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On Dit

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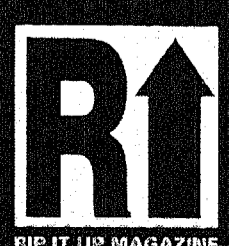
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 LITTLE BIRDS
 PORNLAND
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 GROUND COMPO
 WOLF AND CUB
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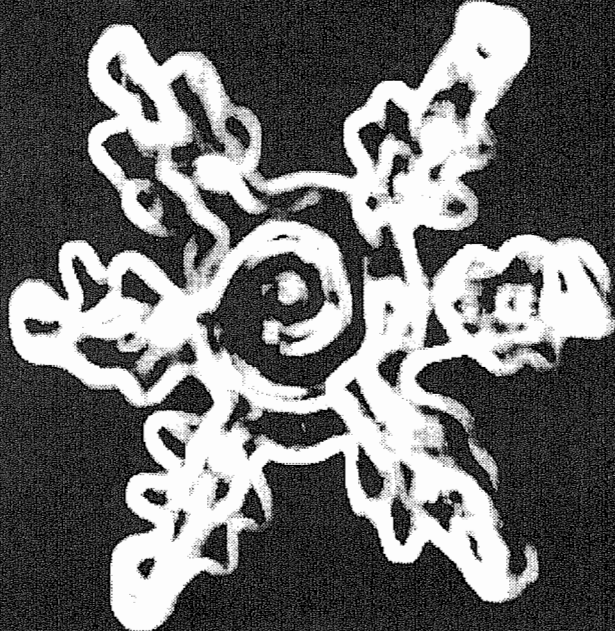
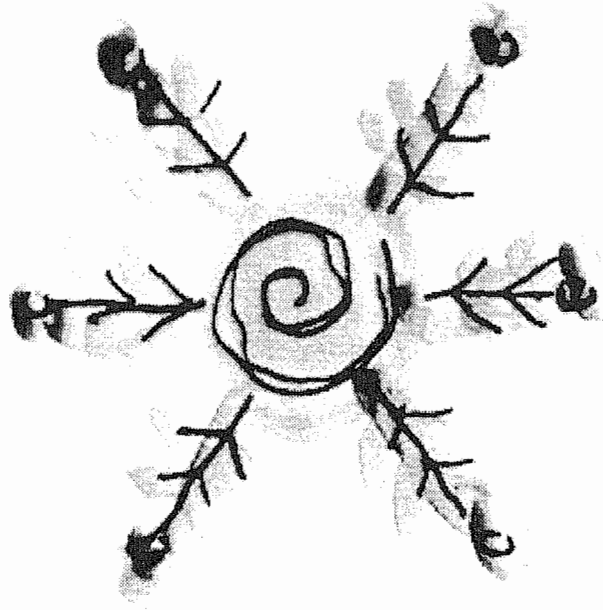
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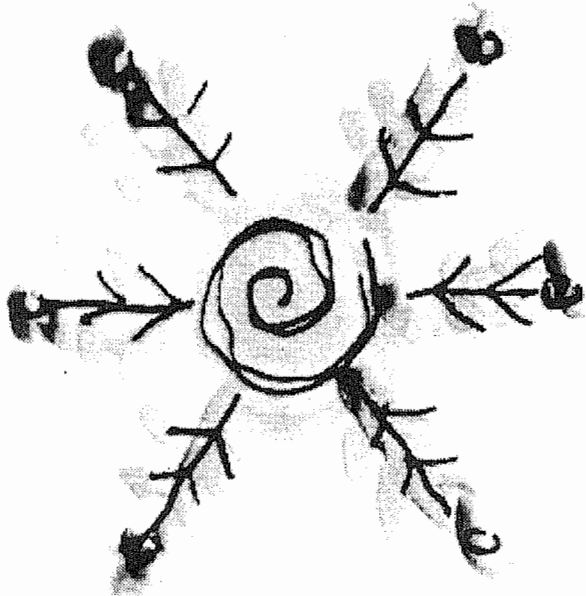
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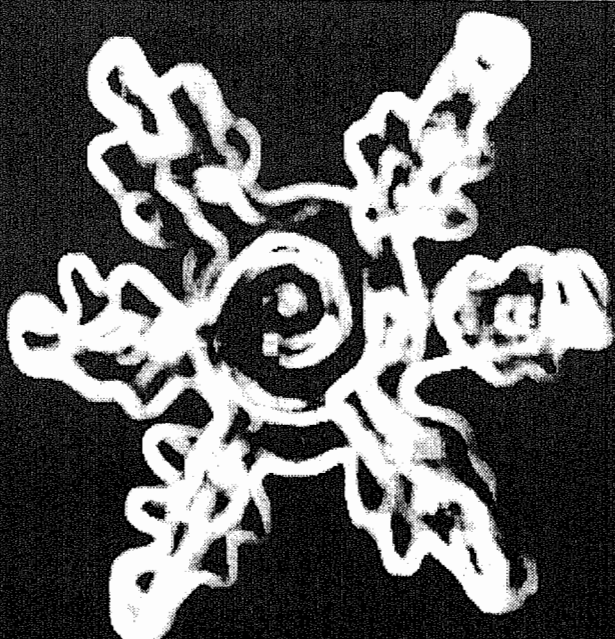
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On Dit is the weekly student publication of the Student's Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those expressed by the Editors or the Association.

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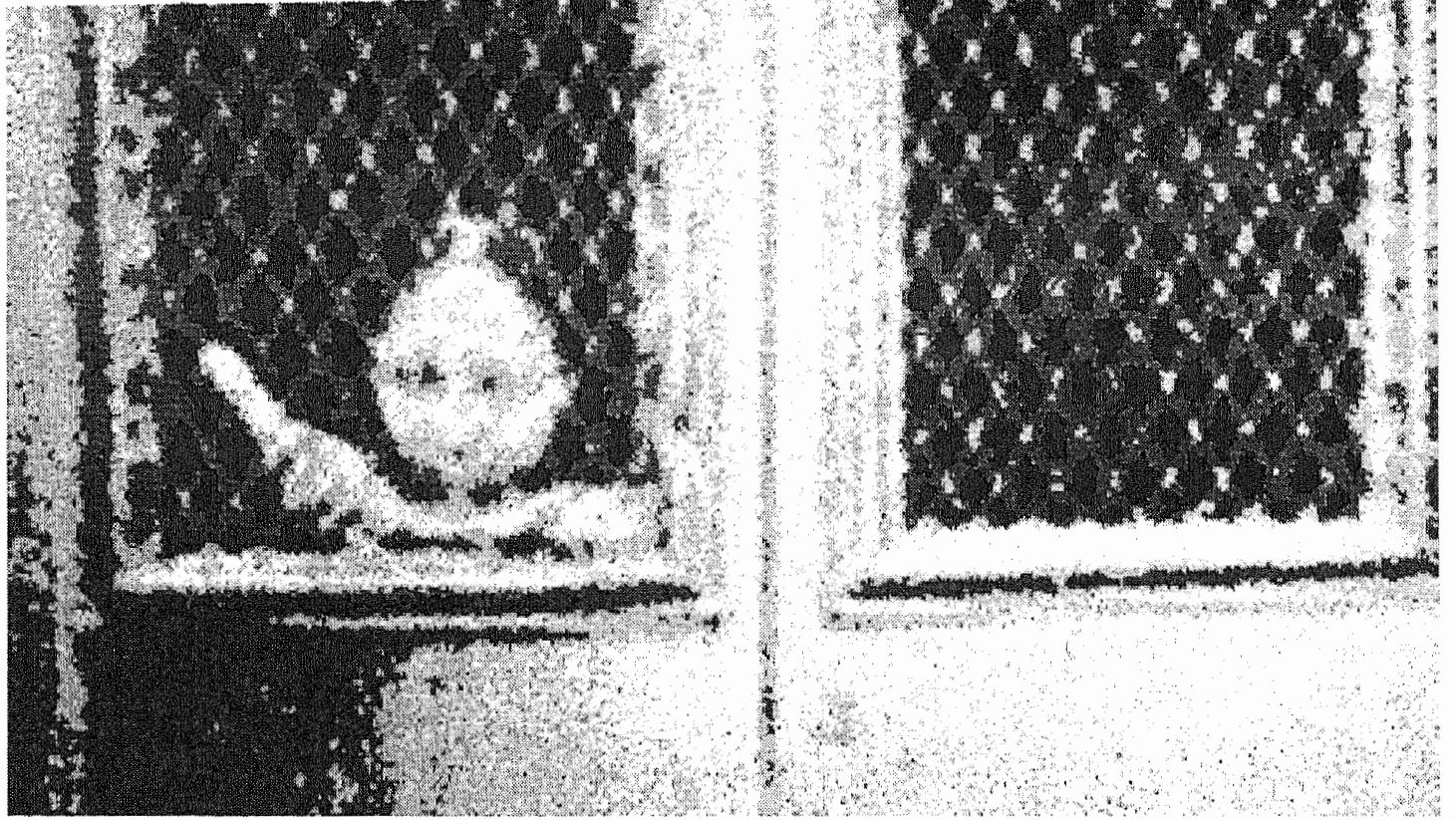
Wanna write? Then come on down to our dank little office located in the basement of the George Murray Building. Alternatively, email ondit@adelaide.edu.au or call 8303 5404.

Thanks to:

Victor, Victor, Victor, Mikey and Penny, dan U, Peter Day, Ellie Wright, Gemma Juice, Michael for the camera, Victoria, Johnny and Jerry, German minimalism, Jess Cronin for the cigarette, the English language for letting us mangle it so.

YEAR OF THE SLAVE

The United Nations has declared 2004 the year of the slave. In mid January, an opening ceremony was held in the Ghanaian former slave port of Cape Coast. The International Year for the Commemoration of the Struggle Against Slavery and its Abolition coincides with the bicentennial of Haiti, the first independent black nation in the Western Hemisphere.



Although international conventions have banned slavery for decades, UNESCO's figures reveal that in 2002 some 245 million children were laboured illegally, while over 900,000 women are trafficked across international borders, most of which is linked with slavery. Many women and girls are forced into dangerous (often sex related) jobs and made to pay off their "transport debt" amid threats and intimidation to themselves and their families. Estimates suggest that the "captive labour" market today represents twice the number of people taken from Africa in 350 years of slavery.

The problem is extreme and wide spread and there are several causes for this. The involvement of well-organised crime syndicates in the global people-smuggling arena is growing. As the gap between the rich and the poor grows, so too does the apprehension and desperation of the poor to find any source of income. In a competitive capitalist economy, the potential 'easy money' they can earn is extreme and very appealing. On the other hand, the offer of a lucrative job abroad is often irresistible to poor and vulnerable women.

In Australia, it is estimated that 1,000 women, mostly from Asia, are "sold" into Australian brothels and forced to work in slave like positions. A United Nations consultant recently delivered a scathing assessment of Australia's approach to the problem. UN Regional Expert on Human Trafficking Brian Iselin told a parliamentary committee that Australian authorities "stifled the chance of fighting trafficking by treating it as a migration offence." Until recently, Australia lagged behind the rest of the world in pegging the victims of illegal trafficking not as victims of a crime but "as migrants to be deported." Despite our strict immigration policies, the Australian government rarely allows even temporary refugee status to witnesses willing to testify against traffickers. These visas are common practice in Italy and the Netherlands, both of which have had relatively good results from their anti-trafficking and slavery initiatives. This immediate deportation is in a direct breach of the UN protocol to prevent, suppress and Punish Trafficking in Persons, especially women and children (2000). This

convention makes it clear that victims should be protected and supported.

Slavery does still exist and in the current global context, the trend does not appear to be coming to an end. It seems the solution lies in finding a correlation between the existence of slavery and the willingness of governments to acknowledge the problem, aid the victims and suppress its continuation.

The UN Year of the Slave is an attempt to do exactly that; draw attention to the problem and make governments and the public aware of this ruthless, brutal breach of human rights.



A new year, a new Logo, a new Slogan,

it's a complete

RE-BRANDING!

That's the first line of the press release we received from the marketing department of the Adelaide University Union.

