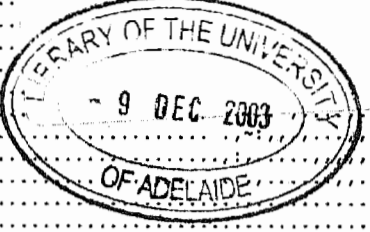


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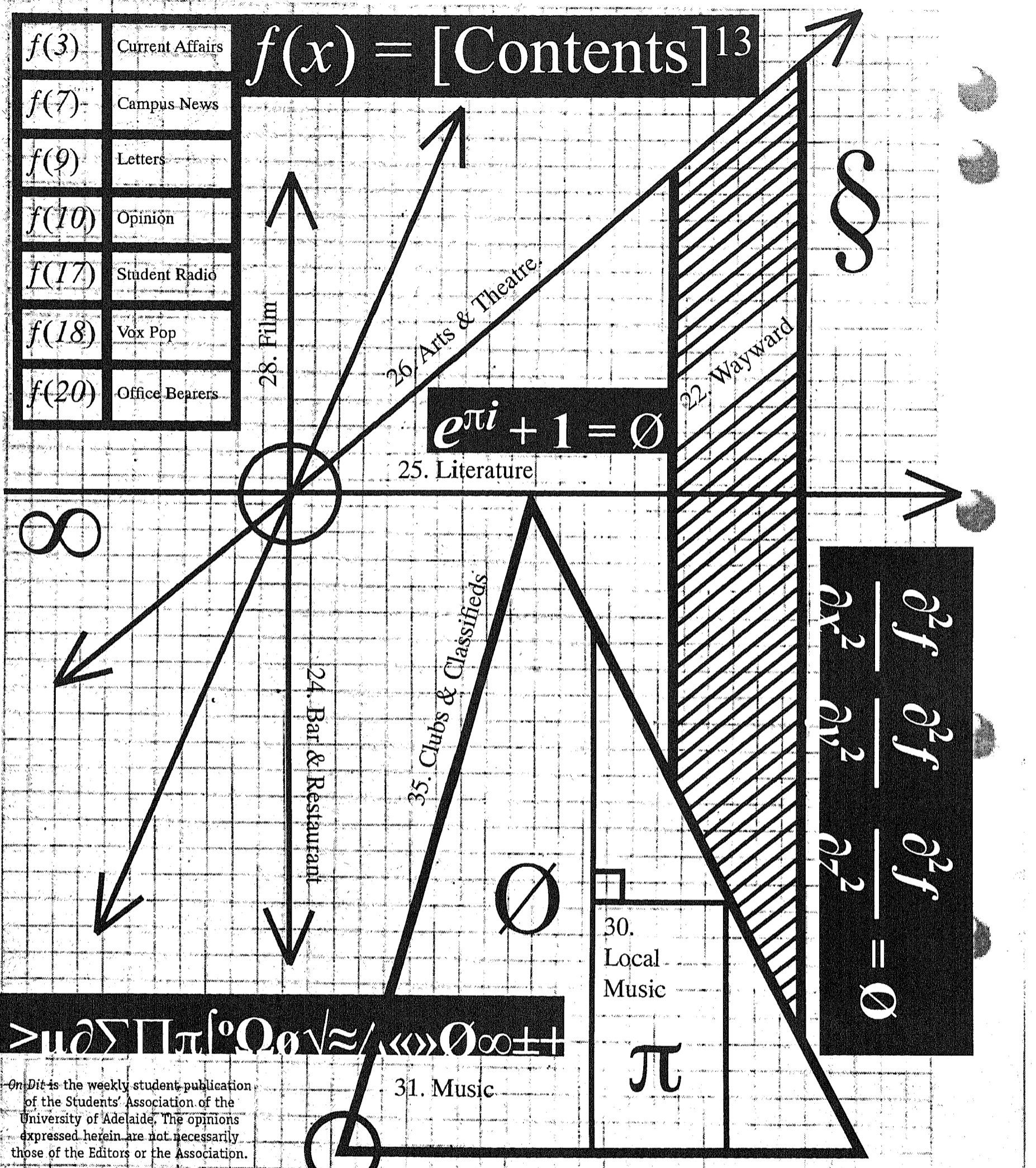
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On Dit is the weekly student publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editors or the Association.

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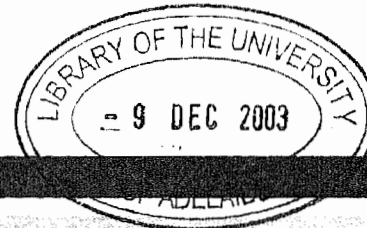
Can you decipher our secret ASCII code?
Wanna write?
 Then come on down to the *On Dit* hovel, located in the basement of the George Murray Building (wedged between two sets of poorly maintained male toilets), and adjacent to the Barr Smith Lawns. Or for a more pleasant aroma, email us at ondit@adelaide.edu.au or call us on 8303 5404 or 8303 6490.

High scorers:

Cheese, Dan J, Yak, Peter (Master of InDesign), Rowan & Adelle for the last minute review, Russell Marks & Stan's mum for the underpants.

Mathematics Edition

dedicated to:
Guy Wogan-Provo



Higher education reforms

Vent your spleen before Friday!

If you haven't already heard, Australia's higher education sector has reached crisis point. Funding and resources for universities all over the country has been stripped to the bone. Students here at the University of Adelaide sit in overcrowded tutorials of over 22 students and are still expected to achieve a good participation mark. Lecture theatres are old and cruddy and courses are being cut and streamlined to minimise cost and use of resources. Something needs to change.

Over the past eight years the Federal Government has cut \$5 billion from university funding, redirecting it into areas such as intelligence and military operations. Students and staff have been crying out for reform since before the Howard Government took power in 1996, and last year this came to a head with the Federal Government's release of a white paper called the Crossroads Review. This so-called review detailed a number of ways the sector could be changed. These suggestions set alarm bells ringing in students' associations and staff meeting rooms right across the country. Yes, there is need for reform, but it is very important that changes are made in the best interests of students and staff. These changes were nothing of the sort. In June of this year Federal Education Minister Brendan Nelson released his Higher Education Reforms package (*Backing Australia's Future*), which was simply a formalised version of the Crossroads paper outlining how the Government would implement the changes.

In a nutshell, the changes will turn university education into a rigged user-pays system where accessibility to university will be based on whether a student is able to afford the enormous fees rather than academic merit. The main concerns identified by critics are:

- Making 50 per cent of university courses dependent on expensive upfront fees.
- Replacing HECS with a new loans scheme (similar to the new Postgraduate Education Loans Scheme) that will allow universities to charge market rate fees to undergraduates.
- Charging a rate of interest on HECS and PELS debts (it is estimated that this will increase debt levels by 30 per cent).
- Putting a limit on completion time for degrees.
- Establishing generational debt for students and their families who cannot afford the full fees (which may range from \$30,000 - \$150,000 for each university degree!).
- Disabling student services &

representation by establishing voluntary student unionism.

- Blackmailing universities into unfair workplace agreements.
- Forcing universities to deprioritise courses like humanities & social science, visual & performing arts, etc.
- Increasing fees for TAFE.
- Reducing of face-to-face teaching.
- Specialisation and forced shutdown of courses and research.

Brendan Nelson calls these changes "reforms". In reality they are regressions, and are only going to make things many times worse.

Many of these changes are to legislation and as such must pass through both houses of parliament. Due to the large number of concerns about Minister Nelson's proposed changes, a Senate Inquiry has been called in order to collect views and concerns of students, university staff and the wider community. The inquiry is asking for submissions from organisations and individuals. The deadline for submissions is August 15 (this Friday!). If you are concerned about your quality of and accessibility to education, especially if you are thinking of doing honours or postgraduate study, please write a submission. It can be as easy as signing the form letter listed here in *On Dit*, writing a quick letter about your concerns or filling out an electronic version on web by going to <http://www.yapa.org.au/tertiary/submission.php>. Submissions can be posted to:

The Secretary, Senate Employment, Workplace Relations and Education References Committee
Suite SG.52, Parliament House
CANBERRA, ACT 2600

Fax: (02) 6277 5706

Or email them to:
eet.sen@aph.gov.au

The Students' Association will post off any submissions students have, just make sure you get them down to the SAUA office in the Lady Symon Building by 12 noon on Thursday August 14.

If you have any questions or would like advice writing your submission please contact me on 8303 5406 or email sarah.hanson@adelaide.edu.au.

Sarah Hanson-Young
SAUA President

Senate Submission Letter

Just cut out, sign & send!

Submission to Senate Employment, Workplace Relations and Education References Committee inquiry into higher education funding and regulatory legislation.

Submitter:

Address:

Phone:

Fax:

Email: Confidential (Y/N)

Dear Senators,

When reviewing the Government's proposal to reform the higher education sector please keep in mind the large number of changes that will affect the quality, affordability and accessibility of education to students and their families. Please consider carefully whether these changes are worth the devastating affects they will have on the future generations of underprivileged Australian children.

In particular as a current university student I am concerned about the notion of user-payers in relation to education. Everybody should have a right to a quality of education; this proposed system prevents this, making education a privilege. The introduction of 50% full fee paying places will make it very difficult for the many Australian students to attend university. Those who are lucky enough to get into a HECS place will find themselves struggling to complete their degrees as fees rise and the lack of income support for students worsens. The compulsory 5-year cap on degree completion will simply decrease completion rates and make it difficult for the majority of students who are working while they study.

Under these changes most people I know would not be able to attend university because of the huge fees (\$100,000) for an individual degree. If I wanted to complete a postgraduate degree I would not be able to because of the expense.

The interest rates being proposed for loans schemes for degrees will do nothing more than create generational debt, restricting me from buying a car, house, travelling or starting a family.

The proposed reforms will also have an immense effect upon the sustainability, quality, equity and diversity of teaching and research at universities. This includes particular reference to:

- The financial impact on students, including merit selection, income support and international comparisons,
- The financial impact on universities, including the impact of the Commonwealth Grants Scheme, the differential impact of fee deregulation, the expansion of full fee places and comparable international levels of government investment, and
- The provision of fully funded university places, including provision for labour market needs, skill shortages and regional equity, and the impact of the 'learning entitlement'.

Above all, I urge the committee to recognise the inequity of allowing access to education being based on the ability to pay rather than academic merit. Students should not be disadvantaged just because they (or their families) are unable to pay anywhere up to \$100,000 per degree.

Yours Sincerely,

detention centres the human rights f(r)actor

The recent action taken by the Department of Immigration, Multicultural and Indigenous Affairs (DIMIA) to deport a seven year old girl back to Iran has provided merely the latest in a growing number of human rights complaints against the Coalition government.

The girl was reportedly reunited with her mother in Iran after spending time in the Baxter Immigration and Refugee Processing (read "detention") Centre outside of Port Augusta. The girl's father was not informed of her deportation.

Baxter, the subject of an article in *On Dit* 71.2, is one of six such prisons that operate on mainland Australia, all of which have been subject to intense scrutiny by the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission (HREOC) and the United Nations' Human Rights Commission (HRC) and High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR). The conditions in these centres are abominable, as is evident in these organisations' reports.

The people who are detained without trial or conviction in these prisons must request permission to contact DIMIA. Each time people leave or return to the prisons, before or after their appointments with DIMIA representatives, they are physically searched. In Baxter, prisoners are allowed to use gym facilities for an hour at a time, so long as they consent to further full-body searches.

DIMIA Fact Sheet 82 informs us that prisoners have access to television, which is actually bad reception of one channel. Prisoners also have access to fax machines - at \$4 for the first page and \$1 for each page thereafter. Australasian Correctional Management (ACM), the US company that provides guards for the prisons, employs detainees at wage rates of \$1 per hour. The "culturally appropriate" meals are not always available for four consecutive nights in one compound in Baxter, the food ran out before everyone had eaten dinner.

HREOC found that DIMIA had breached the rights of Chinese detainees Quan Ri-Qing and Su Yu Fei under the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights (ICCPR) after both men were denied legal assistance upon arrest in 1996, and were "unjustly deprived of their liberty and subjected to human rights violations for prolonged periods".

In Perth, George Johnson, a Nigerian, was handcuffed and remanded in solitary confinement in a small room with no window for six days after an altercation with a prison guard. On another occasion Mr Johnson refused to be handcuffed while being escorted to an external medical facility, as such his condition - penile warts - went untreated. Unfortunately HREOC was unable to interview Mr Johnson personally. The Commission had advised DIMIA on 23 May 1997 that HREOC officers would be interviewing Mr Johnson on 26 May

at Perth IDC. Although Mr Johnson was in remand at Casuarina Prison at the time, as a form of punishment, DIMIA promised to organise that he be transferred to Perth IDC for the interview. The Department then changed its mind, informing the Commission that Mr Johnson would be deported on the 26th and as such he was unavailable for an interview. Mr Johnson then refused to take compulsory travel medication; British Airways subsequently refused to deport him and Mr Johnson remained in Perth until June 16. Despite the fact that HREOC officers had remained in Perth for some days, the Department neglected to inform them of the deportation delay. Mr Johnson was subsequently deported; his present condition and whereabouts is "unknown".

after witnessing riots and incidents of self-harm. Psychological reports urged that he be removed from detention as soon as possible. They also urged that under no circumstances should Shayan be separated from his parents. Unfortunately DIMIA saw fit to give Shayan's parents a choice; either the child remain in detention with his family, or he is separated from his family and placed in foster care.

The fact that Australia is a signatory to the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights, the Convention on the Rights of the Child, and the Refugee Convention does not appear to faze the Howard government. In response to HREOC criticism, John Howard's Liberals have announced a review of the

is illegal. In London, which receives 90,000 "unauthorised" asylum seekers every year, every claim is processed in under ten days; apparently such administrative efficiency is impossible in Australia, which had to cope with 4,000 claims in a bad year before the 'Pacific Solution' brainwave.

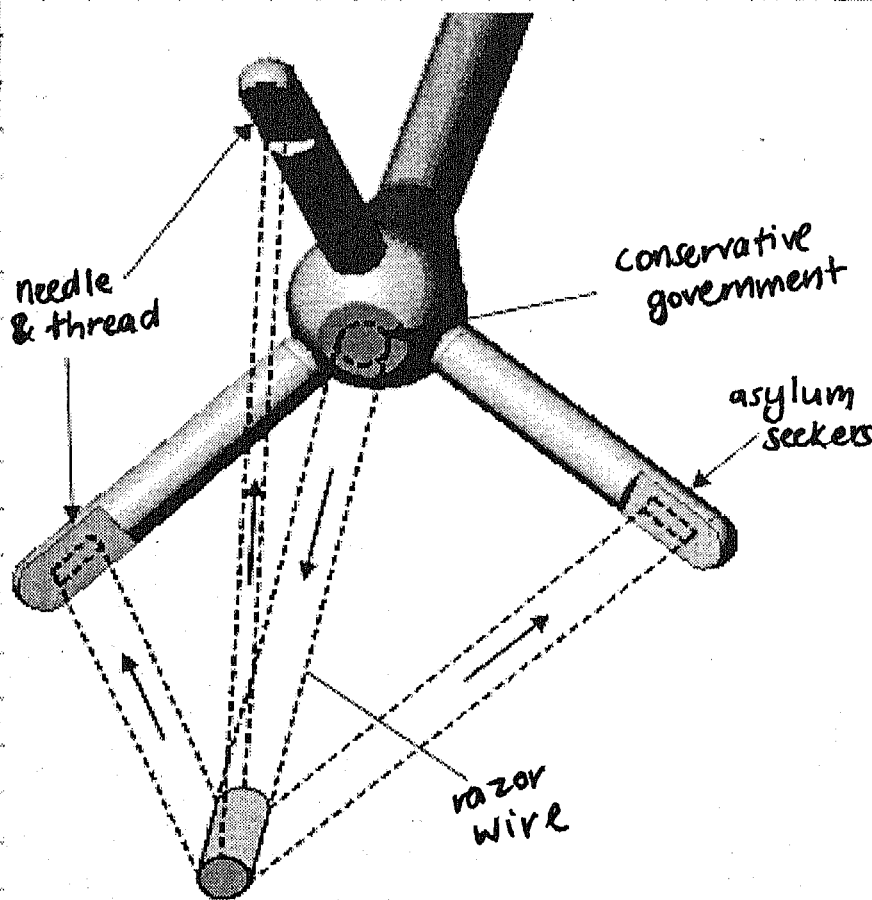
Human rights lawyer Moira Rayner has suggested that the Australian government is breaching its obligations under the Torture Convention. Under the convention, torture is defined as "any act by which severe pain or suffering, whether physical or mental, is intentionally inflicted on someone by way of punishment, the intimidation or coercion of themselves, or a third person, or for a discriminatory reason, inflicted by, or at the instigation of, or with the consent or acquiescence of a person acting in an official capacity".

Such disregard for human rights is completely in character for Howard's government. Australia is now the only common-law country without a Bill of Rights, or indeed any Constitutional protection for such rights. Its amendments to the Native Title Act in 1998 effectively reversed the 1996 Wik decision, which recognised indigenous Australians' native title on pastoral lands. In response to criticism from the United Nations' Committee on the Elimination of Racial Discrimination (CERD), the Howard government attacked the Committee and announced another 'review' of its future participation.

In response to the recent Family Court declaration that indefinite detention of children was illegal, the government announced its intention to appeal. Immigration Minister Phillip Ruddock's eldest daughter Kirsty, distressed at her father's political exploitation of refugees, has left the country to work with the Youth Ambassadors program. The man has been willing to let his family relationships, not to mention thousands of detained men, women and children, suffer for the sake of his job.

According to Ms Christine Gallus, Liberal member for Hindmarsh and Alexander Downer's Parliamentary Secretary, I need to stop focusing on what I'm not happy about and concentrate instead on all the "good things" the Australian government is doing. Silly me, I thought education was all about learning how to ask questions. Peter Short, President of the Law Council of Australia, said in 1997 that the "first step towards a totalitarian regime is for government to convince itself that its own decisions are always right" and to stop others reviewing or questioning them. Given its complete inability to accept criticism, I am more than a little concerned at the direction in which the current government is moving.

Russell Marks



The list of human rights abuses in immigration detention "centres" is almost endless. Stories of physical and sexual abuse by ACM guards are repeatedly dismissed by the federal government, but there is no doubt that it occurs. Holiday Camp, a 2002 documentary shot at Woomera, contains chilling footage of extreme ACM violence. Unfortunately cameras are not allowed inside these prisons, and so the general public does not witness the true horror of these places. Lord Acton understood in 1887 that "absolute power corrupts absolutely".

The psychological effect on prisoners is tragic. Shayan, a seven-year-old Iranian boy, no longer speaks or eats

Commission's operations; the Australian Human Rights Commission Legislation Bill 2003 is currently under the scrutiny of the Senate Legal and Constitutional References Committee. In response to international criticism from United Nations' treaty watchdog bodies, the Howard government has announced a review of Australia's participation in such treaties.

Julian Burnside, QC, has argued that immigration detention for such lengths of time and under such conditions, "goes beyond anything that could reasonably be regarded as necessary" for the purposes of the Migration Act 1958. Indeed in England, detention for longer than ten days for administrative purposes

Redemption or Revenge?

What does Nemer really deserve?

In August 2001 Jeffery Williams was delivering newspapers in Unley when he heard screams and stopped his van. Before he could get out to offer assistance he suffered a gun shot wound to the head. The bullet, which passed through the bridge of his nose, cost him the permanent loss of sight in his right eye. The shooter, a then 19 year old Paul Nemer, plead guilty to endangering life on Friday 25, July 2003, an offence which carries a maximum penalty of 15 years imprisonment. Yet in a decision which has prompted an official inquiry and angered the South Australian community, Mr Nemer was handed down a suspended sentence and will not even serve a day in punitive detention.

For Mr Williams who has suffered physically and psychologically since the incident, there is little sense of justice in this decision, particularly after the Director of Public Prosecutions Paul Rofe QC, ruled out an appeal. Instead it seems as though the South Australian legal system is doing Paul Nemer a favor. In fact, in his sentencing report Justice Sulan revealed that Nemer, who comes from a wealthy Adelaide family, is particularly fortunate not to be charged with a much more serious offence. Not only did Mr Rofe enable Nemer to plead guilty plea to the lesser offence of endangering life but also declined to pursue any firearm charges.

In sentencing Nemer, Justice John Sulan explained that it is up to prosecutors not judges to decide if a person should be charged with a criminal offence and if so to determine which offence. Yet he did not fail to acknowledge the seriousness of Nemer's actions on August 19, 2001 when he took a gun from his parent's house and went to the aid of two female acquaintances claiming they were being followed. Justice Sulan not only accepted the permanent physical harm suffered by Mr Williams but also the long term psychological effects on him and his family, conceding that the victim was lucky not to have lost his life. In spite of evidence to the contrary Justice Sulan did not believe that Paul Nemer intended to kill Mr Williams or to cause him grievous bodily harm. Instead he accepted that when Nemer ran towards Mr Williams van and discharged the firearm he was merely reckless as to whether or not Mr Williams life was in danger.

In reaching this conclusion, however, Justice Sulan referred to the substantial evidence from the two females who contacted Mr Nemer claiming they were being stalked. The facts of this case

certainly indicate that these young women were under a very real belief that they were in danger. This belief is supported by the fact that the two females entered the property of an elderly lady, in fear, and by the emergency 000 call made by the householder shortly afterwards.

According to Justice Sulan, Nemer's actions although immature were also in response to a very real sense of urgency and danger.

In sentencing the 21 year old Nemer, Justice Sulan took his guilty plea into account explaining that this reduced the length of the sentence to three years and three months imprisonment. In deciding to suspend Nemer's sentence, however, the Supreme Court Judge

for the defendant. "I accept that this incident will stay with you for the rest of your life" he said.

These reasons certainly offer insight into why the Judge decided to suspend Nemer's sentence, yet the result offers little closure for the Williams family and the wider community, who are demanding answers as to why such a serious offence has gone unpunished. However, Justice Sulan was careful to point out that even a suspended sentence carries serious consequences for a defendant. In fact the suspended jail term will still appear on Nemer's record and thus will have a serious impact on his future. Furthermore while Nemer has agreed to enter a \$100 good behavior bond, the slightest breach of which will bring the sentence into

short term, as well as the difficulties that offenders experience when they are released back into the community. Furthermore, South Australia's detention facilities cost taxpayers millions of dollars every year.

There is little doubt that Nemer's actions should be punished, but perhaps his suspended sentence would offer greater consolation to Jeffery Williams and his family if it involved service to the community as well?

There may be a time for revenge, but also a time for redemption. Paul Habib Nemer was 19 years old when he made a serious mistake. Our legal system has given him a second chance; the real question is can we?

Rosie Sidey

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Shot #	1	2	3
Velocity	790 fps	771 fps	776 fps
Penetration	~18.00 - 20.00" (8 cartons)	~18.00 - 20.00" (8 cartons)	~18.00 - 20.00" (8 cartons)
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Firearms Tactical Institute

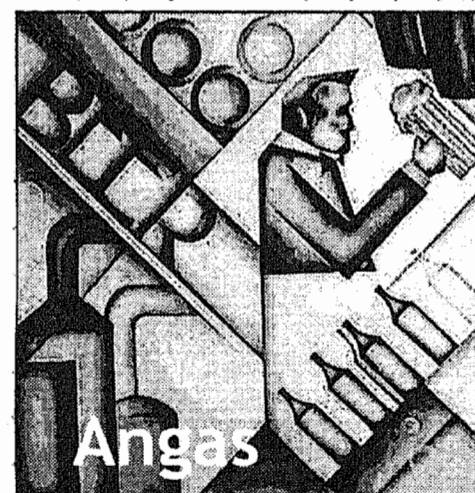
Exhibit 1A- three bullets which were probably not used in the catastrophic shooting.

considered all the circumstances of the case, particularly the defendant's age and the fact that he was not likely to re-offend. "I accept that you are truly sorry and that you have suffered emotionally, and psychologically, since this incident" he said. He also observed the defendant's feelings of "shame and remorse" revealing that Nemer has led a very restricted life since the incident and now suffers from reactive depression. Sulan also gave regard to numerous character references, particularly those of religious leaders from Nemer's church, and agreed that the events of August 19 2001 were completely out of character

effect, he will also be subject to the supervision of a Corrections Officer for the next two years.

The widespread anger over Nemer's suspended sentence demonstrates society's insatiable desire for retribution and revenge. Indeed the detention of Paul Nemer, if only for six months, might enable the Williams family to overcome their sense of injustice and restore community faith in our legal system, but at what cost does society's pound of flesh come?

There is overwhelming evidence about the detrimental effects of imprisonment on the human psyche, even in the



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Festival of Ideas 2003: Hope and Fear

Last month several buildings in and around the University of Adelaide played host to the biennial Festival of Ideas. Spearheaded by Adelaide arts community figure and 2003 Lord Mayor candidate Greg Mackie, this year's Festival of Ideas was the third since its inaugural session in 1999.

This year's festival, held over the weekend of July 10-13, had the theme of Hope and Fear. It was also dedicated to the life's work of indigenous activist and respected leader Lowitja O'Donoghue, ostensibly "to honour the quality of Lowitja O'Donoghue's contribution to policy and debate, for her people and the nation as a whole". Whilst an honourable idea, this dedication was barely apparent other than from a page in the programme and O'Donoghue giving the festival's opening address in Elder Hall. However, healthy doses of feminist, unionist and pacifist argument were dispensed by the 40-odd speakers, with many touching on, if not focussing on, democracy, war, and peace. Criticism of the Howard Government, US President George W. Bush, the Murdoch-Packer media lockout and corporate corruption was rife in many of the 50-plus, hour-long sessions.

