addresses is one of life and death: it being a matter of fact that the lives of men are on average seven years shorter than those of women, International Men's Day wants to fight for a change in this respect. It therefore aims to promote an equal representation of males as objects of medical science, and establish men's doctors as the equivalent to gynaecologists. Although three years ago, the UN apparently acknowledged the existence and importance of an International Men's Day, the date still cannot be found in the official list of the United Nations.

Seeing international days gain popularity, several private interest groups started attempts to press their own international days through, such as the World Vegetarians' Day, or the International Dogs' Day, to mention just two of them.

Even though the International Dogs' Day hasn't made it so far, other groups seeking to promote their interests with an annual day have been more successful. In 1998, the International Fluency Association (IFA) and the International Stuttering Association (ISA) introduced the International Stuttering Awareness Day, since then held on October 28, reminding us every year that stuttering "does not allow any conclusions to be drawn about the character, personality or intelligence of the person concerned."

An international day that would have certainly been warmly welcomed by most of us (if celebrated in the obvious way) is the International Sleep Day. It was held just once, on March 21 in

2001, organised by the Worldwide Project on Sleep and Health, and mainly sponsored by the Swiss pharmaceutical company Sanofi-Synthelabo. Unluckily, however, it never made it into the list of the permanent annual international days.

Judith Renner

International Correspondent



That's right, there's even an International Noise Day. No wonder these bastards can't keep the Americans in check.



Other Silly International Days

- ★ World Stomach Day
- ★ International Day of Unrest
- ★ World World Day
- ★ Doing It Twice Day
- ★ Bad Hair Day
- ★ Pants Free Day
- ★ Same Shit Different Day

TOO RIGHT

Why be politically correct
when you can be *RIGHT*?

Much Ado About Men

*Gays playing rugby, girls on the
chesterfield: Do modern
gentleman have a chance?*

According to Christina Sommers it's increasingly hard to be a man vaguely connected to a brain. In 'The War Against Boys', she writes that 35 percent of university-aged men in 1998 confessed that they had read nothing for pleasure in the previous twelve months.

It's not really surprising. Browsing through the current selection of men's magazines, our reading material has been getting even dumber of late. The most successful, *Ralph*, sets the pace. Its cover features the slogan "Sex, Sports, Beer, Gadgets, Clothes, Fitness," in descending order of importance. A recent issue features a primer on penis size ("How It's Really Hangin"), a useless guide to becoming a millionaire ("Rule #4: Ditch Your Loser Friends"), page after page of scantily dressed babes, and what at first looks like an actual piece of reportage until you read the subhead: "In a sleepy town in New Mexico, David Ray and his family abducted women and held them captive inside his specially equipped trailer. Was it a twisted sex game or something far worse?" Sure, some titillation is healthy, but hearing about the moronic and quite possibly illegal exploits of 'Davo' and his nutcase family in New Mexico is pretty limited by anybody's standards.

Of course, if you want erudition, you can always peruse another new entrant into the market, FHM ("For Him Magazine"), whose feature article in the last issue is titled "A Lifetime of Sex." "At the age of 75 you'll have had sex 5,472 times with 22 women," the subhead reads. "Here's how you'll get there." Sounds good. With competition like this, it's no surprise that even *Esquire* led a recent cover with "153 Things a Man Should Know About Sex" or that *GQ*, easily the class act of the bunch, showcases "Eye-Candy Thandie" Newton, the lithe female star of *Gubernator Arny's* new action bonanza. Sure, I like some advice on how to bonk with expertise, or for that matter who *Arny's* bonking beside his fruitloop wife, but, really *GQ*, isn't there some fuzzy line, like UN resolutions, that you've crossed? A register on the overkill radar? These days, it's extremely hard to be a man vaguely connected to a brain. The state of men's magazines is only the half of it. Two generations of full-blooded feminism have ended with round-the-clock wrestling channels, *Shanghai Noon*, and Tom Cruise following Stanley Kubrick with John Woo. Even homosexual men, who once might have constituted some cultural firewall against unbridled testosterone, are now bulging with steroids, living in the gym, and starting rugby leagues. I mean, playing rugby, for Christ sake. The notion of the "gentleman," or indeed any notion of masculinity attached to gentility, has almost vanished from the cultural air. What happened, one wonders, and why? I guess you could start by observing that many areas of life that were once "gentlemanly" have simply been opened to women and thus effectively demasculinized. A university education, for one thing, along with all the journals, books, and conversations that go along with it, is now thoroughly - and rightly - integrated. Education is no longer a function of becoming a man but a function of becoming a nongendered citizen. There

are whole swaths of public life - business, politics, sports, and so forth - that once inculcated a form of refined masculinity but are now de-sexed. Even ADFA and seminaries, once the ultimate male bastions, have thrown open their doors to women.

This is not the problem. Greater opportunity for women is probably the most significant gain for human freedom in the last century. But with this gain has come a somewhat unexpected problem: *How do we restore a sense of masculinity that is vaguely civilised?* Take their exclusive vocations away, remove their institutions, de-gender their clubs and schools and workplaces, and you leave men with more than a little cultural bewilderment. The only things left that are predominantly male are, well, sex with women, beer, gadgets, sex with women, cars, beer, sex with women, and more gadgets. Such subjects tend to be, to judge from men's magazines, lacking in elevation shall we say? How can people expect men to be balanced, caring and intelligent if men's cultural instructions demand they drink beer, have sex with women and play with gadgets to reassert their maleness?

A certain type of feminism is part of the problem. By denying any deep biological or psychological difference between the sexes, some influential feminists refuse to countenance any special treatment for men and boys. They see even the ethic of the gentleman as sexist and regard the excrescences of the current male pop culture as a function of wilful hostility to women rather than the clumsy attempt to find something - hell - anything that men still have in common. So, while women are allowed a separate culture and seem to have little problem making it civilised, men are left to their own primitive devices, with disastrous results.

It's hard to see why women wouldn't support escalating an appreciation amongst men of what it is to be male. I can't imagine women want sexless, drifting men who have no moral compass, and are uncomfortable with their 'maleness'. How can such men be the loving partners for women, or be role models for their children? How can they be the balanced, understanding, and caring men that the feminists have rightly demanded men should be? If men have no concept of what 'male' is, and no map of how to get there whilst respecting and supporting women, what does this say about the state of 'maledom'? In many respects, it appears the feminist project has undermined its own manifesto: in aggressively asserting the role of women some feminists have torn down the house, and thrown out the insurance policy. Some men are now (sex)less, moping disaster areas who wear de-gendered air de toilette by Chanel and couldn't eat a pie if they tried. More concerning than that, such men are more duplicitous than ever before, because they engage in the same damaging social bitchiness that destroys the self-confidence of many women. Further, they project their uncomfortableness about being male onto women: the fragility of relationships, where men look to rack up (largely) sexual experiences with many women could be seen as a desperation to reassert maleness through sexual conquest. I'm not saying sex is bad. It's not. But it is possible that having sex with 22 women before you're twenty-five is perhaps not

the best solution to improving one's mental health, although you're experience ratings would sure get a boost. Let's turn to other practical results.

Take a look at education. Australian boys are now far behind girls in high school. As Sommers points out in her book "the gap in reading proficiency between males and females is roughly equivalent to about one and a half years of schooling." The gender gap in Australian universities is now about five percentage points - 55% girls - 45% guys. Yet any attempts to address this problem with single-sex classes or schools for boys, for example, is met with ferocious opposition. The more extreme examples of this ideology come in the ludicrous attempts to police gender stereotypes as early as kindergarten, even when those "stereotypes" conform to the way little boys and little girls have naturally interacted, or not interacted, for millennia.

You can understand how we got here, of course. For centuries, girls and women were second-class citizens, marginalized, frustrated, punished, at times the chattels of men, and denied the possibility of advancement in the workplace. But a visit to any Australian university campus today will show how far we have come from those days.

Instead, we are arguably at the beginning of a different crisis - a crisis of the Australian male. Until we find a way for men to chart a course that is not dependent on the subjugation of women and yet is unmistakably their own, that crisis will continue.

This means not denying or condemning male difference but harnessing it, guiding it, and moralising it. There's a cultural hunger for this, I think. The cultural craving manifests itself in the search for unapologetic masculinity based on sacrifice and duty rather than machismo and narcissism. Call it the reinvention of the gentleman - for an era when gender is not an excuse for oppression but when its natural basis is not denied, either.

Mercifully, this needn't involve some manic men's movement, let alone a self-conscious masculinity constantly talking to and about itself. Men simply need to be able to do more things together. Preferably, on occasion, things of a somewhat more elevated nature than throwing, kicking or hitting a ball. Not that sport is a negative means to experience male culture: its not. In fact, I believe that the sporting experience is a critical part of being a boy in Australia. But there needs to be a cultivation of male peer to peer relationships of substance and quality.

There are many small ways this could happen: a revival of appreciation for single-sex schools, the re-establishment in the culture of all-male clubs, the extension of big-brother or mentoring programs, and so on. But, more generally, a decent amount could be accomplished simply by stopping the de-genderisation that now passes for civilised consensus amongst the opinion of Australian elites. This is particularly the case in the Arts Faculty at The University of Adelaide.

I'm not sure if there's a political coalition capable of this. But I do know it's worth our making an effort.

DRC

IX

IGNORANCE & APATHY

what are you doing this International Women's Day?

In a society that considers itself equal, informed and fair, it's amazing how many people are completely ignorant about the concept of 'feminism'. Men are often wary or mocking of anything that is connected with women's lib, and many women will blatantly deny that they are feminists because they prescribe to the popular stereotype that portrays all feminists as hairy, man-hating and bra-burning. This narrow-minded stereotype has been used by men and women to disempower feminists, discredit women's issues and discourage women from joining or learning about the feminist cause. People have become so caught up in jumping on the anti-feminist bandwagon, that not only is feminism sneered at, but issues to do with the status or treatment of women are commonly mocked or dismissed. Similarly, women who are genuinely interested in exploring issues that are meaningful to them are often accused of trying to cause disunity between the sexes and/or attempting to sway the 'gender equality' that appears to exist in our society. In contrast, some women reject feminist activism altogether. Anti-feminist women perplex me as feminist issues pertain to *their* rights and status as women in regards to such important things as education, health and employment. Feminist issues are important to *all* women, and yet feminism has faced huge opposition from women.

One of the most important issues that feminism has to address is the status, rights and treatment of women in developing countries. We live in a world where there is very little assistance for women living in poverty, where women's rights are denied and women's bodies are used for individual gratification and political ends. Women are still the poorest people in the world and millions are forced into marriage and prostitution every year. The concept of women as property is still upheld and there are countries where women are stoned to death for being raped. Little is done to stop these unjust practises

or change the attitude that it is acceptable to torture women and children. In the Guatemalan civil war, 100s of women were subjected to mass rapes before being murdered by soldiers. No soldiers have been prosecuted for this crime. Many cultures reinforce the idea that women's sexuality should be suppressed and not spoken about. Consequently, 2 million little girls are genitally mutilated per year, and, in Africa where the rate of HIV infection has reached epidemic proportions, 58% of adults infected with HIV are women.

For all these reasons and more - we celebrate International Women's Day. Women across the world gather together to bring awareness to the injustices that women encounter, to honour all women and to reflect on the progress that women have achieved equality, justice and peace. Show your support for the universal condition of women this International Women's Day, acknowledging that equality isn't something that just happens - women must actively work together to correct sexist attitudes and change the structures that underprivileged and marginalise women.

International Women's Day - Monday, March 8th. Come along to the IWD Rally being held at 10:30am on Saturday, March 13th at Victoria Square. At 11:30am there will be an IWD women's festival featuring women's speakers and entertainment on the Adelaide University Mallis Lawns. If you want more information, or would like to help out, write to me at melissa.purcell@student.aelaide.edu.au.

Mel Purcell

It is an illusion that there is perfect equality in our society. women are still marginalised, mistreated and underrepresented.

- One in three women will be sexually assaulted in their lifetime.
- 160,000 Australian mothers are missing out on childcare spots.
- Australian women still only earn 84% of a man's wage.
- 74% of women will have paid off their HECS debt by the age of 65.
- 34% of 8 and 9 year old girls report negative feelings about their bodies.

These types of injustice occur everyday in front of our faces, and yet many men and women still grit their teeth and say, There is no need for feminism. Men and women are perfectly equal.



Activism and the SAUA: What's it all about?

Going to uni had always been about a lot of drinking, a lot of partying, a little study and a lot of fun. But it's also always been about experiences, about trying new things and learning about yourself and the world. One of the ways in which students all over the world have done this has been through activism. It's about getting political, learning about the world, finding out how it operates, and trying to change it, often as history has shown quite successfully.

Student activism has played a vital role in generating the change that has had real impacts on people's lives and the fate of nations and empires. It was students who started the anti-war movement which in the end led to the United States pulling out of Vietnam, it was students who took the first pick hammers to the Berlin Wall and it was students who started the campaign in the former Yugoslavia that brought down the war criminal Slobodan Milosevic.

Activism is about actively trying to change the world. It ranges from writing letters to newspapers, politicians, organisations etc, to talking, arguing and debating in the Uni Bar or on the Barr Smith Lawns, to protesting outside of parliament, to handing out leaflets and putting up posters. Activism can be a whole range of things, but basically it's about saying there's a lot of things wrong with this world, and that I want to do something about one or two of them.

Uni isn't just about going to lectures, writing essays, or doing exams. If at the end of 3 or 4 years is a piece of paper, then you have missed out on a wider experience. Even if you've got a piece of paper and many fond memories in the UniBar or on the sporting field you've still missed out on something else. Uni is probably the only time that you will have the time to dedicate your energy and your passion to a cause. Once you finish uni you'll hopefully get a job, probably working 9-5 where soon enough you'll have a house and then kids, and if your lucky you might just one day pay of your

HECS debt. But before all of that don't you want to get involved in something and help to create change for the better? I guess I should point out that it's probably not for everyone, but if your concerned or feel passionately about, well anything really then it is possibly for you. Activism is about doing things for others, trying to help people, trying to make their lives better, but also about helping yourself. How do you help yourself, well you get an education, not the sort in the lecture hall, but the sort on the ground, and it's a valuable life skill.

Many people will say 'well I'm not political' and that 'I'm not doing Arts or Law so I don't need to know or care about politics'. But politics exists in all facets of life, so whether you're going to be a doctor, a nurse, a civil servant, a social worker, or a business person you're going to get caught up in it all at one point or another, and not just every four years when you vote. The more you know about how the political system works the better off you will be career wise and for dealing with the problems life throws at you. It's fair enough I guess that a lot of people aren't that interested, and don't want to take an active role in the political process. But while we are students, while we're supposed to be having an experience as much as getting a degree, why not get involved, learn about how the political system works and how to influence it. Especially if your one of the student's who can't get decent rental accommodation, or has to work ridiculous hours to cover the costs of living that Youth Allowance or Austudy (if your lucky enough to get it) just doesn't cover. So learn about a whole new area of life, help others and help yourself all at the same time.

Anyway, back to activism. So what is activism about at Adelaide Uni? Well really that's up too you. Some of the issues that activists at Adelaide Uni were involved in last year were, the war on Iraq, the higher Ed reforms, student poverty, the proposed nuclear waste dump, refugees, etc. The way it all works is that people who are interested come down to the Students Association of Adelaide University or the SAUA, affectionately pronounced sewer. Depending on what

you are interested in you see the office bearer for that department, which are Women's, Queer, Environment, ATSI (Aboriginal, and Torres Strait Islanders), and Education, which basically encompasses everything that is not covered by the other departments (i.e. Foreign Policy, Welfare etc). Each of these departments have standing committee's where there are a number of elected representatives who work with the office bearer to help facilitate the activism in those areas. The best place to start to get involved with all of this is to come to one of the standing committee meetings and listen, give your opinion, find out what's happening and offer your help. E-mail the relevant office bearers and ask them when the next standing committee meeting is. You can also find out more about these departments on the **SAUA website: www.saua.adelaide.edu.au**

This sort of stuff occurs on a state level where the activists get together from all three Uni's and organise their activities. The people who are involved in all of this communicate through an e-group. If you are interested in joining this e-group, which allows you to stay informed about everything that's happening just send an e-mail to

education_sa-subscribe@yahoo.com.

Of course activism is whatever you want it to be, and so involvement with the SAUA is only one of many ways to get politically active. It's not the only way, there are many other ways of getting active. Another way is to join some of the clubs at Adelaide Uni such as the Labor, Greens, Democrats, Liberal, Resistance, UN, Amnesty (Human Rights), Pride (Gay and Lesbian Club) etc. Yet another way of involvement is through various community organizations like Greenpeace, Human Rights Watch, Amnesty, Oxfam, Friends of the ABC, The UN Association of Australia, The Red Cross etc. So the world's your oyster, the problems of the world are out there waiting for you to fix them, or at least help. If your don't even try when your at Uni when will you?