Some of the more cynical inhabitants of the union building could be forgiven for suggesting that the AUU's chillingly corporate 're-branding campaign' is another reminder of how our union is less concerned with activism than it is about that all-important bottom line.

Nevertheless, it was time for a new image, and the old "squashed chicken" logo was starting to look more than a little last century.

The marketing hullabaloo surrounding the change of logo has shed more light on feelings about the current structure of the AUU. Currently, the organisation acts as a sort of administrative parent body to affiliated bodies such as the Postgraduate Students' Association (PGSA), Overseas Students'

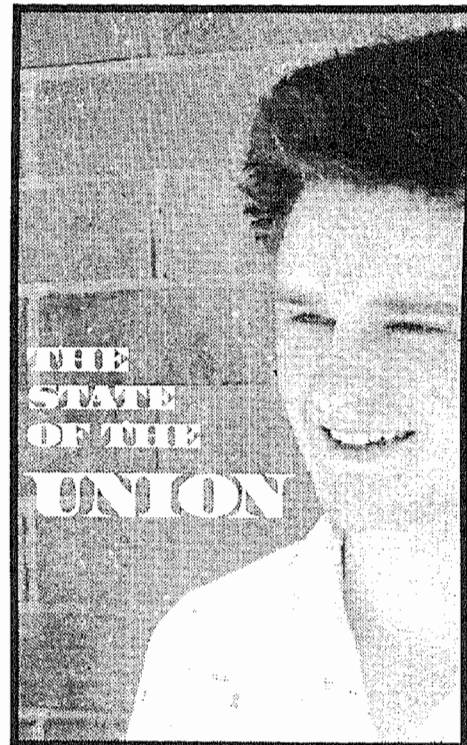
Association and the hallowed Students' Association (SAUA).

The SAUA especially has, in recent years, been in some confusion as to how it is supposed to operate as the "political arm" of the AUU.

Is the SAUA (and its newspaper) purely activist, or is it a remnant of the long-eulogised campus culture of old? Given that the Union is so unashamedly (and, in recent times, very successfully) corporate in nature, some are whispering that plans to absorb the SAUA into the AUU are unwise. After all, can we entrust our representation and activism to such a staunchly capitalist organisation?

Send your letters to ondit@adelaide.edu.au and let's see if we can figure this one out for ourselves.

Tristan Mahoney



Look closely at our new Union logo. What do all those little squares mean? They celebrate how all our affiliates and departments—from Sports to Student Care—unite to form the whole.

Few now remember that less than two years ago several of those little squares almost became one big powerful oblong.

The referendum that never was would have turned our Students' Association, our Postgraduate Students' Association, and our Overseas Students' Association into a single Student Representative Council. This centralised guild structure is more common interstate.

I am asked over and over again whether this year we will get to vote after all. We might or we might not, but first we need another debate.

One risk of our current structure is division. In darker days our little squares did not fit so neatly together. Our Union may as well have been seven or eight separate organisations.

Today our new marketing campaign proves that our affiliates and departments work best when they work in harmony. Their funds, their space, and their staff are those of the Union. In the end they all report to our elected Union Board.

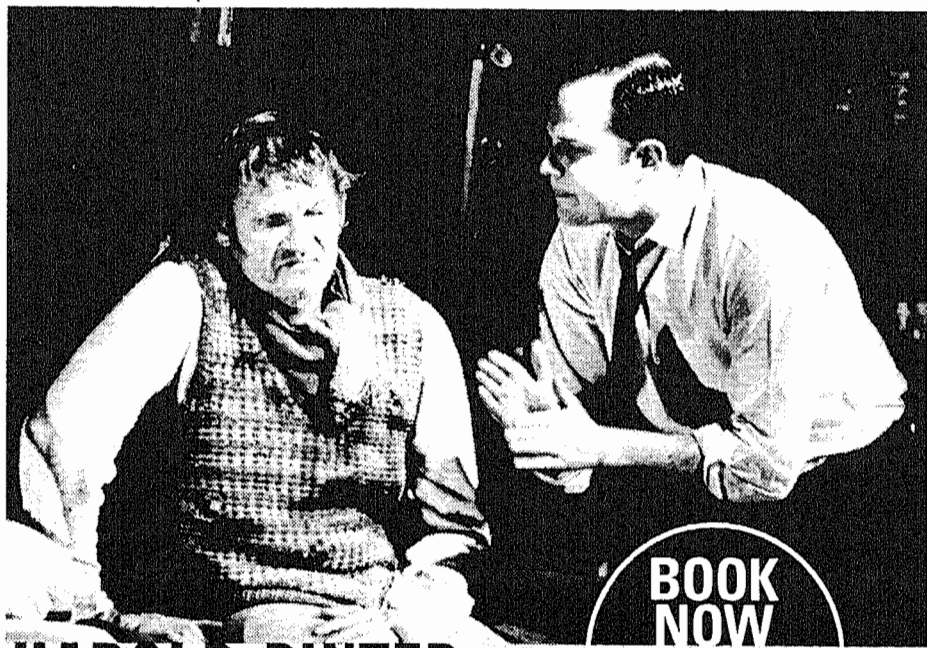
The other risk we face is duplication. We have two committees to run campus activities but there is no structural link between them. Our clubs and our Orientation team also run activities.

Would the proposed guild structure solve problems like this? Can we solve them without such radical reform?

This year is our chance to seek answers. Now more than ever our Union finds itself at the heart of student life, but to make sure it stays there we need to plan for the future.

Rowan Nicholson
New President
Adelaide University Union

BRINK PRODUCTIONS presents



HAROLD PINTER THE CARETAKER

3 MEN—2 BEDS—1 ROOM

Following hit Adelaide Fringe and Festival shows including The Ecstatic Bible 2000 and Killer Joe 2002, Brink Productions proudly presents one of the most significant plays of the 20th Century as a part of the 2004 Adelaide Fringe.

The Odeon Theatre

Feb 28 - March 13 check the Fringe Guide for session times

Tickets \$25 con \$15

All Bookings through FringeTIX 8100 2004 or online www.adelaidefringe.com.au

"brink are back and they're better than ever"

Director HANNAH MACDOUGALL Set Design GEOFF COBHAM, HANNAH MACDOUGALL Lighting GEOFF COBHAM
Featuring ANTHONY PHELAN and BRINK ENSEMBLE MEMBERS WILLIAM ALLERT and DAVID MEALOR



There, that'll do.

5

saua roundup

Is there something about elected officials that prevents them from breathing the same air? Since the Students' Association moved to the open plan offices in the Lady Symon building early in 2003, all manner of controversy has erupted. Less than a year after the historic shift, which was hailed as a breath of fresh air for the deeply factional organisation, we have witnessed the dismissal of one research officer, the resignation of a receptionist, two sexuality officers, an environment officer, a women's officer, an On Dit editor and the introduction (and subsequent abandonment) of a controversial time sheet system. In a federal election year, it will be interesting to see how the current crop of representatives put their differences aside to defend our embattled education system.

womens officer resigns

Former SAUA Councillor Fiona Richardson was elected 2004 Women's Officer by a substantial margin. Richardson, who ran with the Unity (Labor Right) ticket, has since resigned from her position, citing a newfound commitment to her final year of study. 'I was dedicated to the position,' says Fiona. 'I very much regret my having to resign from this position as I believe that there is a very real

need for strong, active student organisations.' To her credit, Richardson was considerate enough to tender her resignation before she was due to receive her first paycheque. Her appointed replacement is fellow Unity and Women's Standing Committee member Kelly Armstrong-Smith.

on dit editor resigns

Resignation seems to be the new black in the SAUA, with the January departure of On Dit Editor Sara-Jane King. King, who has been involved in the paper since 2001, cited a protracted illness similar in effect to chronic fatigue. After a series of misdiagnoses, Sara's doctor finally advised her that taking on the notoriously stressful job was likely to result in long-term damage to her mental and physical health. Remaining editors James Cameron and Tristan Mahoney are now the first pair at the helm of the 72 year old weekly in five years. May God have mercy on them.

return of the dreaded drag debate

The debate surrounding the gender politics of drag - that old SAUA chew toy - reared its tedious head once again last week, with Sexuality Officers Kate Stryker and Alan Han attempting to clamp down on O' Camp's traditional night of cross dressing. According to the Sexos, drag is insulting to both women and genuine Dragsters, therefore counter to SAUA policy. The organisers of the camp (appointed by SAUA council) argue that girls dressing like boys and

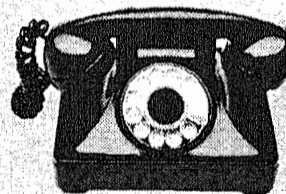
vice versa isn't necessarily drag, and that the cross dressing thing has been an O' Camp staple for as long as anyone can remember. The issue soon spiralled out of control, with SAUA Office Bearers finally deciding to boycott the event altogether. As a result, the evening was held without any trained sexual harassment contact officers - gasp. Unsurprisingly, this year's O' Camp turned out to be the most deprived in current memory. Several witnesses tell On Dit that one young girl was seen to eat an entire hotdog bun off of a naked boy's penis. So long as the lad wasn't wearing a frock, that's okay by us.

orientation

The annual logistical nightmare that is Orientation has, once again, turned the SAUA office upside down. Orientation Co-ordinator Victor Stamatescu, along with a small battalion of volunteer directors has toiled all Summer to bring us O'Week, O'Ball, O'Camp and O'Guide. Sponsorship revenue is looking okay at this stage, but a lot is still riding on the success of events such as O'Ball, which managed to attract quality acts such as Little Birdy and Augie March at far less expense than previous years. The long-suffering Stamatescu, who rarely eats, sleeps or maintains an acceptable level of personal hygiene, is rumoured to have made a permanent nest under one of the desks of the On Dit office in an effort to keep a watchful eye over his directors. Stay tuned for a rundown of all things O next week.



Amusing election week photo #1: Small child hitting Independent Candidate in the balls with a pair of nunchucks.



Hypothetical phone conversation in the SAUA office #1

SAUA Office Bearer: Students' Association, how can I help you?
Senator: Hello, can I speak to the President, please?
SOB: Er, I'm afraid she's in Queensland, campaigning for the ALP.
S: I see. Could I speak to your Education Vice-President?
SOB: No, she's on holiday in Bali at the moment.
S: Okay. Is your ACVP there?
SOB: Hell, I don't know where she is.
S: Wasn't she the president a couple of years ago?
SOB: That's right, she was.
S: How come she's still around?
SOB: Beats me.
S: Is your Environment Officer there?
SOB: China.
S: On Dit editors?
SOB: Sleeping.
S: Oh. Are any office bearers there?
SOB: I could get the Orientation Co-ordinator for you...
S: No, that's all right. I'll call back later.
SOB: Okay. Seeya!

LETTERS

Welcome to the famous letters section of *On Dit*. As you can see, we haven't got any this week, what with it being the first edition and all. So if you've got something to get off your chest - political, spiritual or otherwise - send it to ondit@adelaide.edu.au. Just remember to keep it under 500 words and free of any racist, sexist, homophobic or defamatory content.

In the mean time, here's something we knocked up at the last minute. It's a bit schmaltzey, but what do you expect at six am?

Dear Eds,

Let me tell you about Jerry.

For starters, the bastard can talk. He's one of those lonely perpetual Arts students, prone to hanging out in the bar, waiting to catch a glimpse of a familiar face to rant at. And when he does, whoever the face belongs to had better make themselves comfortable, or else come up with a polite escape, because Jerry has been known to talk well after the call for last drinks. If it has ears, and is capable of the occasional nod, Jerry will talk at it almost indefinitely. And that's okay with me. At worst, Jerry is better than late night TV. At best, he'll force you to think about where you would be after a quarter of century's worth of marriage, divorce, fatherhood, theatre, substance abuse and unrequited ambition.

My job involves a lot of late nights in an office on campus. Every now and again, Jerry will stumble down the stars, shy at first, in search of some conversation. He's a veteran of a nervous collapse or two - you can see it in the apprehensive look in his eye. There's a glimmer of something that used to be charisma, but is now a faraway mixture of memory, anxiety and resignation.

On this particular evening, he sat next to me with the pretence of quietly reading a dog-eared translation of the Koran. 'I won't bother you,' he stammers. 'I just need a quiet place to read old Mohammed.'