Each day of the festival saw capacity crowds in each of the venues (Elder Hall, Bonython Hall, Brookman Hall and the Art Gallery Auditorium), with audiences averaging marginally more female members than male. Festival of Ideas Executive Producer Rose Wight says that attendances rose by 20 per cent on that of the 2001 Festival, with more than 30,000 lending the invited thinkers their ears. Significantly, there was a large proportion of the audience who appeared to be past retirement age. Considering this event was being

accommodated on a university campus, it was both surprising and disappointing that so few under 25s attended. Given that this is the age group that within the next two decades will be the key decision makers in our community, it is slightly disturbing that those who are retiring from public life and active employment outnumbered young people significantly. Perhaps poor promotion to the university student community was a factor in this, as many students seemed unaware of what the festival actually was. The fact that all daytime sessions were free to attend (with evening keynote sessions costing \$15 concession) should also have been a drawcard for students.

Logistically, the overwhelming popularity of this year's Festival of Ideas means that the 2005 Festival organisers may need to look for larger venues, as well as adequate provision of toilets and refreshments - it would be ideal to attract festival goers to some kind of festival hub, rather than forcing people over North Terrace to Rundle Mall and Rundle Street for basic human comforts.

The fact that the Festival of Ideas is now Australia's largest free public gathering for thinkers in only its third run is testament to the value invested in it by a significant, socially progressive slice of the Adelaide community. Festival Founder and Chair Greg Mackie seems to agree, issuing the following statement: "I am thrilled with the response to this year's Festival. We must now face the enviable challenge of allowing the event to grow, while maintaining the wonderful 'thinking village' atmosphere of our site along North Terrace."

Gemma Clark

Mikey:

1. David Marr went on a semi-controversial rant about the state of the Anglican Church, which was quite funny.
2. The West's kneejerk reaction to September 11 and the consequences of the almost unthinking increasing conservatism seems the most important. Now more than ever we need to look to lessons of the past and see how anger and intolerance blinds and causes lasting negative consequences (note how Festival of Ideas promotes personal soap-boxing).
3. Someone who mentally challenges the way things are done, the traditions that remain unquestioned due to laziness, ignorance and tradition. Someone unafraid to embrace new ideas, to stimulate and force themselves to clarify or refine their own opinions and beliefs.
4. More time to discuss the sessions would be good, but is obviously logistically difficult. Perhaps free biscuits also. They stimulate debate.
5. Lack of publicity and available programs, and probably disorganisation on the part of young'uns.

Andrea:

1. All were highlights but since they didn't cost me more than my time and a bus fare, they were all worth it. George Monbiot was enjoyable as a speaker, knowing how to work a crowd to get a reaction. Stephanie Dowrick was inspiring, as she spoke from the heart. Moira Rayner is a gutsy woman.
2. Love and forgiveness to others and ourselves.
3. As opposed to a doer? Or is that just more dichotomous language? Thinkers use their heads, feelers use their hearts and doers move.
4. Have some activities for younger people. They may not be interested in the talks, but their parents may be. Better advertising too, especially around uni as a lot of my friends didn't know about it.
5. Maybe the speakers and the ambiguous titles of their speeches did not appeal, or they didn't see any relevance in the talks to their lives.

Top five Ideas of the Festival:

1. Psychologist and cognitive science expert Max Coltheart's short and sweet explanation of motivated belief:

- 1) The prime minister lied to the country
- 2) No one who lies should be prime minister
- 3) John Howard should be prime minister.

Not all of these statements can be true, but people have strong motives to hold all of them simultaneously, due to an uncertain political climate and insecurity.

2. Feminist writer and Australian columnist Susan Maushart's response to an audience member who saw paid maternity leave as merely rewarding women for reproducing: "We're not looking to be rewarded, just not scapegoated."

3. Historian, critic and independent Canberra-based scholar Humphrey McQueen noting that the rise of the "professional ethicist" is indicative of the level of public trust in social institutions and corporations.

4. Journalist, author and host of ABC's Media Watch David Marr attributing Australians' apparent lack of concern over the Howard Government's lies in the children overboard affair to the fact that the Australian press does not care. Lying is not considered a story in itself, he says, with a cynical, 'old hand' press gallery classifying lying as a staple of the 'real world'.

5. Former UN weapons inspector Richard Butler pointing out that fundamentalism is not exclusive to Islamic countries; the 'Kill a Commie for Christ' campaign of the 1960s is an excellent example of Western, Christian fundamentalism.

What you thought The Festival of Ideas Mini Vox Pop:

Questions:

1. Highlights?
2. Big issues needing discussion right now?
3. Define a thinker.
4. Improvements to FoI 2005?
5. Why so few young folk?

Naomi:

1. Erik Olin Wright and Moira Rayner - favourite speakers and sessions.
2. The issue of government responsibility to the people. General government unwillingness to tackle serious issues which need fundamental change, for populist reasons. Racism, and need for distinct social change to stop people being forced into poverty and a consequent lack of education. Political apathy.
3. Someone who can outline and argue an idea that is new, analyse a situation in a well-argued way, and propose challenging concepts. Someone who inspires others to take a fresh look at situations, and can inspire others to action.
4. More coffee - definitely more coffee. Smaller sessions, running concurrently to the normal sessions, where younger speakers - who perhaps don't have their credentials or the experience of the main speakers - could have an opportunity to present on issues that perhaps do not fit within the main themes of the festival. This would kind of be like the Lilypad stage at the Big Day Out - a forum for up and coming thinkers to have their work and ideas heard by the community.
5. The early weekend starts may have been a disincentive, but I'm not really sure as to why there were not as many younger people there. The 2001 Festival of Ideas definitely had more people under 25 there.

Anne:

1. Margo Kingston romped it in - wonderful! And Robert Manne.
2. Where to start! The way Australia and the western democracies are sliding down the drain with regard to media diversity, economic philosophy and the privileging of economic discourse, the role of Australia in the international political sphere, ethics, morality, and their paucity in political and economic life, refugees and their rights, and our two-level economy and the increasing underclass.
3. We're all thinkers. Some of us are paid for it and are better trained and have been at it longer. Some of us are better informed, and have had wider life experiences that have given us cause for reflection.
4. There were several sessions I wanted to attend but they overlapped with others, so choices were difficult. The book tent was nowhere near big enough - every time I tried to get in I couldn't. Same with the catering. The questions at the end of each session were abused by many wanting to hear their own voices. HOLD IT YEARLY. Could the uni have a mini-version, using its own lecturers (there are some superb people in the politics department) or are they too tied up by the university's corporate policy to be able to speak out?
5. I was very bothered by the preponderance of grey hair. What has happened to young dissenters? Are they all too busy toeing the line in order to get a job? Yes, it was a leftist agenda, but aren't the young interested in the left any more? What about the university playing a LARGE part in promoting it in future? Or is the current administration so far right that it won't endorse such 'radical' thinkers?

SAUA ROUNDUP

YEEHAW!

Due to a lack of quorum, the last meeting of SAUA Council (August 6) almost didn't happen. As it turned out, several councillors and office bearers were finishing their beers in the Unibar. Who says that the comraderie has gone out of student politics?

The first order of business was the surprise resignation of Male Sexuality Officer Jasyn Walsh [Figure 1]. After months of controversy surrounding Walsh's general lack of attendance and productivity, the embattled Sexo emailed SAUA President Sarah Hanson-Young his resignation, citing "personal reasons" for his much anticipated departure.

We loathe to go into too much detail about the lead up to Walsh's departure. Suffice to say, more than one emotional (and irritatingly circular) discussion about his dismissal has taken place. A motion expressing council's gratitude to Jasyn for his services to the Sexuality Department raised the ire of Councillor Michael Van Dissell [Figure 2], and was barely carried across the line.

Here began a discussion of what was to be done with the remainder of Walsh's honorarium, estimated at about \$3,000. Hanson-Young reminded Council of the SAUA's tenuous financial situation, and pointed to an extra \$6,700 that the National Union of Students was expecting as part of its affiliation fee. *On Dit* Editor Bonnie Cruickshank questioned the necessity of appointing another sexuality officer at this late stage in the year given that Sexuality Week had already passed, suggesting that the money be put to better use elsewhere. Given that Walsh's resignation came well after the May cut off date for reappointment, it looks likely that the unfortunate business could come with a tidy silver lining. Righteous!

Despite Walsh's stipulation that he would trudge on in his position until the conclusion of Sexuality Week, his presence was notably absent at the daily barbecues. Luckily the schedule of events was characteristically sparse, consisting only of leaflet tables teamed with the sale of foodstuffs, which allowed Female Sexuality Officer Emma O'Loughlin the flexibility to act as the sole administrator/merchant of the week. Even John Howard issuing a statement [Figure 3] announcing his open condemnation of same-sex marriage during the week couldn't spark up a glint of relevant campaigning.

In other news, Activities/Campaigns Vice-President Adelle Neary offered \$700 from her remaining budget to the SAUA's current campaign against the Federal Government's proposed reforms to the higher education system. Those crazy Liberals weren't happy with this either, asking precisely when council had decided to oppose the potentially devastating reforms. Hanson-Young responded by reminding them that Council had made a public statement to this effect last year, and had been actively opposing the reforms ever since. At this point, a half-hearted "shame" could be heard from the Liberals' corner.

Just before the motion was put to a vote, Van Dissell asked if the meeting had enough numbers. A quick head count revealed that there was indeed quorum, but only just. Thinking aloud, Van Dissell then asked if his leaving the room, along with fellow Councillor James Simpson [Figure 4], would result in the motion not being able to be put to a vote. A great deal of panic and excitement ensued as proxy Chair and Environment Officer Paul Grillo attempted to put the motion, as Simpson and Van Dissell proudly strode for the door.

Some quick thinking eventually resulted in a call to Councillor Bek Cornish, who, as luck would have it, was judging the a band competition in the Unibar at the time. Quorum restored, the motion was passed, and the meeting drew to an eventual close.

Other topics of Council discussion that we won't bore you with the details of included:

- * Environment Officer Paul Grillo seeming very keen to have the upcoming environment edition (71.17) printed on recycled paper. Despite being assured that this was unfeasible due to budget restraints, Grillo offered to investigate this possibility further.

- * Grillo and Sexuality Officer Emma O'Loughlin both wanting Council to dismiss as yet unnamed members of their respective standing committees (Environment and Sexuality). However, when informed that to do so they must produce minutes of standing committee meetings as evidence to prove that the offending committee members had not attended three consecutive meetings, both office bearers withdrew their requests.

Figure 1

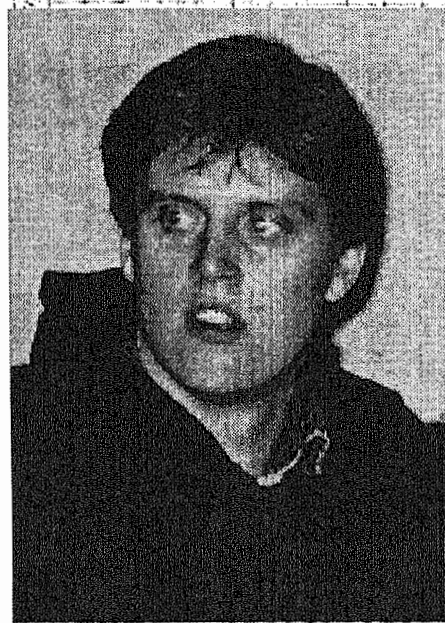


Figure 2

Well, this is not in any way an attack on gay people, quite the reverse. Traditional marriage is one of the bedrock institutions of our society and I don't want anything to occur that further weakens it. Marriage, as we understand it in our society, is about children, having children, raising them, providing for the survival of the species. The idea that you can treat a gay relationship in precisely the same way as you do a marriage as we understand it is not a view that I support and I certainly would not be initiating any moves to change the law to that effect.

- John Howard, last week

Figure 3

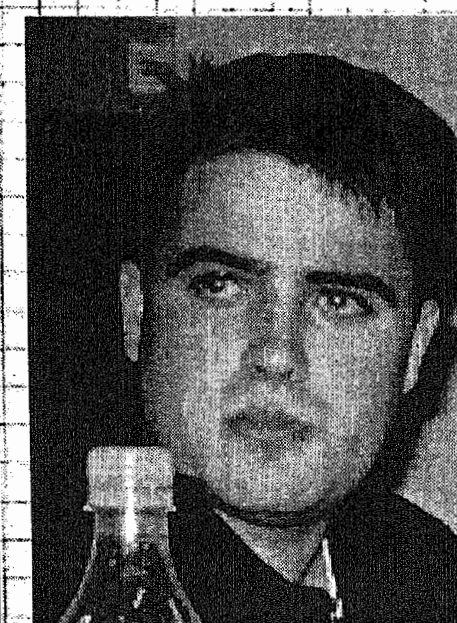


Figure 4

Wanna get close to the **ACTION?**
 Why not come to SAUA Council yourself?
 Join us at 5pm on Wednesday August 20, in one of the Union's meeting rooms. Just follow the hacks from the SAUA office. All Adelaide Uni students welcome!

elections

preliminary notice of 2003

annual student elections

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE AND THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

Election week for the 2003 Annual SAUA and AUU Elections shall be:

Monday, 1st September until Friday, 5th September 2003.

AUU nominations open: 9.00am, Monday 11th August 2003.

SAUA nominations open: 9.00am, Thursday 7th August, 2003.

All nominations close: 4.00pm, Friday 15th August 2003.

NOMINATION FORMS SHALL BE AVAILABLE FROM AND LODGED WITH:

- Students' Association Office, Level 2, Lady Symon Building, Union Complex, North Terrace Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)
- Union Information Office, Level 2, Lady Symon Building, Union Complex, North Terrace Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)
- RACSUC Office, Union Building, Roseworthy Campus (8.30 am - 3.00 pm)
- WISA Office, Waite Campus (9.00 am - 3.30 pm)

Please Note: Nominations close at RACSUC and WISA offices at close of business, Thursday 14th August.

Nominations from Roseworthy & Waite Campuses can be forwarded to North Terrace until 4pm, Friday 15th August.

ABOUT NOMINATIONS

Nomination forms shall be available from the opening of nominations at the above locations. Completed nomination forms (including 200 word policy statement and photograph (if desired) for SAUA paid positions, Union Board and Union Activities, and a 100 word policy statement and photograph (if desired) for all other positions) shall be lodged at the above locations by the close of nominations. Upon lodging a nomination form a receipt shall be issued, and candidates shall receive:- SAUA ... a general guide for the conduct of the election and the SAUA Election Regulations; AUU ... a general guide for the conduct of the election and the Union's Election Regulations.

Students who cannot get to the above locations during those hours may receive and/or lodge their nomination form by contacting the Students' Association office by telephone on (08) 8303 5406 or by post (mail to The Returning Officer, Students' Association, University of Adelaide, 5005) or by contacting the Union Information Office by telephone on (08) 8303 5401 or by post (mail to The Returning Officer, Adelaide University Union, University of Adelaide, 5005). Nomination forms by post MUST BE RECEIVED by the respective offices by close of nomination.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE FOR ELECTION:

GENERAL MEMBER OF UNION BOARD (18 positions) Union board is the governing body of the Union. Board is directly responsible for the Union Complex. The Union also provides funding for affiliate bodies of the organisation. The Board meets monthly and has various sub-committees in which Board members are expected to participate. Any members wishing to stand for this position must be over 18.

GENERAL MEMBER OF UNION ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE (5 positions) The Union Activities Committee is responsible for organising Union activities for students. The Committee meets monthly and members are expected to help in creating Union activities projects.

SAUA PRESIDENT (1 position, paid, full time) Responsible for the overall co-ordination of SAUA's activities, chief spokesperson for the SAUA and Chair of SAUA Council.

SAUA EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT (1 position, paid, half time) Chief student advocate in academic matters and assists students who are having problems with the University's academic procedure.

SAUA ACTIVITIES/CAMPAIGNS VICE-PRESIDENT (1 position, paid, half time) Co-ordinator and facilitator of SAUA's activities for students and campaigns to promote student interests during the year.

SAUA WOMEN'S OFFICER (1 position, paid, half time, candidates must be female) Responsible for promoting a positive role for women within the University and the community at large, an advocate for women's interests, co-ordinator of women's action on campus and assists student with problems such as sexual harassment and discrimination.

SAUA ENVIRONMENT OFFICER (1 position, paid, quarter time) Responsible for co-ordinating SAUA and student projects designed to promote, protect and/or regenerate a sustainable environment in Adelaide, Australia and/or the world.

SAUA SEXUALITY OFFICERS (2 positions (1 female, 1 male), paid, each position quarter time,) Responsible for creating awareness of sexuality issues, and to act as a referral service to assist students in locating appropriate organisations, persons & social groups.

SAUA ORIENTATION CO-ORDINATOR (1 position, paid, requires a great deal of time in summer holidays, position until mid-March 2004) Responsible for SAUA's 2004 Orientation Programme which includes O'Week, O'Camps, O'Ball and O'Gulde.

ON DIT EDITOR(S) (1 position, paid, requires many weekends during 2004, up to three students may nominate together to be joint editors) Responsible for the publication of SAUA's student newspaper which is published most weeks during academic term. It is highly desirable that the successful candidate(s) have some knowledge of producing a student newspaper (if you are considering nominating please find out what is involved).

STUDENT RADIO DIRECTOR(S) (1 position, paid, up to two students may nominate to be joint-directors) Responsible for the co-ordination of the Student Radio programs on SUV, the co-ordination and training of students involved in producing programs. It is highly desirable that the successful candidate(s) have knowledge of producing radio programs.

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA COUNCIL (8 positions, meets fortnightly) The group responsible for determining SAUA policy and the watchdog of SAUA Office Bearers. Members are expected to contribute to the activities of SAUA.

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA EDUCATION/SERVICES STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions)

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA ACTIVITIES STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions)

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA WOMEN'S STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions)

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA ENVIRONMENT STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions)

GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA SEXUALITY STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions: 3 female, 3 male)

Standing Committees meet monthly, or more often if a special need arises, and are charged with the responsibility of developing action in the respective fields in co-operation with the responsible SAUA office bearer. Members are expected to contribute towards these activities.

NUS DELEGATES (5 positions) The National Union of Students is the body that is charged with the responsibility of representing student interests. Delegates are expected to attend State and National conferences of NUS and contribute to the development of policy and action at a State and National Level.

NOMINATIONS RECEIVED AFTER THE CLOSE OF NOMINATIONS SHALL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

Only students of the University of Adelaide may nominate. A student may only nominate for one paid position.

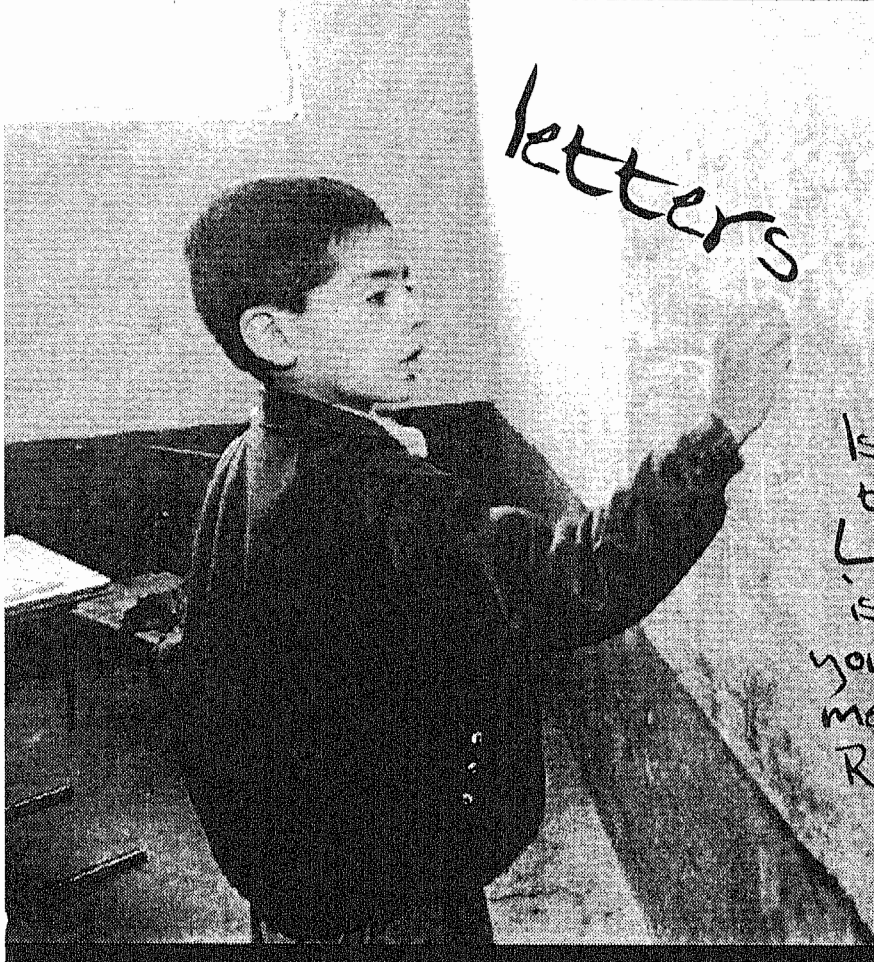
For time and place of voting, please see the forthcoming notice that details polling places.

For further information, contact the respective office bearer, Sarah Hanson-Young - SAUA President,

Natalie Teakle - Executive Assistant.

Telephone (08) 8303 5406 / (08) 8303 5401





This week's winner is David. Please come down to the *On Dit* office to claim your prize, courtesy of the London Tavern. You can fight it out amongst yourselves.

Is your name David (or any variation on the name David)? Well, writing to the Letters to the Editor page of *On Dit* is the obvious (and popular) way to vent your frustrations, and compete for a free meal. Send letters to ondit@adelaide.edu.au. Really the law of probabilities has decided for you anyway.

Mass extermination of Westerners?

Dear Editors,

I'm concerned, as many of you would be, of the rise of Al-Quada and other "terrorist" groups within Muslim nations. This phenomenon needs a balanced and selective assessment before we can slap a right-wing blanket definition on these groups as Ariel Sharon and Bush and Howard would immediately leap to. Firstly Al-Quada is foremostly funded by private individuals and "aid groups" as a front in Saudi Arabia, the richest and most conservative of all Islamic countries. The irony is that the US (and Australia) goes to war against Iraq, where it is allied to the corrupt monarchy in Saudi Arabia, the home of Wahabism, the most fundamentalist of all Islamic sects and a recruiting ground for Al-Quada. Iraq in comparison was a brutal dictatorship, but it at least was a non-sectarian government.

The truth is that democracy in any semblance is unsurprisingly and sadly lacking in most if not all countries where Islam is the majority religion. This was largely at the connivance of Western governments like Britain in the breakup of their empires in the post WWII world. Dictatorships followed the independence movements (autoocracy was and is supported by Western governments) and ethnic/religious conflicts followed the artificial divisions set by Western governments in their colonial rule, or when they left. Due to the the lack of Western support for democratic movements in many of these countries groaning under corrupt or brutal dicatatorships, when revolutions occurred, extremist sectarian groups quickly got the upper hand while democracy quickly faded out or was suppressed.

Despite the wealth of a very few countries bordering the Persian Gulf

hundreds of millions of Muslims are very poor, even by developing world standards. Where there is abject poverty there will not occur any cohesive ability for the society to raise its standard of living and so improve its level of literacy and knowledge. We, in the wealthy democratic west, have largely ignored the plight of these millions of poverty stricken Muslims. Worse, we've started to actively imitate Israel and wage war against them, (and imprison them in this country where they are unlucky enough to arrive "illegally").

While our governments continue to stake such a punitive and misguided stand against these millions of Muslims, there's Buckley's chance that true representative democracy will emerge out of the majority of these countries. Terrorist groups (or freedom fighters depending on your world view and country in question), will continue to flourish and the numbers of them multiply without democracy, to "bring the radicals into line and justice, in the nations that originated them. If this awful trend continues into the foreseeable future these terrorist groups will improve their scope and efficiencies in their goal to mass-exterminate Westerners. Do we really want such a future for ourselves and our fellow Muslims? It's not yet too late to try to reverse this unhappy trend set over the last 100 years.

Yours Sincerely,
David

The Vietnamization of Iraq

Dear Editors,

What we're witnessing is the Vietnamization of Iraq. Like Vietnam c. 1960's and 1970's with the communist domino theory, the WMD is an excuse for the US and it's compliant allies

(Australia, UK) to exercise imperial power for a vaguely defined threat, (global terrorism exercised by Islamic extremist groups like Al-Queda). People with some intellect have already guessed that the WMD excuse is a red herring, ie if the WMD owned by Saddam Hussain were ubiquitous then some would have surely been found by now. The answer is that it seems the UN lead WMD disarmament of Iraq worked without resorting to war. In the minds of Bush, Howard and their advisers I see it as another cold war repeat except that the "enemy" aren't communists but Muslims. The result will sadly be, at best, a repeat of the Vietnam war where people in the third world will again be the sacrificial victims of this insane policy.

Yours Sincerely,

David Swaby

Oh dear, more bombs!

Dear Editors,

The devastating attack on the 35 storey Marriott Hotel, in central Jakarta, predictable and predicted, is only the most recent in a series of such attacks, destined to continue indefinitely, until sanity can be restored - if that isn't an impossible and wayward dream in the present extraordinary circumstances.

Let's not delude ourselves. This latest atrocity was on the cards and similar atrocities will remain on the cards.

There was a chance less than two years ago for those in power to do some serious and constructive thinking, or at least listen to sensible advice from others capable of giving it, and arrive at just and agreed solutions to some of the ailments afflicting a troubled world. It was a pity it was blown so histrionically.

Dave Diss



Thursdays 7pm - 2am!

All Night Drink Specials

\$3.00 Base Spirits

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

\$3.00 Champagne

\$1.80 Schooners

\$2.00 Southwark Pales

\$3.50 Tequila Shots

\$3.00 Cowboy Shots

\$4.50 Fusions

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Give me Mono!