David
Pearson
(SAUA councillor)

ten

It's all about the music - go wild

WILDALOO 2004

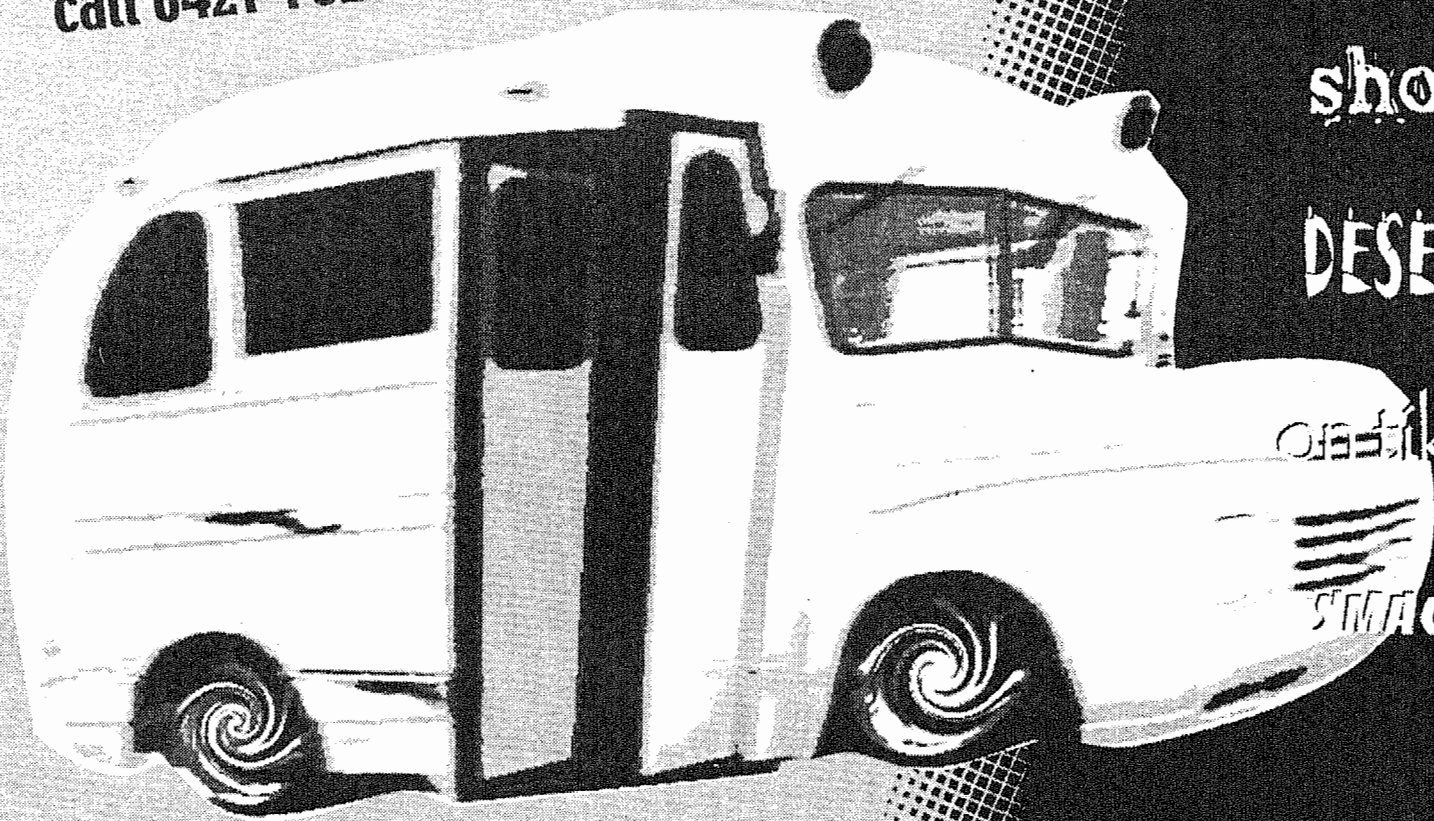
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RUSSELL MARKS DISMANTLES WRITER'S WEEK

Regrettably, I couldn't be at the Pioneer Women's Memorial Gardens for the opening of Writers' Week, where Jill Kitson and Radio National's *BookTalk* presenter Lingua Franca's introduction led into David Malouf's dedication to Jessica Anderson, two-time recipient of the Miles Franklin and author of the brilliant *Tirra Lirra by the River*.

I wanted to see Canadian author Alistair MacLeod, but only arrived in time for the West Tent's 'Re-presenting the Past' panel session, delivered by four Australian authors of varying credentials and genres. Having spent most of Laurie Duggan's speech furiously guarding three plastic chairs from suspicious-looking pensioner-types while I waited for Tim and his sister to arrive, I missed some of it, but was impressed with the speaker's substance and wit. Duggan, a distinguished poet, offered a particularly resounding critique of the anti-postmodernists in the Australian mainstream press, and argued that postmodernism is not the denial of truth, but rather a suspicion of the processes that lead 'truths' to be formulated.

The Gardens, on the southern side of the Parade Grounds, is a wonderful place to stage a function such as Writers' Week, where the chardonnay set of the eastern suburbs would have been just about the most ignorant in attendance. As Duggan and then Richard Flanagan spoke throughout the stunning Adelaide Sunday afternoon, those in attendance were treated to the song of a kookaburra, hopping among the high-up branches as a soft, refreshing zephyr brushed its way through the canopy.

Flanagan, a 16-year-old high-school dropout and ex-plumber's apprentice who went on to join the short but distinguished list of Australian Rhodes' Scholars and author *The Sound of One Hand Clapping* and his latest, *Gould's Book of Fish*, is one of those rare speakers who manages to challenge his audience intellectually while retaining its devoted attention, and then reward it with outstanding wit emanating from sharp social insight. His comments regarding anal-probes and the Pacific Rim to describe John Howard's relationship with George W Bush raised more than a stir of laughter.

Both Flanagan and Duggan referred to confused historian Keith Windschuttle's latest comments at a West Australian Pastoralists and Graziers Association convention in Perth last Thursday, where he suggested that Aboriginal people once again be "transferred" from their rural homes to urban centres (perhaps like Redfern?). Their comments, in the presence of author and educator Doris Kartinyeri, a member of the Stolen Generation whose autobiography *Kick the Tin* describes her own journey of self-discovery, were shameful, to the extent that they needed to be made in the first place. If justice and equity prevailed, people like Windschuttle, who believes that no history is credible unless it's written down, and who is trapped in what Flanagan describes as a very European, linear view of the past, could be safely ignored.

The comments by Flanagan and Duggan led smoothly into Sarah Hay's discussion of her Vogel Award-winning novel, *Skins*, which was created out of an obsession with the unrecorded history of the south-western corner of Australia near Esperance, where long-gone pastoralists were preceded by violent sealers. The area had been described as being "short on history", a claim that is increasingly common to many areas, and one that is never deserved. To label a place "short on history" is to do more than merely display one's own ignorant, linear view of 'history', which must be crammed with 'events'

to be considered worthy of 'study'; it is, as Hay reminded her audience, to render meaningless both the lives of those who did live there, as well as the place's non-human past. To declare a place "short on history" is as patently absurd as Gerard Henderson's recent misquote of a George Miller remark, to the effect that the problem with Australia's film industry is that our stories have all been told.

As if to spite Henderson (and perhaps Miller!), the first Aussie film release of 2004 is the groundbreaking *One Perfect Day*, a film threatening to join *Strictly Ballroom*, *Priscilla*, *Babe*, *Shine* and *Lantana* as landmarks in the coming-of-age of an industry that, despite being one of the oldest, had to start from near-scratch in the 1970s after it was effectively killed off during and after World War II. Paul Currie's second feature focuses on the unique Sydney dance scene through the eyes of young musico Tommy (Dan Spielman), who returns from London after his younger sister's overdose death, is aesthetically, acoustically and cinematically stunning. New and recent Australian novels that could make excellent films, and which explore largely untold stories, include Tom Keneally's *The Tyrant's Novel* and *An Angel in Australia*, Peter Carey's *My Life as a Fake*, Alex Miller's *Journey to the Stone Country*, and Sonja Hartnett's *Of a Boy*. We should also remember that the stories of thousands of asylum seekers have yet to be told publicly (though see Julian Burnside's compilation of letters by 'detainees', *From Nothing to Zero*, for a much-needed, if overwhelmingly depressing, beginning).

Which brings us to another complex personality, John Marsden, whose awesome *Tomorrow* series will not be filmed anytime soon, given the author's refusal to sell the rights. While still a popular teacher at Geelong Grammar in 1987, Marsden's first novel for teenagers, *So Much to Tell You*, became an instant hit, and the success of his subsequent books gave him the confidence, finance and necessary conviction to leave mainstream education behind and operate workshops for aspiring authors and poets on his property outside of Melbourne. He is increasingly experimenting with varying forms of text, from picture books (the brilliant *The Rabbits*) to teen advice books to a collection of commissioned essays entitled *What I Believe*. But Marsden the man is increasingly cynical, evident throughout his talk in the East Tent on Sunday.

He opened with an anecdote, telling his audience of a 70-year-old Woolloongong man he met on the train between Vancouver and Calgary, who, Marsden alleged, had made up his mind that Australia was the best place to live before he'd even left these shores. It's a common enough phenomenon, which becomes more pronounced the smaller the place in question gets, as explored by Kenneth Cook in his 1961 novel *Wake in Fright*. Marsden, without any reservation, accused this man of having learned nothing about his world despite his seventy years; the descriptor "waste of space" was used. And perhaps he's right: many people *do* appear merely to 'exist', without ever challenging their preconceptions and biases by addressing their own state of ignorance.

This observation - essentially an affirmation that age is no precursor to 'wisdom', or perception, or the ability to empathise - led into a short, slightly disjointed discussion of what ignorance actually entails. He used the recent Iraq war as a fleeting example: some people firmly believe the war was fought for US oil interests; others believe a Zionist conspiracy; for others, it was to find the weapons of mass destruction, and so

on. To take any one of these strands and declare it the sole truth, however, is to provide Marsden with an example of ignorance.

Take the education system. In South Australia, secondary schools, SSABSA, universities, politicians, employers, parents and members of the public often appear to blame system failures on singular elements. In healthcare, the story is repeated, with Sydney's 'whistleblower nurses' telling a vastly different story to senior management at Campbelltown and Camden hospitals, which in turn is irreconcilable with the NSW or Federal Government's perspective.

But, after appearing to endorse a postmodernist analysis that would critique the assumptions that underpin these often-ignorant views of 'truth', Marsden then made the observation that "all" criminals were abused as children, and that children who grow up in loving, nurturing environments do not have the capacity to commit 'crime'. The statement was, and is, problematic, but it soon became semi-apparent, thanks to startled responses from audience members, that Marsden's own definition of 'crime' is far more moral than legal, and, I would surmise, would not include such legal 'crimes' as painting "No War" on the Sydney Opera House, or escaping from prison to attend a nephew's funeral, as the aunt of TJ Hickey would have been forced to do recently. Still, the statement's problematic nature remains, and any amateur philosopher worth her/his weight would have a field day.

Marsden is highly sceptical, to the point of anger, at Australian society's increasingly ostentatious 'protection' of children, who must receive express permission from their parents or legal guardians before engaging in any mildly risky activity, who must be shielded from such corrupting influences as swear words and screen sex, and who must be wrapped so tightly in cotton wool we can't even hear them speak. All this, while at the same time we ignore children of convicted criminals, Aboriginal people who were, as children, Stolen from their parents...and children of asylum seekers, who are either imprisoned without trial, or (in complete character for this country) wrenched from *their* parents and placed in foster homes.

Anyone who knows Australia will know its ostentatiousness, its readiness to forget parts of its past (and ignore aspects of its present) it would prefer not to remember, personified better in no-one than John Howard who, as Flanagan noted, calls up history when it serves his interests, but otherwise ignores it completely. But Flanagan positioned his native Tasmania as a severe microcosm of this malady, the island in desperate need of an identity as a consequence of being often forgotten by mainland Australia(ns), yet wanting also to deny so much of its brutal past.

Writers' Week is a superb, innovative concept: hit and miss, but far more hit than miss; free to the public, and hence open, airy and relaxed; engaging and often surprising. Writers spend much of their time watching, considering, analysing and then articulating their worlds, as do their readers who follow. It is interesting to note that this procedure, or some aspect of it, breeds in many writers (and widely-read readers) a distinct 'bias' toward the so-called 'left', an empathy with the environment, with people in vastly different circumstances than their own. Or perhaps it works in the opposite direction.

Whatever the case, the Adelaide Festival of the Arts Writers' Week is a concept that deserves to be supported, if for no reason other than its contribution to democracy: it gets people talking.

T W E L V E

WHOA, SAY IT IN ENGLISH DOC...

Stan: So Vic, without really knowing what's going on, would you say it's time for our readers to crack each other's skulls open and feast on the goo inside?

Victor: Yes I would Stan.

I am not a fan of pop science. My main problem with magazines such as New Scientist, is that even as a physics student, I have great difficulty in grasping many of the in vogue physics topics presented therein. Mind boggling concepts are often trivialized and, with the aid a colorful diagram whipped up by the resident graphics designer, readers are lulled into a false sense of understanding. Two paragraphs spent on the underlying principles would certainly give readers a better chance of making sense of the presented groundbreaking research.

There is of course the other extreme, and this is best exemplified by the smorgasbord of science documentaries shown on the ABC and SBS. I refer you to the recently screened Dr. David Suzuki documentary series on water, a true cringe fest for anyone who has ever failed year 10 chemistry. With such enlightening phrases as 'water is the essence of life...' littered throughout the program, and cheesy screenshots of David releasing a white balloon and watching it sail off into the heavens, this is a science series that truly made me want to take up classics or an English major.

The ability to convey research ideas and results to the general public is almost as important as carrying out the research itself. 'Famous' scientists have made careers out of understanding other people's theories or experimental evidence and writing books on these, void of calculations or data, focusing rather on qualitative ideas. In my opinion it is very hard to educate the general populace through short publications such as articles because each person has had vastly different levels of contact with the laws of nature. Rather, the value of publishing scientific material aimed at the common person, lies in reassuring the taxpayer that their money is being used for good rather than evil, as well as recruiting future scientists by stimulating curiosity.

With this in mind, I invite all who would like to present an introductory rant on a topic of their choice to do just that in the next edition of *OnDit*.

SubEd's note: Discussing these articles in bars may increase your chances of picking up. Just ask any science graduate: "Man, chicks dig Astrophysics..." - Seb Henbest B.Sc. (Honours)

A brief look at cosmic ray astrophysics...

Cosmic rays are the most penetrating type of radiation known to come out of the cold reaches of space. These so called cosmic bullets bombard our planet at incredible speeds. All that is known about cosmic radiation is the result of meticulous experimental observations, begun over a century ago in 1901, when a man named Wilson, decided to mount his electroscope onto a balloon. Today, High Energy Astrophysics groups around the world, including our own in Adelaide, continue this work through their involvement with The Fly's Eye and Pierre Auger projects. The latter is a detector array of epic proportions, built to detect very rare, high energy cosmic rays, believed to be the most rapidly accelerated particles in the Universe.

The study of Cosmic Rays fits into the realm of corpuscular physics. Primary rays are mostly protons or heavier atomic nuclei, travelling close to the speed of light. The Earth's magnetic field, which usually diverts harmful charged particles is insufficiently strong for the speeds at which these particles arrive. As they penetrate the atmosphere, primaries collide with air molecules giving birth to an extensive air shower (EAS). These showers are made up of what are termed to be secondary cosmic rays. It is these particles are slamming into you right now. Each time you fly on a plane, a significantly higher flux of cosmic rays passes through your flesh, increasing the risk of cancer. Those crazy rocket men of the sixties would have got a hearty dose of primary cosmic rays on their long missions to the moon.

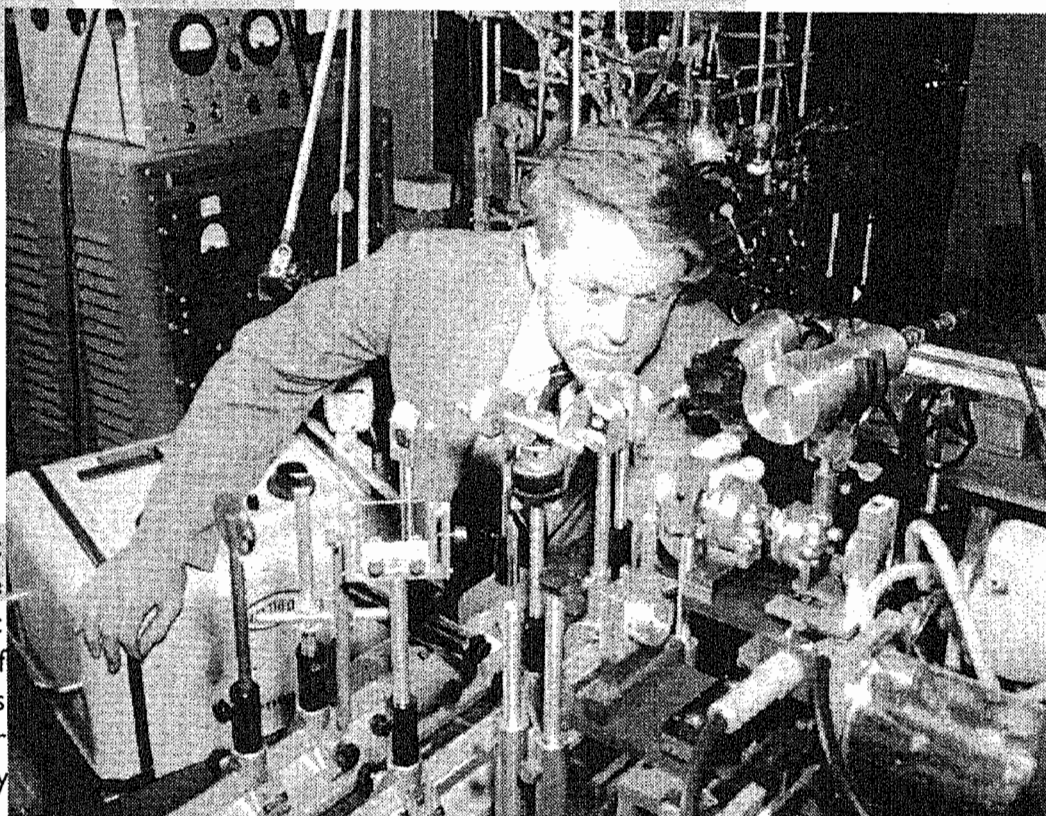
As is often the case in experimental physics, the study of the makeup of cosmic ray air showers gave rise to some of the most important early discoveries in subatomic physics. Air showers experiments predate particle accelerators. They provided the boys in white lab coats with a rainbow of subatomic particles. Let's look at the rainbow and see what's in there: there's pions, muons, neutrinos, antineutrinos, electrons, positrons and photons. Their relative abundances in the air shower depend on the energy of the primary cosmic ray energy. The electromagnetic component of EAS becomes dominant for higher energy

showers, whilst muon component dominates the lower energies.

The energy of the primary cosmic rays also dictates their own abundance or flux. The energy domain of the protons and nuclei ranges from 10^8 to just above 10^{20} electron volts. These energies are huge, the latter being about 100 million times greater than protons accelerated by the biggest particle accelerators, such as the European CERN. Primary cosmic rays of high energies cannot be measured directly, however information can be gathered from the EAS that they produce. The problem in detecting the highest energy particles is that their occurrence falls to a rate of 1 per kilometre² per century. To gain an understanding of the highest energy cosmic rays requires substantial amounts of data, which in turn begs an extensive collecting area (more money please...).