Indeed. Inside twenty minutes, I was utterly distracted by a meaningful discussion about the progression from ancient Judaism to Islam. 'I tell you one thing, he knew his scripture like no one else, did Mohammed. You know, usury isn't allowed in Islam - it's expressly forbidden. You can't charge interest - nothin. But, you know, it says that in the fuckin Torah too! But the Jews, they're clever, you know - they only charge interest to gentiles. See? Mohammed, man, he was nothing but a fundamentalist Jew! All that about peace and surrender to Allah and giving alms - that's all pre Talmud Judaism! He was just making it fuckin black and white.'

You get the idea. Pretty soon it's four in the morning and we've both decided that Mohammed was making the basic teachings of Judaism easier to follow. On our way to this dubious conclusion, Jerry told me about his career in the theatre. He was accepted into the Mercury Theatre in Auckland, travelling and working with old giants of the New Zealand stage. Before that, he told me about growing up in Bankstown, about the seventies punk band that Paul Keating used to manage ('They were a nasty pack of bastards - they weren't called the Ramrods for nothing, y'know.'), about the girl who introduced him to LSD when he

was eighteen ('We were lying in bed, her and me, and I pretended that that my soul was an imaginary balloon, then the bitch waits for me to forget, and she goes, "where's your balloon, Jerry?" What a thing to lay on an eighteen year old on his first trip! Fuckin bitch!')

Eventually, Jerry leaves me to my work, and I find myself missing his company. The following afternoon, he finds me rushing about the office, frantically sewing everything up before the Friday close of business. It's a hot, and I haven't slept in too long, and I'm starting to get short with him. He barely notices - or perhaps he does, and he doesn't care to show it. He starts telling me about how he was reading the theory of relativity, or something to that effect. Soon enough, I'm flat out on the office couch, massaging my temples.

'It's strange, you know - the speed of light, I mean. How does it work?'

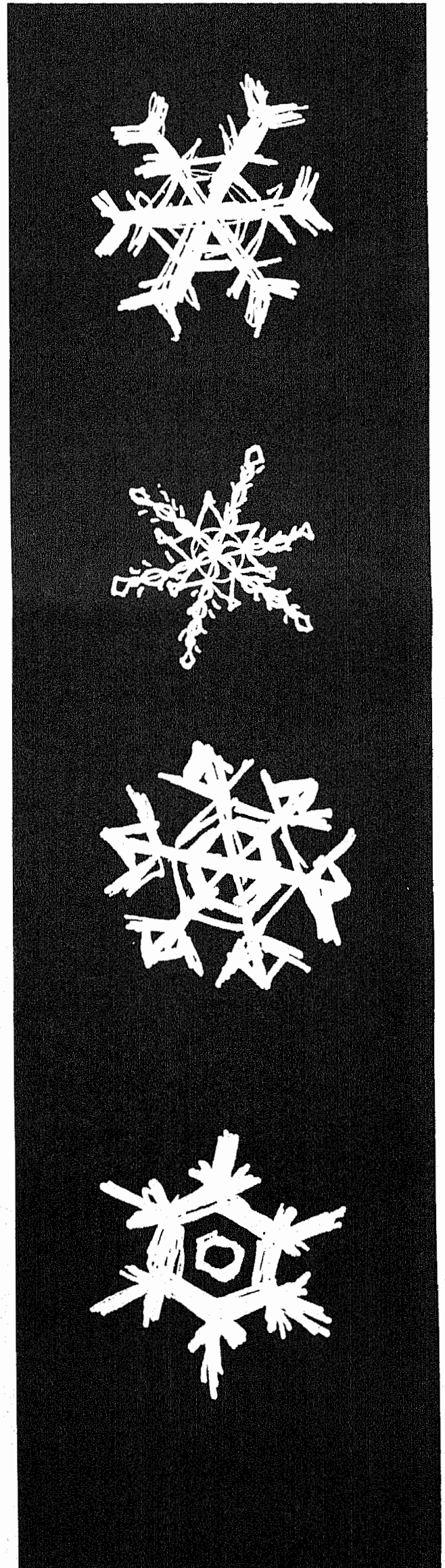
This must be the first real question he's asked me since he stumbled down with the Koran. So I let him have it, just so he wouldn't think he was the only one who could natter the ear off a camel.

I tell him about time dilation, energy / mass equivalence, about quantum mechanics and the Heisenberg Principle. Then I go into the ontological argument for the existence of God - about how the First Cause paradox dictates that time is non-linear, and how the cosmos necessarily sprang from nothing. I tell him about how all of this defies normal logic, but still follows from rock hard mathematics.

I'm watching him out of the corner of my eye as I lead him towards subjectivity and phenomenology. *Cogito ergo sum*, and all that. I can tell that he understands the basics of how strange it is that consciousness is the only thing that exists outside the third person. Then I lay on him my theory about how love, humour, music and basic forms of empathy help break down the solitude of the human condition. I tell him that God resides in our ability to glimpse each other in the first person, when we laugh, when we feel someone else's pain, when we make love - when we come to that profound realisation that some one else is in the room with us.

He's grinning at me. The old charisma is back in his eye. He can't stop telling me about how he's always felt the same way, but never thought to say it out loud. We're both smiling now, because we know that God exists between us - never mind that we can't prove it to anyone. That's half the point.

Stanley



LETTERS CONTINUED

Women Reclaim the night with Right... !!!

Women Reclaim the night
while men wake up in cells
in the breaking, morning Sunlight ...

Hungover like the Angry Penguins of the wasted night.

So that now,
women may Reclaim the night
and mothers plead for the Rights
of their Baby Boys,
who grow up, and,

Continue to fight → Against the Love, — Lost
of mothers weeping at the foot of the cross, and, the
women, who neither seem to
know why?
nor what? the terror
of their Sampsons' shattered, violent manhood
has to do with a lack of insight
about

the trespassed Rights of the Inviolable!

Regards... Concerned male...
... JOHN CIRILLO ...

"Silly" Arts Student
asking why "Economics" doesn't solve
all the questions while doing a
"Silly" Arts degree! ...

**SEND YOUR LETTERS TO ONDIT@ADELAIDE.EDU.AU OR DROP THEM INTO THE ONDIT
OFFICE (BASEMENT OF THE GEORGE MURRAY BUILDING).**

Politics as Entertainment

The Rebirth of Political Satire

It's good to see political satire making its way into the 'mainstream' again. Australia is one nation that has always watched its politicians out of the corner of its eye. Indeed, most popular polls suggest that the majority of Australians view politicians with contempt.

This popular contempt for politicians (and authority in general) is evident in the popular media, from the early accounts of Aborigines and convicts, to the jingoistic/racist *Bulletin* of the pre-Federation era, to the popular satirists of our time, notably John Clarke, Michael Leunig, Max Gillies and Will Anderson.

Sometimes, for those whose power is the subject of contempt, the critiques have gone too far, such as Frank Hardy's "Communist" novel *Power Without Glory*, which was published in 1950 amid Menzies-style anti-Communist hysteria. Frank Moorhouse's *The Everlasting Secret Family and Other Secrets*, published in 1980 and filmed in 1987 by Michael Thornhill, made public the rumours about a rampant Sydney subculture that implicated high-profile elites in paedophile rings.

But then, sometime before the turn of the century, everything stopped. Gone was *Full Frontal*, with John Walker's unflattering portrayal of the bald, stuttering Prime Minister. Gone, for a short time at least, was any reference to Peter Costello's infamous smirk. But most conspicuously, gone, largely, was the familiar anti-politician banter at the supermarket, the garage station, the dinner table: suddenly, satirical jokes were more than just not funny. They were not *acceptable*.

During the late 1980s, the idea that John Howard, who was spending most of his time dividing-and-conquering the Liberal Party, would one day be Prime Minister would have been absurd. The little bald Czar with Napoleonic confidence, an unambiguous lower lip and expansive eyebrows would be laughed at every time he made an appearance, and that was just at Shadow Cabinet meetings.

It would be easy to blame the events of 11 September, 2001 on this new popular climate. But I would argue that political satire had begun its spiral into popular oblivion long before that date. Indeed, somewhere between 1996 and 2001, the Australian Prime Minister had morphed from an inarticulate 'Honest Johnny' to a feared-and-revered power-broker who was prepared to sell the lives and futures of asylum seekers in order to buy his own political success.

Then, as quickly as it disappeared, political satire made a startling comeback. Peter Berner, who had hosted *BackBerner* on ABC television to little commercial acclaim, was forced to abandon the concept just as it was reaping rewards. Andrew Denton picked up where Berner left off and launched the brilliantly candid *Enough Rope*. Still on Auntie, the Chaser boys gambled on *CNNNN*...and won. *The Glass House* with Will Anderson & Crew was discovered. John Clarke and Bryan Dawe, whose hilarious *The Games* was at one stage the only satirical element on Australian television, are in more demand now than ever, and Clarke now has two bestselling books on current release.

Triple J - another ABC affiliate - began broadcasting its *Restoring the Balance* programme on Sunday afternoons to resounding success. Even *Kath & Kim* had a minor dig or two at the politicians during Series 2.

The Government, of course, did not respond well to these initiatives taken by its own broadcaster. Two prominent Liberals, former Communications Minister Richard Alston and Senator Santo Santoro, repeatedly attacked the ABC for its lack of accountability in 2003. Meanwhile, Leunig turned up the heat in the *Age* and the *Sydney Morning Herald*. A picture book, *Little Johnny and the Naughty Boat People*, appeared in bookshops around the country late last year, as did Andrew Pegler's *John Howard's Little Book of Truth*, a small-format paperback that picks through most of Howard's lies over his terms in office. *The Honourable Wally Norman*, the first overtly political Australian film for what seems like decades, hit the screens.

The sudden rebirth of political satire opened the way for some more dramatic insights into present-day policies, which had been obscured by smoke from Washington and Baghdad for so long. Whereas the Channel 9 telemovie *Southern Cross* had been ignored in 1999, the ABC's *Marking Time* sparked major debate about this country's draconian asylum seeker policies, as well as risking major backlash by depicting the nation's youth in all their drunken/stoned glory. Many of the telemovies planned for

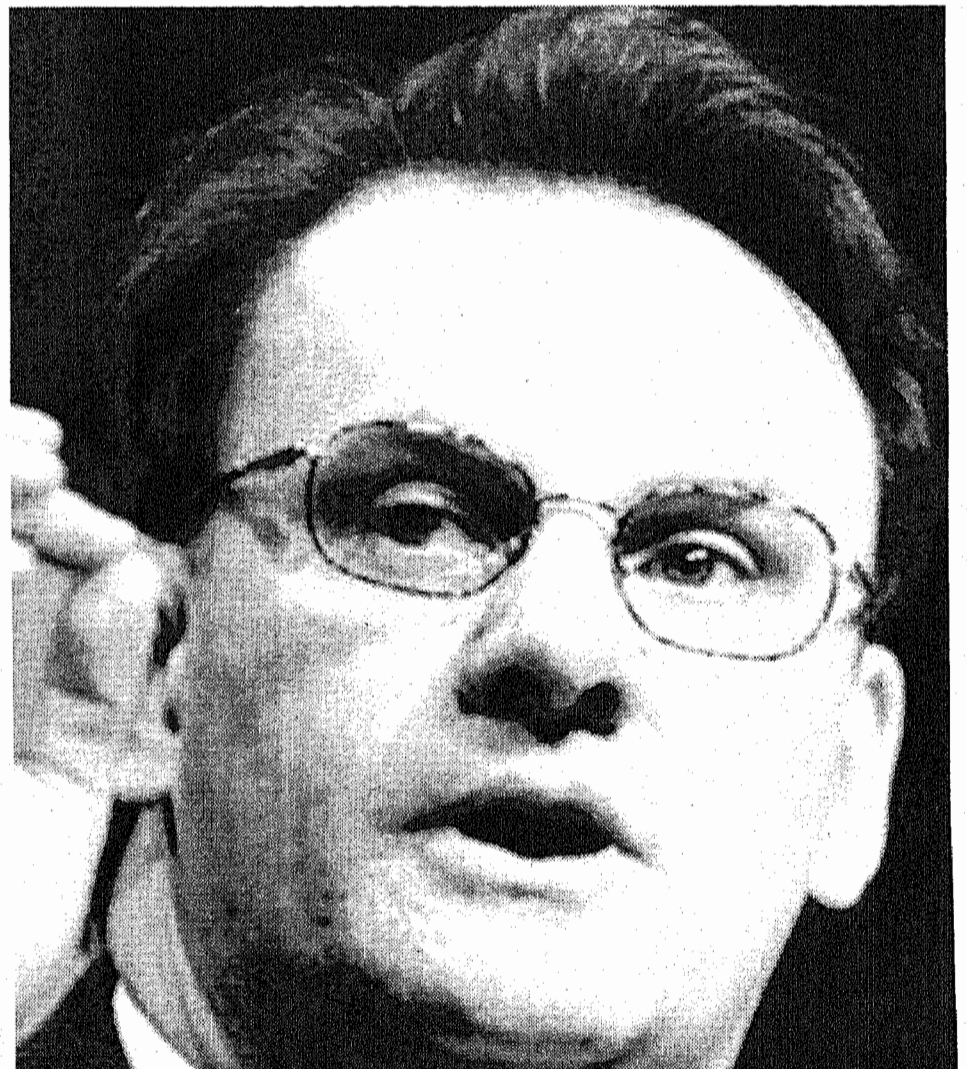
2004, which include two Murray Whelan films, have explicit political themes.