Radio is a consistent companion of mine. If I'm reading, writing an essay or taking a shower I'm tuned in at the same time. Radio provides background noise, news, weather, music, a feeling of connectedness and occasionally even entertainment. The trick to being an avid radio listener is to not actually listen to the radio, but let it fade into the background. If anything interesting or relevant comes on, you'll unconsciously start listening and remain informed and amused, even when performing the dullest tasks.

There is a confession I should make at this point, and that is that I am not averse to scouring the nether regions of the AM dial in search of listening enjoyment. Until I reached the age of 14 I barely switched that AM/FM selector on my clock radio, preferring to leave it locked on SAFM (back in the days when SAFM still was still rocking Adelaide and dispatching Black Thunders with piping hot Balfours pies and pasties and icy cold cans of Coke - before that bizarre summer of '93 when it completely switched personalities and playlists with TripleM). When I did finally flip that switch I found myself tuned into 1395 AM, and things had changed forever.

For those who are not fanatics of sport or borderline right-wing normalist opinions, 1395 is home to 5aa, Adelaide's home of football, Bob Francis and moral outrage. It is at once a complaints department and generator of public furore. If you are astounded at your electricity bill, give Leon Byner a call - he'll pass you on to the relevant ombudsman. If you are furious at the injustice of the AFL's MCG finals draw fiasco, then KG and Cornsey on the sports show will be more than happy to field your concerns. And if you are concerned about the aliens that are controlling your brain via microchips implanted in your shoes, then Bob Francis' open line talk back is the one to call - if you're lucky he might even call you a 'wanko'.

When the 5aa gang aren't enabling someone to let off some steam, they

are boiling the kettle with controversial interviews, opinionated rants and infuriatingly annoying commercials. It's fantastic stuff. The best and most reassuring thing is that in every city in Australia, and possibly the world, there is an equivalent of 5AA, and they never fail to rate highly or find public support. In Sydney there is Alan Jones's 2GB, 3AW in Melbourne with Rex Hunt, 6PR in Perth and so on. It is also noteworthy that most of the most gung-ho shock-jocks out there started out as rock and roll DJs in the '60s playing the latest hits

and contributing to counter culture: John Laws, Bob Francis, Leon Byner and so on. The logical extension of this is that when we are all ready to ring up talk-back, we'll be venting our spleens to Michael Tunn, Myf Warhurst or Jars.

AM radio has many other delights to be savoured. Until late 2001 Student Radio made its home there at the bottom of the AM dial at 531 which is now home to Radio Italia. Up the line a bit at 729 you can face a veritable barrage of news, information and current affairs

on the ABC's Newsradio service; a good source of information overload for people who like to know what's happening in the world every fifteen minutes. 891 belongs to ABC local radio which is the place to find Tony Delroy's entertaining and hotly contested quiz weekdays at midnight. Radio 5DN at 1323 has suffered a bit of an identity crisis of late, but presents a hearty mix of classic hits and music from the '60s, which is handy now that Mix102 FM seems to be concentrating exclusively on boy bands and ballads. In between these stations there are more joys to be found for those brave enough to scan around for it.

AM radio is rarely high art or invigorating entertainment, but if you're not afraid to flick the band selection switch now and then you can get a chuckle, be informed and get a much broader outlook on the community than you might if you are eternally tuned to FM stereo.

Steven Robert

Other Ideas...

Over the past few months I have endured the dilemma of trying to identify the radio station best suited to perform the function of clock radio alarm. Wil Anderson laughing hysterically at himself tends to reinforce my suspicion that "early to bed, early to rise" makes a comedian suck. SAFM inspired the fastest and most precise movement of my person from rest to snooze button in under a second. I set the alarm for 7.30 one morning on 3D, only to find that I couldn't be fucked waking up til 11. Waking to Triple M seemed to result in a strong craving for glass of Tang for breakfast, and a desire to embark on some jazzercise. I don't really know happened with Kev and Jana, for a few seconds I thought I was staying at the Hotel California - I'm glad I had a bucket next to the bed. The foreign language stations provided a myriad of backpacking flashbacks, the only trouble being that after a few seconds I came to the crushing realisation that I was still in Adelaide, ABC Classic FM resulted in all my dreams ending in funeral scenes. So it's AM for me in the morning from now on, except of course for the Cordeaux Show, I tried it once and I can't afford to keep replacing smashed clock radios.

Simon "come see the Law Revue September 17,18,19 in the Little Theatre" Davey.

I only listen to the radio in the car, and that's because I haven't got a tape or a CD player. I tend to find that most of the presenters on radio are pretty dull and irritating people who I wouldn't talk to face to face when I could manage get my own two cents' worth in, so when I'm forced to listen to only them without getting a chance to make them shut up I don't really enjoy it much. I associate AM radio with KG and Cornsey, who are probably two of the most ill informed, inward looking fools you'd ever have the pleasure of listening to, so I generally give it a wide berth. Student radio, also, is a great big steaming pile of turd. If you're not interesting and your CDs are a bit left of field but nonetheless shithouse you qualify beautifully for a slot on Student Radio. I constantly marvel at the fact that in spite of the sad truth that most people's voices sound pretty fucking average on tape these irritating little bastards keep putting their hand up year after year.

Bruce Pantaloons

Working in retail for nigh on four years means I've absorbed hundreds, if not thousands, of hours of radio broadcasts. First the tuner was set to 5AD (now Mix 102.3), but its sappy schmaltz drove even the most middle-of-the-road employees mad. SAFM's inane wittering and crass commercialism was eventually tired of, before Triple M's blokey banter and footy commentary seduced my 35-year-old male manager, and 104.7 is currently where the dial rests. Much as I have ranted to others about how irritating each of these stations is in their own way, background radio is probably the best way to soak up amazing amounts of often banal information about the community in which you live. I actually feel like I've gained quite an education from listening to radio I don't 'enjoy' as such. It also teaches you what's good radio and what's BAD radio, in terms of production and presentation. Anyone planning a foray into community radio would do well to gorge at the smorgasbord of Adelaide radio first. AM-wise, I generally avoid it, although travelling through rural Victoria last holidays gave me my first taste of John Laws, live to air, "keeping Australia Australian" to a bugle backing. Dear lord.

Gemma Clark

Radio has been a great companion of mine for many a year now. For a long time I've enjoyed being responsible for what I listen to, and if you have any kind of social conscience, or deep interest in music it is well worth shopping around for some decent radio frequencies. Sure, I might get a little too overjoyed by finding some 2am Tuesday morning programming of experimental ambient noise, but it's great to find those little radio gems that give you a taste of something you're rarely exposed to, or didn't have prior knowledge of. It quite obvious that many people are lazy, they get started listening to whatever their parents or older siblings listen to and never shift the dial, but that just kills me. There's such a world of music out there that none of us will ever get to touch the surface of, I'm at least going to try and radio is a great place to start.

Sara King

NEXT WEEK : Has marketing gone too far?

Send your 150 words' worth to
ondit@adelaide.edu.au

THE DEATH OF CAMPUS CULTURE?

Think back to before you came to university. What was it about coming here that was exciting? Was it the idea of sitting in lecture theatres of 400 people, the prospect of tutorials and seminars as a replacement for classroom lessons, or perhaps the amazing range of subjects to choose from? Without meaning to sound presumptuous, I expect that the allure of commencing your university career was not related to the curricular side of things. In fact, the real appeal of university life probably lay in the extra-curricular activities, that is, not so much what you would study, but what you would get to do when you weren't studying. What you were really looking forward to was the "campus culture".

But what do these words mean? For some people campus culture means getting involved in a club, for others a sporting team, for some it is regularly attending pub-crawls, whilst for others it is participating in a National Day of Action or a political campaign. In my humble experience, campus culture is all of these things and then some. In an abstract sense it is the campus vibe, that certain something that makes uni more than just an academic experience. Campus culture is what makes you skip a tute for no reason other than the company is good and the couch is comfy, or spend that extra three hours in the Unibar when your assignment is due and your books have still not been opened. Beyond that though, it is the sense of pride one gets from belonging to something big. It's the reason people who finished studying here 30 years ago, still reminisce about the time they spent at uni and do things like donate money to the library and stay involved in the Theatre Guild.

There are some people, however, who allege that campus culture is dying. People, particularly from our parents' generation, hark back to the glory days of the '70s and early '80s, when universities were hotbeds of political activism, instigators of social change and proponents of critical thought. Education was largely free, income support was generous and life was good. In contrast, over the course of the last two decades we have seen great change in the way universities are run and courses are taught. As dollars are made to push further and further, campus culture is being squeezed out. Students, for the most part, attend their classes, and go home, or go to work. If they are not so lucky, they skip classes, to work, to pay for their textbooks. So while we live in very different times to the dynamic days of the '70s, there is little doubt that campus culture has been gradually fading out over the past decade.

But why? Surely, you might suggest, a university is a university no matter what the era, or the political state of affairs. Perhaps. But when we look at the facts, a number of things become obvious. Students are working more and incidentally have less time to spend on campus. The attitudes we have to study

are changing. The internet is being used more and more as an alternative to traditional teaching methods. Many students who need Youth Allowance don't qualify for it.

You may think these are tenuous links, but consider what all of these factors together amount to. Today's university student in the vast majority of cases must work over 15 hours per week to support themselves whilst studying¹, does not qualify for youth allowance², will have a large HECS debt at the end of their university career and with the internet, may ultimately be able to get a degree, without ever setting foot on a campus. Hardly an ideal set of circumstances under which campus culture is going to thrive. Universities, before our eyes, are becoming "degree factories".

At the most basic level, this is problematic. The very act of being on campus exposes us to culture. You are exposed to multicultural environments and meet people from different social backgrounds, a diversity of sexualities and with broad ranging political beliefs. University is a melting pot of new experiences, and if you don't spend time on campus, they are experiences that you will not have. We are therefore at risk of thinking that the world is full of people relatively like ourselves, when this is actually far from being the case. Immersion in the diversity of experiences to be found on campus breeds understanding and acceptance - not just people ready to work, but people equipped with the social skills, ideas and experience to contribute meaningfully to society. This leads us to the idea that uni is not just a springboard into a job, but a springboard into life, society and an increasingly globalised world.

As campus culture flounders, we are also faced with the problem of losing the sense of community that many students rely on for their survival when they get here. For rural, interstate and international students for example, starting uni is a particularly daunting experience. Faced with a completely new set of surroundings and circumstances, the campus settings that facilitate new friendships and familiarity with the mechanisms of the university, are essential for making these students comfortable in the university environment. For this reason, attacks on student unionism by Liberal governments are particularly concerning. Student unions provide the sort of services and structures that are not only essential for a vibrant campus life (eg. the Students' Clubs and Sports Associations) but also to provide assistance for those who find adjusting to university life more difficult than others. Student unions are therefore an integral part of campus life and campus culture.

So while it is probably unfair to compare the vibrant campus culture of yesteryear to the current state of affairs, whether we like it or not, universities have changed and continue to change.

Today's students want jobs so we get an education no matter how substandard it may be. Then we get a job, we buy a house, we invest, and we retire. The problem with that equation is that there is no room for ideas, critical thought or vision. Most of us are more concerned with whether we actually get work at the end of our course which will allow us to pay off a spiralling HECS debt and maybe eventually buy a house, than with how we can contribute to society and make the world a better place. The fact that society has changed over the past few decades and that the problems and pressures students face are increasingly serious means that to a point we are defenceless against the university machine that chews us up and spits us out with a piece of paper in hand at the end of our time here. Many of us simply don't have the time or energy to fight the transformation of our universities from 'Institutions of Learning' to Degree Factories devoid of culture or community. Or perhaps more alarmingly, students simply don't care anymore because they have bigger things to worry about?

But does this really mean that campus culture is going to die? Although I hope that the answer to that question is "no", we do need to work to help develop the campus culture that we have now into something that will complement our learning and inspire a new generation of people who are innovators and thinkers. We are not here simply to tick off the check-boxes on a course planner, we are here to experience all that university life can offer. This means taking an interest in what is going on campus, developing our own opinions and ideas, and actually participating in the many aspects of campus life. It also means recognising that as a group we have the power to fight the current attacks on higher education, that we can lobby for a realistic and fair Youth Allowance, that class sizes can be reduced and that we should expect a good quality education. External pressure is killing our campus culture, and students are the only ones who can change that. Campus culture isn't dead yet, we just need to take it off the life support machine.

Adelle Neary
SAUA Activities/Campaigns
Vice-President

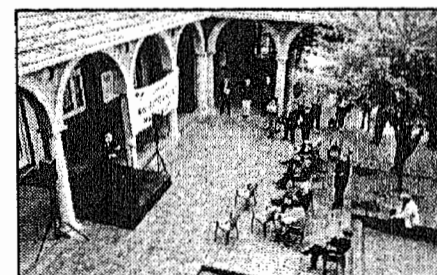
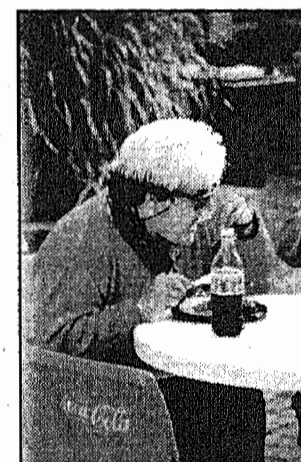
Special thanks to Naomi Vaughan for her assistance with this article

¹ SAUA Student Finances Report to Academic Board, June 2003.

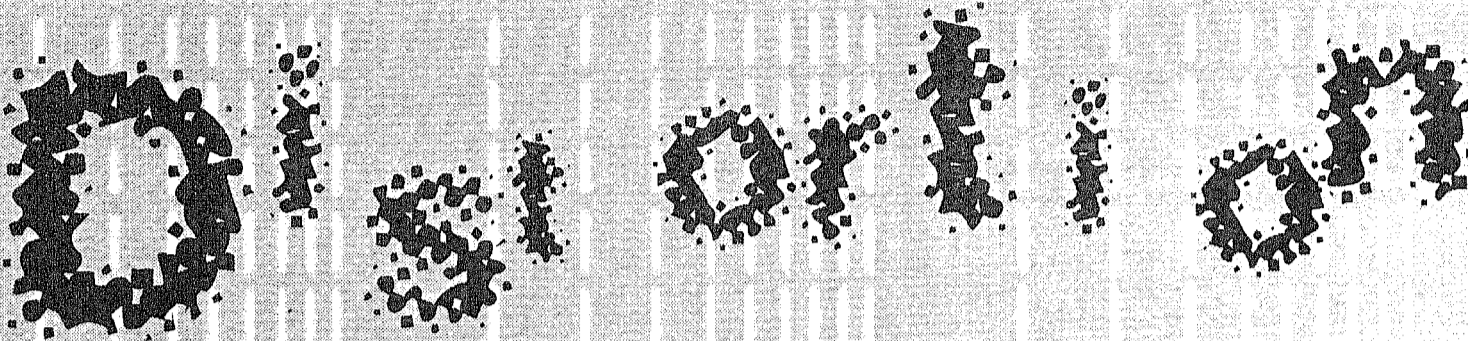
² It is estimated that only 4 in 10 students receive government assistance of some description whilst at University.

RIGHT, FROM TOP:
Campus culture, circa 2001-2002. Clubbing madness; yet another boat race; catering meets corporatisation; crowds gather to hear Natasha speak; off-the-shoulder/fat belted/pointy toed ensembles.

CULTURE, C.
Died somewhere around mid-1990s. Survived by barbecues, vending machines and widespread apathy.



Weapons of Media



Leaving the City of Sin

Two hours northeast of Las Vegas on the Dirty Dog (a.k.a. Greyhound), a humorous anecdote in France can French Kiss my ASS', was plastered on the rear windscreen of a dusty vehicle. Being 28 April 2003 the frustration of the US against France had not subsided over their use of veto power for military action against Iraq at the UN Security Council. However, behind every joke there is some truth and this humorous anecdote bore a frightening truth of the US Government and citizens' misunderstanding of global affairs.

A Living Experience

Leaving the cocoon that is Adelaide in mid-December to arrive in Montana, USA, provided many experiences (I departed mid-May). The use of 'cocoon' refers to our lack of coverage in the wider world; consider *The Advertiser*, where Delta Goodrem can take the front page for having cancer, yet Robert Mugabe continues his human rights atrocities unpublished.

I was located in a ski resort with only eight other Australians, which afforded me the opportunity to roommate with an American. He was from Wisconsin, some 2000km from Montana where he studied and was part of the National Guard (similar to Army Reserves). Having an interest in politics myself, our conversations often delved into the ensuing Iraq situation.

My most memorable experience of him was in February when Bush was making a television speech, where he abused him and almost threw the television through the wall. I thought, how could he possibly go to war, when your heart and beliefs are not for the war - as he would be fighting Bush's war, not his own.

When I jokingly asked him if he considered withdrawing from the National Guard, he promptly said, "Hell no. I would disgrace myself, my family and be humiliated by my immediate peers in the National Guard. It's not worth it." It must also be noted that his brother, his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather had all served in the American military; a living example of military duty being part of the average American's life.

In reflection, within one week I had gone from being 'cocooned' in Adelaide to living and conversing with an individual who eventually departed for war, providing one of my most enriching life experiences.

Media Influence

Sadly I see many parallels between Nazi propaganda, and the current US media (and yes, Australia is heading in the same direction). US Media is grossly selective as to the content presented, and is often pro-Bush/pro-America. An article or picture such as those refugees on the Tampa being treated worse than animals in Australia (remember, the large picture in *The Australian*) would never be published, as it is a conflict of interest.

The greatest American media conspiracy (probably directed by Bush) in covering the war was the change of objectives from 'War on Terror' or 'Operation WMDs', to the successful media adoption of 'Operation Iraqi Freedom'. Idiot Bush could not *gibt eine sheit* about the welfare of the Iraqis (just look at the existing poverty in the US as proof).

The war in Iraq saw three news channels provide 24/7 coverage. The most disturbing media presentation I saw was on Fox News on Day 3 (March 22, 2003) of the war against Iraq. The two presenters sat over a table, with a large map of Iraq, coupled with toy tanks and toy soldiers. As the two presenters were conversing, one of them had restrained jubilation on his face, seemingly enjoying his country's invasion and the ensuing casualties.

The similarities in this particular presenter's conduct were similar to those on NFL Sunday - a spirited affair, where, regardless, the US will always win. But sadly war is a different situation: it is different to a game like NFL, as people die, demonstrated by the 6000 Iraqi civilians who have died since this war began in mid-March (professional estimates have confirmed 4000 as a minimum, and 7500 as a maximum, at present).

This media attitude left me with a disgusting feeling in my stomach, as it descended on me that I was now living and contributing to an economy that did not (and probably will not) care for the world beyond US borders. I have seen people shot, holocaust footage, and other human rights violations on television, but this single incident stands as the worst segment I have seen, due to this presenter's obvious pleasure in his country's violation of United Nations Law, invasion of another country, and little care for the innocent lives affected by Bush's treason activities. Interestingly, I took joy when this same presenter was humbled and nearly broke-down on air when he had to report on the deaths of eight US Marines.

The greatest single aspect that annoys me about US Foreign Policy is they are always pointing the finger, saying what other people/countries do is wrong and must be stopped. To me, this is like a rapist calling a murderer a bad person. But the rapist (USA) cannot accuse, as their reputation is tarnished, such as the

150,000 civilian deaths in Central and South America in three incidents over the past 25 years, usually to overthrow DEMOCRATICALLY elected leaders as they do not share US interests (from *Bowling for Columbine*).

Future Cross Media Laws in Australia

Australia is heading in the same direction as America in regards to a censored media. This issue was predominantly brought to my attention by Margo Kingston's (journalist for Fairfax) presentation at Adelaide's recent Festival of Ideas. Her key points were that these cross-media laws will more than likely be introduced into Australia in two months' time, and will virtually render Australia a non-democracy. This is due to the sons of Murdoch and Packer having multiple joint business interests, an existing agreement to not publish anything defamatory about one another, and Murdoch's desire to get a foothold into Australian television. Murdoch openly acknowledged that he supported the war in Iraq (as it sells newspapers), and demanded a pro-US slant in most stories, hence the reason we read about the 150-odd dead American soldiers, but not the 6000 dead Iraqi civilians.

Kingston's bottom line is to be scared, be very, very scared. As the open media we have enjoyed for so long will cease, one only has to look at how the ABC is being raped to see where the current Australian government's interest lies - in a less knowledgeable and uninformed society, where the government can get away with more, similar to the United States. Telecommunications Minister Richard Alston says Australia will have a greater media, regardless of fewer media participants due to these laws. Richard, competition is what brings out the best in people and organisations. The existing oligopoly/ensuing monopoly will allow Murdoch and Packer to exploit their market dominance. A country requires multiple media organisations so everyone is accountable in society.

Thoughts from Ground Zero

Watching the ants follow orders from the queen to prepare Ground Zero for future construction was an unexciting activity. My mind wandered to take in the realm of such an event, as we have all seen 'that' footage on multiple occasions, and to consider what has

happened in the 20 months since the World Trade Centre collapsed.

A half-arsed effort in Afghanistan has occurred where the streets of Kabul today are ruled by the gun. Interestingly Bush made a gamble on turning a blind eye to the largest opium producing drug lord on earth in return for information that could lead to the capture of Usama bin Laden (it is spelt Usama, it is media influence that has seen it changed to Osama). The opium produced by this drug lord kills 10,000 people in Eastern Europe annually (from *Four Corners*, ABC), not to mention the further friends, family, and social systems that are severely impacted upon.

Since Afghanistan, military conflict has moved to Iraq. The case for the 'War on Terror' was due to the 3000 people who died at the hands of 'terrorists' in the World Trade Centre. The 'Coalition of the Willing' has killed 6,000 Iraqi civilians, we hope unintentionally. Society is unaware of this statistic, due to the media's selective coverage of only Allied forces deaths. Most mornings the news is the same, another US soldier killed by a rocket-propelled grenade, but we do not hear about the (on average) 40-50 Iraqi civilians dying per day. This has as much to do with selective media as it does with the Western world's misunderstanding of other cultures.

All Hail Moore!

This issue of different cultures has been best highlighted by Michael Moore in his recent film *Bowling for Columbine*, where he presents the American media's love affair with promotion of fear against black people. He identified the television show *COPS*, in which white audiences enjoy watching black people run

away from white police officers. The American media is increasingly promoting crimes committed by black people, despite crimes committed by black people being in decline. Last year, a ferry sank on the west coast of Africa (near Sierra Leone and Senegal) - 900 people died, but only managed page five of *The Advertiser*, as our society presumably would not care, as the people who died were different from us.

Catching a bus through Inglewood (the worst suburb in LA) to the centre of LA was an interesting experience, as I was the only white person on the full bus for the entire return journey. I frequently asked for assistance with directions, and always received courteous help. This represents a conflict to our prejudice in society, as the only bad people I met were white.

Australia's Response

What has been Australia's response to everything the US does? For the most part the same. We don't care about Kyoto, we lied to everyone on earth about those 'WMDs', vigorously want that free trade agreement with the US, and want our media just like it is in the US - fucked up, biased and undemocratic. But I have a belief that all this has only happened due to Australian society's apparent Ostrich Syndrome. When we don't want to know about something, or it is too difficult, we virtually put our head in the sand so we can ignore it and hope it goes away (the Opposition could also throw some punches). My greatest nightmare is seeing Australia continually follow the US way of life - it is bad, inequitable, and is pissing off the rest of the world. Here is a list of what our current Government has got away with - get angry:

- Invasion of Iraq on a bullshit lie
- 1 Undermining power of the United Nations
- Heightened security due to our alliance with US
- 2 Policy

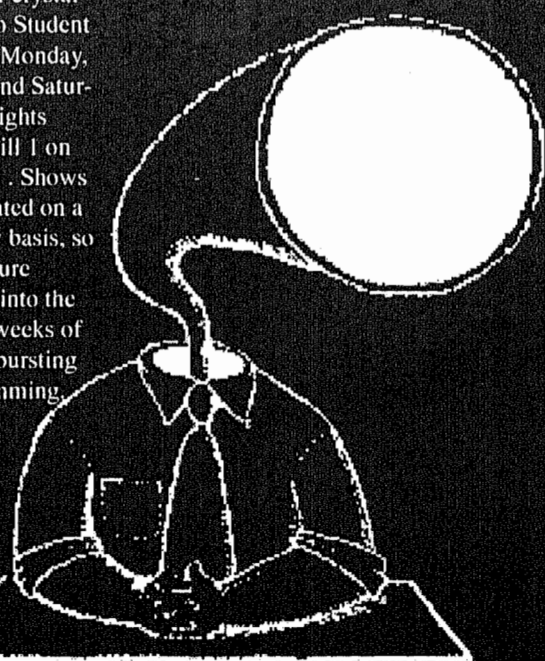
- 3 Violation of United Nations Human Rights Convention (to Refugees)
- 4 Violation of United Nations Rights of the Child Convention (to Child Refugees)
- 5 Violation of United Nations Refugee Convention
- 6 Kyoto Protocol (seemingly Bush and Howard's possible grand-children won't be living on earth to suffer from our impact today)
- 7 Cross-Media Laws
- 8 Alexander Downer's failure to provide David Hicks with contact to parents, legal aid, and trial in his own country
- 9 Higher education is at the Crossroads
- 10 Winning the previous election on a lie (In the words of Radiohead - 'Hail to the Thief' -ditto to Bush)
- 11 What a wonderful world! Don't put your head in the sand, you have been gifted with voice and actions, use them!