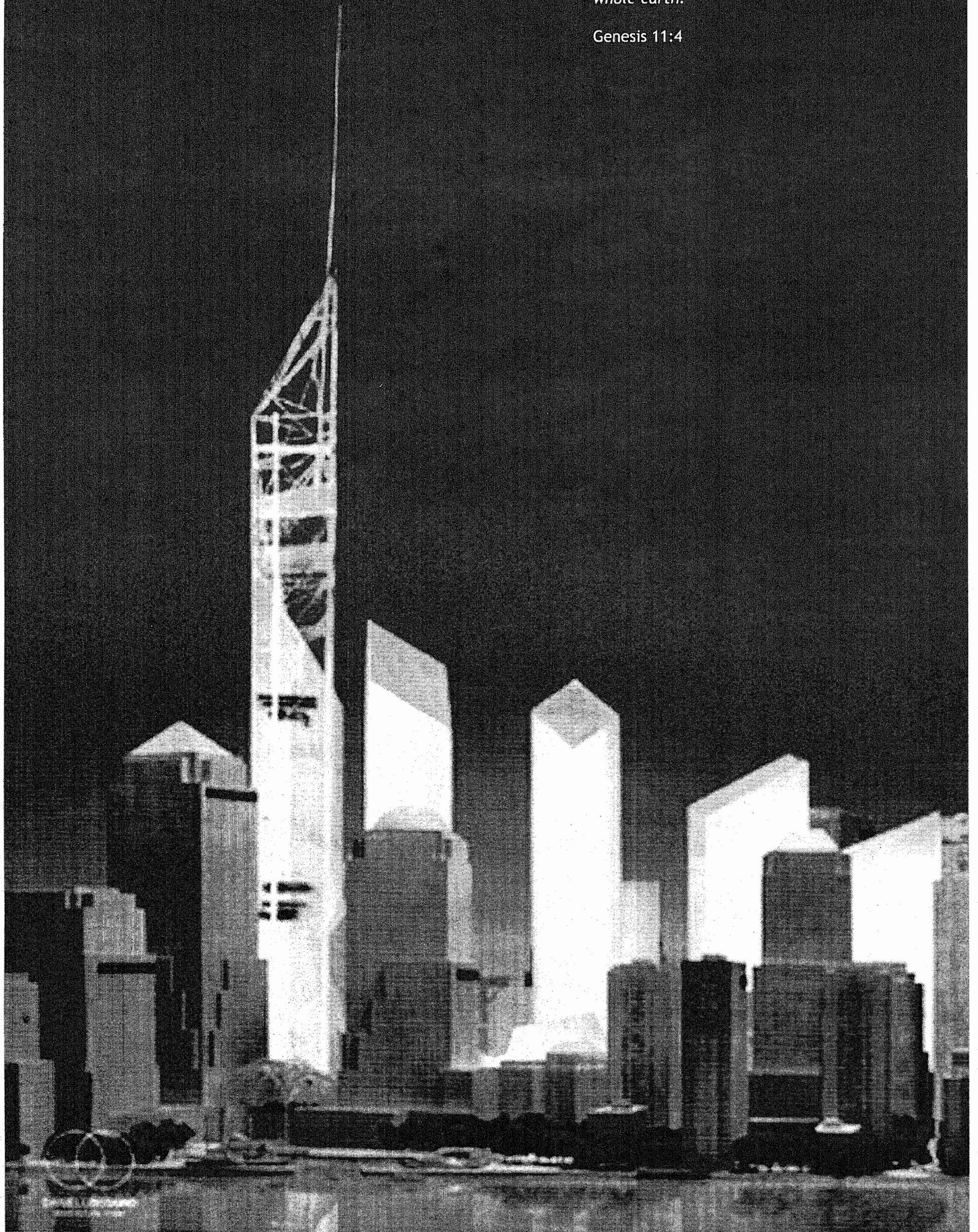
The most perplexing question of all is that of the source of cosmic rays. What massive naturally occurring and self replenishing particle accelerators are able to impart such huge energies, by means of a potential difference? Once again, the answer is not the same for all cosmic rays, but in general it is difficult to deduce where charged particles are coming from when a myriad of magnetic fields alters their path. Cataclysmic events, such as supernovae are the usual suspects as the point of origin for any self respecting, that is fairly high energy, cosmic rays. There is good experimental evidence that lower energy cosmic rays come from our own galaxy, travelling and interacting with the interstellar medium. Guided by the galactic magnetic fields, the average age of an 'average' particle (of about 10^9 electron volts) is a few million years. As for the rarer, higher energy cosmic rays, these bad boys are hypothesized to come from the relativistic jets of massive black holes. As soon as that is verified experimentally, I'll let you know.

Chekov



*And they said, Come, let us build a city,
and tower whose top is in the heavens;
let us make a name for ourselves lest we
be scattered abroad over the face of the
whole earth.*

Genesis 11:4



on campus and on the streets...

FIGHT

Fees!



our education is not for sale

RALLY

National Day of Action against increases in undergraduate HECS, up-front fees, international student fees and Postgraduate fees.

Wed 31st March 2004

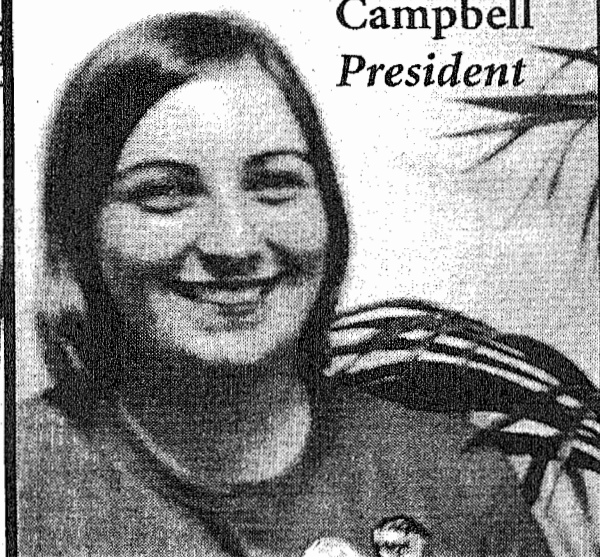
Thugs don't help the cause much. They just give more ammunition to Channel Nine News & the like. If you care about the future of our University system, support NUS in their fight for an egalitarian education system.

Don't judge them by their trashy poster campaign.
Authorised by Jodie Jansen, President, National Union of Students. www.unistudent.com



SAUA OFFICE BEARERS

Alice
Campbell
President



Look it's me, Alice Campbell! I'm no longer blurred and mysterious!

Hey everyone, hope you have all survived week one and are getting used to all those lectures, tutes, pracs, workshops, seminars and what ever other forums you may find yourself in such as unibar sessions, shopping in the city and sitting on the lawns.

I'd firstly like to thank a few more people for the particular help that they provided during Orientation. These people are Mike B, Joseph H, Walsh and the SAUA staff: Naomi, Emma and Peter. Okay, now it's time for my rant.

This week I'm going to mention two issues that are currently plaguing students, (other than the Nelson reforms of course). Firstly, just how shit is Youth Allowance? It's a sum of money that is well below the poverty line and is incredibly difficult to get. If you want to access it you have to qualify for independence from your parents, even if you are legally an adult. Obviously it's crap and don't we all know it! Somehow the Howard Government is oblivious to all this though. Hmm.

Okay, the next problem is the expiration of the Educational Textbook Subsidy Scheme which means students will no longer get an 8% federal government subsidy on textbooks. Considering textbooks are really expensive already, an 8% increase in the prices is going to make life difficult for students who are already struggling.

So as we being screwed over with HECS increases, our welfare is also going down the toilet. There'll be a lot more information about this sometime next week. Watch out for it around campus or visit us in our office, ground floor, Lady Symon Building, the North West corner of the Cloisters.

Aurelia
Stapleton
Education
Vice-President



These are turbulent times in the world of HIGHER EDUCATION. Last week we found out that Flinders Uni will be raising their fees by the full 25% allowed by the new reforms following in the footsteps of several other universities around the country including Uni of Sydney, Swinburne and Deakin just to name a few.

Will our university do the same?

At the moment, it looks like our Vice Chancellor will actually allow students to make a submission to the University Council voicing our strong objection to any fee increases as well as a number of other detrimental proposals. We can show the University and the wider community how strongly we feel about these issues by making a big impression at our National Day of Action on March 31st. If we all get behind this event it will be a big success because it will show everyone that students give a shit and are willing to stand up for themselves.

Want to know more?

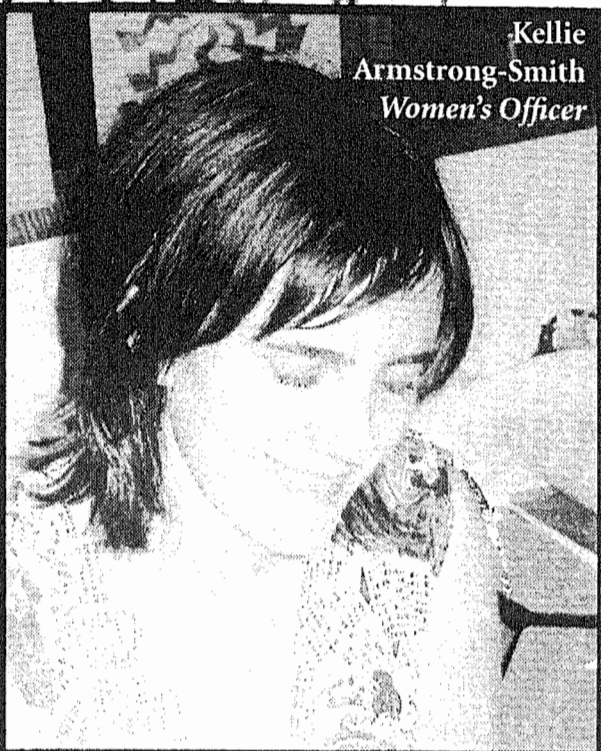
As of this week I will be holding a regular stall on THURSDAYS concerning all sorts of important education issues. Come down to the Barr Smith lawns at LUNCH TIME and have a chat or pick up a flyer or postcard and find out more because these issues will affect YOU and YOUR FUTURE as well as our whole community and you need to be AWARE of these things so that you can DECIDE whether or not you want to put up with this crap.

aurelia.stapleton@adelaide.edu.au

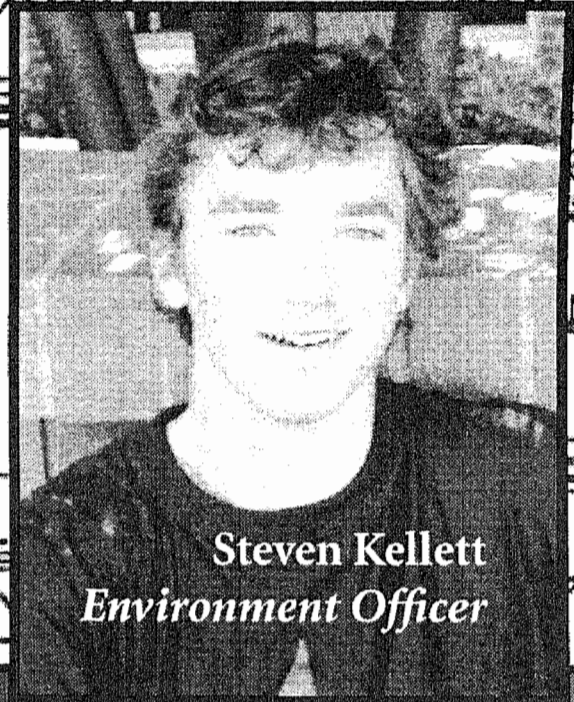
SO, LIKE, WHERE ARE THE REST OF OUR OFFICE BEARERS?

Don't ask us. We just print what we're given.

From now on, Office Bearer reports are no longer compulsory. We're tired of chasing them down. Anyway, there's no point asking them to come up with poetry every week. Politicians aren't writers. They're *doers*.



Kellie
Armstrong-Smith
Women's Officer



Steven Kellett
Environment Officer

*A TEA PARTY? DARLING,
IT'S AN INTERNATIONAL
WOMEN'S DAY RALLY!*

Greetings!

What cause is there for women to gather in large crowds *these* days? Aren't all the revolutions and communisms *finished* with *last* century?!! Aren't we women equal to men in every court, billionaire's office (and we don't mean dressed in a Playboy outfit), police headquarters and television studio? Do we not receive the same prize money at the end of a tennis tournament?

What would cause women to gather together and make a statement in the public sphere our democracy allocates to us?

Price of tampons went up again?

(Mm... Well, we didn't mind the GST on it, so we'll hardly give stuff about a few extra shillings)

Bikinis only available now in pink?

(We're encouraged to be ashamed of that colour, because it's girly, but blue is okay, because it's masculine)

Bosses asked us to get them some tea one time too many? (We do it all day at home for our husbands, why shouldn't we do it at work for our bosses - who'll mostly be males anyway?)

Look, it isn't any of the above. It's all in celebration of **INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY! Staggered across two events,**

PLEASE come along to

1: Pilgrim Hall, Flinders Street at 2pm, Monday, March 8th, for an INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY FORUM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

2: The following Saturday, 10.30 am March 13th, at Victoria Square, we will gather for the INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY MARCH!!!!

It will finish at the Barr Smith Lawns, right here at University. We'll have speakers and stalls, so don't miss out!

Come along and stand up for the recognition that women deserve as human beings.... (and no-one will force you to wear a pink bikini).

Warmly,
Kellie

kellie.Armstrong-smith
@student.adelaide.edu.au

The crucial role the consumer plays in a capitalist society cannot be overstated. Day in, day out, they exchange mass amounts of tender for a vast array of products and brands. Whatever form these products may take, necessity or luxury one thing is certain, there is and will always exist various alternatives and options. The conscientious consumer selects from the full range of available options on an ethical basis, with full consideration for any negative impact that a company may have caused towards people or the environment. Therefore, another factor beside price and quality should be considered when assuming the role of consumer.

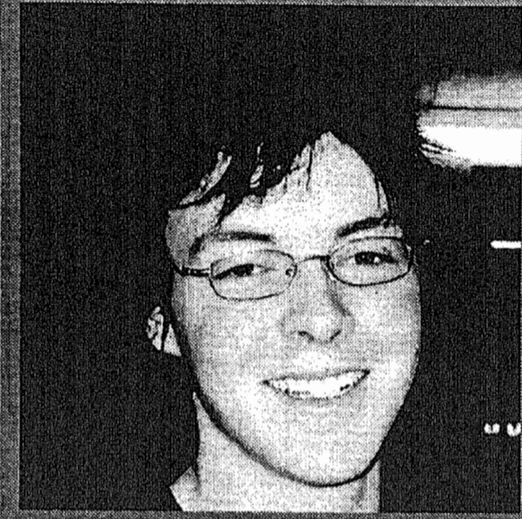
The corporate world has the opportunity and tendency to act as they choose in unregulated third world poverty stricken countries in an effort to increase a profit margin, or through blatant disregard for moral and ethical practice, use large amounts of money to corrupt people and governments. When searching for the nearest petrol station consider Shell's atrocious record in Nigeria, including but not exclusive to the death of Ken Saro-Wiwa and eight members of the Ogoni tribe in the Niger-Delta. They simply opposed Shell's unsafe practices and destruction of the local environment. Consider Mobil's shocking environmental record, its sabotage of the Kyoto protocol and shale oil processing.

When shopping in a supermarket, ponder over Nestle's marketing of powdered milk in developing countries. Intentionally marketing this substitute for breast milk to vulnerable mothers and causing death and disease to many babies in African nations is appalling. This huge multi-national sells a wide ranging number of products making boycotting a challenging option, however it can be easily achieved (no Nestle coffee is a good start.)

Coca-Cola would have to be one of the largest and most successfully branded products of all time. In India, Coca-Cola Amatil is devastating the livelihood of rural villagers. This includes the Plachimada village in Karala, where the lives of more than 2000 families have been affected due to the overuse of vital supplies of ground water and ponds by the bandits in red with the white streak down the middle. Your decision can make a huge difference.

ConstructiOnDit Vox-Pop Questions

1. Why did the chicken cross the road?
2. What is the answer to life, the universe and everything?
3. What is the weirdest thing you have ever constructed?



Chris

1. To buy beer.
2. There is no answer.
3. A matchstick church.



Tara and Susanna

1. S: Cause it felt like it.
T: That's my favourite joke. To get to the other side.
2. S: Me.
T: (Incessant laughter) I don't understand.
3. S: Made Ken doll a penis.
T: I don't do weird things.



Felix and Cat – and her mysterious spokesperson

1. F: I don't know but it's probably got something to do with segregation and slavery.
C: The question is, why did the road pass the chicken?
2. F: 42. Sorry. Had to say that.
C: There is no meaning. It's all pointless dribble.
3. F: A cushion representing a vampiric pig.
C: Egg in a Frenchman's hole. (Come to the On Dit office if you would like a recipe)



Jessica Simpson

1. But chickens swim don't they?...or is that fish?
2. Wasn't that, like, a film or something? With Angelina Jolie and...what's that guy's name?"
3. ~~_____~~ ball out ~~_____~~ enough.
(SubEd - How old were you?) Oh, it was just this morning.



Willz, John, Danny and Alicia

1. W: Because one side had shit on it and the other didn't.
J: Because he wanted to gam the chicken on the other side.
D: Because Kernel Sanders was chasing him and he didn't want to become part of the variety basket.
A: I don't believe in roads.
2. W: I am the answer.
J: Hot Lesbians.
D: The universe is a mysterious place, one that cannot be reckoned with. We can never understand the universe because it cannot understand us.
A: Beer.
3. W: A Bong out of a pop-top bottle.
J: Dick Witch.
D: A drink with Kiwi fruit (skin on), tomato, cucumber, Milo, peanut butter, ice cream and milk.
A: A deformed Barbie with a head for a leg and a leg for a head.

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South Australia's Own



Hey, Aws here. I've gotta tell ya 'bout The Western
Sawdust Cafe. I just got back from it and boy
o boy am I suckeyed! I got to see my favourite
3 things! Big sweaty dudes fighting, farting
and gettin' naked. Me and the boys, we ~~the~~
always have a better time when we get out
without the wives! And no better place to
hustle it up man-style than the Sawdust. And
the floors are covered in kitty-litter, so when
ya spew everywhere, they just shovel it into a pan!
Keep drinkin',
♡ AWS.

Hand-made by the
Cooper family.

SUDENT RADIO 101.5fm

	TUESDAY	SATURDAY	MONDAY
9 - 10	Saturday Night Roller Disco Tomfoolery with Hector & Jesus	LOCAL NOISE The best local bands LIVE. March 9 - Everest	Senseless, Mindless acts of radio Concentrate with Andrew, Daniel & Calvin
10 - 11	Aerosoul Urban RnB with Lazy B, Matt decker, Mark C & David James	It's not dead air... It's a dramatic pause Controlled Chaos with Sam & Trish	Being Followed Home Love dedications with Julia, James & Nick
11 - 12	Jesus Loves Jam Jazz with Dave T & James	Four Flies on Grey Velvet Danism with Dans V & J	Radio Mime - Open Mic Get involved with Emma & Dan
12 - 1	The House of Quality Meats Fritz with Joe & Paul	You talk way too much SAUA, Union & Media stuff with Alice Sarah & Belle	Bourne Live Shits & Giggles with Phil & Kingo

Job Description Student Radio Music Representative

The student radio music rep is a person who has a keen interest in the music industry.