Enter Mark Latham. For all the much-publicised 'generational gap', and the man's ooziings of battlerisms that threaten to unseat the Great Battler himself, there are very little practical differences between the politics of Latham and those of Howard. Both are committed rationalists, products of a system which rewards economics above all else; both are advocates of a 'tough' border protection policy that will act to keep refugees out and will have the effect of legitimising Australian state sovereignty; both are self-confessed traditionalists and social conservatives.

But Latham, to his credit, is redrawing the battle lines, as Howard, Keating, Hawke, Fraser and Whitlam have done before him. Latham presents a flawed character, whose history is anything but impeccable, but who is not presenting himself too seriously. At least, that's the impression he's creating in the media: a very different impression to John Howard, who is *never* wrong, who is *never* laid-back, who is *never* flawed. The rise of Mark Latham appears to be coinciding with a rebirth of political satire; or, rather, the ALP has gambled on what it sees as a renewed willingness among the Australian population to take its political leaders with a pinch of salt.

Not that Latham is anything less than serious about being Prime Minister of Australia, of course. But as the political climate evolves once again in this country, it is he, and not the incumbent, who has more in common with the current and near-future wishes of the polity. One only has to observe John Howard following the initiatives of his Opposition counterpart (visiting schools, telling personal stories, announcing MP super reforms) to realise that *something* has changed. Roll on 2004.

Russell Marks



... and with this tiny magic wand, I will transform myself into a straight-laced New Laborite.

HOW WE CAN END THE OCCUPATION OF IRAQ

The War Is Not Over

Despite the official declaration of an end to major combat operations on May 1, 2003, the war of blood for oil continues in Iraq.

Even with an army occupation of more than 100,000 troops the US still cannot crush the Iraqi resistance. Dozens of attacks by popular and well-organised rebels are reported each day, workers' unions have flourished despite being illegal and marches of hundreds of thousands of Iraqis chanting, "No to America, No to Saddam" have happened.

But while Bush claims the occupation will "stay the course" to control Iraq's oil, the soldiers on the ground are saying, "our sorry asses are ready to go home".

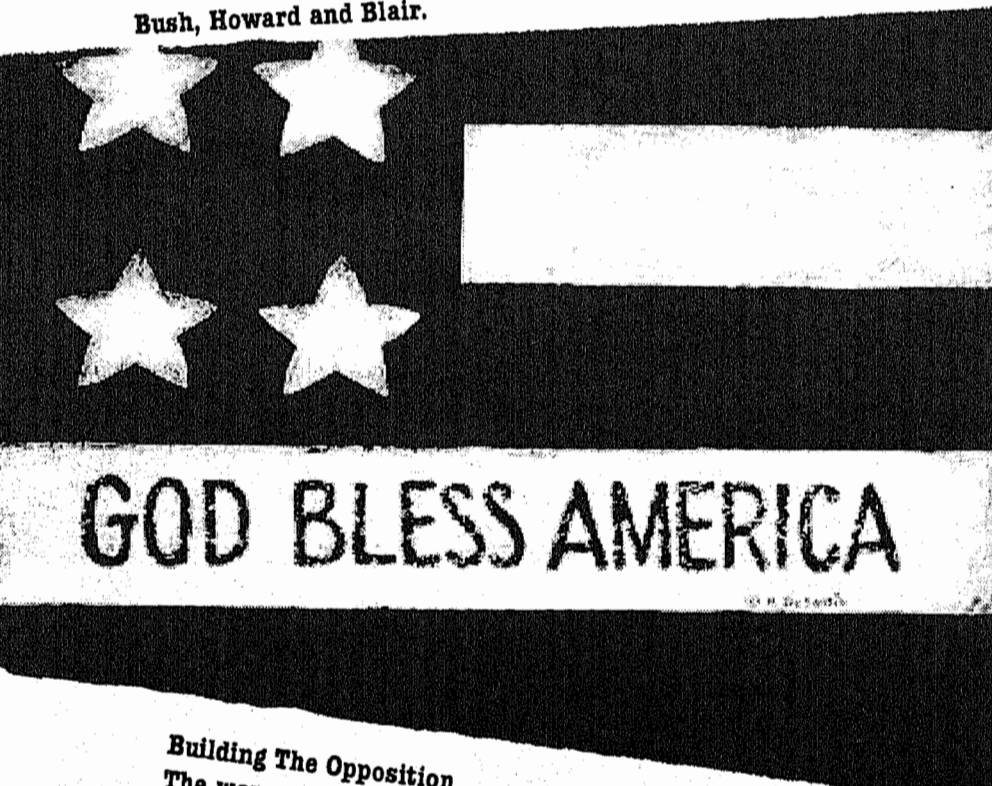
The Fight For Peace Continues

The global opposition to the occupation of Iraq, which manifested itself so obviously on February 14-15, 2003, has also continued.

While now at a low ebb and unorganised in Australia, in places where it is organised the anti-war movement has shown that it too can "stay the course" for a free Iraq and an end to the war.

In the US, tens of thousands protested late last year, half of US soldiers in Iraq do not plan to re-enlist and US groups have called for a global day of action on March 20. In Britain, revelations about the lies and actions that justified the war have shaken the Blair government.

All this is just the tip of an iceberg that could sink the bloody ambitions of Bush, Howard and Blair.



Building The Opposition

The war against the war continues. The millions who marched before are still out there and no mass media propaganda machine has yet convinced them that they were wrong in defending the Iraqi people. Their anger is still palpable, but it needs to be tested - will these people march again? The anti-war organisations of Australia need to plan for the most successful mass rallies possible on March 20 - as the Sydney Stop The War Coalition and the Victorian Peace Network are already doing.

These actions could be used to relaunch a campaign that could end Australia's role in Iraq's subjugation.

We Are Not Alone

The dynamic of the war now means that Bush and his allies can have no quick military victories to break the movement's morale, but can only try and make the world's people forget about Iraq as a headline issue. Anti-war groups then can't afford to retreat into self-reflection, but must again fight to inform, educate and mobilise the people. As a result of a retreat by some anti-war groups since last year and the mass media's campaign to retrospectively justify the war, the first myth we now need to break is that there is no movement.

The anti-war movement needs to again send the message that if you are against Howard's war, "you are not alone".

A Sense Of Our Own Power

Organising mass rallies, where people can see thousands of people with the same thoughts as them, can give them confidence to keep fighting. The main benefit of rallies isn't in their ability to appeal to the scruples of politicians who have none, but in giving ordinary people confidence and a sense of their own power to change things. People need to have this sense of their own ability to make change, as they won't waste their time. We need to win people to the idea that together we can stop this war. To do this, we need to keep marching.

Marching Is Not Enough

The second myth that organised anti-war groups need to combat is the one that says, "the war happened even though we all marched, so to fight was futile". We need to say to this that the war happened because marching was not enough, not because struggle doesn't change anything - for it is the

only thing that ever really has.

Also we need to point out what we did achieve, such as the abandonment to a large extent of the 'Shock and Awe' campaign. Also, as we forced the US to hesitate and exercise restraint the strength of the resistance in Iraq is at least partly the result of the anti-war movement's strength and the massive marches of last year. While encouraging and building the largest mass rallies possible, to use our collective moral strength, we also should look to using our collective economic and political strength.

Howard only changed his rhetoric and made minor concessions while the largest popular movement in history marched to his door, but he cannot ignore a movement once it can directly disrupt the corporate 'national' interest and once it begins to offer a real political alternative to a society of war.

Already a growing number of unions around the world are planning to strike on March 20, such as dockworkers in the US and Japan. Anti-war groups have to build and deepen this trend, and give platforms to political parties that unequivocally aim to end the occupation.

For A Campaign That Can Win

This year we have a real opportunity to further the anti-war campaign, but we have to recognise what has changed. People know now that the anti-war movement was right in every single one of its claims, and anti-war activists should proclaim this, but this alone will not inspire action.

People also need to know that there is a movement and they need to hear the arguments as to how it can win. Anti-war groups and campaigners need to make these arguments in their outreach work, rally speakers and materials.

Also, we should work closer with union militants, community groups and political allies to make our arguments more real. One way, to do this would be to follow up March 20 rallies with another mass action on May 1 - which is not only significant as the phoney end to the Iraq war, but is also the international day of working class solidarity and the global justice actions of M1.

This nexus of significance means that anti-occupation groups would be better placed to draw unions, NGOs and other forces into a joint action then. However, we should also try and rebuild our networks now.

Anatomy Of A Campaign

For the anti-war and anti-occupation movement to succeed the activists leading it need to be dedicated, diligent and without illusions.

We shouldn't put false hopes in those in power in Australia, the US or Iraq to win our campaign for us - nor in their replacements in the Labor and Democratic parties or the UN. All their policies will only change in relation to the strength of an independent grassroots movement that puts the only demand that will free Iraq, "Troops out now!" It is now up to anti-war groups to build such a movement.

We need to get on the phones again, have stalls in the streets again, put posters on the walls again and begin to march again on March 20 and after.

To stop the war and end the occupation it will require organisation and hard work, but if the anti-war activists don't do it, who will?

Leigh Hughes

Yesterday's men

The disarray in French foreign policy confirms the decline of frankish influence

On Monday night French diplomats were deployed by an anxious Jacques Chirac to mend damaged relations with America. In frosty conditions, emblematic of the estranged relations between Paris and Washington, an Air-France 737 skidded to a stop outside lonely air bridges in George Dulles Airport.

It was the only tricolour plane to land anywhere in the United States that week. All previous flights had been denied access to the US skies for fear of Muslim terrorists, who have been poorly contained in France, might use Air-France as a medium to penetrate the US and mirror the September 11 attacks.

At Dulles, in the halls of an airport named after one of the most resolute of American foreign policy hawks, the French may well have buttoned their coats and prayed for better days. In the space of a week, the Bush Doctrine of forward defence, a striking departure from the US's history of isolationism, and a muscular echo of the 1950's Marshal Plan, which promised aid for all those countries under the oppressive heel of communism, had brought a savage dictator to cower in a hole, and crippled Libya's dangerous General Gaddafi.

Chirac should be wary that a revitalised anglosphere is leaving France behind. The French economy is sick. French foreign policy is a disastrous mix of wild accusation and bumbling apology. Apart from the appearance of a few conciliatory French diplomats in Washington this week, there is no sign of any improvement in Paris.

But the French malaise is much broader. Frankish political innovation is hardly what it used to be. Whilst Britain, the US and Australia have escalated their influence over the world, the French have been stifled by a manifest lack of decisiveness, and a taste for socialist policies that have burdened their domestic economy.

The French hesitancy in using diplomatic or actual intervention as a force for good, has been couched in terms of curbing neo-imperialism. But those countries that have joined the US in a fresh forward defence doctrine have been far from neo-imperialist.