Andrew Clark

PS: I welcome any correspondence to bush_is_a_numbskull@hotmail.com

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Pirates of the Airwaves w/ Blake + Victor	11 til 12
It's Not Dead Air It's a Dramatic Pause	12 til 1

SATURDAY ~ August 16

London Loves Whippini Piccadilly	9 til 10
Working Title w/ Dan + Emma	10 til 11
Secret Track Special!!!	
Roots Records	11 til 12
Stefan Jazz	12 til 1

MONDAY ~ August 18

Saturday Night Roller Disco	9 til 10
Three Chords	10 til 11
Punk Around	11 til 12
Heavy As A Really Heavy Thing	12 til 1

TOO RIGHT

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

Pity the UN, for it is not powerful enough even to be hated. While other global bodies are widely reviled, the UN has become little more than a joke... Ignored and undermined, its treaties unratified, its fees unpaid, the sometime saviour of the world has sunk toward irrelevance.

George Monbiot, 2000

Monbiot is rarely right. He's made a career out of it. A Euro-centric agitator for a global parliament and the concerns of the far Left, the man has exasperated governments from Luanda to London with demands that they recognise the UN as a beacon of enlightened progressivism for all the world.

But he's right this time. The UN's got problems. Faced with disarming Hussein, and delivering human rights to Iraq, the institution stood irresolute, determined only to further its credentials in incompetence and continue its inexorable decline toward irrelevance. In so doing, the UN finally captured the attention of the world community as to its failure to meet the moral and legal axioms of its initial creation.

The rot had begun well before Iraq. When the USSR appropriated most of Eastern Europe, the North Vietnamese invaded South Vietnam, the USSR invaded Afghanistan ('83), and both the USSR and the United States tried their hands at regime engineering in South America and Africa, the world body was content with idle inaction. To be fair, the ideological rivals had racked up inimical voting blocks in the chamber, which were happily mustered to extinguish any real peacemaking efforts.

But the path to irrelevance was forged after the fall of the USSR. Released from the cold war paralysis

the UN tried to ameliorate past failure by deploying peace missions to war-torn Angola, Somalia, Cambodia, Bosnia, Mozambique, Georgia, and elsewhere. The missions were utterly ruinous for the organisation, and frequently catalysed tragedies, which traumatised news teams first hand, and later, the world through CNN.

For example, the 1994 massacre of 800,000 Rwandans at the hands of Hutu and Tutsi warlords occurred just days after the UN withdrew from an aid mission to the region. We watched it at six o'clock. Whilst on the other side of the world in the former Yugoslavia the UN Safe Haven of Srebrenica was abandoned in 1995 to Serb forces without a shot being fired, resulting in the massacre of 7,500 Muslim men and boys. The UN commanders pulled out because their troops were no longer safe, and had been given restrictive rules of engagement. We found this out later, of course, at seven on the ABC.

Yet the ideal of the UN is still powerful. In the law libraries of the world its covenants define what it is to be civilised and offer hope to the world's impoverished and oppressed, showing that the quality of the conduct offered by their governments is unacceptable. Indeed, the UN is seen as the natural repository for abused and unexercised rights.

The UN has of course not been prepared to protect these abused rights. How can any one take seriously an institution that has failed so miserably to uphold its charters? Further, how can anybody take seriously an institution charged with the preservation of the dignity and worth of all, whose Human Rights Committee is currently Chaired by Colonel Gaddafi's Libya, and whose disarmament committee was recently headed by Hussein's Iraq?

The past and continuing inability of the UN to enforce human rights doctrine

where it matters, for example, in Iraq, North Korea, Iran and Zimbabwe, has acted to dissolve the legitimacy of the organization quicker than any dictator ever hoped: for it is the promise of rights, and the failure to provide them that constitutes the most severe betrayal of some of the world's most vulnerable people. If such an institution consistently fails to deliver on the very axioms of its creation, there can be little doubt it is precariously close to irrelevance.

However, the UN is not entirely responsible for its own demise. Member states have continually failed to pay their contributions to the world body and the UN budget biscuit-tin is empty. Crippled to the tune of \$US 3 billion, the international peace project is near bankruptcy. Whilst the UN's failings flow principally from a unique cocktail of multilateral incompetence, the debts have further limited the UN's capability to pursue the mandate of its charters.

The fiscal impasse aside, it's time for reform. There was a day when the UN was, at the very least, respected, if not always obeyed. Such respect was cultivated through a number of successful humanitarian projects.

It will be remembered that the World Health Organisation eradicated polio from the western world and led an effective global assault in smallpox. In lesser known achievements, the UN integrated the world meteorological and postal services, convinced the US and Russia to put satellite telecommunication services to non-military uses, sponsored crop research in South America and Africa and continues to this day to feed the worlds starving. These are noble endeavours.

The UN needs to streamline its operations and re-deploy resources to the humanitarian and aid functions of its charter. Concurrently, it needs to decide once and for all where it stands on military intervention to promote

global security.

Should it decide in favour of continued UN peacekeeping, the UN will need to establish a military staff-college. Under such a plan, officers would be seconded from member states to be trained in the art of managing multi-lateral forces. Otherwise, the documented peacekeeping cock-ups, which killed thousands, will simply repeat themselves.

However, for a truly effective peace-project, reform of the Security Council would be ideal. The notorious veto card, held by Britain, France, China, Russia and the US, should be stripped from those members, thereby leaving the remaining players to get on with the job of upholding decency. Such an attempt would doubtless be laid waste by a diplomatic storm of cyclonic proportions whipped up those bereft of their veto, and of course, would still leave the recalcitrant French in the game.

Ultimately (and to draw my argument back inside the envelope of realism), to survive in an increasingly unsympathetic international order, the UN may be forced to re-align its operations to specialise principally in the provision of humanitarian aid and development resources, rather than promising to uphold a plethora of rights for every citizen on earth, with neither the capability nor competence to underwrite the guarantee.

DRC

The author would like to thank Richard Perle, whose witty repartee produced the title.

UNITED THEY FALL

The fall of the Iraqi regime has exploded myths clustered around the peacemaking credentials of the UN.

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Pearl Harbour and September 11: war criminality in the new world order

One reason for the coalition's retreat from the rule of law in deciding war criminality after September 11 might well be a simple lack of faith in the capacity of due legal process to deliver 'truth justice and the American way' when it comes to the so-called war on terrorism.

This may help to explain why there is now only a half-hearted talk on the US led side of drawing on international and domestic law to settle the matter of criminality when it comes to atrocious behaviour across international borders.

When President George Bush declared in response to the recent Riyadh suicide bombings that the terrorists behind it would 'learn the meaning of American justice' it is far from certain that he was referring to something that might ultimately occur in a court room.

Certainly there are some pretty uncomfortable lessons in history that may, indirectly, have something to do with this apparent lack of confidence in due process when it comes to war criminality within the context of 'the War on Terrorism'.

Take, for example, the biggest trial of Japanese war criminals just after the Pacific War. Given the past likening of the terrible events of September 11 to the attack on Pearl Harbour the comparison is an instructive one.

Between 1946 and 1948 the Allied nations in the Pacific War conducted the International Tribunal for the Far East, otherwise known by its short title as the Tokyo Trial. It was instigated to try the Japanese heads of state for waging aggressive war in the Pacific in the first half of the 1940s.

It is a largely forgotten and underemphasized trial. It was, in effect, the Far Eastern equivalent of the Nuremberg Tribunal. However, whereas the Nuremberg Tribunal is a household name, few people are familiar with the Tokyo Trial.

In Tokyo there were 25 defendants, including Tojo Hideki, the wartime Japanese Prime Minister. Controversially, the indictment did not include Hirohito, the emperor of Japan.

Eleven judges, one from each of the prosecuting nations, heard the charges with Sir William Webb, an eminent Australian judge, presiding. The defendants were found guilty and severe sentences were handed down.

The indictment had a much wider focus than those in conventional war crimes trials. Whereas in the latter defendants were tried for particular, localized, acts of barbarity, in the Tokyo Trial, as in Nuremberg before it, the act of waging aggressive war itself was deemed to be a crime.

The Japanese defendants were accused of being ultimately responsible for major atrocities by virtue of the fact that they led the Japanese nation in waging the aggressive war which gave rise to them.

The Allied objective in holding the trial was, on the face of it, a noble one. They sought to give legal expression to a renunciation of uncivilized and barbaric behaviour among nations. This was to be done through a grand demonstration of Anglo-American democratic justice - a final elevated gesture to set the seal on the hard-won peace.

However, after two years, the trial produced not the positive and ringing affirmation of a concept of civilized behaviour among nations, but a mouse of legal and moral uncertainty.

The only defence open to the accused in international law was self-defence. Accordingly, they argued that Japan had been implementing a policy of imperial expansion in eastern Asia in the years leading up to the war that was not essentially different, in moral political terms, from the expansionary activities

of European powers (including those of several of the nations represented on the bench) in the 19th and earlier 20th centuries.

The defence further argued that the Japanese expansion was a necessary response to the restrictive trade policies of accuser nations represented at the trial, especially the United States. In mid 1941 an American, British and Netherlands East Indies oil embargo on Japan had gone into effect, presenting the East Asian nation with some stark do-or-die choices in terms of its imperial ambitions.

The bench rejected the Japanese case but with an uncomfortable lack of unanimity. Of the 11 judges only four concurred fully, and of the seven who did not, four wrote their own independent judgements. Sir William Webb, setting an example of compromise as president, suppressed his misgivings.

He put his name to the majority judgement but chose as well to offer a separate concurring judgement.

One judge, Justice Pal of India, dissented from the majority outright. He concluded that the Japanese defence was a valid one and that the Japanese



defendants should have been acquitted.

The nightmare prospect of a 'not guilty' finding hung like a spectre over the later proceedings. An acceptance of the Japanese plea of self-defence would have been tantamount to finding that the Allies were in some sense aggressors in the Pacific War. It may well be that it was a perception that the trial was starting to reverse the unqualified basic assumption of goodness on the Allied side and evil on the part of the Japanese that led in large measure to the implementation of what one commentator has labelled 'victors' justice' in Tokyo.

In the closing stages of the trial the defence complained bitterly:

The verdict looks too much like an act of vengeance to impress the world with our love of justice and fair play... We can only stultify ourselves if we become party to the use of forms of law and justice to perpetuate acts of vengeance. We will not impress our enemies; we will not gain the respect of our friends; we will in the end brutalize and destroy ourselves.

Even Sir William, throughout the 30 months of the trial, entertained doubts as to its fundamental validity:

I sometimes asked myself what right we had to condemn Japan for having recourse to belligerency in 1941. I perceived much justice and extenuation in the able arguments of defence counsel that Japan was a tiny land of 90 million and 15 per cent cultivatable soil, and that she had been subjected to severe trade restrictions and limitations from without. I pondered how the US and Britain would have reacted in that situation...

The US and Britain, in a situation like Japan's in

1941, might well have had recourse to war...

Webb was well aware of the irony of trying Japan for territorial aggression in the Pacific when the territory in question had been subject to a prior European incursion - an incursion which had a certain aggressive aspect to it. The 'expansion of little England into a great empire', he reflected with ironical understatement, 'was not wholly the result of peaceful negotiation'.

The Tokyo Trial sits uncomfortably in our war mythology. It is untidy history and it is scarcely surprising that it has, to date, no strong place in our popular perception of that war.

If September 11 was indeed a sort of contemporary Pearl Harbour, the question is whether a fair trial of accused terrorist leaders in its wake would be more able to deliver legal and moral certainties on criminality in war than the 1940s attempt to do so.

At a time when the prevailing official public view of September 11 and its aftermath seems to be a simplistic one of them-and-us ('if you are not with us you are against us') - of good-versus-evil - it is hard to see that the powers-that-be in the three leading coalition countries - America, Britain and Australia - would be willing to risk a fair public trial of prominent top accused terrorist leaders.

The more likely scenario is that such 'accused' will continue to be subjected to a twenty first century version of 'victors' justice' - a fate apparently still having more to do with brute physical assertion of 'moral correctness' by nations than the rule of international and domestic law.

Terry Hewton

Gawler Place
Dental Centre

DR. ANNA

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Bexta



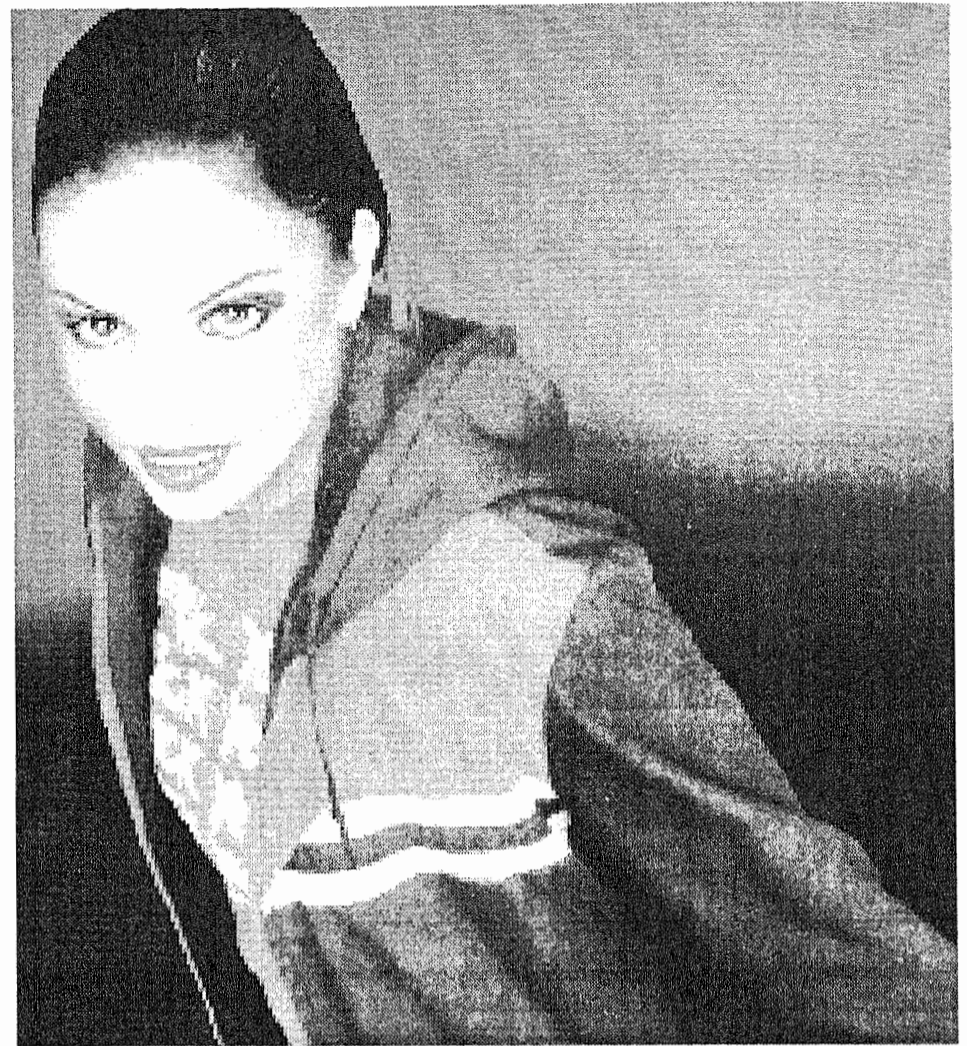
**on dit catches up with
Bexta, hard trance
DJ extraordinaire**

Age: 28

Born: Brisbane?, Queensland

Lives: Sydney, New South Wales

Plays: hard trance, happy hardcore



As BeXta's voice zips over the line from Sydney, it becomes apparent that she's a woman who likes to work hard – and play hard. Despite battling a cold, BeXta was happy to take some time out from the hectic touring schedule planned around the release of her new double CD set, *Mixology 5*. After all, she's a woman in demand, with her trademark style of self-defined hard banging trance. This week saw BeXta take out the number three placing in the In The Mix poll of the top 50 DJs in Australia, behind fellow Sydneysiders Kid Kenobi and Mark Dynamix. [Adelaide's DJ Josh, who spoke to *On Dit* back in 71.10, led the South Australian charge, coming in at number eight.]

In the past four months she's had gigs from the Gold Coast to Hobart, and from Adelaide to Newcastle. It's not uncommon for BeXta to play three cities in a weekend – including her Friday night residency at Plastic on Oxford Street, Sydney ("It keeps me on my toes. You have to work harder, because you can't play the same music every week," she admits). In Adelaide, you might have caught her at the Big Day Out, or last month's Winter Enchanted – just one of the festivals at which she's hit the decks alongside electronica icons including Fatboy Slim, the Chemical Brothers, Carl Cox, Basement Jaxx and Timo Maas.

So where did this dance dynamo spring from? It turns out BeXta's roots are a little tamer than you may expect. Musically gifted and classically trained from a young age, BeXta didn't cut any corners on her matriculation (with a timetable featuring Music, English, Maths 1 and 2 and Physics) and earned herself a place at the Queensland Conservatorium

of Music in Brisbane. Spurred by an ambition to be a film sound engineer, she completed her Bachelor of Sonology (or sound technology) there in 1995.

Despite several years of tertiary study, Bexta says of her uni days, "it wasn't a true uni experience." With just seven people in her year and 25 enrolled in the entire course, it wasn't exactly the stuff of adolescent college fantasies. "We didn't have toga parties, although I did go to some other (students' parties)," she recalls. However, by the end of first year, she received her DJ's calling and began gigging at the age of 19. Balancing studies with this burgeoning career was important to BeXta: "I really didn't want it to affect my studies." As it turned out, she says, her studies complemented

her work, and vice-versa.

One thing that sets BeXta apart from your average DJ is her reputation for producing, writing and performing dance music, live on stage. To this day, her style is often credited with a strong, entertaining stage presence, and a significant audio-visual element. An audience favourite is BeXtacam – images captured by a video camera strapped to her head as she works in the booth being projected onto large screens. It's clear BeXta has a love of technology. Incredibly, her first set-up comprised a Mac SE ("the all-in-one grey box and monitor, now commonly used as fishbowls", she jokes), and a Kurzweil k2000a. (See bexta.com for detailed info on what she works with now.)

The dance music industry is renowned for being male dominated, with successful female DJs proving few and far between. However, BeXta seems oblivious to any kind of disadvantage

her gender may have brought her. It's been said that she sees herself as a performer first and foremost, and that music transcends gender. When I ask her if she sees the dance industry as a level-playing field, she's straight to the point: "yeah, definitely". What about the obligatory title of 'female DJ'? "I'd prefer it if the female part was dropped," she states simply. However, she cheerfully acknowledges that her shows draw "more guys in the front row than you'd get for someone like Nik Fish".

BeXta's work has been featured in film, television programs and commercials. She's even had a track played on *Neighbours!* I'm intrigued. Which episode? Apparently 1999's 'Make It Phunkee' was cranked in the background in an Erinsborough nightclub scene where young Tad Rebecchi aspires to become a DJ. "I don't watch much TV, but I had it on that night," BeXta says. The extent of her exposure became apparent when she checked her email a couple of months later – a BeXta fan from the UK wrote to her to let her know she'd recognised the track. "That was more of a spinout!" she says.

With this kind of profile, has fame fully set in? BeXta denies she has groupies: "There are people who like what I do and are interested in it; I'll put it that way." An incident involving underwear being thrown up on stage is her weirdest experience, she reckons. Did they belong to a male or female? "I didn't pick them up to check! They weren't lacy or anything, so it wasn't too obvious," she laughs.

BeXta's longevity in the Australian dance industry means she's been able to watch – as well as shape – the scene over the past decade. Back in the early to mid '90s, she says, music was "about pushing limits", and trying to make it as fast as possible. With new laws curtailing

outside raves, the scene has moved into clubs and branched into subgenres, she observes. And now, the dance scene is "quieter, due to the political stuff going on." How so? "Bigger artists aren't so willing to get on a plane to fly here," BeXta explains, meaning that events aren't investing in getting the bigger acts over to Australia. Where to now for Australian dance music? "Music is dependent on the technology we have," says BeXta, "and it will progress from there."

What about the woman herself? Where will she be in ten years? "I'll probably be deaf!" BeXta laughs. She says she'd like to move further into production, and will be putting out an album at the end of this year. As a teaser, one track of hers from *Mixology 5*, 'Universe', will be out on vinyl soon – her first track to be released in nearly two years. And she's looking forward to, again, hitting the road with her tunes. "I'd love to be touring all the time," she admits.

Gemma Clark

**Mixology 5 is
out now through
Central Station. For
more information,
pretty pictures and
audio samples,
visit the very cool
www.bexta.com**

Thoughts on Maths, Philosophy and Popular Science:

a largely uninformed and anecdotal treatise on the nature of reality

The distinction between mathematics and reality

The science of mathematics freaks the shit out of me. To be able to draw essentially meaningless abstract analogies of observed phenomena, manipulate these analogies in an organised manner and come up with an equally meaningless result, and then use that result to draw conclusions about the behaviour of the phenomena observed and predict their behavior into the future, to me borders on voodoo. I remember the profound sense I felt several years ago in a Differential Equations class, where after a lengthy derivation involving a second order system representing a mass-spring system, I damned near creamed my pants when I realised that we were approaching an expression mathematically analogous to resonance induced by just the right forcing function. I thought about the many times I as a child had enjoyed the sensation of being pushed on a swing by my parents, and that suddenly it had all been explained to me. I felt like something fundamental about the experience had been revealed. Some sort of profound truth of the experience of being on a swing. Which was a load of bollocks, of course. How is it any less exhilarating to be pushed on a swing without understanding basic concepts of harmonic oscillation?

And when you experience something so powerfully profound, it is seductive to forget that what you are dealing with, and what you are thinking about while you are dealing with it are actually two very distinct things. The distinction may seem purely academic, but I beg to differ.

I equate this instant willingness to associate abstract concepts with tangible reality as the problem that most people have in learning new mathematical concepts. Allow me to explain:

Depending on how far you have proceeded with your mathematical education, you may have at some point been unduly puzzled by either the concept of negative numbers or maybe of the imaginary numbers. The basis for the puzzlement would have been something along the lines of, "But what does it all mean? What does it actually mean?" The answer, of course, as any self-respecting noir post-modern quasi poet will tell you, is "It means NOTHING! Watch it!" To a high school student, this reply is rather lacking, hence many people's unwillingness to pursue mathematical study any further than strictly necessary.

They say that familiarity breeds contempt, and in the instance of mathematics, that certainly is true

We are so intuitively familiar with something as simple as integer addition because we've been dealing with it our whole lives. Consider buying a drink. We tend to discount the difference between an abstract operation carried out in our heads with no meaning in isolation and the act of getting the right money together to buy a drink. You see the price on the board in the shop, count out the shrapnel you have in your wallet and hand it over to the attendant, who then allows you to enjoy a bottle of nice, cold juice. My point is

that there are actually two very separate parts to the process which are very easy to confuse given our intuitive familiarity with the process. There is the physical process of handing pressed lumps of alloy to a person, and taking a vitreous flask of temperature-lowered liquid fruit extract. But before that, there is the process of mathematically modeling the transaction, ascribing numerical values to the different shaped alloy lumps and a numerical value to the flask, performing an operation on them, and then making a prediction on the future based on the result. In this case, we ascribe say x_n to the numerical value associated with each lump of n pieces of alloy that you intend to hand the attendant and y to the numerical value associated with the abstract concept of 'price' associated with the fruit extract. This abstract concept of 'price' itself is based on a (flawed?) mathematical model for the dynamics of exchange between individuals and groups which we call economics but that's a whole new kettle of fish.

Anyway, the operation is performed is similar to

$$\sum x_i > / = y$$

If the operation is true, the prediction which we make into the future is that the attendant will not chase us down the street with a baseball bat and attempt to club our skull into the ground after the

exchange. It took me quite a long time to write the above paragraph because I am totally unused to having to separate the two notions, such being the degree to which it is easy to think of them as the same. Similarly, but to a lesser extent, if you learn/use negative/imaginary numbers for long enough, you begin to forget that there was ever a conceptual difficulty in learning about them. You learn the rules of imaginary numbers for example; how to manipulate them in a self-consistent fashion, and maybe later you learn that when modelling electric circuits mathematically, imaginary numbers are a useful device to solve problems whose solutions enable you to draw conclusions about the reality of a circuit. You learn that the statement "the imaginary number i is equal to the square root of negative one" is by definition (axiomatic) and is unable to be reduced any further by philosophical ponderings on what it actually means. To a lesser and lesser extent do you wonder, "Yes, but what does it really mean?" You may just as well ask, "The number 3, I don't get it. I just don't understand it. What does it mean?"

In summary, mathematics is a highly abstract subject. To try to ascribe inherent meaning to it is erroneous. Once the lack of meaning is accepted, it becomes a tremendously useful tool for modelling various phenomena, but this should not be confused with it being the same thing as the phenomena modelled.

Popular science gives me the shits

Generally, I dislike popular science and the treatment it gives to theoretical physics. The main reason for this is that it is all too easy for ignoramii with poor grasp of the concept to wax pseudo-informatively on the topic. Their imparting of tenuous and erroneous interpretations to topics which go far beyond the superficial treatment that they are ascribing irritates the shit out of anyone with a greater expertise in the field.

There is a reason why the field of mathematical physics is specialised and requires long study. There is a reason why not everybody does it. That reason is basically because it is too involved for most people to bother. Hence, any sort of book you can buy at an airport newsagency on the topic relies on heavily simplified analogies which foster incorrect notions. For instance, what does an electron look like? Probably many people think of some sort of very small spheres which revolve around a fruit bowl full of plus signs. The notion of an electron looking like anything is

neither here nor there, since an electron is far smaller than the resolution of a beam of light since it is smaller than the wavelength. That's not strictly true, actually, since the whole concept of the 'size' of an electron is probably not worth a pinch of shit. In fact the idea of an electron as anything; a cloud, a whirring fan-blade, a dumbbell, a dancing moose is pretty much bunk.