Student Radio responsibilities:

- Being the industry face of all three student radios.
- Liaising with record companies, promoters, managers, publicists, etc.
- The eventual cataloguing of the record library and maintenance.
- Distribution of prizes, freebies and interviews to relevant shows/presenters.
- To carry out position relevant requests from the radio directors.
- To provide a transparent service to Student Radio.

Period of tenure.

This has traditionally been a two-year role for continuity and diversity reasons. If you happen to land yourself a job in the industry or just want to leave early, there should be no problems with a premature departure.

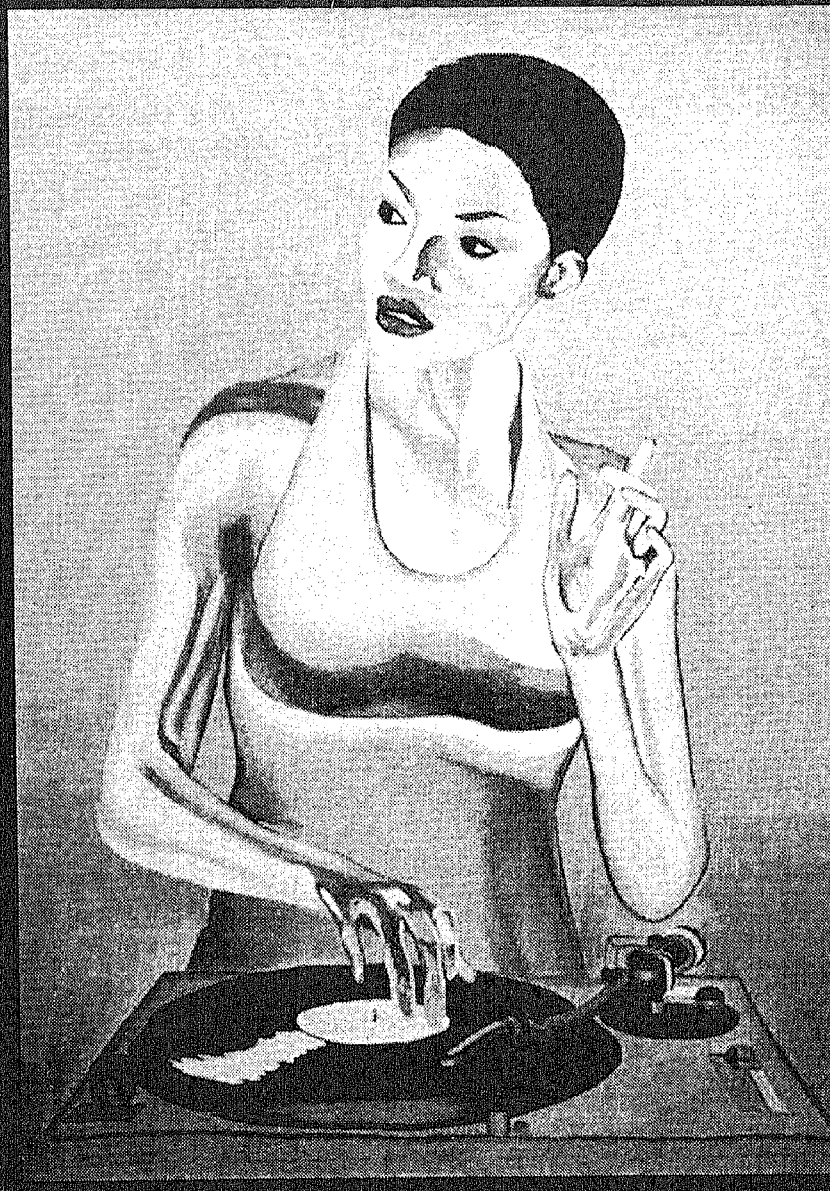
Remuneration.

None.

However, if you are serious about perusing a career in the music business, you will recognize the contacts made in such a role would be invaluable. The better you are at smoozing with the big wigs in the industry, the more stuff you'll get for student radio, ultimately making your directors happy allowing them to give you glowing references when you leave. Also, if you're looking after Student Radio making sure our library is well stocked and sorted, there's giveaways being given away and everyone's generally happy with the job you're doing you shouldn't have to pay for a CD or a concert for the entirety of your position.

Furthermore, there is a possibility of adding a promotions and sponsorship role to the music rep position in the not-too-distant future. This would be paid role, with a percentage of the acquired good / services / money going straight to you. More details upon application.

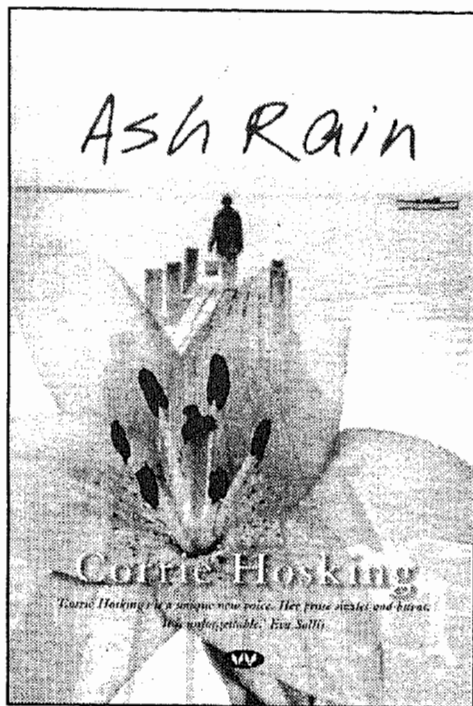
Expressions of interest emailed to student.radio@adelaide.edu.a



OPEN MIC

If you are interested in the Open Mic show where you pick the tracks, talk the talk and become a campus celebrity (without throwing up milk), please email us on student.radio@adelaide.edu.au and we'll hook you up with a show.

On Dit talks to **Corrie Hosking** author of *Ash Rain*



Ash Rain
Corrie Hosking
\$22.95
Wakefield Press

If you currently live in/originally come from the Adelaide Hills or the west coast of South Australia, this one's for you! If you are a young Australian woman battling childhood nightmares or dreaming adult dreams, you should definitely grab a copy. If you are Asian, American or European, this may give you a better glimpse of Aussie life than the latest edition of the *Australian Traveller's Guide*. In a nutshell, although 'Ash Rain' is undoubtedly classified as Australian literature, its localised setting enhances rather than diminishing its readability.

It is the story of Adella or Dell, the erratic member of Evvie and her daughter Luce's unconventional family in Aldgate, the silent daughter of her worried parents, and the difficult partner of her Scottish love interest, Pat. Haunted by a bushfire in her childhood, she fictionalises the reality of her past life in order to stabilise her future. The story is often marked by a sizzling parallel narrative of her actual past and created present, thus highlighting her own predicament in attempting to alter the course of her destiny. The troubled soul eventually finds peace by reconciling with her parents, confessing to her friends, and returning to the 'eucalyptus smell' of Australia.

The absence of a narrative closure at the end of the book perhaps indicates a sort of grounding in reality, almost a contemporary version of 'social realism'. The uncertainty regarding Dell's relationships with Evvie and Pat accentuates the undefined, conditionless nature of love, which lies at the heart of the story. At the same time, the vivid description of Dell's scorching nightmares has a catastrophic edge, bordering on the post-modern. In addition, the detailed accounts of different kinds of landscape – the

house in Aldgate, the sunset on Eyre Peninsula, the ditches and buildings of Edinburgh, closely correspond to the lives of the characters inhabiting these spaces.

'Ash Rain' is replete with Australian beaches and smells, with beer and vegemite, with camellias and eucalyptus, yet it also echoes the universal notions of love, dreams, family, and 'dissolved' childhood. So give it a try, the 'ash' may stop 'raining' for you!

Sukhmani Khorana



"Fountain Pen Filler"
Tristan Mahoney '04.

Corrie has recently submitted her thesis to obtain a PhD in creative writing. She has also completed a Masters degree in creative writing from the University of Adelaide, the thesis for which won the Adelaide Festival 2002 award for an unpublished manuscript. Wakefield Press recently turned the eight years old text into a paperback, which was launched at the recently concluded Writers' Week as *Ash Rain*.

But the often-asked, seldom-answered question is – *Can 'creative writing' really be taught?*

In reply, Corrie emphasises the competitiveness of the creative writing courses at our university in terms of both the entry requirements and the actual content. Admission into the postgraduate course requires the submission of an elaborate portfolio of published works. Corrie opines that her erstwhile involvement in the field of dramatics (with many of her scripts being turned into stage plays), probably earned her a place in the class. At the same time, the course itself is structured as an exercise in creative 'reading'. The students are required to read at least one book a week (similar to any other literature program), and use literary devices such as plot and metaphorical techniques for analytical ends.

So what end did her own doctoral thesis strive towards?

The topic of her thesis, broadly put, was 'Eating issues and Women's bodies'.

She did research in (and continues to engage in) the academic yet community-driven area of 'Narrative Therapy', which aims to move away from the medicalisation of women's problems by attempting to externalise their predicament. This unique therapy draws on post-structural, post-modern, feminist, literary and various other theories to reveal the ways in which identity is shaped. Corrie recruits women to tell their stories, and thus the cultural context becomes extremely important in finding a solution.

Speaking of cultural context, does Corrie conceptualise a specific reader group before or in the process of writing, does she write for a 'niche market'?

Commercial viability notwithstanding, Corrie asserts that faith in her interests is of primary importance in her writing.

As is evident from her book, she is particularly keen on penning down the characteristic attributes of Australian culture and society and the lives of its younger members. She firmly believes in the existence of an Aussie way of life and feels herself a part and parcel of the same. This realisation apparently hit Corrie when she, like others of her generation, made a trip to the UK to 'discover' herself; but what she discovered was a bond with her homeland.

Is Corrie's 'writing' influenced by her 'reading' of other authors' works, Australian and/or international? If so, can she call her work 'inspired'?

She candidly replies that her writings make be sub-consciously inspired by her extensive reading. She tries to keep up with the flurry of contemporary literature, and is particularly fond of Australian stories dating back to the 1980's. Corrie points out that landscapes have a huge impact on her work, and she tries to explore the question of how spaces move people.

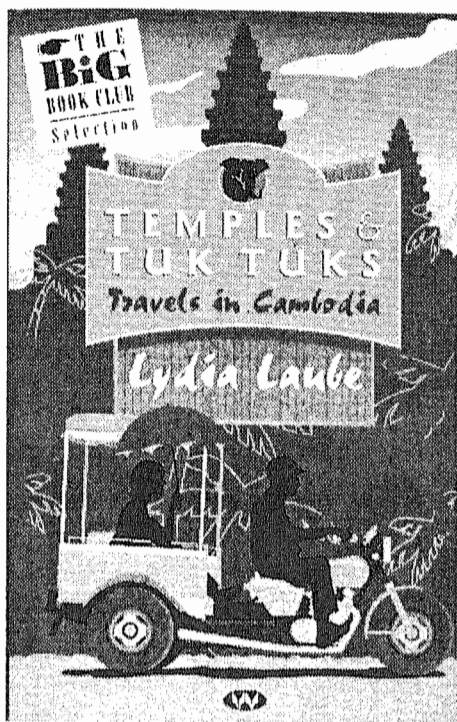
Perhaps this issue of space is reflected in Dell's move to Scotland to meet her boyfriend, Pat.

According to Corrie, Dell's journey is essentially one of finding the self. She sees self-awareness as the underlying theme of the story. Recognizing that Western society's idea of a finished self emerging on attaining adulthood is no more than a myth, Corrie says life is about continuous learning and undefined love. She admits that the sexuality of the central characters as well as the nature of their future relationship is deliberately ambiguous.

Corrie's writing explores the psychological terrain of Dell's nightmares as well the physical territory of the 'orange Adelaide sky' with equal ease.

She comments that the dark and dense, nightmarish passages in the book are often followed by light conversations. This is perhaps where the character of Luce (Dell's housemate and friend Evvie's five-year old daughter) plays an important role by providing comic relief in what many may conclude in essentially a depressing tale. Finally, Corrie says that the prose of *Ash Rain* is an exercise in finding balance.

Sukhmani Khorana



Temples and Tuk Tuks – Travels in Cambodia

Lydia Laube

Wakefield Press
\$19.95

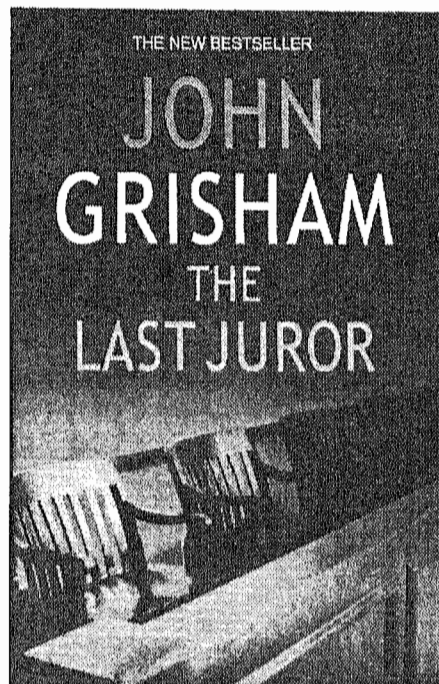
As a poor student who is acutely prone to wanderlust, it was probably inadvisable for me to read a travel book. Predictably, *Temples and Tuk Tuks* left me with a serious case of itchy feet, and another place to visit on that world trip I will one day take. It was, however, effective in dissuading me from reading further travel narratives by Lydia Laube, whose style I found irritating. Initially I judged her to be a panicker and a whinger; but I later revised this opinion when I began to see the humorous side of her often cynical comments. However I soon tired of reading about the state of Ms Laube's hair and clothing after yet another dusty moto ride, and wished she would desist from commenting on this and other such things. In Ms Laube's defence, I am sure these details are what makes a travel book complete, and it is probably more a case of my not enjoying the genre, rather than any fault on the author's part.

As far as a guide to travelling Cambodia, *Temples and Tuk Tuks* is packed with details of the author's wide ranging experiences. From the places she visited, and the foods she ate, and even a thwarted robbery attempt, Ms Laube leaves out nothing. She has travelled extensively throughout Cambodia, including stops such as Phnom Pehn, Battambang, Siem Reap, Sihanoukville, and Kampot. Her evocative descriptions of Angkor Wat and the Tonle Sap served to increase my wanderlust to a point where I was ready to leave tomorrow, while other tales such as her experiences of, and emotional reaction to, the killing fields near Phnom Pehn left me shuddering.

Cambodia is a country that has only recently again become safe to travel to, and it is as yet largely undiscovered

as a tourist destination. Descriptions of the natural beauty and violent history of the country, as well as the culture and outlook of its people make a welcome addition to this travel narrative. If the travel book is a genre you enjoy, *Temples and Tuk Tuks* may make a welcome addition to your bookshelf. Otherwise, like me, you may discover that you would really rather experience it all for yourself.

Eleanor Gee



The Last Juror

John Grisham

Century Books

Most people would recognise the name John Grisham. He is synonymous with legal thrillers, having written sixteen novels previously, seven of which made the big screen. *The Last Juror* is his latest legal thriller. I wondered whether John Grisham still had the magic pen in his fingertips. Keep reading and find out.

The Last Juror tells the story of Willie Traynor through is eyes for seventeen years. He is a twenty three year old drifting through college. Influenced by his rich grandmother BeeBee, he is pulled out of college because of his grades and told to get a job. This is the beginning of a new life for Willie.

Through a contact of his gran, he moves to Clanton Mississippi to begin his internship at the Ford County Times, a small town newspaper. Luck is on his side when the newspaper goes into bankruptcy. There he sniffs an opportunity and after asking for fifty grand from his gran, he becomes the new owner of the county newspaper. This begins his journey to riches as well as notoriety as a journalist and owner of a small county newspaper.

Willie's first main headline is the brutal rape and murder of Rhoda Kasselaw by Danny Padgitt. This incident sets the tone for the story. Can the Pagitts, a filthy rich and very nasty family, use money to buy one of their own to freedom, even when there is damning evidence to convict? The only question on the county's mind is whether Danny gets the death

penalty or not.

When the jury cannot decide on a unanimous decision to sentence Danny to death, the law takes its path and he is sentenced for life. This is not a whole life sentence but approximately ten years. This was the defect in the law.

After nine years in jail and on his second attempt Danny is paroled. None of the townsfolk care except when three people related to the original murder trial were killed; two of which were in the jury. The question is who is the killer now! There was the weakness of the novel. Simply, the ending was not thrilling enough.

Nevertheless, there were many colourful characters in the novel. The most enjoyable one were Callie Harris. Willie befriends Callie, a black lady who became the first black to be part of jury in Ford County, when he becomes interested in the story of her family and how she raised seven of her own children to become college professors. She is fond of homemade meals using her own vegies and soon

Willie becomes part of her family and enjoys her exquisite meals every Thursdays.

John Grisham has used his main strengths to weave his novel together – short and succinct sentences, a wicked sense of humour and painted many unforgettable pictures for the readers. The novel moved along well as any thriller should but lacked the oomph for an orgasmic ending. He strikes a balance between the different themes of good versus evil, discovery of one's identity and moving on to the next stage in life.

The book was enjoyable with a number of memorable characters and outrageously funny incidents throughout the novel (I purposely left this part out because it was the best part of the story). If you are a John Grisham fan, grab a copy and read it. If you are not a fan, read it anyway because overall it was a fabulous book. Beware! You might shed a tear or two (I almost did).

Mikey Lee

23

The editorial staff here at On Dit would like to proudly announce the imminent eventuation of...

A CONTEST

You see, folks, we of the literature section are always interested in sniffing out the writing talent that is produced by the University of Adelaide, appreciating the glory of somequality prose, and the good old-fashioned gumption of a young kid who gets on up there without a care and shakes their fist while shouting at the world, "I am better than every last one of you bastards!"

Anyway, we have decided to give everyone a chance to piss on their fellow man (or woman, or womyn; Lord knows we all have the right to be subjected to a golden shower of glory (*get on with it - Ed*)) with prose or poetry, in slightly less than **800 words**.

Please attach some contact details to your entry. Send it to ondit@adelaide.edu.au

The finest entries will be printed in *On Dit*. The rest will be clicked and dragged into The Famous *On Dit* Trash Can. The Grand Prize is a dirty great pile of books in a lovely Writers' Week bag (be the envy of your Arts Faculty Friends).