The expanding influence of the countries of the willing has been matched with growing donations of expertise and funds from their wealthy treasuries toward humanitarian ends. They are not there to pillage or to plunder. This has contributed in turn to global goodwill, at least toward Australia (for example from East Timor) and Britain (especially in Sierra Leone). As for the luckless US, being the best brings a world sized tall poppy attack, never mind how many noble prizes you win or how many people's lives you improve (freeing Iraq comes to

mind, as well as the world from Communism).

In the freshest incarnation of frankish arrogance, Chirac and his cronies believe they can bully the anglosphere, the most erstwhile defender of democracy and freedom, into following their 'hands off' foreign policy objectives which have given rise to some of the most heinous human rights violations this century.

For example, the hands off doctrine saw the human catastrophes of Rwanda, Serbia and East Timor fester for decades when they could have been stopped decisively by early intervention. Such intervention can, for the most part, be effected diplomatically through the use of a few choice words. This was demonstrated adroitly by President Bush when he put the kybosh on the escalating spat between Taiwan and China that threatened to erupt into a more serious diplomatic quagmire several months ago. The President declared: "we do not support any change to the status quo." The "Two Chinas" struggle was swiftly contained. Problem solved.

If only Chirac would use his lashing tongue against the real enemies of the world, rather than sledging allies, the French might be going somewhere, rather than to hell in a hand basket.

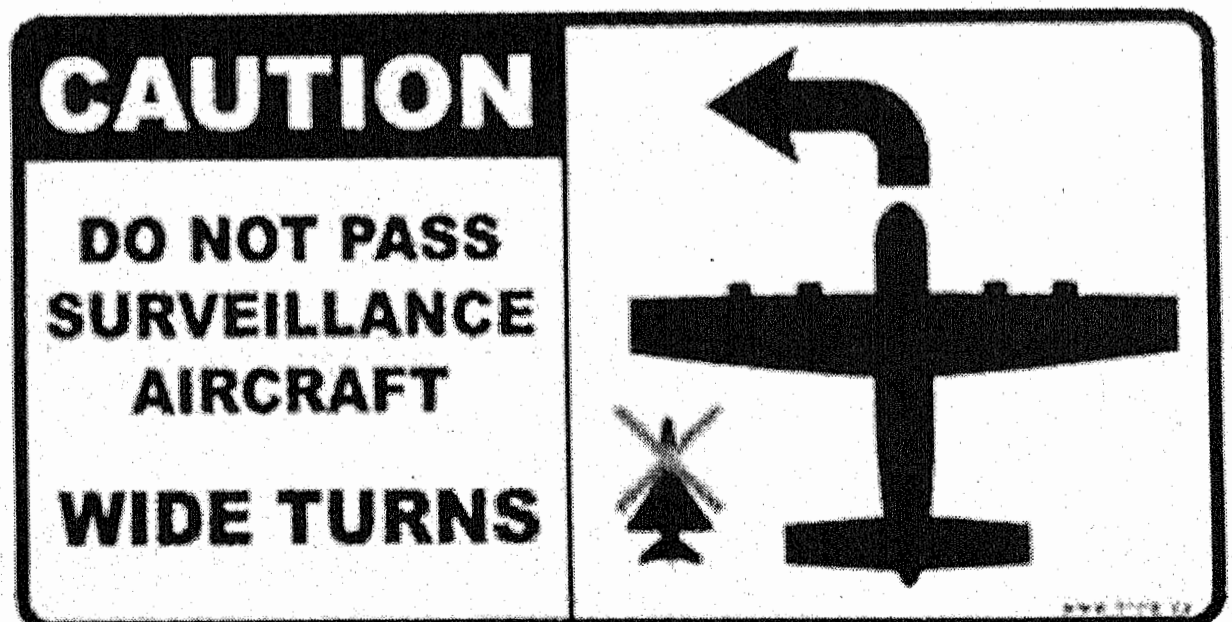
Memo for Mr. Chirac, evil happens when good people stand by and let it happen. The Hussein's, Gaddafi's, Mugabe's and Bin Laden's are evil, and despite any concerns you may have with the US's position, you cannot hide behind idle inaction.

The question is, will you come to the party at Camp David, or remain in Europe with what British Foreign Office officials recently branded "yesterday's men"?

DRC

[frankish? anglosphere? - eds]

If only Chirac would use his lashing tongue against the real enemies of the world, rather than sledging allies, the French might be going somewhere, rather than to hell in a hand basket.





Welcome to Muddle Earth

Welcome to Muddle Earth. After the chaos of summer parties, welcome or welcome back to the chaos of varsity life. And then, now that there is an election in the offing, there is the chaos of national and international affairs to consider as well. Afghanistan and Iraq are still in chaos, and the US military, a high tech low grunt pitched battle outfit not suited to occupation duties, is unable to enforce security for itself let alone guarantee order in the streets of Baghdad.

In all this confusion, simplistic notions can seem attractive. They give a false appearance of bringing order to confounding detail. The fact is that last year we were taken to war on the strength of a fairy tale deliberately inflated in the public mind by government. The truth was that the neoconservative war party around Bush and the Project For A New American Century was obsessed with the thought of doing over Saddam Hussein and asserting US power in the region and globally by extension. The talk of WMDs was never more plausible than the talk about children overboard. This is the fundamental truth which the Hutton Inquiry so deftly overlooked. We are now looking down the barrel of another series of overseas wars dreamt up on the trot in Washington and sold like soap powder. In fact Tolkein's estate should sue Bush for plagiarism, because the story of a crusade to save civilisation from pure evil is clearly a fable.

The politics of great power fantasy is a serious problem, because it means that beyond a certain point our great and powerful friend, who controls us as surely as ever Athens controlled the Delian League, cannot be relied to know her own interests. A ruthless power is to be respected, a ruthless and foolish power is to be feared, because capable of anything. In the real world you cannot as in fiction write your own happy ending at will. On planet Earth the meek do not inherit the earth as in the gospels. To lose touch with reality is to get lost and stumble over facts which cannot be ignored.

As Wilde said, the truth is rarely pure and never simple. There are reasons for the terrorist campaign being waged against the US imperium, which has with our complicity thrown its weight around for so long. We must investigate these matters and understand them. It is said by some that War on Terrorism is an illusion, because the enemy is not a nation state, but this is anachronistic. The British and other maritime empires long waged war on piracy. The problem is not that this war is a figment of the imagination, although paranoia is a factor in US policy. The problem is that it is being fought badly. Rather than invasions and mission shields, we need good criminal intelligence, domestic counter-terrorist intervention capacity and 1st class diplomacy and political vision to understand the context of injustice out of which fundamentalism arises. We need to accommodate legitimate aspirations hitherto frustrated. The concentration of capital and political power in the US has created an occasion for historical progress. America's danger is humanity's opportunity. This being the case it is not surprising that crazed but by no means stupid fundamentalists are attempting to shape destiny to their antiquated purposes. We cannot afford to be locked in to the defense of the indefensible: that would be to play into the terrorists hands, to make them seem like the only alternative. This is not last year's business. What is needed in 2004 is a conscience vote against Howard and Bush, to emphasise that we do not consent to being mendaciously drawn into an indefinite cycle of war. Every marginal seat like Adelaide which falls will

etch into the conservative mind that they cannot go to war on a pretext with impunity. We must send a message that we do not see Bush as Frodo Baggins, Howard as Samwise Gamgee with teflon Tony Blair as Gandalf the Wise and Osama Ben Laden. Ben Laden as Gollum. Who would you trust with the Ring of Power? None of them? Proceed then with your university education, it will not be wasted on you. The real world does have a way of intruding on even the most tenacious of fantasies. And when this happens, there is an opportunity for public opinion to affect the course of history, as when a non aligned run on the pound forced Britain to break off the Suez invasion in 1956. In January the International Monetary Fund issued a report warning that the twin US budget and trade deficits threaten global economic security. The Bush administration dismissed the report as alarmist. There are none so blind as those who do not want to see. The designated areas of concern in US government outlays were all policy driven: increased military and domestic security expenditure, plutocratic tax cuts and agricultural subsidies. There is little prospect that this situation will improve in the short term, such is the attachment of this administration to these policies. The IMF reports that the twin US deficits are pushing up global interest rates with potential deflationary effects on production in prospect, including increased unemployment. This scenario is reminiscent of warnings of currency crisis being made by Princeton Professor Paul Krugman, a man being spoken of for the Nobel Prize in economics. Already many are watching the rise of the Euro as an alternative international currency at the expense of the dollar and its command of strategic resources like oil. If the dollar falls too far, the US will not be able to attract the unsustainable volume of international credit currently financing its deficits. This conjuncture will not of course kill off capitalism, but it will make the economy very sick for a while, bringing to an end the recent good times which have been wasted on unproductive military expenditure. The White House war policy is liable to generate a low growth economy with high interest rates and unemployment, not exactly graduate friendly. If you don't like that idea, consider how you will vote in the Federal election. Now is the time when the peace lobby can make its numbers felt.

David Faber



End the Occupation of Iraq!

1pm Sunday March 21

Venue to be announced, keep an eye out

Feature speaker: Andrew Wilkie

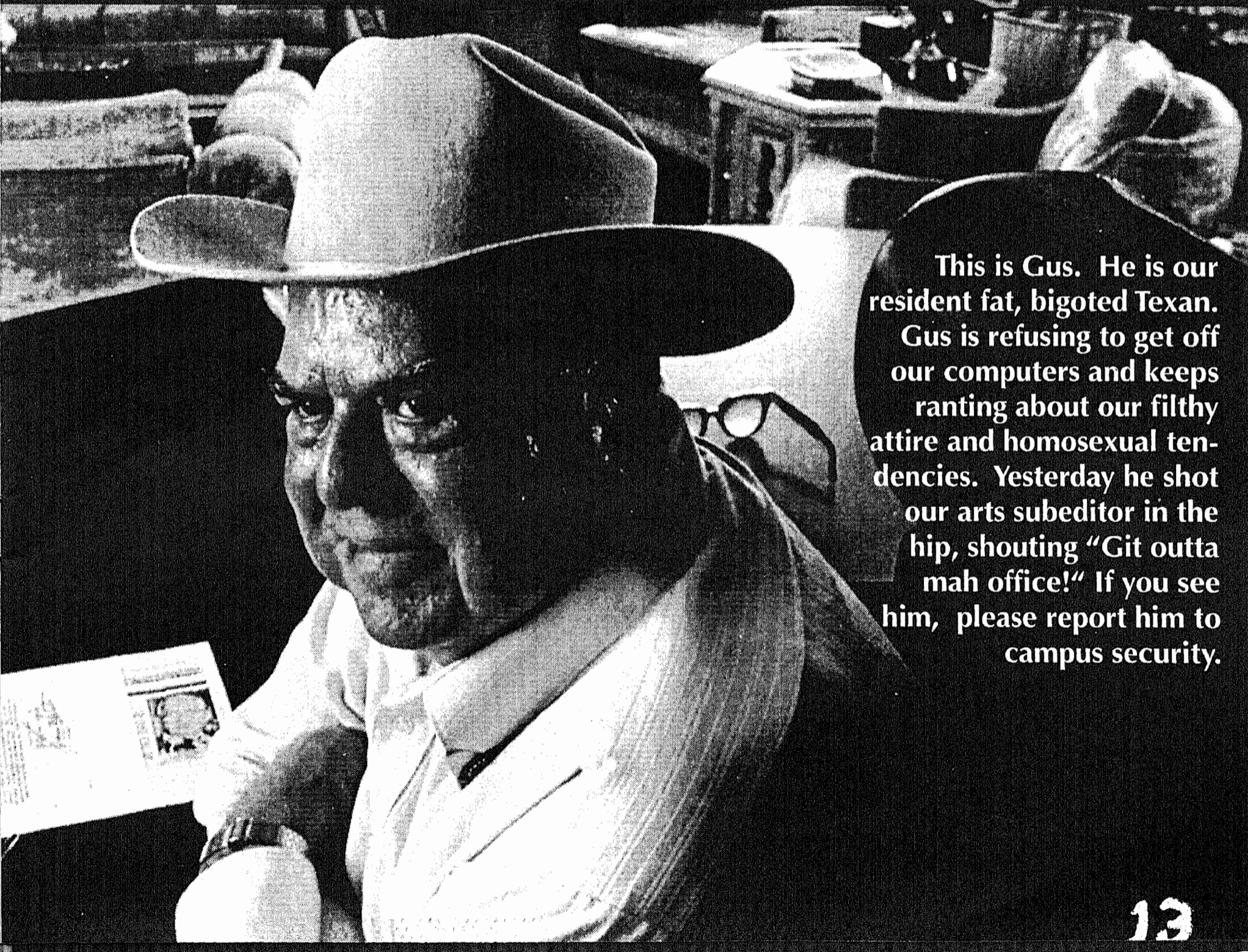
Join the student contingent to:

Demand funding for education, not the military

The war of blood for oil in Iraq continues. The liars and warmongers of Bush, Blair and Howard have shot at pro-democracy protests, banned unions, re-hired Saddam's torturers all to dominate a people who's only crime is to live on a 'sea of oil'. Basic services not only still fail to operate but the situation gets worse with every day of the occupation and the Iraqi people want the Coalition of the Killing to leave now. Most US soldiers also want to leave, with 49% not planning to re-enlist, but Bush has now extended their tours until 2030.