An electron is a fairly abstract explanation of certain phenomena that we observe including but not limited to lightening, chemical reactions, glowing green lines on oscilloscopes and home stereos. Their behaviour can be modelled by several different sorts of equations depending on what the phenomenon being observed is. For example, in problems of the physics of chemical bonds, the appropriate equations used to predict behaviour are various wave equations and probability functions.

The problem arises when you are used to a particular analogy, you confuse the analogy with reality. So because you are used to electrons being thought

of as little balls in two dimensional paths, you are limited when it comes to understanding the process of bonding in carbon compounds where orbital hybridisation is involved. You cannot reconcile the analogy you have accepted as absolute with unexpected behaviour.

Now electrons are fairly humdrum as far as theoretical physics goes. But it illustrates the ease with which misconceptions are rife in physics at even this comparatively simple level.

The problem gets worse at higher levels in some fields which can only be understood in the context of a whole lot of background theory and cannot be visualised as such.

Part of the problem is that we assign a disproportionate weight to that which we perceive by sight. To us, the ultimate test of truth, whatever truth is, is judged by what we see. High level physics deals a lot with what we cannot experience directly in the conventional sense. We certainly can't see it. The distinction between mathematics and physics becomes virtually non-existent

at this sort of level. The line between abstraction and reality breaks down. It is misleading to ponder whether the crazy assertions made by physicists on the nature of reality are 'true' or 'real'. They are certainly representative of reality since they can be used to make predictions about observed phenomena. That, along with self consistency are enough for something to be accepted. But it must be always kept in mind that what is being dealt with is an abstraction of an abstraction, and just because a result cannot be experienced by any of our senses does not make it any less real.

In summary, it does no good for spotty 17-year-old nerds to pick and choose buzz words and factoids from books on popular science and talk about them authoritatively to impress their friends.

I know I did.

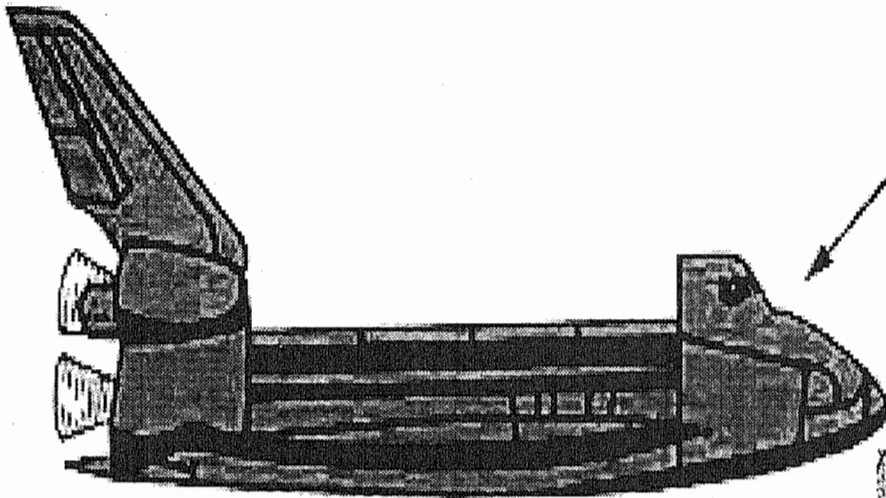
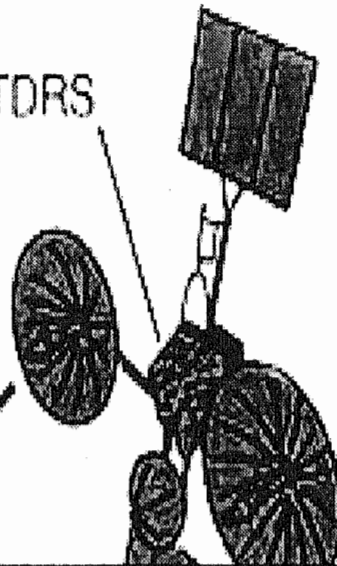
Yak

Is neither a mathematician, a physicist nor a philosopher

QUESTIONS

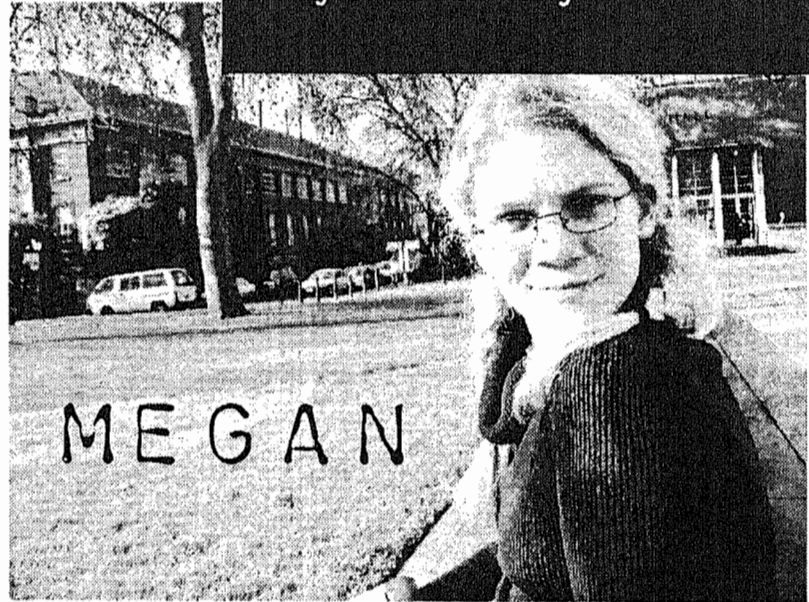
1. What is your favourite movie of all time?
2. Who is your ideal on-screen squeeze?
3. Who would play you in a movie based on your life?
4. Who should take over from George Dubya?

TORS



1. *Annie Hall.*
2. Channel Nine political correspondent Laurie Oakes.
3. Meryl Streep – with her 'Evil Angels' accent.
4. John Howard. He's already George Dubya's understudy.

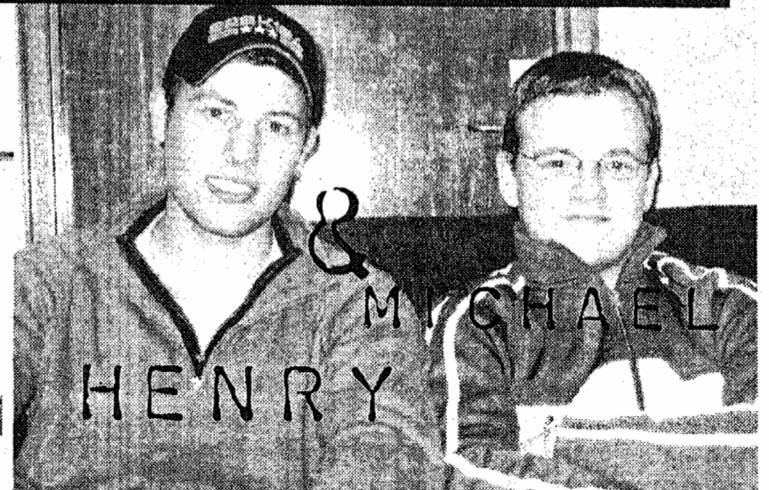
1. *The Big Lebowski.*
2. The guy from *Donnie Darko* – He's Hottie. Junction Central.
3. Beyoncé, because she's crazy in love.
4. Telly Monster from *Sesame Street.*

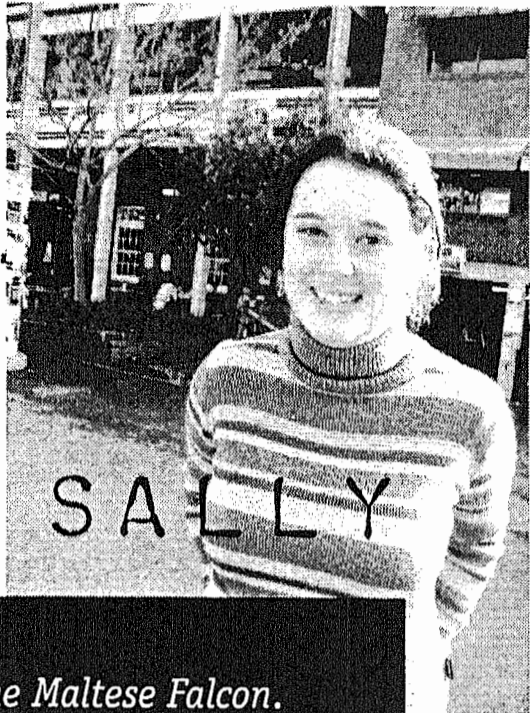


1. H. *Bambi.*
M. *Usual Suspects.*
2. H. Ariel from *The Little Mermaid.*
M. Charlize Theron.
3. H. John Malkovich.
M. Samuel L. Jackson.
4. H. Jean Claude Van Damme.
M. Sean Connery.



STDN Ground





Orbcomm Satellite

Bi-Directional RF Link

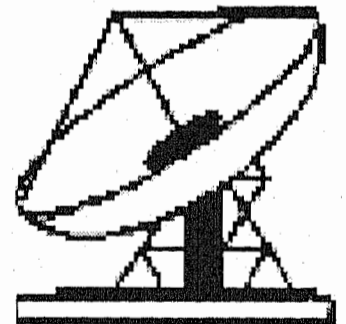
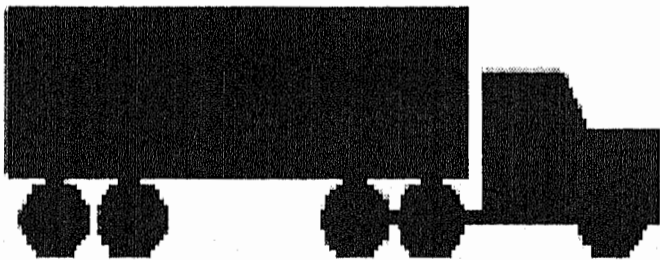
Uplink Frequencies:
148 MHz - 150 MHz

Downlink Frequencies:
137 MHz - 139 MHz

- 1. *The Maltese Falcon.*
- 2. Anne Wills - dig that cleavage!
- 3. Helena Bonham Carter.
- 4. Dexter from *Perfect Match.*

- 1.
R: *Snowballed.*
T: *Mulholland Drive.*
- 2.
R: Woody Allen.
T: Michael Douglas.
- 3.
R: Elle McPherson.
T: J-Lo.
- 4.
R: Yosemite Sam.
T: John Howard.

Small Freight Trailer

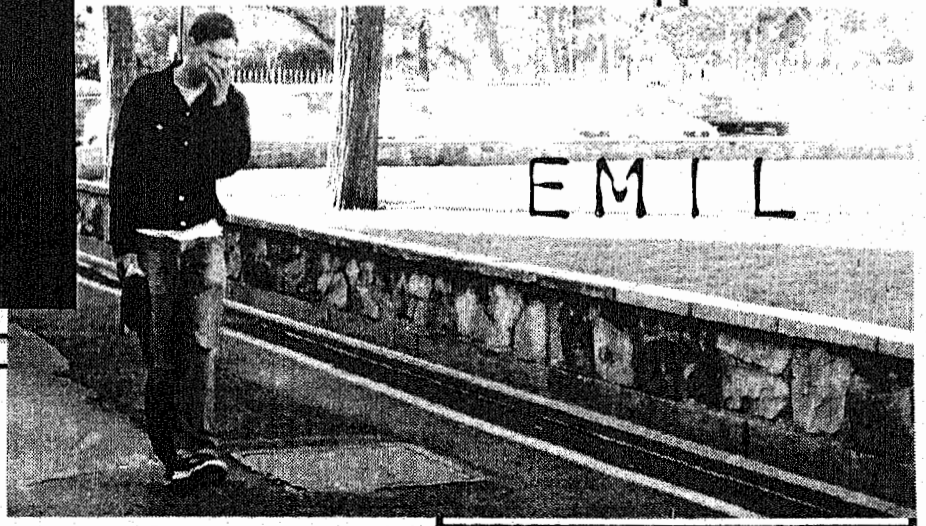


Gateway Earth Station

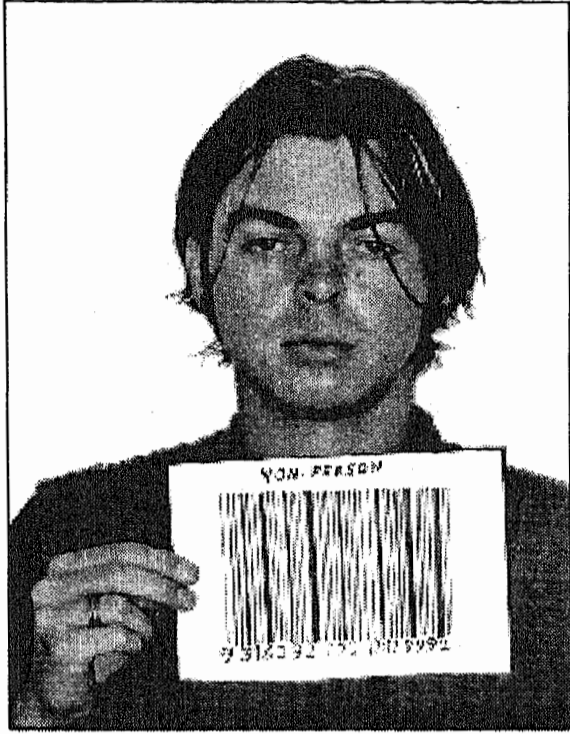


- 1. *Donnie Darco*, because it's fantastic.
- 2. Maggie Gyllenhaal
- 3. Ethan Hawke-he's far better looking.
- 4. Ronald Reagan

End Users Tracking Station / Trailer Monitoring Facility



music + bbq + pamphlets



Environment Officer Paul Grillo

Good news stories and big campaign wins. Let this be an eye opener for those who don't believe they can make a difference. All these campaigns have been won due to the efforts of thousands of people just like you!

Congratulations To All Save Ningaloo Reef Supporters -You've Done It!

After years of community campaigning by tens of thousands of supporters, one of WA's most popular conservation campaigns has resulted in a historic win for Australia's marine environment! Last Friday, the State Premier, Dr Geoff Gallop, rejected a proposal for a controversial mega-marina and resort development near the pristine and environmentally-sensitive Ningaloo Reef. The Premier says he will now write to the Prime Minister advising him of the WA Government's intention to pursue World Heritage listing for Ningaloo Reef and to ask for his support.

The Wilderness Society asks that you continue to send your letters (and don't forget to add notes congratulating the Premier on his decision).

For more information, visit www.savingaloo.org

Tasmanian Old Growth Forests

Gunns Ltd. Forced To Hold Extraordinary General Meeting Of Shareholders To Discuss Getting Out Of Old-growth Forests

Woodchip giant Gunns Limited has been compelled to hold an extraordinary General Meeting of its shareholders on August 29, in order to discuss resolutions drafted by The Wilderness Society that aim to protect Tasmania's old-growth forests.

The resolution calls on Gunns not to source any timber from the Tasmania Together forests, which include the Styx, Tarkine, Great Western Tiers, Southern Forests, Tasman Peninsula, North-East Highlands, Eastern Tiers and proposed extensions to the Ben Lomond National Park.

Gunns is compelled to call the meeting under the corporations law because over 100 shareholders signed forms calling for protection of the above areas.

Jabiluka Uranium Mine

In more positive news Rio Tinto has announced they will be rehabilitating the Jabiluka mine site in Kakadu National Park, a world heritage listed area. The fact that 50,000 tonnes of uranium ore is being put back into the

hole it was extracted from is great news. Rio Tinto has taken a much more sensible attitude to Jabiluka than the now defunct parent company Norths, who started construction of the mine. Rio Tinto have made a good business decision that is also good for Kakadu, and it will generate some good will towards the company - a smart move.

This is a campaign that should never have needed to be fought, but future generations of Australians will remain indebted to the thousands of people around the world who made this victory possible.

Genetically Engineered Crops in S.A.

A Parliamentary Committee has recommended that the commercial release of genetically modified crops in South Australia should be banned, particularly until industry can satisfy and protect market demands for non-GM and GM free products. The committee said that would require secure segregation and identity preservation systems that were "rigorous, robust and cost effective". The committee also called for a ban on any GM crops on Kangaroo Island and the state's Eyre Peninsula until communities decide whether they wanted their regions declared GM-free.

**Contact your Students'
Association
representatives
by calling
8303 5406...**



Sexuality Officer

Hey everyone!

I hope you survived the first few weeks back at uni. It's hard to get into the rhythm of things again, but here in the Sexuality Department we had a great time last week with Sexuality Week.

Good ole Johnny Howard made a statement last week regarding his thoughts on gay marriage in Australia. It's important for students to know that this is not the thoughts of the SAUA or the Sexuality Department. We are working hard to change the law here in SA, with submissions to the Government last semester regarding possible law reforms before the parliament at the moment. I am in this position because I believe

Education Vice-President Leah Marrone



Who cares? Well? I mean, who of you want a better society, education, life...?

And how many of you are willing to do something about it? It is really not that hard. Here are a few opportunities for you to help save the world, or at least what's left of this thing we call the higher education sector.

Dates to look out for:

* Brendan Nelson's reforms are on their way through the Senate - if you oppose upfront fees, fee increases of 30 per cent and further division and inequality in Australia, then write a Senate Submission, and send it before August 15. It doesn't have to be long. To find out more info go to this website; it's very good: www.fightingforourfutures.org

* Education Week, August 20 -21 in the Wills Refectory. Lots of fun and free things too!

* National Day of Action on August 27. Be at Victoria Square at 1pm, to march to Parliament House

Email me for more tips on saving the world: leah.marrone@student.adelaide.edu.au

Emma O'Loughlin

that queer students, and the queer community, deserve the same rights as heterosexuals, including the right to marriage and children. It is important that students here at the University of Adelaide know what their students' association's position is on this matter.

We look forward to hearing your feedback and opinions on this matter.

Have a great week!

≠ a political campaign

... or by visiting the SAUA office, ground floor, Lady Symon Building.



**Activities/
Campaigns
Vice-President
Adelle Neary**

Hey there! There is lots happening this week!

For those of you with a nose for a bargain the SAUA will be running a Market Day out on the Barr Smith lawns this Wednesday, August 13. There will be a huge second-hand stall as well as jewellery, bags, hats and other interesting bits and pieces. We are hoping to turn this into a regular occurrence, so if you know anyone who might be interested in selling their wares please let them know!

We are still collecting submissions for the Senate Inquiry into the Higher Education reforms and will also be running a couple of free Soup Kitchens over the next few weeks and distributing information on the review. Keep your eyes peeled for us out on the lawns. Also, remember that the National Day of Action against the Higher Education Attacks will take place on August 27, during Education Week. Contact the SAUA for more details on this one.

If you haven't yet seen the current Theatre Guild production *Equus*, there are only a couple of performances left. Tickets are \$15 for students, and the show has received great reviews. Also, if you are in a campus band, and are interested in performing on campus this term, email campusmusik@hotmail.com as soon as possible. Finally, just a reminder that you can join Club 26, which gives you great discounts on a wide range of live art, free in the SAUA. I think that's all! Until next week... Adelle xx

President

**Sarah
Hanson-Young**



After you graduate do you want to buy a car, travel, buy a house, and maybe have a family? Well, good luck! Under the education system proposed by Education Minister Brendan Nelson having these things and getting an education ain't going to happen! I've spoken many times this year about the devastating effects the proposed changes to Higher Education will have on students and their families.

I hope everyone can make it to the General Student Meeting being held this Tuesday August 12 at 12.30 outside the Wills near the Union Building. This is a great opportunity to find out exactly how you and those you know will be affected by the Education Minister's proposed reforms.

This week is the last chance to submit submissions to the Senate Inquiry and let them know what you think. Submissions are due this Friday, August 15 at 5pm. To make things easier, there is an online submission form that you can fill out and send straight off - go to

<http://www.yapa.org.au/tertiary/submission.php>
Go there and have your say!

Next week is SAUA Education Week. Come down to the Barr Smith Lawns and find out what your rights as a student are and what you can do to make sure you're getting the best quality education possible.

Cheers,
Sarah

**Women's Officer
Georgia Phillips**

Hi everyone!

I hope that your studies for this semester aren't getting you too bogged down and that you are enjoying some of the activities your Students' Association is putting on for you. On that note, I hope that you enjoyed Sexuality Week - you can most definitely look forward to some more exciting events from the SAUA this semester!

Women In Education Surveys 2003

The National Union of Students Women's Department is currently undertaking a survey of women who are participating in higher education week. This survey is in conjunction with the national Women in Education week, and looks at a number of issues that women in particular face within educational institutions and also around their study lives in general.

I have a large number of these surveys and I encourage as many women as possible to collect one from the Students' Association and fill it in!

Women's Standing Committee

The next meeting of the Women's Standing Committee will be held on Monday August 18 at 11am in the Students' Association (Ground Floor, Lady Symon Building). All women who are interested in getting involved in the Women's Department - to help out with campaigns, or if you have any ideas for campaigns you would like to see run, are more than welcome to come along to Women's Standing Committee meetings (times and venues will appear in this weekly column).

Happy studying!

Georgia

womens@adelaide.edu.au



Wayward Accommodation

I remember the first place I moved into very vividly. It's the kind of place that sticks in the mind.

Now, it is unavoidable that to tell this story, it will be necessary to lapse into self-indulgent drunken reminiscing. Consider yourself warned.

The year was 1999, doom-prophets and general nay-sayers were predicting the end of the world in three months, a certain Prince song was getting unmercifully thrashed and I was a wide-eyed, first-year boozehound. *Frogger* was offered for free in the Mayo refectory (true!), Snow Brothers was also available for some paltry sum and the music clips that Channel V was screening in the Wills Refectory seemed to be good enough to warrant missing all of my lectures. I thought I was being cool at the time.

For reasons which seemed quite cogent at the time, I agreed to move in with a good friend of mine with whom I regularly used to drink heavily. I didn't have a job, wasn't receiving Youth Allowance and had a grand total of \$5.36 in my bank account (also true). I wouldn't have lasted if it wasn't for my old man making an infuriating point of telling me that I'd come back home within four weeks.

I was nominated by the group (there were four of us in on this venture) as the face of the operation, being the most well spoken out of all of us and therefore the most likely to pull the wool over the eyes of prospective landlords. In retrospect, the circumstances surrounding our tenancy are mystifying to say the least.

We managed to secure a reasonably modest three-bedroom home in Thebarton next door to some sort of shelter for destitute men. I was keen to move in immediately, given that my scant possessions could be transferred from my parents' house in two trips. I spent the first few nights sleeping on a nest of clothes,

boiling water in the morning to wash my hair in, given that the hot water wasn't connected for some time.

Eventually, Centrelink agreed to pay me, and I slowly paid back the sum of money I'd borrowed from my friend to live off. The princely sum of \$150 or so weekly quickly disappeared on rent and as much non-perishable food as I could carry, given that we didn't possess a refrigerator. Once, for two or three weeks, I lived exclusively off two-minute

acquaintances to move out, everybody we knew would constantly come around and treat the house like their own. That got a bit annoying when most of the phone calls made weren't by us and random people would answer our phone as thus: "Hello? Halfway House." As a bonus, some of the better friends who came around would bring beer with them. At this stage I was getting very well accustomed with the cheaper end of the market of Coolabah and Kaiser Stuhl

Despite my best efforts, it is a telling testament to the force of my non-vomiting resolve that it took another ten minutes of hard work before I felt that hot gurgling in my oesophagus.

noodles as well as cumquats picked from a tree on the way to uni. Except for Thursdays. Every Thursday, for reasons I never questioned, the local Foodland would offer cooking demonstrations, giving out free meals to any customer who asked. For all I know they still may do this. The meal was invariably an eminently palatable laksa, as if I were living in some sort of South East Asian Socialist Paradise. Life was too good to be true.

I didn't stay at that house for very long, and have since lived in four houses for periods of about a year each, but some of my most significant memories are from my short time there.

Because we were the first amongst our group of

Yak (far left) before sharehouse living stole his innocence.

products. I felt the same entitlement to others' beer as they did to my house. At some point we wobbled an old-school washing machine which didn't work, so we stole ice from the pub around the corner and kept beer in it. I don't think we drained the melt very often, and some afternoons my enterprising inquiries with my hand in the manky water would earn a beer, forgotten at the depths of turgidity by those with a stomach not as strong as mine.