Entries close at the end of term.

Arts & Theatre



The Tango Tale of Scarlet & Wolf
The Weimar Room
(27 Hindley Street)
March 5-6, 12-13
at 10:30 pm

If you think the fairy tale of Red Riding Hood is an innocent children's tale, if you are sure the story ends with grandma and Red Riding Hood being eaten by the wolf, then *The Tango Tale of Scarlet & Wolf* will surprise. Based on the beautiful idea of depicting a fairy tale through dancing, the show presents the well-known plot of the Brothers Grimm's popular story wrapped in a tango performance. Yet, the tango tale is not exactly the bedtime story that has been read to us in the days of our childhood; instead, Scriptwriter Pamela Jarvis chose the sexualized version of the tale.

What has changed is especially the wolf, his goal is no longer to eat Red Riding Hood, but to get her into bed. Take his encounter with Grandma for example: not anymore does the wolf want to put his sharp teeth in the old woman's fragile flesh, but he flirts and dances with her. When the two of them dance off the stage, the audience cannot help but ask themselves what they are doing behind the curtain: does the wolf turn grandma into a woman again before he devours her?

The dance components of the performance, especially those danced by the main characters Adrienne Jarvis (Scarlet) and Andrew Gill (Wolf) were well done. Staged on a very simplistic but magnificent setup with only some paper flowers framing the stage, the performance works rather with atmosphere than with requisites, supported by fantastic background music.

What deprives the show of some harmony however, are some interruptions in the flow of the story, for example by some dancing inserts that are not directly related to the tale, or by a very long music solo.

Despite this, the show is definitely worth seeing, especially for those who have a vague (and purely academic, of course) interest in symbolic bestiality.

Judith

A Pod Explodes

Exhibition open daily @ 28 Hindley St.

Imagine this. You are sitting at a pub with family and friends, enjoying a good meal after a long day. Earlier that evening, some wanker made some disruptive comments but you passed it off as some drunkard (one of many) having a bad night. Suddenly, you are engulfed in flames. All you can feel is fire burning through your clothes to your flesh and hair. You run around screaming in absolute shock and terror feeling the worst agony you've ever experienced.

Karaoke

charlie fandango
Union Hotel (upstairs)
10 - 12 March at 8pm
Adults \$25 Concession \$15

Karaoke has all the hallmarks of any small independent production. It focuses on the intermingling relationships between a number of different people, cruising easily between comedy and drama and coming to an almost complete resolution by its denouement. The thing that makes *Karaoke* stand out is its categorisation as a musical. It's an impressive combination. The intimate setting fuses nicely with the acoustic numbers and it lends something to this production which could have previously been in danger of appearing a little too reminiscent of other such independently written theatre ventures. Such a fate would have been unfair, because *Karaoke* really is an enjoyable piece and a great start for the newly founded charlie fandango production company. *Karaoke* tells the story of Stella, a young woman meandering through the confusions of love, family and friendships. Don't be fooled by the simple summary though. Charlotte Ford's script includes some catchy ideas and occasional bursts of brilliance, while Liam Freedman's musical score is both hilarious and affecting. From time to time the play has a tendency to descend into cliché, but it doesn't become overly distracting and is almost expected in a character driven vehicle such as this. Some of the actors appear to be a little to set in their roles, and a more diversified approach would lend the piece further depth and power, while the stilted and halting set changes limit the pace and momentum. Despite these concerns, *Karaoke* is an interesting and charming production and an admirable launch for this new South Australian based production company.

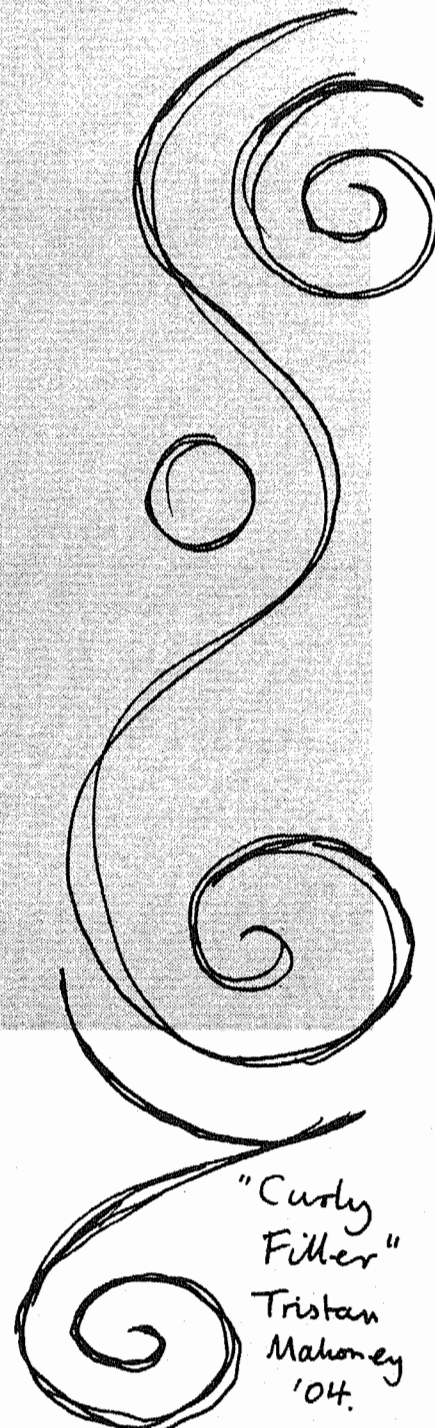
Ms Binkle

Andrew McClelland's Somewhat Accurate History of Pirates

Trapeze Lounge in the Garden of Unearthly Delights

For those of you who aspire to be an esteemed academic with a Bachelor of Arts and Graduate Diploma in Education, Andrew McClelland is a role model for you. As he enters the stage, which is set up like a lecture theatre, you can't help but notice that he looks exactly like a younger version of a rather nerdy lecturer who is teaching the sort of course that is only really useful for the confines of university and comedy acts. Andrew then proceeds to give a hilarious lecture on pirates, debunking the myths and telling fascinating stories via puppets, audience participation and, naturally, a power point presentation. The lecture has a rather amusing conclusion and Andrew even gives you a diploma in Pirate History as you leave. It's a fantastic show to see when you are going to spend a night in the Garden of Unearthly Delights. Actually, it's a fantastic show to see even if the Garden's not there. Just see it and you'll have a good laugh.

Alice



"Curly Filler"
Tristan Mahoney '04.



The Caretaker

by Harold Pinter
Brink Productions
The Odeon Theatre till 13 March

Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker* is a long conflict for supremacy, status and territory; explored through the alienation that occurs in modern communication and through the manipulative moves of dispossessed men. It is a serious play but its absurdist edge keeps it bearable. Serious, heavy and slow; it takes talent to do it right. And this performance shows the indisputable fact; Brink Productions have all the talents required.

As soon as you step into the Odeon you'll be taken aback by the cluttered, spectacular collection of the bits and pieces of life that are squeezed into one room. Geoff Cobham and Hannah Macdougall's striking set is the appropriate departure point for the coming hours of full on theatre. From the first conversation the absurd battle for physical and mental dominance of the space is conducted and Macdougall (as director), ensures the tensions between the two outcasts of society are displayed by their complete lack of physical contact. This continues through the play with Macdougall having instructed her actors to battle for physical dominance with the most minimal of physical contact and then

compete emotionally and mentally without hardly interconnecting on any emotional level.

The characters' journeys and emotional exposures are lit subtly and atmospherically by Geoff Cobham. This contribution to the production cannot be understated, nor can the magnificent set design, both of which become more symbolically important as the play progresses. Equally the motif of water dripping through the first act and then the torrent of sound through the opening of the second adds another layer to the myriad of ideas that are at play on the stage. Of course the characters notice the absence of sound sooner than the sound itself...

The characters of this play are its essence and the superlative characterisation by Anthony Phelan, as Davies, is one of the most important aspects of this production's brilliance. Phelan creates an uncompromising, manipulative tramp with every careful gesture, every wheezed sentence. It is a breath-taking performance of an amazing magnitude and the ticket price is worth his masterful physical control alone. He is supported by a tender and sensitive David Mealor who plays the

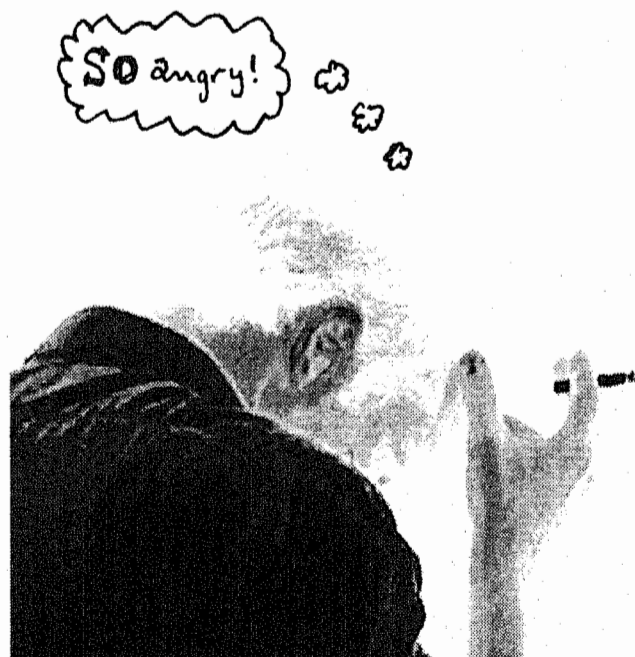
introverted outcast Aston. Mealor touches the audience with the gentle and surprising strength that he brings to his character but his monologue in the second act unfortunately lacks a spark of connection. This upsets the rhythm of the play and also weakens his characterization. The audience is left with little time to ponder this, however, as William Allert's Mick fills the space with his manic and barely restrained energy. Allert gives a conquering physical performance that captures both Mick's insecurities, and his manipulative use of language.

Black and absurdist comedy are the only relief in a very heavy, very long text but this production is more than the text alone. It is an ensemble of outstanding actors battling on a breath-taking set under the direction of a woman who has helped them inject a life and meaning into the words. This is truly a brilliant piece of theatre but I must warn that with your ticket price, you are paying for both quality and quantity.

Alex Rafalowicz

12 Angry Men

Adelaide Festival, Scott Theatre
Still playing 9-14 March



12 Angry Men is without a doubt my favourite production thus far in the Adelaide Festival. True, I've only seen one other production so far (which I won't point out because that would be mean), but trust me, this baby is not to be missed. The play and its cast of stand-up comics invigorates Reginald Rose's Pulitzer Prize-winning drama. The title may be familiar to those having seen the 1957 film version starring Henry Fonda, but personally I believe the power and intensity of this play is best appreciated live on stage.

12 Angry Men tells the story of a jury deciding a murder case on the hottest day of the year. What seems like an open and shut case is twisted open when one of the men votes not guilty and 'just wants to talk'. What follows is

a engaging and affecting piece that's sure to move you in one way or another. I personally was moved in many ways. The performances are nothing short of outstanding, and by the end you get the feeling you know each juror intimately despite the large cast. Such is the strength of the script and the cast coming together so perfectly.

OK, enough praise. I wouldn't be surprised if it's already sold out, so if you like the sounds of it, best you rush out and buy yourself a ticket before it's too late I tells ya. You won't regret it. Seriously. No, seriously.

EJ

25

The Baudrillard Brothers

Presented by
The International Men Of Leisure
The Exeter, 8 - 12 March 6pm, \$3 student.

Hot days at uni, lectures with sticky seats, dirty feet from wearing thongs, the list goes on...well thats just our summer right now. But these hot days usually turn into hot nights, and what's the best thing to do at this time of year? What about heading down through Rundle Street to support some of the local Fringe acts. One hot night I spent in the city after running about at uni, I discovered the wild antics of the Baudrillard Brothers at the Exeter Hotel.

From the buzzing press surrounding this troop of artists and the mysterious look of the door girl, I followed a cool crowd into the Exeter beer garden. The charge was \$3, but due to my insider connections this small fee was waived. Dubbing themselves post modernist comedians I waited in the audience expecting the best of the Fringe. To my surprise the act wasn't a play or skit at all, it was more of a DJ battle.

Mixes from the 80's and forward blasted out as the guys attempted to liven up the tired audience. The music was hip and cooled down the day. But the gig didn't get grea until a pair of funky dancers hit the floor. Their spicy fashion sense added flare, and their pop art inspired skirts made my day. They brought to life the music and gave the whole act a real European disco-tech feel.

Catch these brothers weeknights at the Exeter Hotel, Rundle Street until March 12. And if you go to Adelaide uni your bound to know someone in the cast, and get in for free.

Harry Bradshaw

If you missed last week's episode of Magnet Boy, that's because there wasn't one. Woops! How could we forget? Here it is. - Eds

26

RAZOR WIRE BIG HIT AT CIRCUS

Seeing a boyscout fired over the "Razor Wire of Intolerance" means we can all have a bloody good laugh while watching Circus Oz really bag our current Federal Government's intolerable policy against asylum seekers. Circus Oz put on a fantastic show with a conscious, actively supporting a better deal for asylum seekers. The Aussie public came under fire too, due to the very small size of the "Mat of Human Kindness" but Friday night's audience responded so well that a much larger "Mat" became available, fortunately for the boy scout.

The "ole pole act" nearly stole the show but this had to compete with flaming bicycles, flaming German ring, frantic trapeze and the most incredibly complex juggling acts and gymnastics, for that title. Many would have seen Mel Fyfe on Rove Live recently; well she got the concrete smashed on her tummy again and extreme sports fans should be really impressed with the BMX stunts.

Clowns kept pouring out of

an impossibly small carpetbag and when the fat cockatoo on the trapeze crapped on the chick below, the audience roared with laughter. Everyone got a bit nervous though when the chick found its way to the top of the tent - fortunately no animals were injured during this performance!

Circus Oz is actually famous for being a circus without animals, which was quite controversial in 1978 when they first performed in Adelaide. Thank God there are no humiliated bears or forlorn elephants in this show. There is a dog though. Erik has a huge pair of silver balls and cannot stop telling the audience (yes he can speak) that humans would be a lot less uptight if they smelt each others' bums. "Its great," he said.

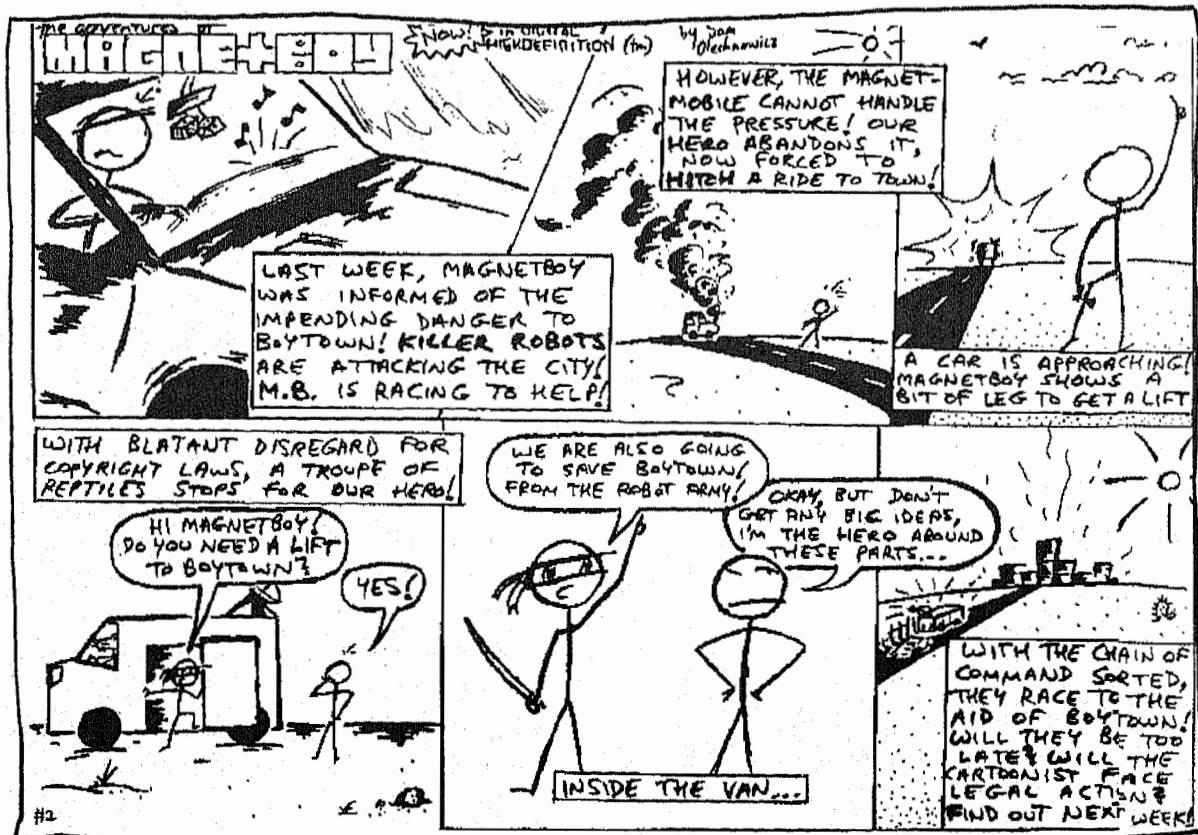
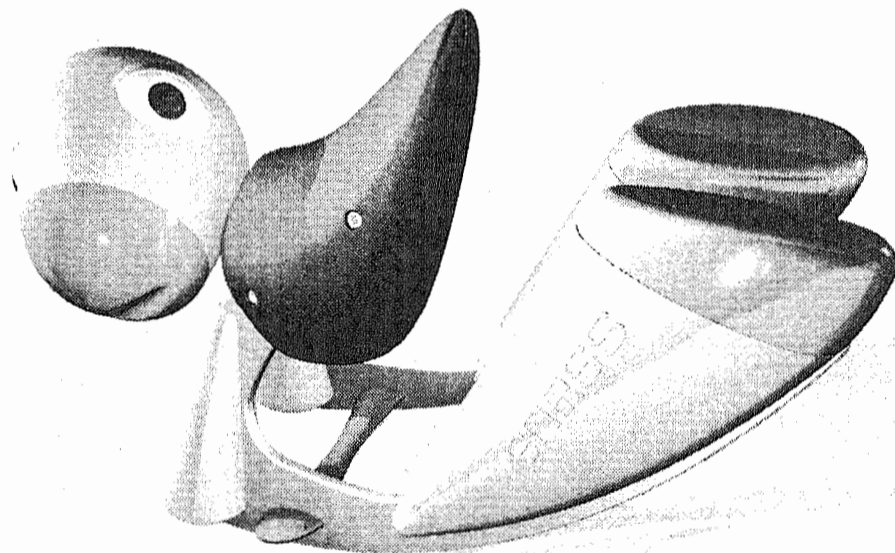
Circus Oz has performed in Adelaide many times over the past 20 odd years, if you haven't seen them yet you've still got till Sunday 14th - book through Bass.