For democracy, for Iraq's independence, for a world without war and for the sake of the Iraqi people and those forced to repress them, march on March 21!

For more information call Leigh on 0421 283 825



This is Gus. He is our resident fat, bigoted Texan. Gus is refusing to get off our computers and keeps ranting about our filthy attire and homosexual tendencies. Yesterday he shot our arts subeditor in the hip, shouting "Git outta mah office!" If you see him, please report him to campus security.

Told you so!

Will you listen to us now?

Last year the SAUA joined students across the nation to campaign against the Howard Government's regressive reforms to the funding structure of our higher education system. The reforms included allowing universities to increase HECS fees by 25%, increasing the amount of full fee paying places and setting a time limit of seven years for study for students in a HECS place. These reforms became legislation in December during the last sitting of the Senate for 2003 when the four independent senators with the balance of power signed a deal with the Howard Government to pass the Bill. The legislation was a Christmas present, akin to a lump of coal for anyone who wants to study at a university, especially people from low socio-economic backgrounds.

But Nelson says there'll be more places...

...and he's a big fat liar.

The Howard Government is currently claiming that they will put more money back into higher education and that new HECS places are becoming available in 2005. The truth of the matter is that Howard and a succession of Federal Education Ministers including Vanstone, Kemp and Nelson have slashed billions of dollars from higher education funding. The "new" HECS places are merely existing over-enrolment places, with a different method of Government funding. Over-enrolment places will disappear, as universities will have to fund them through their own budgets. Unlike the existing system, over-enrolments won't even be partially funded by the government.

So what sort of system do we really want?

If Australia wants to be egalitarian and doesn't want the "fair go" attitude to be merely hollow rhetoric then we need to demand that universities be given adequate funding to provide a sufficient number of places for our diverse community. Access to these places must not require paying enormous amounts of money or taking out a ridiculously high loan. Howard and Nelson argue that only university students benefit from gaining a degree and therefore they should pay their way. They fail to notice the simple facts of society - everyone benefits from having good quality doctors, teachers, engineers, scientists, nurses, and, most importantly, critical thought. Knowledge should not be a commodity to be bought and sold by the highest bidder. Universities shouldn't be exclusive havens for the rich and elite in our society. They are for all who have demonstrated the capacity to learn.

Public funding for higher education has been a priority in the past, so why can't we look back on that as an example? We always tend to look to the past for our fashion and music, so let's start looking at education policies of the past. Perhaps not too far back in the past though, we know how much our Prime Minister loves retreating to the 1950s. Maybe we should just look at our higher education policy during the years 1972 -1986, if you get my drift.



**"Okay Brendan,
let's cut a deal."**

South Australia will receive a minuscule share of so-called new university places offered to all the states under the new higher education legislation, courtesy of the Howard Government and four independent senators, including South Australia's very own Meg Lees.

We lost the battle... but we're still fighting the war!

The legislation doesn't come into effect until 2005, but this year the governing bodies of universities across Australia will be changing their rates of HECS and will most likely offer a large amount of full fee paying places. At the University of Adelaide such changes will occur during a University Council meeting very early in the academic year. The Students' Association wants to make sure that our opposition to increasing HECS is heard loud and clear during the meeting and will fight to stop the introduction of full fee paying places. We may have lost the initial battle against the government but we will still fight another battle within campus grounds against our university administration. Of course, we all need to be ready for the war - this year's federal election.

I could rant all year...

...And I will. The fight to save higher education in Australia will take a huge effort from everyone. If you are still reading this you should get involved in the fight for an equitable and accessible higher education system...

...STARTING NOW!

**Alice Campbell
SAUA President**

Thanks to Naomi Vaughn for her assistance with this article.

There's hope for our unis yet!

A lot of you might have been involved in the campaign to stop the implementation of the Nelson review, or the Backing Australia's Future legislation last year, while others you might have just heard about it. As we set out on another year of political activism in the Students' Association, I think it's important to re-visit our campaign and to explain what happened to all the new students.

Federal Education Minister Brendan Nelson introduced a package of reforms, or attacks as many students soon came to realise early last year. Student organisations all over the country mobilised to fight these reforms. We started by trying to create as much awareness of these attacks as possible. This wasn't as easy as you might think, considering the concentration and often-hostile nature of the media in Australia.

The Students' Association of Adelaide University (SAUA) along with the students associations of Flinders and Uni SA and the National Union of Students held a number of National Days of Action, with thousands more students participating nation wide. We gained a fair amount of media attention for our cause in these two events, and sparked a debate not only in *On Dit* but also *The Advertiser*. So we created awareness in the community, but we also did this extensively on a campus level. I doubt there would have been very many people who stepped onto the grounds of Adelaide University last year and didn't hear about the Higher Ed reforms.

The other thing we did was lobby the relevant people and organisations. The Opposition parties all supported our cause and opposed all of the major elements of this package: fifty percent full fee paying places, Voluntary Student Unionism, increases to HECS, Industrial Relations blackmail, etc. We lobbied the independent senators who would be crucial in the final vote in the Senate, especially South Australia's own Meg Lees. We lobbied the Uni to speak out about how bad these reforms were. We took a leading role in helping the Senate Inquiry into the Legislation. We made sure that they knew exactly how bad the effects of the package would be. So much so that they called the report 'Hacking Australia's Future'. It was a damning report, thanks largely to the role student activists played in the hearings that were held all over Australia and the submissions that were sent in by hundreds of general students all over the country. Finally, of course, we lobbied the Government itself.

When I say 'we' I should point out that 'we' combines all those involved with the SAUA and the other Unis' students' associations, the office bearers, committee members, and staff. This also involved the work of the national Union of Students (NUS) office bearers on a state and national level. Of course the most vital part of the campaign was the participation of general students.

Unfortunately, as you may have heard, late last year the legislation was passed. Many would say that all that was done was fruitless because the legislation got passed. I do not. If you look at the legislation Brendan Nelson released and the legislation that was passed, there are significant differences. If students sat on their hands and did nothing I have no doubt that what was passed would have been a hell of a lot worse. It's thanks to student activism that Voluntary Student Unionism was scrapped, and that full fee paying places were lowered from fifty to twenty-five percent. Instead of a four-year cap on your degree, there's a seven-year limit on your study. Meg Lees and the other Independents might try and lay claim to this, but there is no way they would have been able to get anything if it wasn't for the work that students had done. All the Independents achieved was to cut deals with the government, Brian Harradine from Tasmania secured a high speed fiber optic link from the mainland to Tasmania, the other senators negotiated for other scraps from Howard's table, to spineless to stand up to Howard and demand something better. But worst of all, ask our own Independent Senator what she secured for South Australia. Bugger all. Regardless though, students can hold their head's high, they fought the good fight and we were betrayed, but it's not over. The legislation hasn't been implemented.

So where to from here, there are so many things to do. Keep building the awareness, made a little easier now that there are a lot of pissed off school leavers who didn't get a place this year. We need to let the politicians know

that students are a force to be reckoned with, and that if you knife us in the back like Meg Lees did then you will pay. We need to stop the implementation of this legislation, through the government and through the Universities. We can do this in a number of ways; not least of all making sure that there isn't another Howard government after this years federal election. We can make sure that the Labor party's Higher Education policy is what we want it to be, it's much better than Howard's, but we need to make them aim higher. Just as importantly is the need to make sure that the Unis don't implement the reforms, through lobbying and if need be blockading council meetings so that unfair changes to our university are never implemented.

To fight this campaign we need a hell of a lot of ideas so if you've got some, write to *On Dit* and let everyone know. But it also needs a hell of a lot of people involved, so come down to the SAUA and lets get this campaign cracking. There's hope for our Unis yet.

David Pearson
SAUA Councillor

**"I am evil Nelson,
servant of the Dark
Lord Howard."**



Office Bearers fall from trees like snowflakes in the chilly breeze Now is the winter of our discontent.

ALICE CAMPBELL **PREZ**

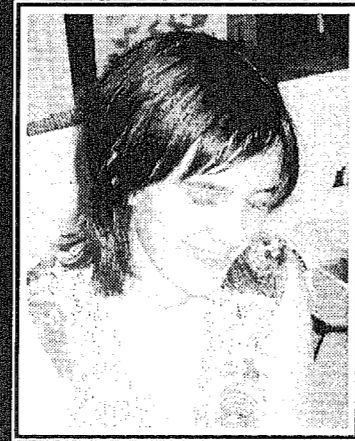


Hi there! Welcome to (or back to) Adelaide University. Hope everything has been smooth sailing so far! I'm your SAUA President for 2004. For those who aren't sure what that entails, read on. As your representative I'll spend the vast majority of my time in meetings with the university, speaking up for your rights and making sure you are all treated fairly by this university during 2004.

Two of the university committees that I'll be sitting on are Academic Board and University Council and I'll provide you with various updates on them through this very publication. Watch out for a little column called "Academic Bored" where I bring you highlights of the meetings of, obviously, Academic Board. University Council will be another matter entirely, there will be a large number of fights to be had, particularly the battle over the university increasing HECS, which I'll obviously keep you updated on.

So while I sit back in meetings, falling asleep while sporadically waking up to yell, "students, it's all about the students!"* there are a number of events you can all get involved in over the next few weeks, courtesy of your student's association. These include the **Unions and Community Groups on Campus Week**, where, well, the title is pretty much self-explanatory and the **National Day of Action, Wednesday March 31**, to fight against the implementation of increased HECS and more full fee paying places. But for now, you'll just have to all settle for that tiny event of ours called Orientation. See You There!

KELLY ARMSTRONG SMITH **WOMEN'S OFFICER**



Hello! Welcome to the first edition of 2004 from the Women's Department!

I have a *vision* for the Women's Department. There's going to be more articles here in *On-Dit* to start. "Must ask Martha" will be a column dedicated to answering all your girl-type needs - just be careful not to ask her advice on boys, or she'll tell you to put an apron on and bake a cookie. "A Woman's

Place" will be serious and discuss notions of womanhood - effectively reading like an historical horror movie. There will also be more inspiring articles to look forwards to that aim to give femmes hope - never forget to have time for hope.

The Women's Room is going under major re-vamping. This needs to be a cool (in both uses of the word; chilled out/groovy) place for women at University. You can relax here, study, have a nap and a cup of tea. And a biscuit. You will see me bringing out campaigns relevant to women. I will also be organising events such as International Women's Day (the 8th of March) and Re-claim the Night (late October), traditions here at Adelaide.

A big election year is ahead of us, and the damage and devastation that is the Nelson Reform is only just beginning to wreak its havoc on Universities nation-wide.

Throughout it all, I hope one battle cry of yours will be; "There is a potential heroine in every woman." - Jean Shinola Boden

Awomen to that!

KATE STRYKER & ALAN HAN **SEXUALITY OFFICERS**

Welcome to the first *On Dit* article for the year. We are the sexuality officers for 2004. We are looking forward to a busy and exciting year ahead. This year we are planning to hold many events, including a George Duncan Memorial Week, a Sexuality Week and an ArtOnSexuality Week. But more of that in our next columns!! Watch this space!!