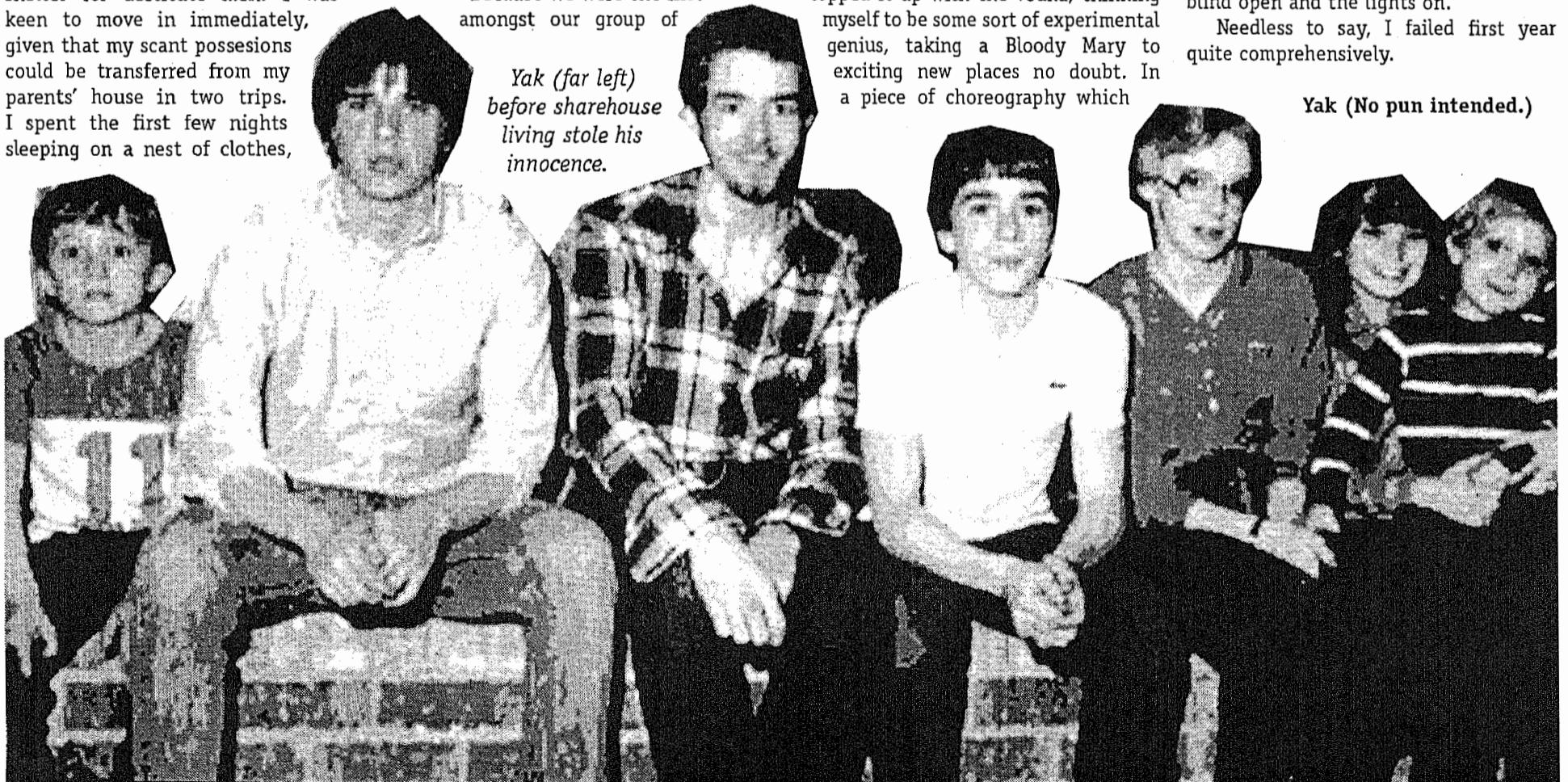
The strength of my stomach was tested one night when we were getting boozed. We went outside to drink and I had a jar of hot salsa and a half-bottle of vodka. The salsa was half full, and I topped it up with the vodka, thinking myself to be some sort of experimental genius, taking a Bloody Mary to exciting new places no doubt. In a piece of choreography which

would make Andrew Lloyd Webber soil his pants, everyone simultaneously ran inside and locked the door. I was left outside. The condition of my re-entry was that I scull the jar of vodka-ed salsa. There was quite a quantity of the 'orrible shite, but without dwelling on it overly long, scull I did. After the incredulity of my willingness to court fate had died down I demanded to be let back in. In a stroke of genius, the suggestion was floated that it wasn't possible to hold it down and that I wasn't to come back in until I vomited, for fear of making a mess inside. I begged to differ, citing the fact that my stomach was at the time a force to be reckoned with, and that what was down, stayed down. After ten minutes of argument, I resigned myself to having to induce vomiting. In the tested fashion, I gently massaged my tonsils with my fingers, all the while thinking about what it felt and tasted like to drink a tall glass of chilled baby shit (I've not done it personally, but I am quite imaginative. Don't judge me, it works). Despite my best efforts, it is a telling testament to the force of my non-vomiting resolve that it took another ten minutes of hard work before I felt that hot gurgling in my oesophagus. In mild surprise I noted that the concoction was a far brighter shade of red than I remembered. More than the sum of its parts, as it were. The audience were suitably impressed and disgusted, and let me in in sympathy only because they were convinced that I was throwing up blood.

I have so many other rosy memories of that house but it would be stretching the limits of your tolerance in my self aggrandizing ranting to retell all of them in detail here. Some other time I must tell stories of drunken dancing in a bathrobe on the rooftop to welcome in a beautiful new day, of the effigy that was erected in my memory after I spent several days away from home and of the Wading Pool of Iniquity. Oh yes, and that classic time when we all went down the road to watch a man being serviced by a comely lass in their front room with the blind open and the lights on.

Needless to say, I failed first year quite comprehensively.

Yak (No pun intended.)



The Penguin

Sally and Ian were making out in someone's little sister's locked bedroom at a party. Sally knew that she probably shouldn't have been because her best friend Layla had gone out with Ian before she went overseas for six months. Sally had also kinda sorta gotten the impression that Ian was going to wait for her, or that they would at least go out again when she got back because they were such a good couple. But since Layla got back she had turned kind of weird and she definitely wasn't with Ian. She didn't really hang out with her and Laura and Shannon any more either - their group of four had become three.

Even so, Sally was breaking one of her Rules of Life: never get with a friend's ex-boyfriend. Just to be clear, she also never got with friends' current boyfriends either, even though they did ask her quite often. She would always laugh it off and tell them they were being silly. Boys always wanted to get with her and so she ended up having quite a lot of rules about that kind of thing.

Sally was actually breaking two Rules of Life by getting with someone at a party because there were always horrible rumours going around after parties where she had kissed someone. The worst one had been when she kissed Blake Hewett in year ten and he had told all his mates that she really loved giving blowjobs. At the next party she had gone to, two weeks later, the way every boy in the room had looked at her made her feel like she had just walked into a den of wolves. She called her dad on her little ruby red mobile and said she was feeling sick. He had picked her up twenty minutes later, giving his death ray glances to all the boys standing around out the front still trying to talk to her. It was good having a big scary dad. She hadn't kissed anyone at a school party since.

But this was different. She had liked Ian for years. There was something strong and confident about him. And he was arrogant too, in the way that only boys that good-looking can be. The way he had asked Layla out, in front of everyone like that, knowing she would say yes even though she had pranced around for about half an hour "making him wait" and then going and getting with him anyway - outside where she knew everyone could see.

Sally was also a bit drunk. She had learnt to skol beer with the B grade boys from her Dad's rugby club and had been showing off before Ian had gotten her another beer and put his arm around her.

"Hey Sally!"

"Hey Ian!"

Now Sally was finally getting to kiss him. Ian Patrick. The boy of everyone's dreams. Actually, he kind of reminded her of kissing a dog - all tongue and insistency. Still 'Never look a gift horse in the mouth' and all that. Ian Patrick!

Ian was enjoying it too. Every boy in

the school wanted to have a go at Sally's tits and he was finally getting to. He wasn't really getting very far because she was hugging him right up close and from their standing position he was practically breaking his wrist trying to slide his hand around the front and up her top. He finally got her to sit on the bed next to him and was able to reach over and get a decent handful. But just as he was starting to enjoy himself, she reached up, started stroking his hand and slid it down around her back. Not anywhere near her bottom (which jostled with her tits for number one position on Ian's Wank List), but just around her waist like a year seven learning how to waltz. He tried to reach for an arse

She winked at him and pulled his pants and his boxers down in one go.

cheek, but unfortunately his arm wasn't long enough and she was sitting on them anyway, so he let his hand trace up her side again for another bosom fondle. His technique was to work in from under the armpit, so she wouldn't notice at first and get used to it. Technically he was touching it, this desirable piece of flesh, but the forearm didn't count for second base as far as he was concerned. He started to slide his hand around. Almost immediately, Sally grabbed his wrist and put it pointedly back on her waist. An audible "uh-uh" coming from her throat as they continued kissing.

Hmm, thought Ian, This looks like a job for Sensitivity Man. He wrapped his arms around her, drew her a little closer and gave the kissing equivalent of a full stop (stopping, but then putting another quick soft peck on the lips).

"What's wrong? Are you ok?" He tried to sound as concerned as possible.

"Nothing. It just hurts after a while when you squeeze it like that."

A while? Last time he checked, ten seconds didn't qualify for "a while", especially where fondling bosoms was concerned. Maybe he should just start on the other one.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly into her ear, stroking her long blonde hair. "Do you want me to do something else? What do you like?" You've got to give some to get some.

She completely fell for it. No-one had ever asked her what she wanted. She wasn't sure she even knew.

"Wow - um, ok. I really like having my back rubbed, right where your hand is."

Ian only noticed then that he had been resting his non-boob-holding hand on the small of her back, almost a steadying action for the grab, really. He started pressing his fingers up and down her spine.

"Okay - like this?" She arched her back and he saw goose pimples rising on her arms.

"Yeah - wow, lovely."

In like Flynn. He started kissing her again, still rubbing at her back. Time for phase two.

Sally placed her arms lightly on his shoulders. She knew Ian was a nice, caring guy underneath all that richness and arrogance. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of his fingers pressing hard up and down the muscles on her back. If they hadn't been at a party, she would have happily laid down and let him give her a proper massage like she knew he wanted to. She felt his hand slowly rubbing further up her back, getting to the nape of her neck and squeezing the muscles on each side,

making her tingle. She didn't know that Ian would be so good at this! He stopped kissing her and just concentrated on the back of her neck, squeezing and pushing on all those tense spots. This was wonderful.

Actually he was pushing quite hard now, making her whole head move forward. She opened her eyes. He had unzipped his jeans and pulled them down slightly and she could see the bulge of his dick through his satin boxers. She gasped and jerked her head back, but he held it there.

"Come on, you love it," he said quietly, still stroking the back of her neck. She wanted to scream and cry but her throat closed up.

Suddenly, she was calm. She almost laughed.

She relaxed, coming around at last.

"Yeah," she whispered, relaxing. "I want to." Holy Hoovers, Batman! The rumours were true! Ian's dick tingled - he had never had a blowjob before. Layla had never wanted to, no matter how much he had encouraged her and told her that it was okay - not gross at all. He had always had to settle for about three minutes of her impression of pumping up a bike tyre before soreness made him stop her.

"That's right baby." He pushed her head down into his lap, barely breathing he was so excited. She slid off the bed onto her knees in front of him and he sat back.

"Wait," she said, putting her hands on his hips and looking up into his eyes, her mouth just inches away from his first blowjob. "I want to show you a trick"

Jesus! She knows tricks and everything! I fucking knew she was dirty!

"Ok, yeah, anything," his hips thrust forward almost involuntarily.

"You have to stand up though," she pulled at his hips and shuffled backwards as he stood in front of her, facing the locked door.

"Okaay." She winked at him and pulled his pants and his boxers down in one go. He went to cover himself with his hands as he bounced around suddenly in the cool air, and then remembered that that was the opposite of what he wanted to do. He put his hands on his bare hips. This is going to be awesome. Sally was pulling his pants and boxers all the way down past his ankles, as far down as they would go, almost over his shoes.

"You want me to take them off?" he asked in as manly a voice as he could manage. She looked up at him from where she was crouched at his feet and smiled. Shit she's hot, I wonder if she swallows?

"No, this is perfect." She began tracing her fingers up the backs of his bare legs, looking into his eyes and licking her lips as she rose. Soon she was eye to eye with his groin.

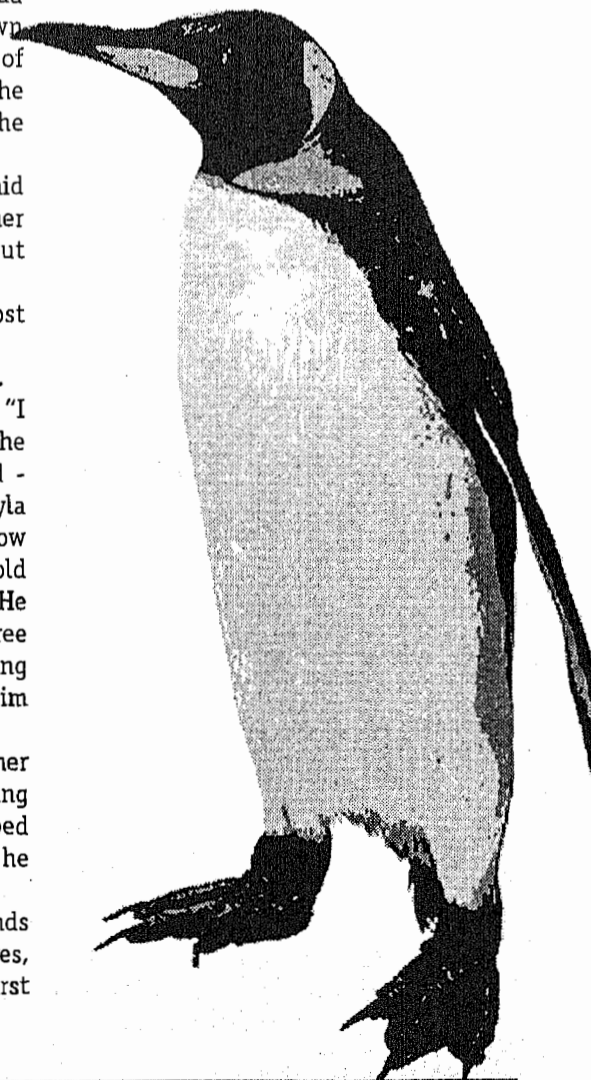
"You know what this trick's called?" she asked.

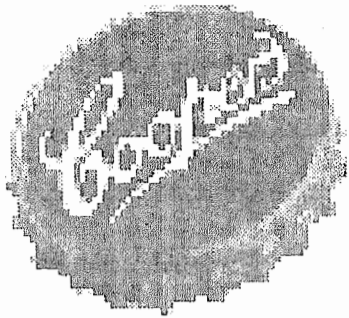
"No," breathed Ian, eyes on stalks as Sally opened her mouth and leaned forward.

"The Penguin," she said and stood up and walked straight out of the door, leaving it wide open.

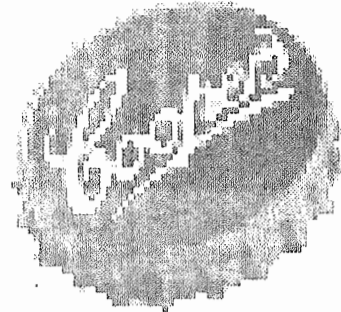
"Hey everybody! Look at the penguin!" she called to the people standing around outside. Ian had shuffled forward a few steps and got the joke just he tripped and tumbled face first, pants pulled tightly around his ankles.

Sam Franzway





South Australia's Own



One Twenty Four on Vine 124c Prospect Road Prospect

The Eternal Question: Where's the Quail?

This is food to get excited about. The cuisine at One Twenty Four on Vine is easily ranked among the best in Adelaide. Seating a maximum of 30 people, this fine-dining restaurant is set up for carefully manipulating the gastronomic experience of each diner. Forget any pre-conceived notions about what-you-might-want out of your meal: One really has to kick back, release the controls. Allow the team at 124, chefs Zack Ronayne and Robert Vort-Ronald to guide you along a meandering, yet well-manicured path through a garden of delectation, and earthly delights.

Upon setting foot in the door, my lovely companion and I were welcomed by the Maitre'd and seated close (but not too close) to a well-stoked fire. Little time was wasted in proffering the before-dinner cocktails. Two other couples were already seated, three parties in comfortable equidistance, and I had to stop short of craning my neck to catch a glimpse of the highly palatable mysteries that were placed down before them.

White linen cloth over square tables, crystal glasses and plates –gleaming– are flanked by regimental formations of silverware, heralding the discipline of fine dining. These classic settings contrast with fresh-blue chairs (surprisingly ergonomic – any meal longer than an hour commands a need for good seating) and a brushed stainless bar. Tastefully matched prints on white walls create a feel that is almost Mediterranean, but for the warm accent of polished oregon floorboards. Indeed, the subtle, yet subversive décor embodies a theme of contrast, of the classic ways refreshed: a reflection of the spirit of cuisine at 124.

Who would have expected that such luxury could be found in Prospect, of all places? Merely minutes from North Adelaide, 124c Prospect Road is on the corner of Vine Street, which explains a very practical restaurant name that positively oozes Neo-Eighties minimalism, like Swiss chocolate from a brioche served to Brett Easton-Ellis.

Le Menu

Starter

Jerusalem Artichoke Soup with Smoked Speck.

Taster plate

Cerviche of Ocean Scallo.

Snapper and Fennel Consommé with Salmon Roe.

Breaded Shitake Mushroom stuffed with Carrot and Ginger.

Duck Sausage with Green Chilli Jam.

Cleanser

Pineapple Sorbet with Baby Basil

Main

Mandarin Braised Duck, Chinese Broccoli and Salt & Pepper Tofu.

Fillet of Beef with Mustard Potato Cake and Oxtail Wanton

Dessert

Vanilla Bean Panna Cotta with Strawberry and basil salad.

Chocolate and Honeycomb Ice-cream.

Rhubarb Tart with Persian Fairy-Floss.

Steamed Chocolate-Filled Bun.

Chocolate Doobies with Raspberry Jelly.

to do on occasions), take them to this restaurant. The atmosphere is not at all stuffy or establishment: There is a very laid back mood, which is highly conducive to good conversation. Even the tunes are fresh, with the likes of Jack Johnson, John Butler Trio, Ben Harper, and Gomez accompanying my meal.

To start, artichoke soup is a must try. It's the perfect way to stimulate one's palette in preparation for the rest of the meal. You will want another serve. But wait, the taster plate is yet to arrive. This will impress you. One is advised to start with the scallop, and continue clockwise around the plate: the flavours become more intense as you go, and the green chilli jam to finish will linger until the next course, keeping you guessing as to how the chefs are going to top it. My personal favourite was the consommé: very lightly flavoured and quite pleasant, but wait for the salmon roe, which rests at the bottom. The more adventurous will chew, which I heartily recommend, for the salty contrast is one to make you quiver.

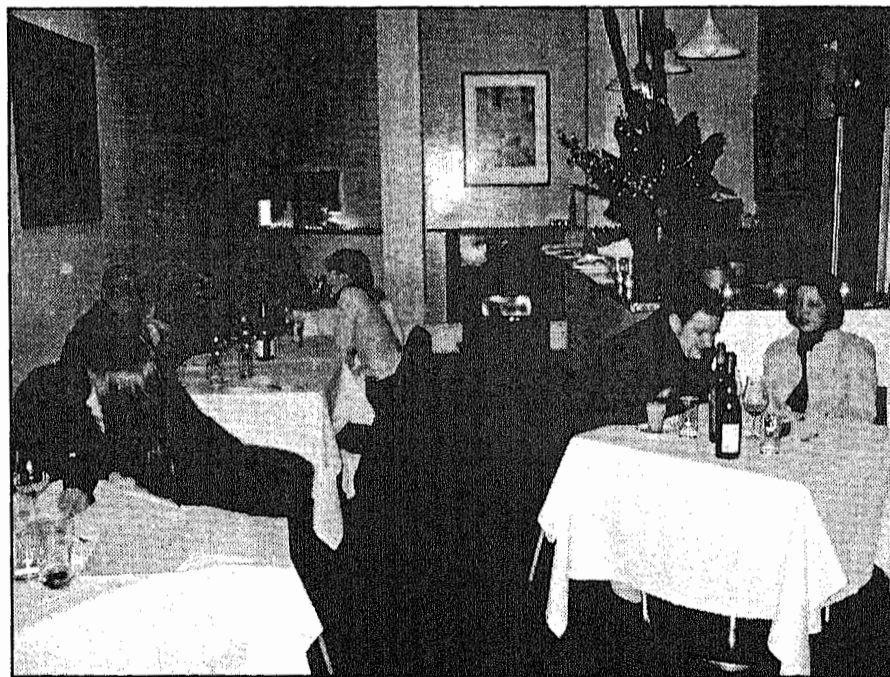
Cleanse away any residual flavours with the pineapple sorbet, and learn about the potential basil holds for sweet dishes: I was surprised at how well the aroma of the herb blends with the acidity of the fruit. For the main, I selected duck, so I can comment no more on the fillet of beef than my companion, who said it was the finest piece of steak she had ever eaten. The duck was brilliant, succulent, and well complimented by a bed of salt and pepper tofu. One

of the interesting things about food at 124 is the subtle influence of Japanese cuisine on the traditional French methods. Chefs Zack and Rob are relatively young, in their mid-twenties, and are passionate about bringing new style to the established modes of eating. The menu is in a constant state of flux, as they tinker with the old favourites to produce new dining experiences.

Just when I thought I had seen it all, the dessert plate arrived. Get down on your knees and beg for it when you go, as this was certainly the highlight of the evening. Honeycomb ice-cream seemed to marry perfectly with the panna cotta, which was offset by the acids of rhubarb and strawberry (once again, note the basil, for it fills out fruit flavour in a way that is hard to imagine). Take careful note of the chocolate doobies (like cigars but smaller, with a much better buzz), atop a pure raspberry slab, which are a favourite of the chefs.

With an array of fine wines, sumptuous food, and impeccable service, 124 will create for you the perfect dining experience. Suffice it to say that my companion and I were well impressed. For the sake of argument, I'll rate this experience at four out of five stars (even though I hate ratings of this ilk, they seem to be popular in the reviewing world), and recommend that you make a booking right away.

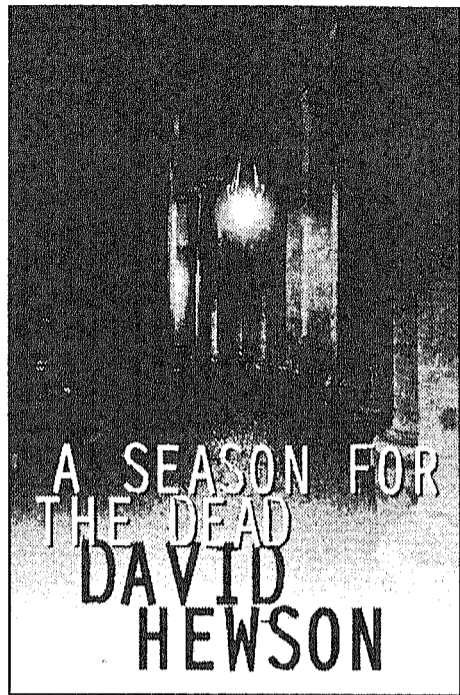
Hagemann



We are talking about near-perfection here. Perhaps the only fault I was able to pick during the meal was... well, maybe my second mouthful of duck was a little dry. The dining experience, overall, was one not easily matched for the same price by other restaurants of a similar calibre. In a very expensive nutshell (like the impervious macadamia) the meal was exquisite, and worth every tightly clenched penny. If you wish to impress someone worthy and desirable (as one is wont

Hand-made by the Cooper family.

One equation tells a thousand words...



A Season for the Dead
David Hewson
Macmillan
\$30.00

Set in present Rome, *A Season for the Dead* has the makings of a great crime novel...if it wasn't so long! David Hewson chose a very interesting cocktail of characters, including an inexperienced cop Nic Costa, a religion crazed murderer and the beautiful Sara Farnese, with a very shady past. The novel begins with Sara studying ancient Catholic texts in the library of the Vatican, when she is approached by one of her ex-lovers with a coded message ("The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church"), and a delivery of what appeared to be human skin! Unfortunately after this first shocking murder the pace drops dramatically. The murders of Sara's ex-lovers carry on for no apparent reason and the identity of the killer is revealed very early in the book (they hand it to you on a platter). So there is no satisfaction of solving the mystery yourself.

As we read on, the chapters jump from the point of view of the killer, and the cop, Costa. Here I must mention that it annoyed the hell out of me as Hewson jumps from the first name to surname and back again of one character, in the same paragraph. It seems as though he's adding new characters into the storyline, when in fact it's the same one.

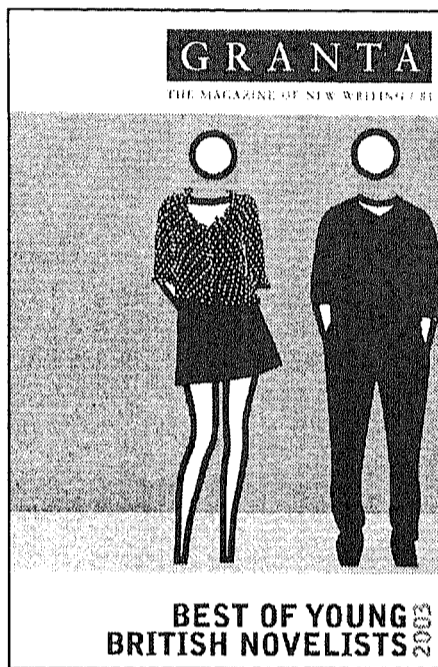
The reasons behind the connections between most of the characters are also lost. You find yourself struggling to remember how they are related to each other, which makes it difficult to fully comprehend their motives.

A Season for the Dead tries too hard to cover several genres, from the crime novel, to the detailed descriptions of Catholic martyrs and even romance (Hewson dedicated a whole chapter to illustrating how two of the characters made love).

Sadly, even the rather raunchy

chapter couldn't make up for the rest of the book. I give this book a 5/10 as I endured 66 chapters of longwinded dialogues, loose ends and unimaginative description only to find the ending a complete let down. Maybe Hewson should consider writing erotic novels?

Agnieszka



Granta 81: Best of Young British Novelists 2003
Edited by Ian Jack
Published by Rea S. Hederman
\$24.95

The idea behind this publication is to recognise 20 British writers under the age of 40 (not very 'young') who have demonstrated promising ability and achievement, and to introduce them to a wider audience. This is the third Best of Young British Novelists publication released; the first appeared in 1983 and the second in 1993.