If you want a second opinion on how good the show was, ask Lord Mayor Harbison; he was sitting near me so he probably had free tickets too. Couldn't see Leon anywhere though.

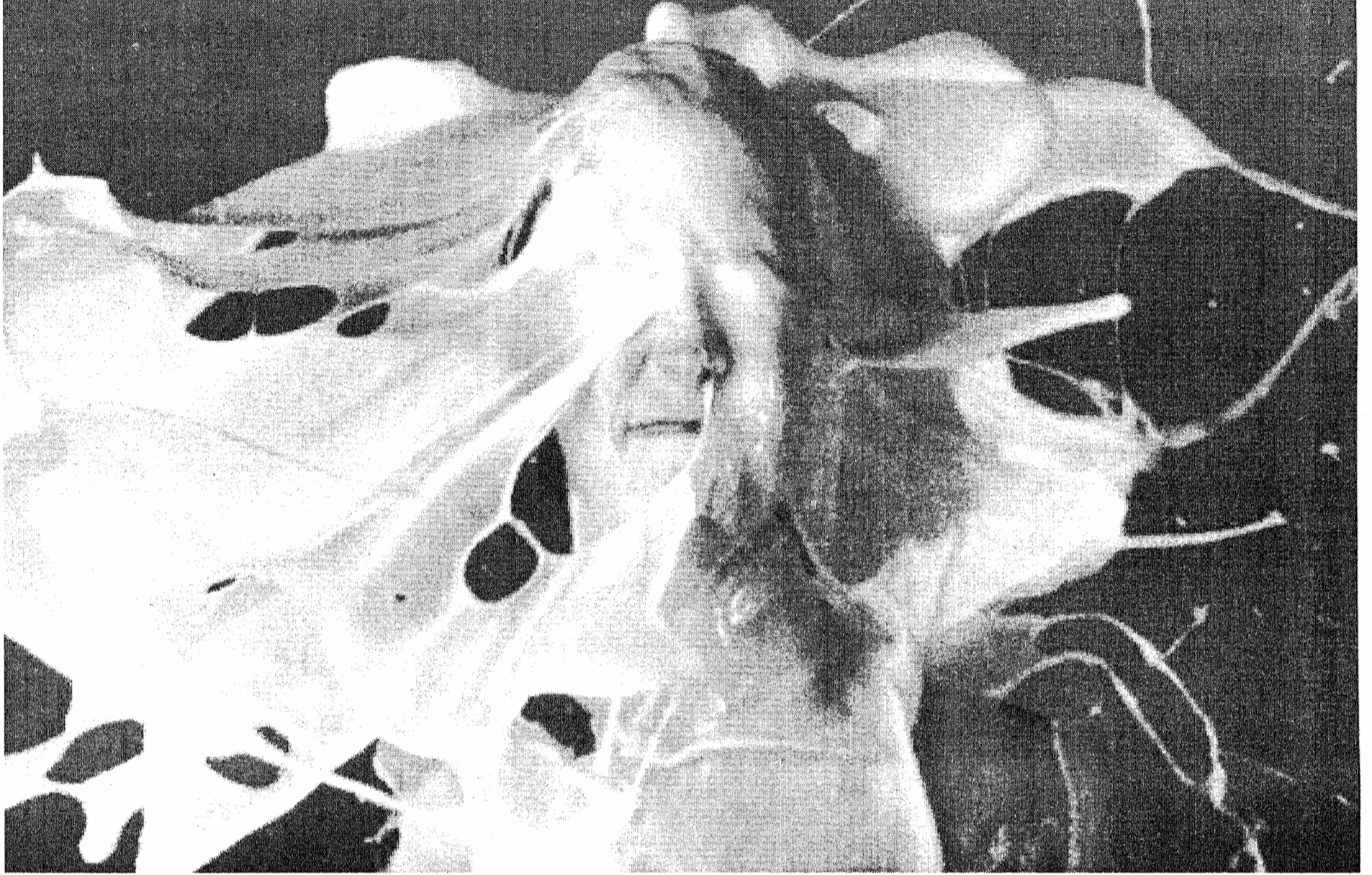
Colon Power

Such a pathetic display of intelligence, wasted genius, it completely falls into the post-modern trap. When they smiled I laughed, when they laughed I cried... though I'm sure it meant nothing to me. Damn it, I just didn't understand *The Boudrillard Brothers*.

Dan J



Experimenta House of Tomorrow



Welcome to the world of interactive art. *Experimenta House of Tomorrow* opened on February 24 to an enthusiastic art crowd, who sipped on wine while enjoying the sights. Part of the Adelaide Festival of Arts, *Experimenta House of Tomorrow* offers a realm of art pieces that you can interact with. In this jet-set apartment, digital images pulsates on the walls and floors, furry coaches buzz and wriggle and doll's houses come to life at your command.

In a collection that brings together works from all over the world, artists comment on the massive effect technology has on our lives and creativity. In the piece *Expecting* (2003), Australian designers Isobel Knowles, Van Sowerwine and Liam Fennessy imagine a doll's house for the future. Within a pink and fluffy box a screen glows with the world of a tiny living doll. On your command she becomes pregnant and waits for the birth of her little baby. She then cares for it as a child would for a new toy, but slowly becomes board with it until the baby disappears.

From well-known UK film director and commercial creator, Marcus Lyall comes *Slow Service* (2003). Displayed on floating screens in the exhibition the work looks into our domestic world. The digital piece captures in extreme slow motion the quite beautiful effect of throwing food and strange liquids at a person. Despite the delicate look of the work and the use of advanced film technology, one cannot

escape the decadence of wasting food. While others starve to death, Western artists waste food in the name of art. Over all, this work has an American pie in the face feel to it.

Tan Teck Weng, a Malaysian artist studying in Perth brings to the collection a highly interactive piece that allows the viewer to control an entire room. Entitled *Panopticon* (2002), the digital installation incorporates sophisticated cameras and plasma screens. A tiny black box sits in front of the screens, if one picks up the box and moves it around you can alter the environment presented.

The little room captured on screen is actually within the box and with any movement you alter its set up. To gently turn and twist the box, the furniture within the room slides and floats, to shack it is to violently upset the chamber. Although Weng seeks to comment on how humans can find pleasure in the ability to control and dictate, this bleak piece has a claustrophobic feel to it. Rather than offer the freedom to control, it seems to express the

frustration of confinement and imprisonment.

This collection intends to simply entertain rather than inspire. And although it leads towards what is going on in the contemporary art world, it falls short. The use of cutting edge technology adds a little spice to the exhibition, but the all round aesthetic value is quite mundane. *Experimenta House of Tomorrow* runs until March 27 at Artspace in the Adelaide Festival Centre and admission is free.

Leo Greenfield





ROB ZOMBIE

The sequel's going well, I finished the script and we start shooting in April. I think I'll just stick with two, I want to keep making movies though. Sequels are dangerous, it's hard to make a good one, the idea easily gets stale.

You used some interesting editing techniques and parts had that home movie look will you stick to this style for the next one?

I definitely want this one to be different, have its own style. The script is much darker and grittier. I'm taking it to the next level.

Are you keeping with the same characters?

Oh yeah they come back, they all come back, but there will be a few surprises.

House of 1000 Corpses took thirty million at the American box office, did you think it would be so successful?

It's funny, you never know what will happen. You put in a lot of effort and just concentrate on getting it right. Then you unleash it on the public and just hope for the best, you never know how the public will react. But it's great there is a new wave of horror coming through and it's great to be a part of that.

What advice do you have for aspiring musicians and film makers?

My only advice; never quit, don't listen to the bad stuff people say about you. A lot of people

will try to bring you down. You've just gotta keep doing what you do.

So where to from here, more music, film, animation?

Well I have several lines of comic books coming out early this year. I'm finishing off the sequel to *1000 Corpses*. There are a few projects in the pipe line.

Like what?

I have a few meetings with people this week. I'm working on another script, something different, not horror. I have a few ideas about a full length animation too. But I don't know everything around these days is like *Finding Nemo*.

But don't you think there is an audience for something more adult?

Yeah well, that's what I'm hoping, if the response to my other work is anything to go by, we should be OK. I'll just have to see what happens.

Do you work on everything at the same time or finish one thing and move on to the next?

I always have a few projects going at once, which is great because if you get stuck on one thing you can just move on to something else. It helps me to create more.

You would probably know Rob Zombie as the leading man and brains behind hard core rock outfit White Zombie. This man has had his fingers in almost every pie there is; sound track composition, film clip direction, animation (including the hallucinogenic scene from *Beavis and Butthead do America*) and he has just made his directorial debut with *House of 1000 Corpses*. We were lucky enough to chat to the man about his projects.

House of 1000 Corpses took more than two years to be released, did Universal try to make you re-shoot parts or tone it down a bit?

No, in a way I wish they did, then it could have been out a lot sooner. When we'd finished it and showed the final piece to them they just freaked out and didn't know what to do. They wouldn't release it which became a really hard because they owned the rights, so it just sat on their shelf until I could get it back.

What were you trying to do with all the snippets from classic horror movies and TV shows, was this meant to be a homage to the genre?

I liked the idea of these characters living in an influenced world. It makes it more real you know, like they watch TV just like you and me and are influenced by that the same way we are. It brings it closer, and it looks great.

Who would you say your main influences are?

That's hard to say. I enjoy everything, I love *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, but that doesn't mean I'm influenced by Ed Wood. I like everything from John Ford to Scorsese. I watch and enjoy everything so it is hard to say what influences me or where my ideas come from.

The soundtrack adds so much to the film and there are so many big names involved, did you work on it at the same time you were writing the script?

No, I waited until the end so I had an idea about the movie as a whole. I had started talking to people about it and they seemed really interested. I'm friends with the Ramones so they were keen to play on it. And I met Lionel Richie and we got talking, one thing led to another. That's how I usually work.

I heard there is a sequel, how far along is it and are there any more to come?

HOUSE OF 1000 CORPSES

Director: Rob Zombie

Starring:

Rob Zombie (lead man of rock legends White Zombie and creator of record label Zombie a Go Go) finally brings us his first full feature flick *House of 1000 Corpses*. If you're a horror fan you have probably been waiting for something this blood thirsty and twisted for a while. A keen first effort, it is obvious Zombie has been paying close attention to the genre for a very long time. This film follows all the classic traditions of horror, then makes it five times as creepy, ten times as blood thirsty and adds a twist of Zombie madness. The characters are that little more warped and eccentric than their teen horror predecessors, which gives this film enough drive to make a mark in its field. *House of 1000 Corpses* truly lives up to its title with more slashed, blood dripping flesh than you can poke a rusty knife at.

It starts out with two young couples driving across America on Halloween eve and yep, you guessed it they get caught in the rain with a blow out. It sure is lucky they picked up that weird hitchhiker who helps them find a tow truck. On a search for the legendary Dr. Satan they are introduced to the repulsive Firefly family who get weirder and weirder with every moment... Funded by Universal they put the finished piece on the shelf for it was dubbed "too dark and disturbing for release under their corporate releasing guidelines". After Zombie wrangled free his project rights and *House*

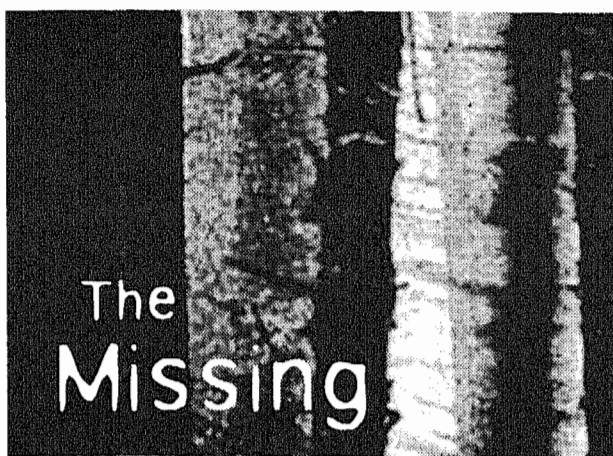
of 1000 Corpses was finally unleashed by Lion's Gate Entertainment, the overwhelming box office takings in America have shown that the viewing public don't give a toss about "corporate releasing guidelines".

Zombie creates characters that are unique and charged with vitality From the crazed clown Spaulding to the luscious sex freak Baby (as seen in White Zombie film clips). This film is a lot of fun, but it misses a bit in the timing and concentrates too much on the blood. It will keep you entertained but will make you more sick than scared. But having already reached cult status in the US, it is obvious there is a market for the Zombie cinematic style.

The costumes and gory special effects are second to none. Coupled with a wicked soundtrack that is all original and features some stand out names, this is an all over horror feast for those who can stomach the gore. By editing in old clips from teen slasher films and at times sporting a home movie look, *House of 1000 Corpses* adds something new to modern horror. So if you love all that is twisted and bloody, be sure to check it out.

Jo

House of 100 Corpses is released on Thursday March 11.



Director: Ron Howard
 Starring: Cate Blanchett and Tommy Lee-Jones

Director Ron Howard delivers the follow up to his 5 time Oscar winner *A Beautiful Mind* with the epic Western *The Missing*. Maggie Gilkeson (Cate Blanchett) is a late 19th century American doctor living in the old west with her two young girls and their stepfather. They live a relatively simple, undisturbed life, tending horses and chopping firewood. Maggie performs surgery on local Native Americans for a few extra dollars and the family exists happily until a mysterious drifter (Tommy Lee-Jones) lodges in their barn for the night. He turns out to be Maggie's father, a man who's been absent for almost all of her life and has spent the last decade drifting nomadically with Apache Indians. These domestic hostilities are complicated further when Maggie's lover Brake (Aaron Eckhart) is discovered dead and her eldest daughter Lilly (Evan Rachel Wood) goes missing. Maggie attempts to overcome her stubbornness and allows her father to track the savages who absconded with Lilly.

Ron Howard's movies are typically quite conservative, both formally and thematically and *The Missing* is no exception to that tradition. In the early portion of the film where Maggie is confronted by her father and in the period following where she makes the grisly discovery of Brake's body, Howard demonstrates significant skill. These early scenes are emotionally quite devastating, but it's when the tracking begins (and the Native Americans become involved) that his hand quivers.

The film quickly degenerates into a black and white morality play between the pure and righteous white colonialists and the primitive, uneducated and savage Native Americans who take up the sides of good and evil respectively. The concept of morality that Howard projects is nothing short of offensive. Almost all of the Native characters are caricatures that are scarily reminiscent of the anti-Jewish propaganda of the Hitler era. The leader of the kidnapping Indians, Pesh-Chidin (Eric Schweig) is only one evolutionarily link above cro-magnon man and there are numerous other, lets say... unflattering, characterizations. The white characters on the other hand are all milky skinned and fair-haired. They are pious; self declared "good Christians" (even despite their obvious blood-

thirst). There are constant references to traditional Christian practices - "proper Christian burials" and reading of psalms. It's terribly simplistic, and horribly condescending.

It feels at times like Howard is metaphorically trying to explain away the events of September 11 by rationalizing it as a barbarous act, committed by simplistic, primitive, non-Christian heathens with no concept of 'real' morality.

In it's contradictions and moral excess *The Missing* recalls John Ford's classic Western *The Searchers* of 50 years earlier. Unfortunately Ron Howard isn't John Ford and *The Missing* definitely isn't *The Searchers*. It's is at times (mostly early on) a taught thriller, but it's mostly a simplistic, self-righteous masturbation session for middle-class, white American Christians.

**

Danny Wills



Directed by: Robert Rodriguez
 Starring: Johnny Depp, Antonio Banderas and Willem Dafoe

Film is dead! Well at least in the eyes of Robert Rodriguez, director of *Once Upon a Time in Mexico*. The latest creation from Rodriguez is also the final chapter in his trilogy of 'El Mariachi' films. It was shot entirely on High Definition (HD) videotape, the same technology which made the surreal visual effects of *Star Wars: Episode 2* possible. But it's not just revolutionary effects which HD processing makes possible. The new technology has been utilized by Rodriguez as it also facilitates the creative process of a man who controls virtually the entire production of his films. This is evident in the opening credits which begin with "Shot, chopped and scored by Robert Rodriguez" a laconic description of Rodriguez's control over the film.

Once Upon a Time in Mexico stars Johnny Depp as the eccentric yet manipulative CIA agent Sands. Antonio Banderas returns as the revered El Mariachi but is reduced to a shadow of his former character in *Desperado*, a one man army hellbent

on revenge at all costs in the typical Hollywood style. El Mariachi becomes a mere pawn of Agent Sands, the meddler who has his own vision for the leadership of Mexico. Carolina (Salma Hayek), El Mariachi's love interest, packs a deadly punch with her lace garter belt full of knives. Banderas doesn't exactly exert masculinity and heroism from his pores as he leads his band of Mariachis. One, a drunk who comically runs into battle pointing his fingers shaped like a gun at the enemy like a five year old and his second partner master at seduction Enrique Iglesias.

Agent Sands skillfully exploits the vulnerable El Mariachi and ex-FBI Agent Ramirez (Ruben Blades) as their blind blood lust for General Marquez (Gerardo Vigil) and cartel boss Barillo (Willem Dafoe) allow Sands to undermine a planned *coup d'etat* by Marquez and Barillo. Ultimately the revenge that both El Mariachi (Marquez killed his family) and Ramirez (Barillo killed his partner) seek alludes to the ensuing trainwreck of exaggerated violence that we have come to expect from Robert Rodriguez.

Despite this the story possesses some humorous political undertones which can be left open to the interpretation of the viewer. Rodriguez takes a sarcastic swipe at US involvement in Mexico and the War on Drugs as Agent Sands shoots a cook who makes the best pork dish in the world to "even out the balance" yet colludes with the cartel in the political meddling of the country. The ineffectiveness of US force to even out the real "balance" is clearly illustrated as Agent Ramirez closes in to arrest a suspect yet a closeup of Ramirez' unloaded revolver leads the viewer to believe that ultimately he can have no positive result in his quest.

If you take *Once Upon a Time in Mexico* for the spoof action film that it is and can handle gratuitous violence and sometimes less than meaningful dialogue it still manages to be an entertaining 100 minutes. Robert Rodriguez has come a long way since El Mariachi and its \$7,000 budget. He is a creative powerhouse and an ever increasing figure of influence in Hollywood along with his longtime buddy Quentin Tarantino.