As all of you know, this week is Orientation Week, also known as O'week. If you're a first year it's often your first introduction to the fun sights, sounds and tastes of University life. Look out for our sexuality event called STI Bingo. Instead of screaming Bingo, verbalise an orgasm!

We will be offering a competition during O'week for any student to design the Sexuality

Department's mascot for the year. One of the prizes will be a t-shirt with your picture on it!

On Wednesday the 3rd of March the Sexuality Department and ten percent will be holding a joint event for queer and queer-friendly students. It starts at 5pm on the Wednesday at the Cloisters with a Barbeque and finishes with *Finding Nemo* movie in the Clubs Common Room beginning at 6pm. It's a great way for all queer and queer-friendly students to meet in a comfortable, fun and non-threatening environment.

Feel free to approach us at any time during O'week to chat or have a coffee! As your sexuality officers it is imperative that we remain as



approachable and accessible to all students as possible throughout the year. If you can't find us at our stall come down to our SAUA office in the Lady Symon building.

STEPHEN KELLET **ENVIRONMENT OFFICER**

Welcome to O' Week 2004! The Environment Department has had a cracking start to what is going to be a busy and productive year here in the Students Association. Efforts are currently being made to construct a new Bike Shed that will enable and encourage more bike usage to and from Uni. The only available storage area at present is the stone shed located near the Barr-Smith Lawns, which provides just 60 places for a 12 000 strong student population (cost \$11 per Semester from Students Association). On campus in 2003, one bike per day 'went missing' highlighting the need for this project to take place. A positive response was given by Adelaide University administration and by the AUU for funding for the project, and myself along with project officers are currently looking for a suitable location.

The Australian Radiation Protection and Nuclear Safety Agency (ARPANSA) is currently seeking public submissions for the proposed creation

of a National Radioactive Waste Repository (NRWR) near Woomera. I will be submitting on behalf of the Students Association, but any other students who are interested in making a submission are strongly encouraged to do so, as this issue is of the utmost importance. For an application, and more information visit www.arpansa.gov.au

The famous SAUA beer cups will be sold by the Environment Department this week, with all the revenue going to this active and brilliant department. These cups are a good memento of your Uni days and are a bargain at a cost of only \$3.50 each and will be on sale from the SAUA desk on the Barr-Smith lawns. On the Maths lawns, environmental NGOS' such as Greenpeace, Wilderness, the Anti-Nuke campaign, and Amnesty international will be providing info. and are more than willing to answer any questions that you may have. A new



Friends of the Earth local group is to be formed at Adelaide University, coinciding with the 30th birthday of this fantastic organisation. Also, anyone wanting to join the Environment collective can sign up at the Environment desk this week. Have a great O Week!

BEK CORNISH **ACTIVITIES/CAMPAIGNS OFFICER**

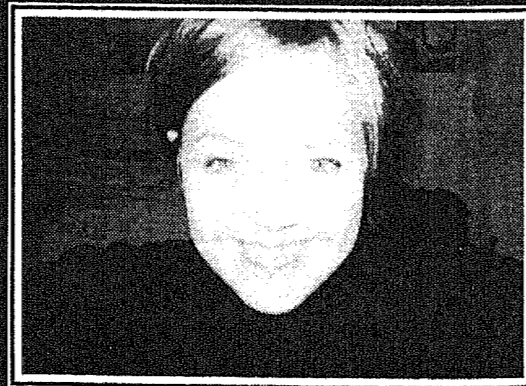
Hey cats! Welcome to Adelaide Uni those of you who are first year students, and welcome back to continuing students. The Activities Department of the Students' Association exists to provide you with really, really cheap and, when we can, free events for you to go to in order to give you that much deserved break between lectures and essays. The Activities Committee this year consists of myself and the ever hard working Sarah Busuttill, Jess Cronin, Sarah Eckermann, and Adam Roe.

Together, we organise many things for you on the Lawns, in the UniBar and around campus so make sure you keep tabs on this column so you know when things are happening. This year

we have plenty of great things organised for you from local bands and BBQ's on the lawns, to end of term shows in the UniBar! More specifically, we have Cinema On The Lawns and a Natural Therapies Day organised during term one, PROSH during term two which is a week long event full of shenanigans to raise money for charity, a Pizza and Chocolate Festival and Re-Orientation during term three, market stalls and the infamous End Of Year Party during term four.

Not to mention our involvement in lots of great community awareness campaigns to raise money for charity.

Events on campus aren't much fun if you don't get involved, so make sure you come to



everything, bring your friends and enjoy this year at uni! We are always looking for students to help out with our events so if you're keen to get involved give me a call in the students' Association on 8303 5406 or email me on bek.cornish@adelaide.edu.au

Education Vice-President Aurelia Stapleton is currently ill. *On Dit* wishes her a swift recovery. Also, Clementine Ford came up with the cryptic slogan at the top of these pages. We take no responsibility - Eds.

STUDENT RADIO 101.5

AUSR broadcasts on Monday, Tuesday and Saturday nights (Flinders have Wednesday night and UniSA take over on Sunday and Friday nights). Here's our timetable for first semester (week one starting March 1, week two starting March 8) so make sure you tune your dials to 101.5fm to hear...



	MONDAY		TUESDAY		SATURDAY	
	WEEK 1	WEEK 2	WEEK 1	WEEK 2	WEEK 1	WEEK 2
9 - 10	Saturday Night Roller Disco Tomfoolery with Hector & Je-Sus	The Flux Capacitor High jinx with Ben & Phil	LOCAL NOISE The best local bands LIVE March 2 - O' Week Surprise March 9 - pseudo model		The G-Spot Monkey business with Richard, Sam, Reuben & Doug	Senseless, Mindless Acts of Radio Concentrate with Andrew, Daniel & Calvin
10 - 11	AeroSoul Urban RnB with Lazy B, Matt Decker, Mark C & David James	Flava In Ya Ear Urban Beats with Mark & Suniljit	Too Loud to be Culture with music maestros Bianca & Patrick	It's Not Dead Air... It's a Dramatic Pause Controlled Chaos with Sam & Trish	Transmission Dance to the Radio with Hannah & Matt	Being Followed Home Love dedications with Julia, James & Nick
11 - 12	Jesus Loves Jam Jazz with Dave T & James	The Vinyl Lounge Grooves with Potter & Mark	Radio Magnifico with Golden Girls Ben & Rhys	4 Files on Grey Velvet Danism with Dans V & J	DJ's Choice Reggae & dance hall with Duncan & Adam	Radio Mime - Open Mic Get Involved with Emma & Dan
12 - 1	The House of Quality Meats Fritz with Joe & Paul	All Tomorrow's Parties Tonight with Adam & Luke	Live from the Moon Up late with Lukie, Leo & Tommy	You Talk Way Too Much SAUA, Clubs & Media with Alice, Sarah & Belle	Heavy as a Really Heavy Thing Heavy Metal with Matt & Tim	Punk Around Dave G & Sam Keeping you awake

SHOW PROFILE

Radio Magnifico, ole!
11-12 Tuesday March 2

The presenters are Ben Vistoli and Rhys Aston. Ben currently attends (?) Adelaide University and is claiming youth allowance thanks to a B.Arts double major of Media and Music studies. In his spare time he jacks off to the golden girls, plays in a band called Straight to Video and is soon to be booking acoustic nights at the Gov. Rhys is selling out to Flinders and a law degree, though has a B.A at Adelaide Uni, and will be heaps wealthier than Ben in years to come...cunt. In Rhys' spare time he likes to smoke pot and provoke uninformed debates.

The show consists of varying themes (e.g. songs with handclaps, the best first tracks off albums, etc) uninformed debates with 'so called'

intellectuals, footballer/cricketer musical rehab, vox pop, and guest presenters. The style of music we wish to play would probably be best described as Matador Records-esque, e.g lo-fi to folk to Mogwai related type stuff, and other associated random stuff for special theme shows.

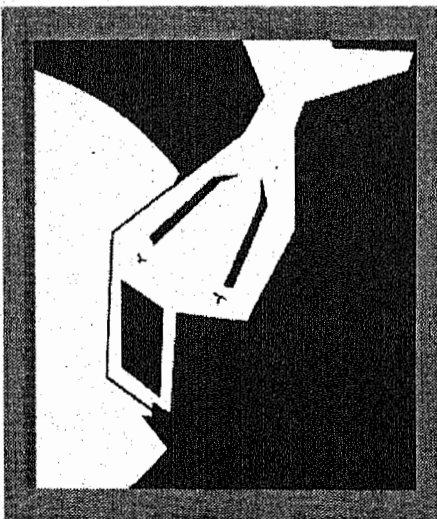
So who would enjoy us? ...probably no one, we're too self indulgent. Ben has been on student radio in both guest and performing capacities, and on the BBC news broadcast for throwing a flaming bottle of piss fat into a London bar. He has a 'good idea' of what it takes, having observed Jedi Dan and princess Emma at play. Sigh, Ben sucks. To get the kids in I reckon if you hate the Bronte sisters you'll really hate us. Nah, we just wanna have fun (not quite like Cindy Lauper, though she is a girl with funny hair), play music with substance (we got dat

in abundance!) and try not to make it boring.

Finally we hope not come across as wankers and will be analysing the shows after every air with guidance from our spiritual spank brother Kevin Sheedy, Essendon dual premiership Coach, more info at www.sheedystats.com.au.

So, yeah, go power.

Ben and Rhys xo



<http://student.radio.adelaide.edu.au>

Open Mic - Do you want 15 minutes of fame? How about a whole hour? Or maybe you're one of those music nazis at parties who takes over the stereo. Why don't you come in for the open mic show? We'll do all the tricky technical stuff, show you around, give you a crash course in radio presentation and you can be a Radio Star for a night. 11pm - 12pm every second Saturday. Email us if you're keen.

STUDENT.RADIO@ADELAIDE.EDU.AU

FÜD

What else do you do in the holidays but eat? If you are not eating, you are usually sleeping, working or partying... and while you are doing all this, the next meal is usually the most predominant thought. For us, taking a holiday to somewhere new, results in an intensified need to try new eating experiences (whilst maintaining the working, sleeping and partying aspects of the holidays).

After realising that we were going to squander our summer sojourn in Adelaide, we (your two On Dit food reviewers) took the initiative to organise a trip to Sydney, which buzzed with party atmosphere from the moment we stepped off the Virgin plane on to the tarmac. (Yeah, Virgin appears to do that everywhere. Where's the connecting passage thing?) We were joined by a small group of friends, all originating from Adelaide, but two of which now are self-professed Sydneysiders. We were pleasantly surprised to find that Sydney, unlike Adelaide, has a night life that lives past 8pm, and so began the debaucheries.

A meal can dictate what mood you will be in for the hours following it; you will be crapping on to people about how excellent or horrific it was. The fact is, if you are going to be paying about \$20 for a meal, you would want something to talk about. We approached every bar and restaurant with anticipation, with two main criteria that had to be met: (1) Affordability. Knowing that Sydney is expensive does not mean that we were happy to pay the prices. If it meant *searching* for good value for our hard earned money, then so be it. (2) A view. We needed to take snaps and make people jealous.

So, on our first day in Sydney, here is what we found...

Home Bar:

We pleasantly whiled away the hours walking around Cockle Bay Wharf in Darling Harbour, before we decided on a drink before dinner. Home Bar looks sophisticated and boasts fantastic views. It was balmy, and our high spirits meant we didn't really pay attention to the prices. This caused some 'healthy' debate amongst our group when Angus ordered a vodka caprioska. After trying it we all agreed that it must have been the views he was paying for because \$13 for "this crap" was certainly not worth it. The cocktails were poorly mixed, but this was put down to the amount people in the actual bar; there needed to be a quick turnover. We were not pleased with the prices, but like we said, it was balmy! It was summery! We decided to leave before we got any drunker.