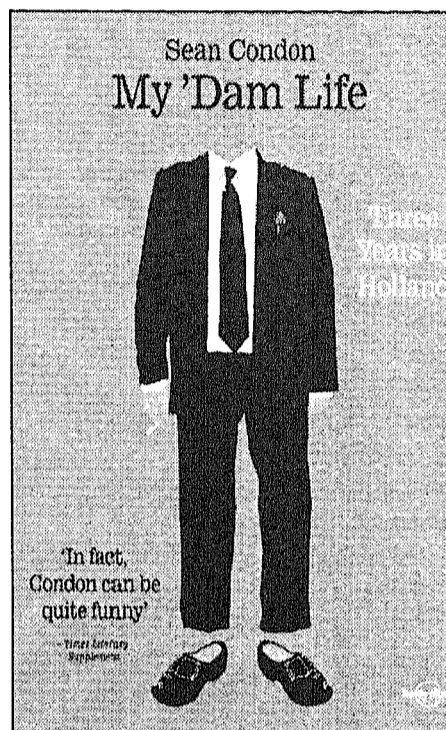
The authors are indeed good writers; some like Zadie Smith with the TV adaptation of her novel *White Teeth*, have already achieved success. Don't however read this book if you're looking for some satisfying short stories as I'm sure, like me, you'll be quite frustrated. The pieces in Best of Young British Novelists, are not short stories but abstracts from these authors' novels and whilst an idea of writing style can be gained, without the surrounding text most of the 'stories' don't make a whole lot of sense.

Steven Gill's piece is quite interesting as it is made entirely of photographs, but I wouldn't have thought of calling him a 'novelist'. Adam Thirlwell's piece is interesting if you want to know exactly how an abortion is performed. Some of the stories are just boring but do read Robert McLiam Wilson's *The Dreamed*, which would be my personal favourite; a story about a man with the ability to bring soldiers who have died in battle back from the dead.

I think that releasing one of these books every decade has become

important to the Brits and I commend them on their tradition. However, I've definitely read better short story compilations.

Emily



My 'Dam Life: Three Years in Holland
Sean Condon
Lonely Planet Publications
\$22.00

The catalogue references for this book are Travel/Netherlands/Humour. An interesting combination you may think, but it is in fact an apt description of this book. Sean Condon is an Australian living in the Netherlands for the duration of this tale and despite publication by Lonely Planet, he is not writing a travel guide, but rather a rambling description of the idiosyncrasies of the Dutch and also himself. Nevertheless he obliquely dispenses some advice, for instance not inspecting Dutch toilets after a bowel

movement. Don't ask. He also packs a fair bit of humour into the retelling of his really quite boring life. He is very self-deprecating and dry, and some of the one-liners in this book will have you spraying your laughter at the people in front of you on the bus.

The beginning of the book can be somewhat confusing, as Condon chops between different times and countries, but once one gets into the story, a chronological account of just over three years living in Amsterdam, flitting to London, Paris, Germany and San Francisco in between, ensues.

The life of Sean, his wife Sally and the five other people they are sharing a one bedroom apartment with, is quickly thrown into disarray when the magazine they have all moved to Holland to work on folds, and they are left without jobs and with an eviction notice. The subsequent moves into different apartments take on a frenetic, breathless urgency as Sean struggles with the language, the house hunting and the lack of funds. However Sean's eye for detail (read: distressing lack of anything else to do) makes one feel that we are there observing the freakish neighbours and drinking an excessive amount of Grolsch ourselves.

I sped through this book in two days, which probably circumvented the otherwise inevitable dragging of a rambling book without a plot, and as negative as this sounds, it worked for me.

I really enjoyed this tale, and I will be looking up *Sean and David's Long Drive* to read Condon's disparaging remarks about Australia, and Adelaide in particular (darkly hinted at in this novel). My benchmark for a funny book is being made to laugh out loud, thus *My 'Dam Life* is a winner in my opinion, but if you don't understand dry, deprecating and understated wit (and often just plain stupidity) you probably won't enjoy it.

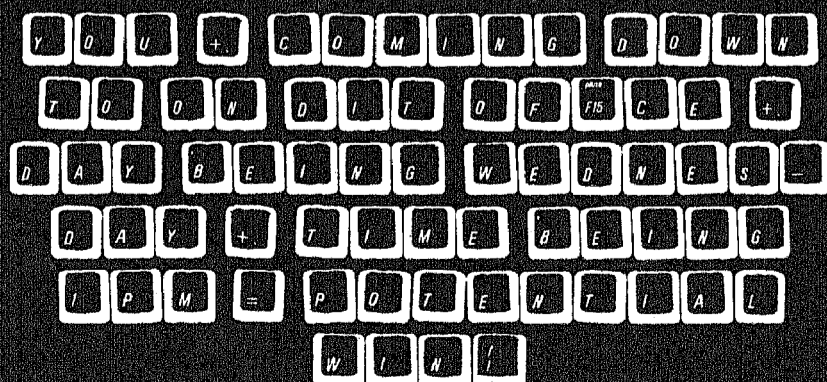
Bad luck, because it was great.

Nat

Like what you've just read? Thanks to Briony at Lonely Planet we have a copy of

My'Dam Life

to give away!



Australian Surrealism

Art Gallery of South Australia



The Art Gallery of South Australia is showing Australian Surrealism of the Agapitos/Wilson Collection until the October 12. The collection is the largest of its kind in Australia that covers the 1930s through to the 1950s of this art

movement. The display is of 90 pieces selected from the main collection that numbers over three hundred paintings, drawings, photographs and prints.

Upon lowering one self into the depths of the gallery a wall mounted (feet first) fluorescent yellow rhino greets the curious folk. Upon parting with four of the coin (student price) one is confronted by Rota by Chilean

born Juan Davilla. Produced over 1996-97 the massive scale of the piece is heightened as the audience engages with the piece by way of 'coloured' 3D glasses. The striking themes of Rota are perceptions and stereotypes juxtaposed

with ocker and South American caricatures with reference to Leunig and colonialism.

The entrance to the main exhibition area has the twisted gaze of *Surreal Face of a Woman* (1938) by Max Dupain. It is often said eyes are the windows to the soul. Perhaps this can be extended to the suggestion that art is the window for the soul. The framework labelled surrealism is one way through which the human condition is expressed and explored in an attempt to liberate the imagination from the apparently limited shackles of daily operation.

The mask is represented by Albert Tucker and Adrian Feint at the beginning of the main proceedings. The overbearing hideous nature of *Clown* by Tucker is contrasted with the solemn tribal mask by Feint. The simplicity of the mask hides the power of external construction and internal experience. One is left to ponder which mask shall meet the other masks for the day.

The exhibition demonstrates a varying array of surrealist expression. Gaudy oils of Douglas Roberts are found with the washed out urban mindscapes settings by Jeffery Smart, brooding gelatin silver photography by Dupain, bestial forms of Nolan to the fine drafting of the

twisted caricature *Tree Forms* by Russell Drysdale. James Gleeson's work features prominently with rich colour work and harrowing detail such as the centre piece *Funeral Procession in a Wounded Landscape* (1945). This piece depicts a youth sailing off on a coffin shaped transport into a macabre reality strewn with the constraints of flesh.

The influence of the cubist style is apparent in *Sphinx* by Loudon Sainthill (1939). The stark geometric lines of the face beckon the audience into its labyrinth like construction to wander through its unforgiving architecture for a timeless moment. There are far too many wonderful pieces to mention here and one of the strengths of the exhibition is that the works are thoroughly absorbing and deserve time for digestion.

The artists represented in the exhibition are James Gleeson, James Cant, Russell Drysdale, Jeffery Smart, Max Dupain, Adrian Feint, Ivor Francis, Donald Friend, Robert Klippel, Joy Hester, Dusan Marek, Sidney Nolan, Douglas Roberts, Peter Purves Smith, Eric Thake and Albert Tucker. This collection is *The One* for the Australian Surrealist movement; do not miss this great opportunity to view fantastic art right at your educational doorstep.

Equus

Adelaide University Theatre Guild

Thirty years after its first performance, Peter Shaffer's play *Equus* continues to test our fragile preconceptions of madness, passion, and sexuality. With such rich material, the challenge for the Theatre Guild is to confront an audience less easily shocked than those of the 1970s with Shaffer's timeless and troublesome dilemma: Is sanity worth what we must sacrifice to have it?

The play traces the descent of psychiatrist Martin Dysart into his nadir of personal and professional doubt. His catalyst is Alan Strang, the frustrated son of stilted fanatics whose erotic reverence for horses gives way to an inexplicable outburst of violence. Society condemns Strang as disturbed and insane, but Dysart questions its right to restore Strang to "normality" at the expense of his irretrievable spiritual purity and uniqueness.

It is difficult to do justice to a play which so masterfully strips away our feeble veneer of social tranquillity. Dysart, with his ceaseless duty to his work, his joyless marriage, and his wistful fondness for Homer's Greece, must typify on stage the lonely ethos of post-industrial society: disciplined,

conformist, sexually suppressed, and self-absorbed. Equally, Strang must exude the defiant ecstasy and anguished rage of his raw inner self.

The Theatre Guild has largely risen to the difficult task of depicting this contrast. Its minimal set allows the crew to intensify Dysart and Strang's most emotive scenes with heightened music and lighting. The supporting actors credibly imbue Shaffer's horses with the naked energy Strang craves. The result is polished but not pretentious, focusing our attention on the themes of the play.

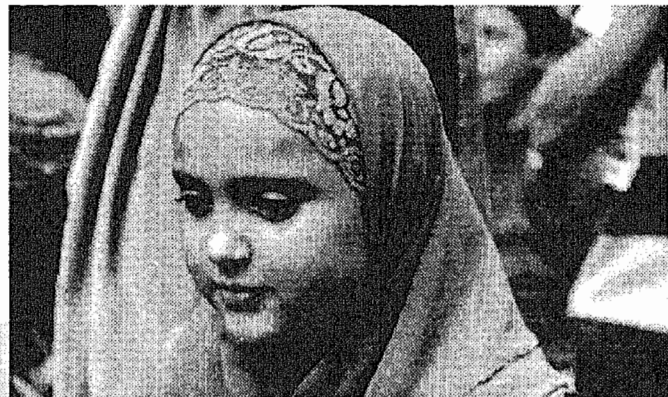
The audience will leave *Equus* with different impressions. For those who would relieve Alan of the misery his deviance brings, the play is an indictment of the social alienation which drives him from being conventional and unremarkable into his private realm of undisciplined passion. For those who would preserve him intact, it serves as a reminder of both the value and the danger of individuality.

Rowan Nicholson

Maxim.



Rossanne Pellegrino



Looking Through Fresh Eyes

Looking through fresh eyes was the premier exhibition of local photographic artist Rossanne Pellegrino. The title of her presentation describes perfectly her vibrant works which depict day to day life in Adelaide. In her artwork Rossanne takes the ordinary and makes it extra ordinary, by transforming the familiar into the unfamiliar. These alluring photographs have a truly honest feel to them, as the artist looks for beauty in the world around her.

The collection offers an interesting blend of people and places, from those close to the artist to beaches and industrial scenes. But it isn't always the subject matter of these works that gives them allure. Rather it is the way Rossanne presents them to the viewer. The images have a dark look to them; this gives them depth and an exotic feel. Many of them, although photographed in Adelaide look as if they are scenes from foreign cities; in one piece Rossanne transforms the markets off Gouger Street into a buzzing Indian Bazaar. Rossanne's goal with this project was to represent Adelaide in this way, to show our city in a different light. She wanted to demonstrate that many different and interesting things are going on in Adelaide, you just have to

look for them.

Rossanne, who is currently studying International Studies and a Diploma of Languages at Flinders University, first became interested in photography while travelling and working in Europe. Rossanne is also studying photography as an elective for her course at the University of South Australia. She has travelled extensively, visiting many countries around the world including Germany, United Kingdom, Egypt and Canada.

All the works within the collection are black and white except for one entitled Venice, the only photograph not taken in Adelaide in the exhibition. This piece symbolises Rossanne's love for travelling and the beginning of her love for photography. The coloured piece presents a busy scene in the bustling city of Venice. Taken from a low angle the photograph shows a close up of a city footpath, focusing on a pair of eyes, perhaps a sticker glued to the footpath by an unknown street artist. Venice demonstrates how Rossanne looks for the unusual and the unique through her photography.

Travel has given Rossanne a real appreciation for other cultures, but at

the same time appreciation for her home town as well. Rossanne particularly has an interest in the cultural diversity of Adelaide and this has become the main focus of her photography. She uses her artwork to highlight this diversity, and draw attention to the fact that we should respect cultural difference. Her photographs present to the viewer different cultural and sub-cultural groups interacting and inhabiting the same space. The piece Lisa, Marching captures a moment in a peace march earlier this year. The photograph shows people from all different cultural and backgrounds, coming together for the same reason - to protest against violence.

Rossanne's artwork has been influenced by American photographer Bill Owen, who captures American suburban life on film. Owen sought to present the normal in a quirky kind of way, and this is what Rossanne does with her own work. Although she is aware of other artists such as Owen and what current local artists are producing, she tries to not to copy, but rather do her own thing. Rossanne believes that if you create art and "...if it is true to you...you can't go wrong, people like it or they don't... that's art".

Rossanne was able to finance her artwork and exhibition through receiving a grant from the South Australian Youth Arts Board, Carclew Youth Arts Centre. She approached Carclew after seeing an advertisement for the government grant, designed to help local artists. Rossanne presented her ideas to the centre through sketches and reports. Rossanne was successful and through the help of Fad - an art gallery, come café, she was able to put her artwork on public display for the first time.

Looking through fresh eyes is a collection of beautiful artwork that captures the often forgotten beauty of our city and the people that inhabit it. Rossanne has truly looked at her environment through fresh and positive eyes.

Looking through fresh eyes was displayed at FAD, 30 Waymouth Street, Adelaide during August. Rossanne's photography is now showing at the University of South Australia, Underdale Campus in an exhibition entitled Amalgam, in Gallery J111.

Leo Greenfield

struggling rock star Jimmy Trash kidnaps the Spicy Femmes in a ploy for notoriety...

meanwhile, Jimmy Trash is driven insane by his "captives"

one week later:

please! go home!

fine.

Zzz...

bollocks!! oh well, back to busking on Rundle Mall

JIMMY TRASH stars in... a life less spicy by: georgina, leo, & lyndall

FILM



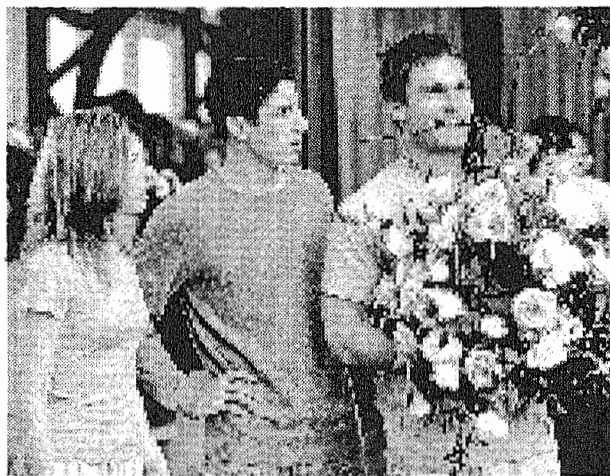
Identity Now Showing

So there's a storm, ten strangers meeting by a series of freak coincidences in an isolated motel in the middle of the nowhere, one of whom is a convicted killer. Do you see where this is going? If you answered 'yes' to that question, you would be correct, but the journey that director James Mangold takes us on to that conclusion is well worth the predictable string of deaths along the way. The cast is well balanced and roles are executed with finesse, as John Cusack, Ray Liotta and Amanda Peet take centre stage. Ed (Cusack) is driving his Hollywood has-been thespian (ironically played by Rebecca DeMornay) when he accidentally hits a woman, who was entertaining her son whilst straight-laced husband changed a tyre on their car, which was due to a stiletto that fell out the car of a prostitute (Peet). All roads are flooded, so there is no choice but for all concerned to spend the night at the *Psycho*-esque hotel, built on an Indian burial ground, nonetheless. Thankfully, the owner's name isn't Bates - it's about one of the only things not 'borrowed' from Hitchcock, but to its credit, everything is given a makeover and comes up looking a helluva lot better than Gus Van Sant's 1998 take on the great man. Meanwhile, a few other characters are thrust into the mix, namely the mysterious cop Rhodes (Liotta) and his convict cargo, who is a hilarious caricature, with protruding eyebrows, low intelligence and a knack for saying disturbing things to freak people out. The actor stops short of openly salivating, thankfully. Simultaneously, a midnight appeal is underway, as a psychiatrist (Alfred Molina) attempts to prove his client (Pruitt Taylor Vince), who is to be executed within hours, is insane and thus doesn't deserve the death penalty.

It's an entirely psychological affair, as Ed attempts to solve the ensuing deaths of his new friends, but stumbles across some baffling evidence, as possible connections between the victims are being established. Until the twist (which is revealed quite early), *Identity* has all the hallmarks of a generic slasher flick, but with satisfying gore mixed with intelligence, as well as an evil and calculating approach to each kill. For once, a film in this genre lives up to its potential without becoming a self-parody, has enough gore to keep you happy without losing your lunch and piles on the twists in a subtle and pleasing manner. All in all, a great way to kill an hour-and-a-half.

Monkey Minowa

There are still a couple of double passes to the trashy but damn funny slasher romp *Wrong Turn*, starring Eliza Dushku (Faith from *Buffy*) down at On Dit for some lucky punters to snare. Come on down and we'll happily send some your way!



American Wedding (aka American Pie 3) Now Showing

It was only five short years ago that the original *American Pie* was released, centring around the misadventures of four high school friends, who made a joint pact to lose their virginity prior to graduation. With a forgettable sequel in the bank, along comes *AP 3* to correct the balance and return to the formula that made the first of the franchise so successful. There is a conspicuous lack of some of the original actors, such as Tara Reid, Mena Suvari, Chris Klein and Shannon Elizabeth, as I was alerted to several weeks ago in an *Advertiser* exposé. This does mean that the many different storylines of the first film are not followed, a significant flaw in my books, but it allows for ongoing jokes to be developed more sophisticated... well, relatively. Jason Biggs is great as the awkward and oft-embarrassed Jim, as he and fiancée Michelle (played by Alyson Hannigan) plan for their wedding. There's the expected truckload of bodily fluids gag, poo humour, bare breasts and associated sex/dick jokes, but if you didn't enter the cinema knowing what you were in store for, you are an idiot.

The film belongs to Seann William Scott though, with his portrayal of Stifler unlikely to garner any Oscars, but is the highlight of the film. Expect his lines to be replicated amongst your friends, in the vein of how 'MILF' entered the common vernacular. While Alyson Hannigan doesn't have nearly enough screen time, Eugene Levy continues to shine as Jim's dad. January Jones, who plays Michelle's sister Cadence, and Eric Allen Kramer, as the balding, gay Bear, are two excellent characters who fill the gaps left by the original cast. The latter helps bring a maturity to the film that is well needed - whatever one's view or sexual orientation, it cannot be disputed that there is too much homophobia in Hollywood.

Yes, it's crude, shallow and aims to offend with a complete lack of decorum, but the outcomes for each of the now beloved characters is worth the price of the ticket. The bachelor party and Stifler's 'dance off' are but two of the many fantastic scenes to behold in this predictable but charming gross-out. The situations are well planned and are bound to get you laughing, even if it is the 13-year-old in all of us top which this film appeals.

Pastry Boy



THE O LIST WITH MATTYO

FILMS WORTH SEEING

- 1) The Night We Called It A Day
- 2) Confessions Of A Dangerous Mind
- 3) Wilbur Wants To Kill Himself
- 4) Terminator 3: Rise Of The Machines
- 5) Tape

VIDEO/DVD TO BUY OR RENT

- 1) Terminator 2: Judgement Day SE
- 2) The Pianist
- 3) Taxi Driver: Collectors Edition
- 4) Bowling For Columbine
- 5) Spooks

GREAT MATHSY/ SCIENCEY MOVIES FOR NERDS LIKE ME

- 1) Back To The Future, Pts I, II & III
- 2) Pi
- 3) Good Will Hunting
- 4) Young Einstein
- 5) Weird Science

ELIZA DUSHKU + FREE TICKETS = FUN, DAMMIT!

See bottom left corner of this page for details!

MORE WINTER MOVIES VIDEO, DVD & Blu-ray

Levity

An entirely disappointing expedition, especially considering the high calibre cast, including Morgan Freeman, Billy Bob Thornton, Kirsten Dunst and Holly Hunter. Billy Bob is a recently released con trying to reintegrate himself into the world, while Freeman is miscast as a confused local preacher trying to impact upon the substance abusing teens in the hood. Going nowhere is the order of the day, and you'd do well to leave this alone.

The Slaughter Rule

One of the better American football movies to be made, Ryan Gossling stars as a high school quarter back cut from the squad soon after his father's death, only to be picked up by David Morse, a coach hoping to rebuild his career and his broken life. There's a real human feel to the film, with Clea Duvall creating an unlikely but well played leading lady. Relationships are strained, and emotion spills freely in this beautifully shot piece that easily avoids being a teen film.

Teknolust

Tilda Swinton stars in virtually every role in this extremely low budget slop. Neither funny, nor sexy, nor well conceived, one labours to follow the effort of a computer junkie cum scientist who has created CGI sirens who can somehow live off semen and at one point, escape from their computer environment. Best left on the shelf.

Warnings

A pisspoor version of Mel Gibson's *Signs*, with the Stephen Baldwin receiving top honours in the credits for his bit part as the crazy uncle riding purely on the coattails of his surname. Six college kids renovate one of their uncle's derelict farm, while crop circle and other unexplained happenings unfold. There's a dash of unnecessary nudity, a whole heap of shite sci-fi ala "What if it's true? - what if aliens do exist?" as well as a crappy ending, where our imagination is removed in favour of a generic alien physiology and frankly shoddy sequence of aliens beaming into the farmhouse, only to be driven out by Billy Zane. Coming soon to graveyard TV.

Shiner

Michael Caine paints a dark picture of underworld dealings, corruption and amateur boxing in this slow paced flick. Despite having a limited cinematic release, the scungy feel will appeal to people who love an abrasive and visual film. Oh, and Andy Serkis (Gollum) pops up as a bouncer.

Johnny English

Not fazed from the disappointment of *Bean* comes another effort from the British comic Rowan Atkinson, as the unlikely British spy Johnny English. With Natalie Imbruglia and John Malkovich on board, one would have hoped for something at least mildly interesting, but no one, not even the usually incredible JM can save this dud. If the James Bond movies have not become parodies of themselves yet, *Austin Powers* has already done the job, making this frustrating flick entirely redundant. Avoid at all costs.

Roger Dodger

Campbell Scott stars as Jesse Eisenberg's smooth uncle Roger, who decides to teach him a thing or two about ladies, while coming to terms with the breakdown of his relationship to boss Isabella Rossellini. Elizabeth Berkley and Jennifer Beals provide spark as Roger and nephew try out some sexy moves in this exploration of cosmopolitan masculinity in the new millennium.

The Unsaid

Andy Garcia leads a b-grade cast in this pseudo psychological thriller that smacks of *Primal Fear*. The story is unimaginative and weak, and there is a distinct lack of believability of characters and as such, no empathy is developed. Every possible point of interest is flagged ten minutes before it actually happens, leaving you wondering how intelligent film makers think you are.

Terminator 2: Judgement Day SE

Perhaps the best DVD package thus far this year, the 1992 Schwarzenegger blockbuster is seen here like never before. The most impressive of all three instalments, the transfers to this DVD package are incredible, and incorporate deleted scenes with sharp new sound. The process from concept to red carpet is captured in detail across two discs, with literally hours worth of material for the true fans. A must for any self respecting person.

Bowling For Columbine

Arguably the highest profile documentary in the last ten years, much has been written about Michael Moore's treatise on America's gun lust, the function of fear in the mainstream media and the despicable actions of government and associated social policy. Despite being accused of picking soft targets, the message is relevant and powerful, leaving an indelible mark on the audience.

Taxi Driver: Collectors Edition

Martin Scorsese's 1972 classic is given a buff and shine in this tidy release with some cool interviews, a look at how scenes were shot amongst the extras to sink your teeth into. First timers will be amazed by Robert De Niro's amazing performance as a troubled man in a seedy city, while veterans will appreciate the attention to detail in this special version.

Ned Kelly

Heath Ledger, Orlando Bloom, Naomi Watts, Joel Edgerton and Geoffrey Rush pool their collective talent to bring the story of Australia's most famous bushranger to life. With more than a sniff of competition to Scottish Hero William 'Braveheart' Wallace, everything has been thrown into this, and the result is pleasing to the eye. Watch for cameos from Bud Tingwell and Powderfinger's Bernard Fanning.



View from the Top
Now Showing

Almost two years after it was originally supposed to be released, *View from the Top* is the last of the 9/11 affected films to hit our cinema screens. The wait has been torture especially for those of us who are just starved for silly Gwyneth Paltrow comedies aside from *Shallow Hal* and *The Pallbearer*.

View from the Top is another formulaic comedy in the *Legally Blonde* mould as we follow Paltrow's ditzzy stewardess moving up through the ranks of an airline. Along the way are characters that challenge her in different ways so that by the end, we see Paltrow as something more than a dumb blonde.

In its favour, the movie has assembled a better than average cast including Christina Applegate, Rob Lowe, Candice Bergen, Kelly Preston and the irrepressible Mike Myers who really is worth checking out in his small

role.

We discerning cinema viewers already know what to expect from a movie like this, so I'm sure you have already made up your minds whether to see this or not.

The question is whether we are ready to accept a movie that makes fun of airplanes, airports and the staff that populate them. Americans certainly were not ready as this movie bombed upon release at the start of the year. However looking out how many times *Flying High* and *Alive* leave my local video store shelves, I reckon we Australians just want to be entertained. And that's where you should wait for *View from the Top* before watching it. You'll get the same enjoyment on the small screen as on the big.

Dominik G.