**

Peter Leahy

29

OFFICE OF 1000 GIVEAWAYS!

For some bizarre reason, the distributor gave us, like, a million passes to *House of 1000 Corpses*.

Come down to the *On Dit* office (basement of the George Murray building) at 2pm on Wednesday and you can have 'em.

ROOM 237 by OZ



Local Music

A review of Bit By Bats from when they played at the Jade Monkey with Ground Components and Wolf And Cub, but without really mentioning those other bands for some reason...

After yet another enigmatic performance from Wolf And Cub, former locals BIT BY BATS took to the Jade Monkey stage with style and finesse. Beginning with the current Triple J favourite Dance the Dance, the three-piece quickly dived into their set with minimal fuss and maximum energy. Drawing obvious influences from seminal 80^{ls} bands such as Joy Division and The Cure, Bit by Bats play their own varied style of fast, moody alternative rock.

Fronted by the guitar wielding Owen Eszeki, the bands three members add their own unique style of playing to the Bit By Bats sound. Whilst the harsh, wavering and often tuneless voice and 3 chord distorted guitar riffs of Eszeki was first to grab my attention, the bands cool fast paced bass lines and crazy drum beats became more and more appealing.

Clocking up a total set time of somewhere near the 45 minute mark, Bit by bats played a variety of tunes, ranging from the cool and catchy, the loud and screamy and even the long and experimental. The use of a big ass theremin in a track from the latter category proved to be very cool visually as well as adding extra aural stimulation to their set.

When it comes down to it, this is a band that totally has their shit together. Sure one could argue that its all been done before but who cares, its cool, it works and it sounds totally rad. Keep your eyes and ears open for these guys as with a little bit of luck, we maybe seeing a lot more of them.



The Northern Lights

Gig Guide

**Sinshifter (Vic)
& Uber Stomp
Crown and Anchor
Friday March 12**

**Jihad Against America (Vic)
& Kamikaze
Crown & Anchor
Sat Mar 13**

**No Grace (Vic)
Enigma Bar
Sat Mar 13**

**The Fred Nieson Jazz
Explosion
Worldsend
Tuesday March 9**

**Max Tundra (UK)
Universal Playground
Wed March 10**

**Sneaky Sound System
Universal Playground
Sat 13 March**

Having assembled themselves onstage and briefly acknowledged the small yet appreciative crowd, The Northern Lights began their set of mellowed out emotional folk tunes. Starting off with a slow and relaxed bongo groove (supplied by the bands token stoner friend), keyboardist/vocalist Joshua soon added to the racket with some soothing and technical piano work. It wasn't long before the band's remaining members (a seated bassist and drummer) joined in to complete the sound with their intricate rhythms.

Whilst the second song sadly saw the bongoist's departure from the stage, the remaining three-piece continued to put on an intriguing display of high calibre music.

Based predominantly around the front man's soft, soothing vocal melodies and classically orientated piano work, The Northern Lights remain somewhat unique. With the addition of some complicated bass riffs and a number of off kilter, yet highly effective drum rhythms, the band's sound is fresh and inspiring.

With a vast repertoire of soft, sombre, emotionally driven tunes, the show was a feast for the ears. With a strong emphasis on dynamics, the three musicians soared throughout their material with a sense of passion and intensity to create a sound which can only be described as truly beautiful.

Fortunately, the show wasn't all tears as on a number of occasions the boys raised the tempo bar and played around with some improvised jazz tunes to turn theirs, and the audience's frowns upside down and add a spice of variation to the show.

Having listened to the bands 6 track EP Don't Leave Us Here since their performance I was pleasantly surprised to hear a cellist throughout their work. Whilst this fourth member remained absent for The Northern Lights live experience, the cello work on the recording adds to the band's classical sound and hence improves it even further. I am now left looking forward to seeing the band next time, hopefully in their four-piece entirety.

All up, the Northern Lights create something truly special. Although it may not get your feet moving, the music will hopefully give you much to think about and open your eyes and ears to something that little bit different. But don't just take my word for it, keep reading On Dit for any upcoming gig information and go see em for yourself.

Op-Art: The joys of vintage shopping

So you've tastefully wasted your last twenty bucks within the plentiful walls of Chinatown. Besides now occupying a lucky ceramic gold cat and various paraphernalia imprinted with the visage of Hello Kitty, that primeval urge to go shopping is still gnawing at your consciousness. Never mind your apparent lack of funds- any true stylist knows that a silk scarf, a lovely handbag and a dashing play dress can be purchased for a mere \$10. "But how is this possible?" asks your feeble addicted-to-Sym-Choon existence. Elementary darling. Although vintage shopping is now considered a tad passe, I have decided to enlighten those who still believe that you receive a complementary poltergeist when buying any article of second hand clothing. So lace up your Chuck Taylor's, slip 'Is this it' into your discman and plaster that look of apathy onto your fabulously chiselled features. Let's get old skool.

Rule number one: Patience is precious

The main complaint that I hear from disgruntled friends who just can't seem to put together the retro look is "I never find anything good!" At this point, I sigh and start rambling something about creativity and perseverance. The thing is, the moment you walk into an op shop, that hopelessly chic lemon chiffon tea suit isn't going to be poking out of the rack screaming "Purchase me! I'm fabulous and only \$7!" You have to earn her. That means sorting through racks upon racks for hours on end. There are a few op shops scattered around the CBD where you can indulge in this ritual.

On Hindley Street there's Goodwill and Mod Boutique, Twin street (off Rundle Mall) houses Irving Baby and the famous Central Market Dress Ups resides on Gouger Street. Girls, go for furry Russian hats, 70s print hosiery and leather belts, preferably gold. Guys, hunt down Safari Suits (so hot right now), bowler hats and Hypercolour t-shirts. *Tear* no one ever said anything about looking good being this hard...

Rule number two: Creativity is cardinal

Besides allocating decent amounts of time to scrounge through baskets reeking of the 1940s, one must also possess the ability to assess even the most hideous of garments for potential coolness. Kate Moss utilised this sixth sense when she made her pair of vintage Vivienne Westwood pirate boots, previously considered the epitome of repulsive, the height of fashion. Ever noticed that artistic people always have an abundance of that aesthetic je ne sais quoi? No, its not because they understand the works of Nietzsche or know whom Damien Hirst is, it's really all to do with having complete faith in red sequined jodhpurs and top hats. Seek, use your artistic judgement, and ye shall find.

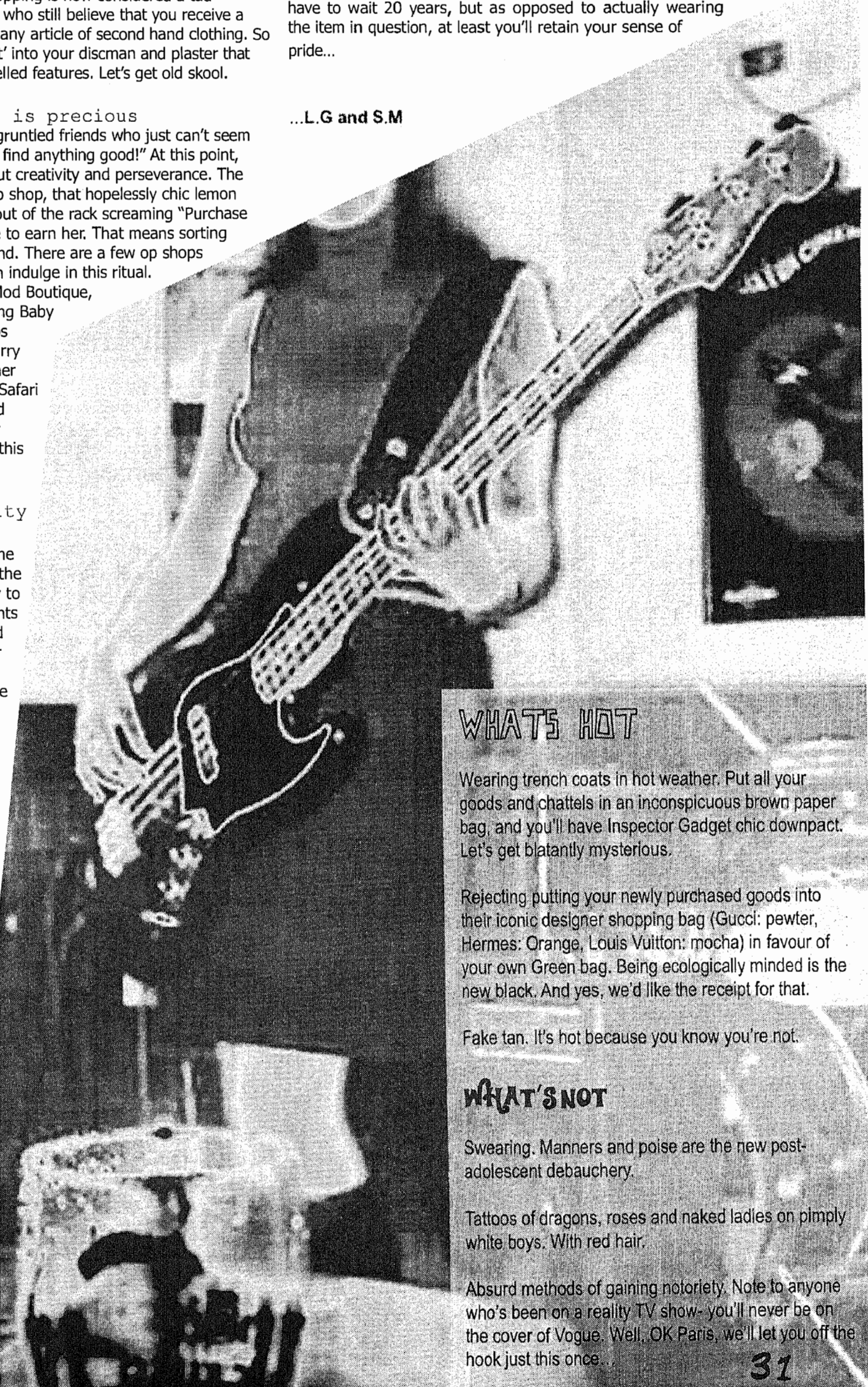
Rule number three:

Money maketh the man I've now made the blunder of making vintage seem like a fairly inexpensive, albeit sprightly practice of modern culture. But a friendly warning to those now enraptured with the unmistakable scent of frugality- not all second hand stuff is cheap. In fact, some nameless boutiques sprawled around Adelaide actually charge hundreds of dollars for garments that even your grandmother would reject as tapestry material. Be aware of such calamities. Yes, Nick Valensi looks oh-so-scrumptious in his vintage ripped Levis and military jacket, but when the price in total exceeds the value of your consciousness, you know it's time to say "Meh, The Strokes were overrated anyway..."

The message of op shopping?

Have fun, indulge in your thriftiness and create a look of your own. However if you happen to overdose on that "Vintage is my mode of self expression, take that society" feeling, you do realise that you will completely contradict yourself and end up as yet another stereotype (I'm sorry, someone had to say it). My final words of wisdom- get out the naphthalene and embalm those Supre t-shirts emblazoned with certain ethnic catchphrases NOW. You too can make a quick buck when godawful-street-trash-cum-hideaway-in-the-back-of-closet becomes the new essence of fabulous. Sure you'll have to wait 20 years, but as opposed to actually wearing the item in question, at least you'll retain your sense of pride...

...L.G and S.M



WHAT'S HOT

Wearing trench coats in hot weather. Put all your goods and chattels in an inconspicuous brown paper bag, and you'll have Inspector Gadget chic downpact. Let's get blatantly mysterious.

Rejecting putting your newly purchased goods into their iconic designer shopping bag (Gucci: pewter, Hermes: Orange, Louis Vuitton: mocha) in favour of your own Green bag. Being ecologically minded is the new black. And yes, we'd like the receipt for that.

Fake tan. It's hot because you know you're not.

WHAT'S NOT

Swearing. Manners and poise are the new post-adolescent debauchery.

Tattoos of dragons, roses and naked ladies on pimply white boys. With red hair.

Absurd methods of gaining notoriety. Note to anyone who's been on a reality TV show- you'll never be on the cover of Vogue. Well, OK Paris, we'll let you off the hook just this once...

THE PIXIES REFORM!



The Pixies, one of the most influential early nineties alternative rock acts have reformed and are set to tour the States in April followed by major festival appearances in the European summer season. Front man Frank Black set the rumour mill turning when he mentioned that the band was informally jamming together but that thoughts of playing a public gig were like "a bad school boy nightmare". That fear is not without reason considering previous Pixies' break up antics.

After Black cut Kim Deal (bassist/vocals) out of much of the songwriting for the group, Deal finally announced The Pixies break up on stage... without informing the other members first. Typical of the complete break down of communication, Black eventually faxed the band members an official separation notice.

Having witnessed the dull rockabilly tunes of Frank Black and the Catholics live, the reformation of The Pixies seems like a much needed shot in the arm for Black's career. Unfortunately The Pixies have given in to the ignoble habit of releasing a Best of Album but, notwithstanding any on stage implosions, the band may enter the studio to add to their collection of seminal prog rock albums.

Hey Music "Geeks"

- * Did you vote for Jet in this year's Hottest 100?
- * Are you a Violent Femmes fan because you scream every time the DJ plays 'Blister in the Sun'?
- * Will you be watching Marilyn Manson's new music marketing TV show?

If you answered 'yes' to any of the above don't bother to make the trip up the Union Building stairs for the **On Dit Music meeting** every Tuesday at 2pm, 6th floor balcony.

BDO BLOWS.

I blame the kids. For a long time patrons have been saying the Big Day Out has been getting bigger each year, the number of large acts increasing from about 10 in 1997 to 20 in 2004 and the total number of acts from 33 to 53 respectively. It's possible that the festival has crossed the threshold of performances to fit comfortably in the one day or perhaps it's just a matter of poor scheduling, but it seems it's getting more difficult to see every band you'd like to and enjoy yourself at the same time. But that's not the real concern for music lovers, each year the BDO behemoth seems to be drawing in every band that might possibly tour in the summer season. The organisers are driven to maintain the 'big' line up which means going for bands that will appeal to a larger (and often very mainstream) section of the community (ie Metallica), bands that will justify the \$100 price tag. For that same reason the festival doesn't always have the most harmonious line up, this year combining acts like Metallica and The Flaming Lips. Of course it means that there's something for everyone but if you're just there to see Mars Volta (because there are no individual shows) then you also have to pay for privilege of seeing Metallica and copping a boot from one of their moshing followers.

Unless you really want to see the majority of bands you're paying too much. Particularly considering the brevity of sets (The Queens playing a 35 minute set in 2003) and the constant struggle to catch the last 15min of one band after seeing the first 20min of another. The situation was highlighted this year when BDO organisers put The Strokes, Mars Volta and Aphex Twin on at roughly the same time, three bands that are likely to appeal to most semi alternative music lovers. So despite these acts finally being lured into Adelaide fans were still precluded from seeing all of them. Combine this with the heat and dust, the impenetrable herds of people, the stench of urine and the need for volume rather than quality of sound and it's becoming a bit more effort than it's worth to turn up each year. The enthusiasts are left high and dry by the price, scheduling and short shows while the kids go there to jump around almost regardless of who's playing (sparking the "you're all sheep!" comment from At the Drive In during the 2002 BDO - though the band did know what they were getting into when they took their pay cheque).

Many suggest that despite the flaws it's the only opportunity to see such bands considering Adelaide's remote geographical location and lack of populous. Not so, in 2003 Mogwai and Trail of Dead were joined by The D4 in one of the most anticipated and successful alternative music shows in recent Adelaide history. The show sold out the Music House (now Fowler's Live) and proved that smaller niche bands don't necessarily have to jump on to the Big Day Out bandwagon to get a holiday under the sun. By contrast though, Mercury Rev, a band of similar ilk, failed to attract a crowd of more than 300 to Heaven II in a pitiful display of Adelaide's fickle support for non-punk/rock artists. Unfortunately the kids (us) are notoriously late with ticket purchases, causing even the largest bands to pull out of Adelaide tour legs. The Tea Party in 2001 thanked their crowd at the Thebby for buying early so the band could actually afford to bring their vast array of instruments.

This phenomenon means less courageous bands are always going to take the easy option. Big festivals pay more for shorter sets, are low pressure because there's plenty of other bands to take up the slack and have a guaranteed crowd. More and more bands are hopping on the gravy train rather than going to the effort and risk of putting on a decent show for a smaller fan base. Who could blame them? Play for 45 minutes, sit in the sun, hang out with groupies and tour with your favourite bands. Unfortunately the quality of the performances seem to get worse and the line-ups less manageable.

So this year when faced with the option of seeing poor quality half sets or seeing none of the bands and get paid a coupla hundred to work behind the bar, I followed the lead of the organisers and bands, I took the money and ran. At least big festivals mean more casual manual labour jobs.

Dan J

32

george



In an age where popular music has become a homage to the art of imitation, Brisbane outfit george have their feet planted firmly on the ground. On the release of second album *Unity*, I caught up with drummer Geoff Green, who is on a three-day hiatus in Coff's Harbour, as the band traipses up the east coast playing small venues and surprising the locals. "We started with five nights in Adelaide actually, playing to about seven people!"

Assuming life for george has become much busier in recent years, Green tells of relaxing. "It's really important to take time off. What we get out of it only brings good vibes to the group. We really embrace that."

Unity is trademark george. Beautifully packaged with the 'making of' DVD, a delightful film showcasing the fun and frivolity that went into recording the album. Not unlike 2002's debut *Polyserena*, *Unity* is emotional and uplifting, fusing progressive jazz, pop, rock and orchestral sounds in distinctive george fashion.

"The name of the album was chosen quite early", remarked Green. "We felt unified because our goals were clearer than ever. I guess on a larger scale, unity is what the world needs right now."

Considering the double platinum success of *Polyserena*, surely the pressure was on to record an equally impressive follow-up? "We never had that 'difficult second album' feeling. We're always writing and playing music together, it's a continual process. We were

definitely more prepared this time, we knew what to expect in the studio. We had around 28 songs work with, and recording live, we would do 10-12 run throughs before a take."

Unity takes off with 'Falling Inside' a track similar in feeling to *Polyserena* opener 'Release', but this time with swing, classic Katie Noonan operatic vocals, and 'all that jazz,' Chicago style. It's a standout along with emotion-charged delivery of 'Surrender'. 'Captive' echoes the relaxed grooves of side-project 'Elixir', written in '97 and no doubt reminiscent of the band's self-managed days: "Imprisoned in my own choice, the phone's ringing every minute", sings Katie.