Antipodean Screams
Various
Off The Hip Records

This is a very exciting compilation of all of the new (but not always that young) Australian garage bands belting around both here and the rest of the world at the moment. Basically if you are into garage music in any shape or form, this compilation is essential. The bands included seem to pay a lot more homage to '60s Australian garage bands, such as The Missing Links, and the Australian bands on compilations like Do The Pop and Australian Underground than other bands that are getting saturated airplay on late night Rage at the moment. The style of the bands on this compilation sway from very swampy, blues-rock such as the Cramps-influenced The Head Set from Queensland, or The Drones, who play what they call "Fucked up Blues", to flat out dirty rock bands such as Shutdown 66 and Asterpid B-612. There

is also a fair share of pure '60s brit-pop/garage sounding bands, such as the fantastic The Uptight and The Frantics, who also look every part the Carnaby Street delinquents. The compilation does a good job of covering the wide genre of 'garage' in Australia, and it even contains a track by ex-Beasts of Bourbon legend Spencer P Jones.

Other aural delights include Adelaide's own The Green Circles, who have included their uncharacteristically vicious song, "Knee Jerk Reaction", a full throttle fuzzed out angst song. Dom Mariani's new band The 12 O'Clock Shadow are every bit as rocking as his early work with The Stems, but the highlight band of Antipodean Screams is Perth's Capital City. These guys play loud, moody rock that is absolutely mind blaringly intense. Basically, this compilation is fucking wicked. I know a lot of people don't like this style of music as much as I do, but if you've made it this far down the page then you are bound to love Antipodean Screams.

Jimmy Trash

Gig PREview

**Dexter Jones
& The Icons**

**August 16 at the Austral
from 10pm. Free entry.**

One thing was immediately apparent to me when I heard Dexter Jones and The Icons were playing together: this would be the most enthusiastic gig on for the week. Dexter Jones and The Icons are both bands with a no-bullshit policy towards their music; they play rock and roll because they love it. Dexter Jones play a style they have coined as BBQ Groove, a mixture of pop, funk and rock. Their up beat and fun rock is influenced by bands as diverse as Supertramp, The Beatles, E.L.O., Weezer and Jeff Buckley. Evidently Dexter are "really chuffed that The Icons have come on board", as their styles are quite similar. The Icons play an aurally pleasing garage/rock/pop crossover, being able to sound as mean and drunken as The Vines or as sweet as Weezer. So basically if you want rock this Saturday night, you have been informed.

On Dit talks to

JIHAD AGAINST AMERICA

Jihad Against America are an angry six-piece Melbourne punk band that sing about bombing America and a desire to sniff undies. With three female lead singers and a war cry of "Terrorism Is The New Black", they are a pro-feminist, pro-holy war death machine. They also have a hilarious sense of youthful humour and one of the most attractive female drummers to have ever graced a stage. *On Dit* was lucky enough to catch them on their latest tour here.

On Dit: Do you think one of the reasons your Adelaide tour was so successful was because you are just what Adelaide is missing - a completely unhinged and unrestricted mixed sex punk rock band? There certainly is a shortage of females in the rock scene here, as Liz (Turner, lead singer) pointed out in a letter to *Rip It Up* earlier this year. What are your thoughts on that subject now?

Ben: Kelly and Tara, our two new singers, are Adelaide ex-pats, and with their added vocal firepower, Jihad can

rock as hard as any of the boy bands. We were still amazed to have conversations with girls who are friends with Adelaide punk bands like Love Like Electrocution, who just don't play in bands, even though they go to gigs all the time. There is a group starting up called Adelaide Rock Ladies, being driven by Aleise Millington (aka Lee Stardust) and Sarah Masters. There is also the Lilith project being run by Kylie from Kaleidoscope. Both of these projects aim to get more women playing in Adelaide. We also had a great time playing with Star 10#.

We rock as hard as most boy bands except Mercury4. 'I Wanna Get Me Some' is too hardcore-metal-punk fusion for our puny pop sensibility to comprehend.

Oh, and Human Nature rocked pretty hard too.

On Dit: Your lyrics ride a fine line between strong anti American/imperialist sentiment and hilarious fun poking. Do you think this helps drive your message home?

Ben: It certainly gets people's attention. It just goes to show that if you've got something interesting to say, people usually pay attention. But there's so many bands filled with people who are scared to say anything different. Some people resent our point of view and

resent the fact that we have a 'novelty'. A lot of people in Melbourne are a bit too serious and cool to really appreciate what we do. But music can and should be a medium for politics. And if the music is good enough, people are forced to pay attention.

Plus, if people are laughing at us we can always claim it's the lyrics they're finding funny. They're laughing with us, not at us. Yeah, right.

On Dit: Have you had any trouble with your name, or subject matter of your songs? Or even any stories about really violent or strange gigs that you'd like to share with the Adelaide public?

Ben: Liz was on a tram a couple of days ago and a guy got really worked up and agro because she was wearing her Jihad Against America jacket. He started yelling at the top of his voice that he wants to punch the shit out of people like her. She kept calm and told him the other side of the story (that the reason he thinks like this is because the Australian media never talk about American terrorism such as killing 500,000 Iraqi children through sanctions after the first Gulf War). He didn't understand the humour. But hey, he went home with another point of view.

The main trouble with our name is that it doesn't have the word 'the' in it, as is currently the fashion.

Livid's back, but Adelaide's the place to be

Okay all, if you haven't heard the Livid Festival is back on for another year, and although it won't be visiting this lovely part of the world there are enough artists dropping in that you'll have to cancel most of your schedule for a few months. So, who can we look forward to?

Well, there's Blondie this Friday, Gerling and Brassy both on August 23, Mum from Iceland on September 3. Then later on, The Black Keys and iOTA on that special September 11, when every band wants to play in Adelaide, The Eels on September 17, and Jurassic 5 on October 10. Yeah! Slammin'!

Fresh Air

Something of note that appeared on the radar this week but had been previously undetected: The boys from Air, their musical accomplices, and record company Astralwerks put together an initiative a couple of years ago for "discovering and presenting new underground talents that appealed to them." It's called *I Hear Voices*, and for those of you into some Frenchy music, it's bound to be right up your alley. To learn more just make your way to www.astralwerks.com/air for a run down of the artists and a few sound clips. Nice to hear about creative individuals putting out.

MUSIC JEWELS

WITH THE PROF

HEARD ANY INTERESTING NEWS IN
THE MUSIC INDUSTRY? GOT A THEORY
ABOUT THE DEMISE OF RAP METAL?
SEND IT INTO JO AND THE THE PROF!
ONDIT@ADELAIDE.EDU.AU



Sleepy Jackson to tour US

The Sleepy Jackson have not only been getting rave reviews from their recent appearances in England and their album *Lovers*, the ladies are just mad for singer/songwriter, front man Luke Steele and his eccentric ways. The critics have also been so lavish in their praise that the boys are on their way to the US for a comprehensive tour with My Morning Jacket. Mr Steele will even be doing solo shows in LA and NY. Not bad for a lil' old Perth boy. Go you good thing, go!

BDO rumours start here

And the news on the Big Day Out always starts bubbling about this time. We've already heard the goss about Metallica and Blur who are definitely on their respective ways. The big rumours circling are that The Roots have also been confirmed as the hip-hop representatives. It's a long shot, but Radiohead have also been appearing to me in dreams, and it seems awfully odd that they haven't been back to Australia since '98 when it was apparently the only stint of the *OK Computer* tour they can look back on and smile. There's a belief that Courtney's end of set promise that The Dandy Warhols will follow through, and they'll pop back down to see us in the summer. Word straight from the horse's mouth is that Mike Skinner of The Streets is under orders that he has to get the album out if his dreams of BDO 2004 are to fruit.

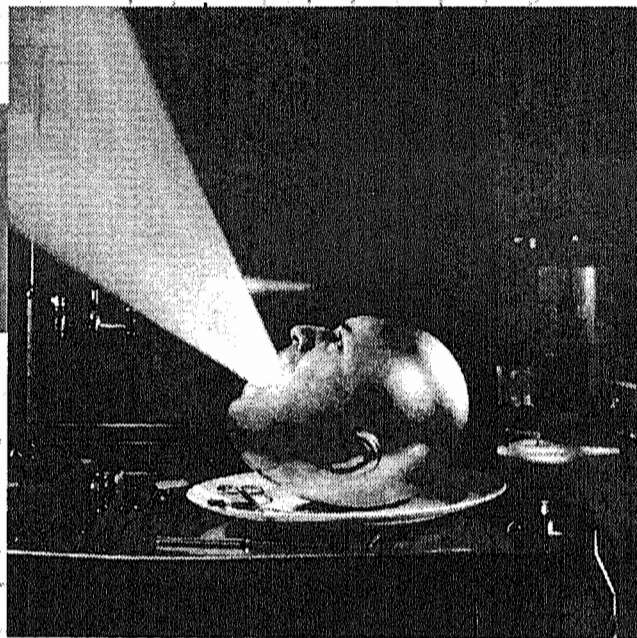
There is also word that Outkast will be bringing their dopen-asses to Australia next year. Hopefully as an accompaniment to The Roots at the BDO.

Albums of the Week

The Mars Volta *De-Loused In The Comatorium* Gold Standard Labs/Universal

Many a skinny, bespectacled emo-punk earnestly lamented the demise of El Paso progressive-hardcore group At The Drive-In in 2001. They failed to see the bigger picture. With the release of *De-Loused* we are shown the fruits of a foolhardy, headstrong, overly-ideological and wonderfully admirable attempt by guitarist/songwriter Omar Rodriguez-Lopez, who felt limited by the musical direction of ATDI. Rodriguez-Lopez puts musical expression and progression before commercial success creating an album full of colour, movement, rhythm, passion, and free from - the constraints that modern musical opinion has burdened countless musicians with.

De-Loused attempts to tell the story of a man in a coma as a result of an attempted suicide. What he sees and hears is told lyrically and musically to wonderful effect, with all songs bleeding into one another and with both word and music as wild, intricate and far-reaching as an unrestrained subconscious. Omar and band-mate Cedric Bixler Zavala show no fear and no mercy in delving forward into things that most other rock based musicians won't touch. Omar's signature and somewhat atonal, Dada-esque guitar excursions, while still present, have made some room for more fluid, melodic and frenzied explorations reminiscent of King Crimson's Robert Fripp blended with numerous psychedelic greats; except Omar's deftness and chameleonic ability to alter his playing style with dramatic effect to serve a particular musical purpose sets him apart



from his predecessors. Falling in seamlessly, the rest of the band create an atmospheric and energetic tapestry of sound with many threads and weaves to pick out and appreciate in their own right. Jon Theodore's drums are amazing and the keys, when noticeable, have a psychedelic Doors / Deep Purple sound. The real chemistry lies in the empathic relationship between Omar and singer Cedric who, once comparable to Zack De La Rocha (Rage Against The Machine), now sounds more like Björk than anyone else. Rather than shouting himself hoarse, Cedric's melodies dance over and through the music, skimming across the top like a perfectly thrown stone. Could possibly be the best album ever recorded? *De-Loused* will not only change the way you think about music, it will change the way you think about everything else too.

The Artax Mission



Gerling *Bad Blood!!!* Festival

Gerling are infamous for their genre-bending ethos, seamlessly switching between punk, funky beats, torrential guitar riffs, hip hop and atmospheric samplers, as well as their blistering live shows. Because of this, fans can be forgiven for wondering what to expect from each Gerling record. 2001's *When Young Terrorists Chase The Sun* (renamed *WYTCIS* after 9-11) was certainly their mainstream breakthrough album - consider how 'High Jackers Manual' was used in Channel Ten advertisements, 'G-House Project' featured none other than Kylie Minogue and 'Dust Me Selecta' ripped-up dance floors and the charts alike. Indeed, it is a difficult album to follow, and even better. *Bad Blood!!!*, like so many other current releases, is not an immediate hit but a slow burning masterpiece. It's a considerably shorter affair at 37 minutes (20 minutes

less than *WYTCIS*), and has less immediate impact, but these songs will stand up in the live setting much better than some of their predecessors. The record launches with 'Blood On The Microphone Part 1', a significantly darker dance track, yet retaining a playful energy rather than infringing Primal Scream's abrasive electro-punk territory. 'Get Activated' and 'Newwave Machine' take large steps backward from the slick production of their previous work, with less sophistication and less layers, but their take on the rock revolution (particularly 'In The City') is real fun, replete with distorted vocals, 80s Eurosynth and driving bass lines. Songs in the middle tend to get lost in the mix, but this and the lack of standout singles other than 'Who's Your Daddy' is more than made up for by this being a huge step in redefining Australian dance music, incorporating the punk spirit circa 1977 to create something unique and refreshing, a hip shaking yet trashy punch. In their own words, it's "the future sound of the broken machines... all microwaved, sticky taped and crazy mashed together."

Matty



album can be attributed to working with Lester A. Mendez, who has worked with Shakira, Enrique and Santana. The bonus track Ford's Radio Mix of 'Intuition' is a textbook dance mix (ie- it's awful), but the original version is a very decent pop song. Call me old fashioned, but prefer her old stuff to this album: this all seems so cheesy compared to her Pieces of You album. 0304 is apparently the "activation" date of the album when people will "get" the album. So maybe by March next year I'll be eating my words, but until then...



Serart
Self-Titled
Serjical Strike/Columbia



Tex Perkins' Dark Horses
Sweet Nothing
Mercury Records / Universal

Evanescence
Fallen
Sony

Before one discounts Evanescence's debut album as being Linkin Park with a female singer, one really must listen to *Fallen*. The first two songs, 'Going Under' and 'Bring Me To Life' create a strong introduction to this album, which is a smooth fusion of romance, drama, rock and piano ballads. This strength is the reason they are the band's first two singles, which have been embraced by pop charts and other listeners alike. Amy Lee's voice is strong and full of emotion, and she is able to adjust her voice to each song. There are eleven tracks in all, ranging from the Meat Loaf inspired rock in 'Bring Me to Life' to the emotion driven 'My Immortal'. Evanescence's song writing skills and undeniable ability to provoke feeling through music mean that there is not a dull moment on this album. I would suggest that this album also maintains a good range of material whilst not shifting too much. *Fallen* is most definitely an interesting listen and appealing blend of styles.

Glitz Mullet



Mountaineers
Self-Titled
Mute/Deltasonic

The most recent graduates from Gomez/Beta Band 101, The Mountaineers have certainly set their sights high on this EP, drawing on all sources to create a lush texture of sound - 'wuss rock', if you will. 'Self-Catering' is the standout, with 'Clap in Time' another strong track, although the attempt to sound epic in the drawn out intro fails miserably and could have done with refining. The bleeps and bleeps on 'Chicken' are annoying and superfluous, making the more creative aspects of the EP seem more like a fluke than anything else, which is not the case. 'Camped Out' borrows heavily from Air, but nonetheless, is a joy to listen to. I'm looking forward to a subsequent, and less forced release.

There have been some great side projects in recent times - A Perfect Circle, The Give Goods, Gorillaz and now, you can add Serart to the list. Stemming from System of a Down, Serart comprises main man Serj Tankian and his compadre Arto Tunç Boyacıyan, which means we are left with an unlikely collision of guitar heavy rock and Middle Eastern, African and Asian world music. Add some break beats, some psychedelic pop, curious samples and a cough in the third minute of the opening track and you have a well weird album on your hands. It's a bit hard to know whether to take it seriously, and enjoy not knowing what is coming next, a welcoming change from formulaic rock, or feeling like the whole thing is a very funny joke. Whatever the case may be, it's the most original record I've heard for ages and does it in such a way that interest is generated, not deterred. Make up your own mind, but it's an almost automatic nomination for album of the year.

Tex Perkins has been one of the faces of Australian music for the past few decades, former lead singer of the Beasts of Bourbon as well as The Cruel Sea frontman, in recent years Perkins has decided to go solo - well of sorts. This (depending on your source) third solo release is credited to Tex Perkins' Dark Horses a band comprising of Charlie Owen (multi-instrumentalist), Murray Paterson (guitar), Joel Silbersher (multi-instrumentalist, backing vocals) and Scritch (drums, backing vocals) though each member swaps instruments from track to track. *Sweet Nothing* has been thrown into the singer-songwriter and alt-country categories and its first single 'Lucid' is receiving radio-play at Triple J as we speak. The album is underscored by dark imagery and this comes through most clearly on the opening instrumental 'A Hair Of The God'. While the album as a whole is excellent music to relax to, the standout tracks are 'Midnight Sunshine', 'Changelings' and 'A Name On Everyone'. Tex Perkins' Dark Horses play the Gov on Thursday and Friday August 21 & 22.

Jo



Jewel
0304
Atlantic/Warner

It's pretty obvious from the yellow mesh singlet that she wears on the cover photo that Jewel has undergone a metamorphosis of late. 0304 is Jewel's "modern interpretation of big band music", but sounds to me like a combination of Latino and poppy electronics. Songs like '2 Become 1', 'Haunted' and 'Sweet Temptation' which are mostly MOR poppy rock songs tend to work better than the poppier tracks, 'Run 2 U' gets off to a good start, but ends up losing itself in the dancey production. The pseudo-tatino feel of the

Matty

Caulfield

Matty

M U S I C
R E V I E W E R S
M E E T I N G

An exciting storm of controversy eventually led to the DRASTIC RESCHEDULING of *On Dit's* famed free CD reviewer junket. The meeting will now be held on...

Tuesday
1 pm
@
Rumours
Cafe
Balcony

The Singles Bar

1200 Techniques 'Eye of the Storm'

1200 Techniques deliver a purposeful punch with this excellent new single, 'Eye of the Storm,' with Nfa rhyming about the corrupt state of the world.

There aren't many artists who sing about political issues without coming off looking like tools, but these guys hit their target with passion.

Matty

GT 'Kid Dynamite'

'Kid Dynamite' sounds like an attempt to be this year's 'Dooms Night', but just isn't as catchy, but is a decent track none-the-less. Poxymusic and Kid Kenobi's breaks-y remix is definitely worth a listen. Less danceable, but more far more interesting is the b-side 'Beat Generation' which is the surprise highlight of the package.

Glitz Mullet

Blur 'Crazy Beat'

'Crazy Beat' is the second single to be taken from Blur's seventh record Think Tank. For over a decade Blur has brought us numerous quality singles from 'Parklife' to 'Music is My Radar' to the gorgeous 'Out of Time'. However, the bad news is that 'Crazy Beat' to a sad attempt to recreate their biggest commercial success 'Song 2'. And it's produced by Norman Cook....You get the point.

Alex Moran

Radiohead 'There there'

Radiohead seem to have finally found the perfect equilibrium between their roots and experimental tendencies. 'There there' is a brooding, exquisite reminder of just how much music can be art. Yorke has time to burn as his beautiful lyrics float above the steely guitars. *Hail to the Thief* may well be their definitive work.

Gaz

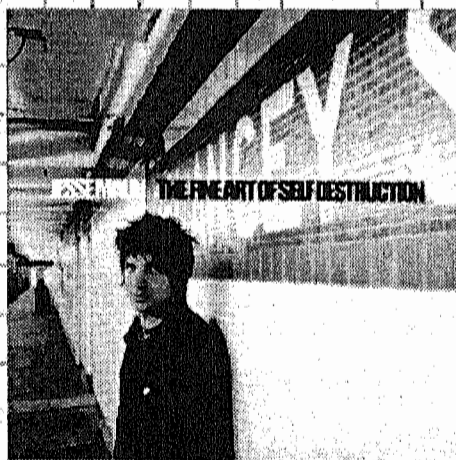
The Black Keys are a soul-blues blues band who play hard-core blues in the style of the 1950s and during 'You Will Travel'.



The Black Keys Thickfreakness Shock

Well blow me over if this isn't one of the best albums of the 21st century thus far. The Black Keys are two dudes from Ohio who play low down, dirty blues. Their style is angry yet pure 50's blues, with obvious influences including Bo Diddley and Chuck Berry (They cover his 'Have Love Will Travel'), but with the speed and energy of later blues rockers such as Hendrix and Cream. The Black Keys also stretch this love of old blues records into the production - 'Thickfreakness' sounds like they used four tracks on any given song recording. The lyrics, which are sung hoarse and painfully by frontman Dan Auerbach, are simple and beautiful; usually about being hurt by girls, in love with girls, or what he could give to a girl. The main difference between The Black Keys and Bo Diddley however, is the fuzzed out distortion and plain nastiness of the guitar riffs and the drums. While the riffs are straight out of Hendrix blues material, the way they play could rust silver - just listen to the venom of 'No Trust'. This is for blues, garage and just plain good rock fans.

Jimmy Trash



Jesse Malin The Fine Art of Self Destruction EMI

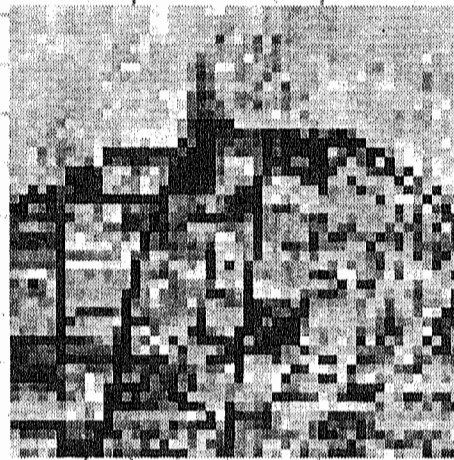
Formerly the lead singer-guitarist of punk-outfit 'D-Generation', Jesse Malin turns over a new leaf with his catchy debut solo-album *The Fine Art of Self Destruction*. Malin's ode to New York City (produced by Ryan Adams) shies away from his glam-punk musical roots, settling for melodic, alternative rock.

Fine Art is a compilation of tales and experiences from Malin's life in the 'City that never sleeps'. Brooklyn

and 'Riding on the Subway' underscore Malin's observations of New York's ever-changing landscape, while 'Queen of the Underworld', 'Downliner' and 'High Lonesome' are more personal musings on life, love and dreams.

Unlike Malin's past musical offerings, *Fine Art* is a bittersweet and sincere solo debut. While the influence of his punk-past is present in 'Wendy', his unique and engaging vocal style, poignant lyrics and acoustic undertone overshadow and remind listeners that loneliness exists in the most crowded of places.

thom



Radiohead Hail to the Thief Parlophone/EMI

Radiohead's highly anticipated sixth studio album is a highly meaningful and measured one, which in my mind is like a summation of what it's like to be around in 2003. The title is a reference to George W Bush's contentious electoral victory, but it's overly simplistic to view the whole album in that way. Combining many guitar elements from *The Bends* and *OK Computer* with the progressive electro-melodies of *Kid A* and *Amnesiac*, *HTTT* still manages to be unlike any of these albums and perpetuate Radiohead's tradition of continual redefinition. There is a definite sense of feeling more comfortable with themselves, and Yorke's vocals are much less self-conscious than the previous two outings. For its moments of gravity and excellence, *Hail to the Thief* is an arrow pointing toward the clearly darker, more frenetic territory the band have up to now only poked at curiously. They are trying and largely succeeding in their efforts to shape pop music into as boundless and possible a medium as it should be, rich in variously constructed soundscapes. Yorke's vocals remain beautiful and Greenwood shines as a guitarist of rare invention and pleasure. The tracklist provides many contrasting moments, moods and settings. Some tracks like 'The Gloaming' seem somewhat bare but must be taken within the context of their dramatic message of a greater darkness overcoming daylight.

Indeed, the whole album, particularly the Special Edition, reads like a richly layered dramatic play of our times, full of meaning for both the casual listener and those wishing to push much further, and unlikely to disappoint either.

Mikey

Motor Vehicle Engineering Club Inaugural General Meeting

The Adelaide University-Motor Vehicle Engineering Club is holding its IGM in the Clubs Association common room on Tuesday August 19 at 12 noon.
ALL STUDENTS ARE WELCOME AND MEMBERSHIP IS FREE!!!
If any queries e-mail marcus.boyd@student.adelaide.edu.au

WANTED
More club notices and classified advertisements. There's only so much creative layout left in us, you know.

Peace Club

A meeting will be held on Friday, August 15 at 3pm in the Clubs Common Room to test interest in the forming of a club to promote peace issues on campus and facilitate student participation in the peace movement.

David Faber,
Bruce Hannaford
& Sam Kelly

FOR SALE

One used operational amplifier integrating machine. Valve slightly rusty. Send all enquiries to longliveanalogue@valvelovers.com

Lonely editor seeks open minded partner for companionship, conversation and possible adult leisure. Must have adequate understanding of fonts, printer drivers and postscript software.

Send all applications to the On Dit office, basement of the George Murray Building.

AU Film Society

All films showing at 7pm, Union Cinema, level 5 Union Building
Membership just \$5 then all films free for rest of the year
Further info online www.aufs.org or email aufs@aufs.org

WEEK 3 - Thursday August 14

Yojimbo (1961)

Directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Starring Toshiro Mifune, Tatsuya Nakadai.

Boisterous, exuberant comedy/satire about violence. Warring factions of a 19th century rural town are trying to gain control of the political situation. After a wandering, masterless and unemployed samurai, a sword-for-hire, strolls into town and learns from the innkeeper that the town is divided between two gangsters, he plays one side off against the other and gets half of the baddies to obliterate the other half. Exhilarating, surprising, kinetic, and very funny, the picture gives us a very human hero. From Japan. English subtitles (112 mins) #125 IMDB Top 250

WANTED

Enthusiastic editors for student subject guide

The Counter Calendar is the alternative student subject guide produced by students for students. It aims to give the real opinions of courses and lecturers gathered from students who have taken the subjects themselves.

The Students' Association is searching for the up to three fun, interesting, self-motivated and competent students to take on the task of producing next year's edition. Your job will be to produce subject surveys, gather and edit student opinions of subjects ready to be placed on the Counter Calendar website. You will also need to promote the online publication to both commencing and continuing students.

If you are interested please write a letter of application addressed to the SAUA President Sarah Hanson-Young and drop it into the Students' Association in the Lady Symon Building, North Terrace Campus or alternatively email: sarah.hanson@adelaide.edu.au
For more information phone 83035406.