It's nice to hear Tyrone Noonan deliver a higher standard of song this time around (surely I wasn't the only one who would skip his tracks on *Polyserena*), this time around with feeling and piano solos. Particularly 'Today' and 'Fortunate Smile', the latter a being multi-dimensional, blending orchestral ballad with drum and beat. Ty's lyrics however can sometimes be clumsy, singing, "We are all one, despite governments, and we are strong, our time is gonna come," from 'One'. The album's closer 'Growing with Love' has a distinct African feel, featuring Ty and Katie in chorus form.

Orchestral composer Paul Grabowsky has seamlessly weaved a cinematic blend of colour and texture into *Unity*. "[Grabowsky] brought an element to the album we had never experienced, he's so passionate," praises Green.

Considering the group's involvement with the Brisbane Symphony Orchestra, I asked if they had considered taking such a performance on the road. "We've looked into it. We would love to tour with the orchestra and play the album from start to finish, but it's a lot to organise, and a lot of money. Maybe five years down the track, it all depends on how well the album is received."

In its entirety, *Unity* is a fine offering from a band who is high on life. Whether it lacks the firepower of the 'sing-a-long' crowd favourites, only time will tell. *Unity* conveys the feeling of a band confident in exploring new ideas, and focused on creating a type of sound suited to "their moment in

time", as Green tells it.

Fans can expect a major tour primarily in support of *Unity* around mid-year. Until then, george join the Whitlams and Mark Seymour at the Entertainment Centre, March 11, presented by the Festival of Arts. *Unity* is out now through Festival Mushroom Records.

Troy

On Dit has ten (10) double passes to george's gig with Mark Seymour and the Whitlams. Come down to the office on Wednesday at 4pm to be in to win. Aren't we nice?

Hey Music "Treaks"

Do you wanna review your favourite CDs, get free tickets to your favourite gigs, and interview your favourite artists?

Are you interested in writing articles on Scandinavian pigmy folk music or the latest news in the music industry? Do have an idea of what you'd like to see in this years music section? Or perhaps your already a writer or music student?

If you answered 'yes' to any of the above, then come on up to the sixth floor balcony of the Union Bldg for the **On Dit Music meeting** every Tuesday at 2pm.



Jimmy Crash's Crash Film of the Week



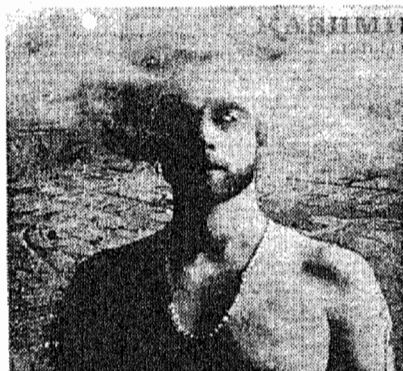
A man dressed in cat-in-finger feeding a naked blonde aedutroee - a particularly eatro scene from DR2000.

DEATH RACE 2000 (1975)
PAUL BARTEL

Sci Fi movies from 1975 to 1985 all had a certain fixation on the prediction that the future will be a post apocalyptic fascist world, run by a dictatorship of greed, technology and cruelty (perhaps this was an 80's lash against it's own commercialism?). Consider Sci Fi movies as diverse as Blade Runner to Escape From New York, or the plethora of Brave New World rip offs such as Logan's Run - and they all contain this looming fear. However, Death Race 2000 goes above and beyond this duty. Impeccably satirical, sexy and hilarious, it is about the Transcontinental Road Race, brought to the American People (Who for some godforsaken reason wave Nazi flags???) by Mr President. The aim of this race is basically to kill as many people as possible: women of child-bearing age worth 10 points, teens 40, children under twelve 70, and folks over 75 an exciting 100 points, which serves two purposes, namely 1) keeping the national population down and 2) maintaining the popularity of the President by association

with the widespread admiration of this event. Hence brilliance ensues when famed driver 'Frankenstein' drives through a retirement village, Machine Gun Joe (Stallone!) runs over the pope, and Calamity Jane (Mary Woronov!) kicks out her own co-driver to run over for points.

Also brilliant is the fact each co-driver is of the opposite sex of the driver and expected to 'drain them of all 'tension' with rubdowns after each day. And just when you think it cant get any more bizarre, add an anti-government resistance group intent on killing all drivers, (planting a mine in a pretend baby is classy) and a wonderful twist in the end of the film (plus Stallone's muffled humour, "Some people may find you cute, but to me you're just a baked potato") and you have a masterful trash wonderpiece. Director Paul (Eating Raoul) Bartel does a great job with the political one liners of the film, so I'll leave you with possibly the best line in the film - Mr. President claims that there are no American rebels, but all of the people messing with the race is the fault of "The treacherous French! Who crippled our once-great economy and wrecked our telephone system!"



Zitlites
Kashmir
Columbia/Sony Music

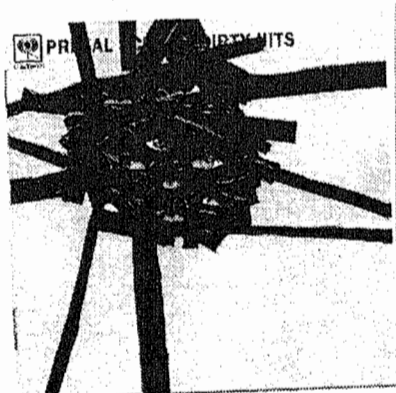
Diamonds', a catchy tune with sweet and humble lyrics.

This roaming release has some slow spots, failing to capitalise on the strength of the above mentions songs but definitely avoids falling into monotony. The unpretentious guitar and thoughtful though not mind blowing lyrics are pleasant which is more than can be said for many similar bands in the genre at the moment. It's something you could become quite comfortable with, kinda like a warm blanket but it probably won't take you mind any further than your own room.

I must say, this album was much less disappointing than I had expected it to be. For some reason the band seemed to conjure up thoughts of a PR bio that says, "explosive Danish industrial nu-metal act explore the depths of your despair", but it's not like that at all. The album is for the most part unassumingly soft and moody with silky ambient background noise that makes it perhaps a bit too radio friendly but also compliments the minimalist guitar work. The majority of the tracks follow in this vein with the kind of sharply rhythmic guitar strumming that is in vogue with bands such as Interpol but also manage to stay distinct from other bands in that arena.

Skip the first track, which comes dangerously close to sound like every other smooth rock band around and go to their second single 'Surfing the Warm Industry'. The song sounds to me like a combination of Blue Line Medic, The Tripping Daisies and Robert Palmer, but don't worry... it's cool. There's even some theremin work to add colour while the singer creates a kind of anti melody, staying low when you feel the song should probably rise resulting in a strangely down sensation. Other stand out tracks are 'Small Poem of an Old Friend', a nice atmospheric track with some impressive drum runs and 'Ruby Over

Dan J



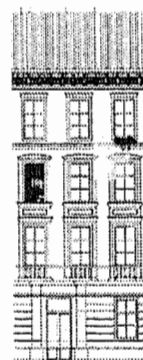
Dirty Hits
Primal Scream
Sony Music Entertainment

An anthology of Primal Scream's most popular hits from 1990 to 2003, the release also features an extra CD with Primal Scream remixes by artists such as Massive Attack and Chemical Brothers. The tour begins with their sunshine lovin' soft groove era and the classic track Loaded featuring the vocal sample "Just what do you want to do?", "We want to be free... to do what we wanna to do, and we wanna get loaded."

Unfortunately the chronology requires moving through with tracks like 'Rocks' which represent a fairly cringe worthy period of dirty dance/rock. More recent releases on the album include 'Swastika Eyes' and 'Kill All Hippies' signalling the Scream's move into harder dirty

techno beats. The remix album offers interesting interpretations of the same songs, particularly The Chemical Brother's mix of 'Swastika Eyes', where you can really hear the influence of both bands coming through. Although Best Of albums are generally a waste of time for long time fans, the release is a good way for those with an interest to sample the variety of styles Primal Scream have moved through over the past 10 years. Unfortunately the expanse of pop/dance hits are marred by the inclusion of a despicable cover of Lee Hazlewood's 'Some Velvet Morning'. A tacky synth beat and stilted melody line destroy the surreal atmosphere created by the originally beautiful and somewhat perverse duet.

Dan J



Be Mine Tonight
Deab Roberts
Kranky Records

Ex-New Zealander and multi-instrumentalist Dean Roberts, now based in Vienna, has been an active member in that city's vibrant improvisational scene. This, his second solo offering, sees Roberts joined by a group of skilled Italian improvisers adopting experimental and open-ended improvisational techniques with more conventional song forms. The net result is a hushed kind of skeletal minimalist avant-folk. Comprising four songs coming in at a succinct and sublime 35 minutes, (most over eight minutes in length) this is an unhurried album; each song slowly unfolds according to its own

dreamy logic.

Opening track "All Pidgins sent to War, Palace of Adrenaline V and E.E" begins with electro-acoustic crackles and drones. As piano and splintery acoustic guitar chords join the mix, Roberts' whispery vocals add a confessional tone to the proceedings. Around five minutes in, the piece delicately erupts as guitarists Giuseppe Ielasi and Christian Alati wrench lovely shimmering drones from prepared guitars that float alongside the vocals until the song's end. This is but one of several emotionally intoxicating moments on this record.

"Disappearance on the Grandest of Streets" opens with mournful guitar chords ringing out, above a sparse background, before lightly brushed syncopations from drummer Antonio Arrabito shift the track towards a poly-rhythmic feel with an underlying bass throb. Arrabito's playing is some of the most impressive on the album, he keeps the tempos fluid and in so doing allows the songs to become living breathing entities in their own right.

The somber lyrics on album closer "Letter to Monday" (based on the old wives tales detailing the personality traits of children born on various weekdays) are perfectly mated to its slow dirge feel. A single chord rings out repeatedly, before the percussion lifts the composition and a delicate circular guitar vamp works its way into your soul.

The production on the album is stellar; every finger slide on the strings and every brush stroke is rendered in vibrant detail, and one gets a strong sense of the recording space. The intimacy of the music is mirrored in the delicate sonics, recorded in what sounds like living room proximity.

Clichéd as it may be to say, with its ambient jazz leanings, post-rock aesthetics and improvisational elements, this album is a perfect aural accompaniment to those introspective late nights and rainy days. Be Mine Tonight sees Roberts and co. blend musical genres with an effortless grace and humble frailty.

dan V

clubs And classifieds

The AU Film Society
WEEK 2, Thursday 11th March:
International Women's Day
screening
(1990)

Director: Cynthia Scott
When their bus breaks down in the wilderness during a day trip, eight elderly women, average age 71, are stranded at a deserted farmhouse. Through the long days and nights that follow this group of strangers face the crisis with humour and spirit, sharing their life stories and exchanging their most intimate revelations. Blurring the boundary between fiction and reality through its use of non-professional actors and improvised dialogue, this film, one of the most successful features in NFBC history, is a frank and warm portrayal of elderly women's lives. (101 mins) English.

Please note: Due to the Adelaide Fringe events held in the Union Cinema, during weeks 1-3 films will be screened in the Rennie Lecture Theatre, Johnson Building (off Victoria Drive near the child care/playground). We will return to the Union Cinema from Week 4.

Good condition, cheap first year texts for sale. Ring Bek on 0423989542

Law:
TORTS: CASES AND COMMENTARY
5th edition. Luntz and Hambly. \$70.

CASES AND MATERIALS ON CONTRACT LAW IN AUSTRALIA
3rd edition. Carter and Harland, \$40.

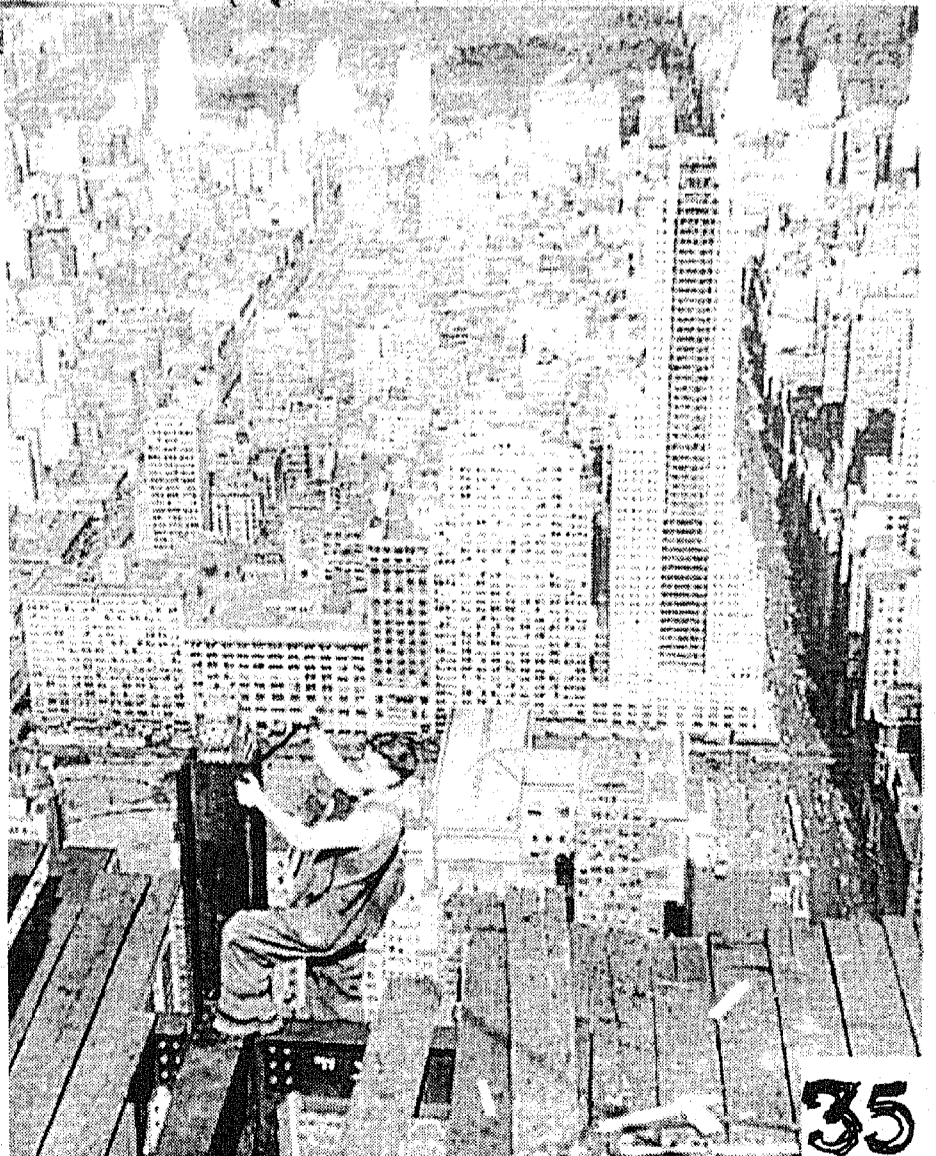
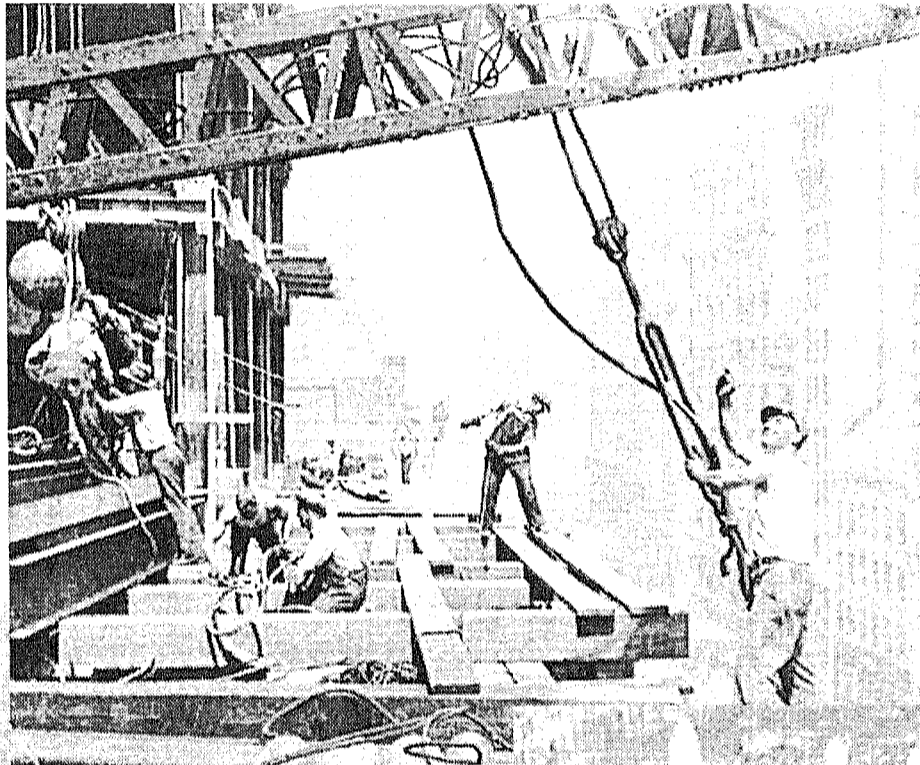
Morality, Society and the Individual:
THE ELEMENTS OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY
3rd edition. Rachels, \$17.

Introduction to Australian Politics:
GOVERNMENT, POLITICS, POWER AND POLICY IN AUSTRALIA
7th edition. Summers, Woodward and Parkin, \$25.

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Vicki At Union Reception
Ground Floor Western End of Cloisters
8303 5401

Lost necklace
Please come to Union reception, ground floor Lady Symon Building, Western end of Cloisters. Must be able to describe item to collect.
See Vicki

The construction of the Empire State Building began in March of 1930, just before America's worst financial period, on the site of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel at 350 Fifth Avenue at 34th Street. It was completed 14 months later in May, 1931. The Empire State Building, at 102 stories, was the tallest building in the world until the completion of the first tower of the World Trade Center in Lower Manhattan in 1972. It's progress throughout the depression acted as a beacon of light for all those who were out of work, poor and starving. It took 7 million man hours, 1 year and 45 days work, including Sundays and holidays to complete. At its peak 3,400 workers were hired to work on the building, however due to the depression this dropped to almost half of that number during off periods. The whole time they were in competition with the Chrysler Building to reign with America's largest building. In the end, when the building was getting too big for its foundations, they stuck a giant fuck-off antenna in the roof and won the competition. The joy soon ended with the completion of the Empire, however, as despite the \$41 million price tag and numerous deaths in it's construction, it remained under 25% occupied for years after it was officially opened.



Construction is the new black.