Home's décor is very open planned, obviously based around the view of the Wharf, with every table facing the water. It had an atmosphere reminiscent of Adelaide's Botanic Bar (which, for the record, has better caprioskas), but actually has an interesting view rather than drunken randoms stumbling from PJ's. The music was very 'Fashion TV'; that sort of electro funk/house that is upbeat yet monotonous, but enjoyable at the same time. We felt cool just being there, mainly because of everything we'd heard about Home nightclub right next door. The three-levelled glass building that houses the nightclub juts out onto the Wharf in a triangular shape, and apparently it is THE place to be on Friday night. The cover charges are steep (think \$25-\$30) and the line up can span for about a kilometre on some nights.

* Home nightclub has an interesting quirk however. They have a strict dress code that won't let 'overdressed' people into the club, which means simple plebs like you and I can go in with a plain yet sensible pair of sneakers, jeans and a t-shirt. How open minded of those Sydneysiders.

Black Bird Cafe:

After the drinks we moved on to the Black Bird Cafe, situated a little further up Cockle Bay Wharf. Having not eaten all day, the less than perfect caprioska as well as

the other drinks had gone straight to everyone's head. We were more than ready to get something into our stomachs, but after the drinks we wanted something cheap. We perused the menu of practically every restaurant, and at every place our conversations were thus: "Oh, that sounds good...what do you think? Oh. Thirty bucks? Thirty dollars for *that*? Moving on..."

Our beacon came in the form of Black Bird Cafe, which looked very impressive with its winding staircase. The impressiveness ended there. Arriving on the top floor, the grandeur dissipated in the form of plastic and oddly coloured tables and chairs. This was not too much of an issue; we still had the view, as well as good company.

The prices were reasonable for the location. Mains started at about \$13, which wasn't bad considering the quality of the food; certainly a better deal than a poorly mixed caprioska, as we all agreed. Two of us ordered the same thing, which was a traditional Italian mussel dish, slow cooked in a rosé sauce and served with herb and garlic 'infused' bread. We never discovered the difference between garlic 'infused' bread and 'garlic bread', but whatever they did, they were on the money. The only downfall of such a delicious meal was the typical Italian overload of garlic, which meant that there was a lot of Extra Gum going around.

One of our friends (who actually lives in Sydney) was not as overjoyed as we were with her meal. Her original intention was to order the mussels, but we told her to get something different considering we had already decided we wanted the mussels. She ended up with a spaghetti dish, which sounded appetising in the menu, but did not deliver. It is all well and good to talk the talk, but can it walk the walk right? Who would have guessed that prawns meant about three prawns, snowpeas meant six snowpeas, and chilli meant a distinct lack of salt. In fact the whole meal was scattered with comments about salt. "Where's the salt? What's wrong with this salt shaker? Is salt coming out of this salt shaker?... No, I *do* like it! It's just, you know, not *salty* enough." Later, she complained about the fact she could have bought half a shirt instead of that "stupid spaghetti." On the other hand, the last member of our party was making delighted exclamations about her healthy looking tandoori salad, which outweighed the negative salt comments. Since it was our first day in Sydney, we were all fairly cashed up and were still smiling after we paid the bill. So cashed up were we, that we even had room for gelato afterwards.

Gelato Messina

The first thing we noticed about this place was how iridescently green and clean it looked. After the initial shock of the bright green, it was the copious amounts of gelato that then caught our attention. You know how gelato is served to you out of tubs in the freezer? Well, this was no different, except the gelato tubs were completely overflowing, but in a *neat* way. All gelato places in Sydney seem to do this. The general consensus was that Adelaide gelato places should adopt this practise as it looks rather good, and makes the idea of \$5.50 for a miniscule cup of gelato a bit more palatable. Having said that, the prices were about the same as Cibo gelato in Adelaide, which isn't cheap, but gelato isn't a necessity - it's an indulgence. The serves were a little stingy, but the flavours were delicious. Well, most of them were. The spaghetti girl did not have much luck with her chocolate and hazelnut gelato. "It's very...*chocolatey*... isn't it?" With that gem of a comment, we meandered along the wharf in to the warm Sydney night, thinking of what our next meal would entail.

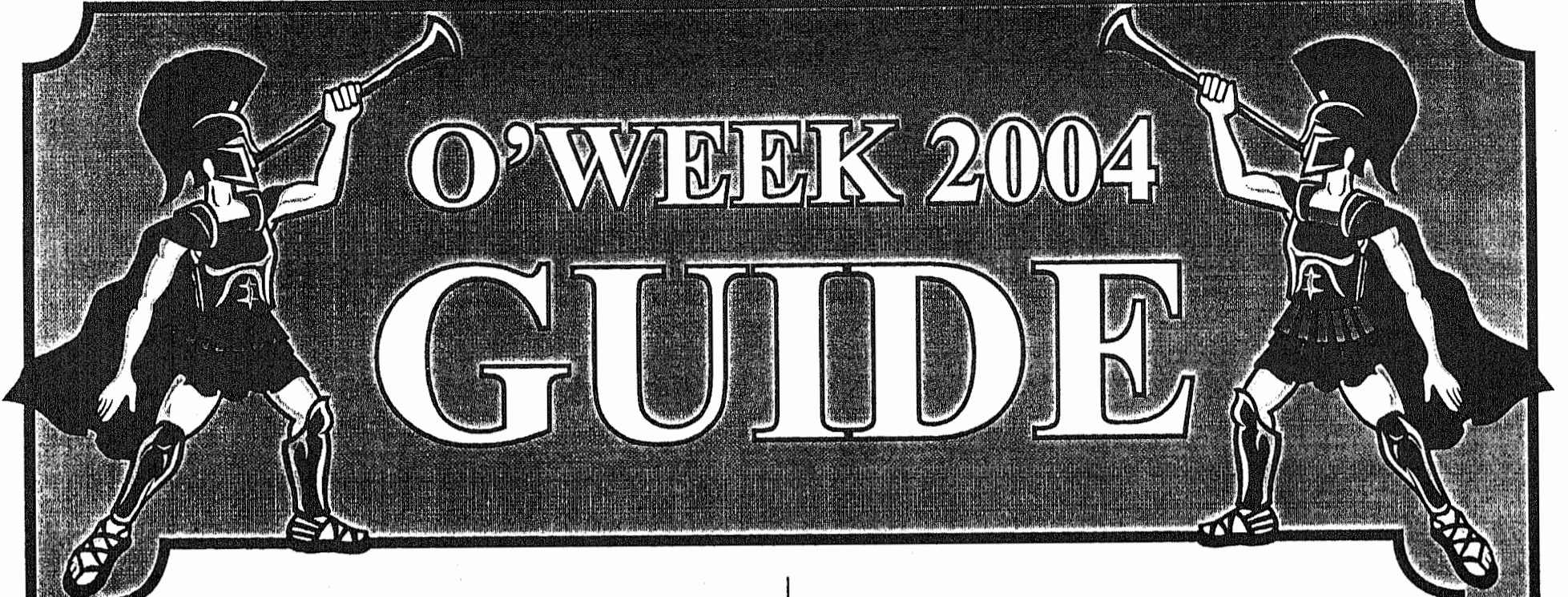
Angus & Heidi Hoe



Been any place nice lately? Discovered a new new recipe for cous cous? Send your gastronomic exploits to Angus and Heidi Hoe ondit@adelaide.edu.au.

If you want us to review your establishment, call us and make a booking.

Remember, Heaven hath no mercy like a well-fed restaurant reviewer.



O'WEEK 2004 GUIDE

Monday 23rd February

- 10.00- Welcome by Vice Chancellor
- 10.30- Welcome continued.
- 11.00- Rumours Free Breakfast/ Wolf and Cub (band)
- 11.30- Triple M & Union Activities- Olympic Events (Squid Toss)
- 12.00- Opening of the Keg Ceremony/Beer O'Clock
- 12.30- Tae Kwon Do Demo/ Rumours Free Lunch
- 1.00- The Icons (band)
- 1.30- Popeye Cruises/ Boat Race #1
- 1.45-2.00- Lamia's Dream (Fringe Dance Theatre)
- 2.00- Musical Chairs (a time honoured tradition)
- 2.30- (ACTIVITY) Education Dep presents the History of Higher Education
- 3.00- Education cont.
- 4.00- Happy Hour
- 4.30- Happy Hour
- 5.00- Happy Hour
- 5.30- Happy Hour
- 6.00- Triple M and Dominos Pizza present Comedy Night
Scared Weir Little Guys (Guest Appearance0, Charlie Pickering,
Justin Hamilton...Plus Really Funny Local Comedians

Tuesday 24th February

- 10.30- Rumours Free Breakfast / Pool comes in / Daily Grind Skate Demo's
- 11.00- (ACTIVITY) Sexuality Dep./Uber Stomp (band)
- 11.30- Triple M & Union Activities- Olympic Events (Mystery Pool)
- 12.00- Beer O'Clock/ Dominos Pizza Eating Competition
- 12.30- Rumours Free Lunch/Union Studio Fashion Show and Union Interview Session
- 1.00- Popeye Cruises /Storming of the Bouncy Castle / Seeds of Babylon (band)
- 1.30- Boat Races #2
- 2.00- Activity White Fear #1
- 3.00- O'Week Idol
- 4.00- 5.30- Happy Hour
- 8.00- Domino's Pizza presents O'Hop- Roman Themed Retro Party
Fine Wine, Phat Tracks and Classic gags aplenty,
DJ Spankmeharda

Wednesday 25th February

- 10.00- Rumours Free Breakfast
- 10.30- Mr Wednesday (band)
- 11.00- Boat Race Semi #1
- 11.30- Triple M & Union Activities- Union Activities Olympic Events (Charlot Races)
- 12.00- Triple M Broadcast- Beer O'Clock / Hairy Lemon (band) (starts 11.45)
- 12.30- Rumours Free Lunch / Tug O War (between the affiliates) / Brown Fear
- 1.00- Malibu Chill Beach Party brought to you by Triple M.
- 1.30- The T VIVA JUICE Juice Showdown (juice skulling)
- 1.45-2.00- Lamia's Dream (Fringe Dance Theatre)
- 2.00- Brunatex (band)
- 2.30- OSA soccer game (On Maths Lawns)
- 3.00- O'Week Idol
- 4.00-5-30- Happy Hour
- 8.00- Triple M, AUU and Domino's present the UAC Cinema on the Lawns- The Italian Job / The Real Cancun / Hip Hop Show

Thursday 26th February

- 10:30am- Union Provides Free Breakfast.
- 11:00am- (Activity) Women's Department/ The Dairy Brothers (band)
- 11:30am- Union Activities Ice Cream Eating Competition
- 12:00pm- Beer O'clock, OSA performers
- 12:30pm- Rumours Free Lunch, Capoeira (Brazilian Martial Art and Dance)
- 1:00pm- Brillig(Band)/ Women's Popeye Cruise
- 1:30pm- Boat Race Semi #2
- 2:00pm- Miracle Hat (Band)
- 2:30pm- O'Week Idol Final
- 4:00pm- 6:00pm Happy Hour at the Unibar
- 6:00pm- The Wakefield Hotel Presents- Pub Crawl '04
Unibar
London Tavern
Griffins Head
Crown and Anchor
The Office
The Wakefield Hotel

Friday 27th February

- 10:30am- Rumours Free Breakfast
- 11:00am- Olympic Events
- 11:30am- Open Mic Acoustic
- 12:00pm- Beer O'clock
- 12:30pm- Rumours Free Lunch
- 1:00pm- Leithstardust(Band)
- 1:30pm- Triple M hosts the Boat Race Final
- 4:00pm-6:00pm Happy Hour at the Unibar
- 6:00pm- Triple M presents O'Ball 2004
Augie March . Little Birdy
Pornland . Epicure
Ground Components
Wolf and Cub .Cookie Baker
DJ Spankmeharda

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Free Breakfasts & Lunches brought to you by Rumours Cafe.
A Service brought to you by The Adelaide University Union



Name: barry morgan

Sent: 10:22am - January 15, 2004

Message: *Just thought I'd say MIMM is the only radio station that has ever been banned in this house.*

Name: CRAIG

Sent: 10:25am - January 15, 2004

Message: *You guys know nothing about radio. You can't play a 50 CENT song straight after Foo Fighters!!!*

Name: Angry Ant

Sent: 17:09pm - January 15, 2004

Message: *Stop remixing shit. You're ruining perfectly good tunes there*

Name: RYDER

Sent: 17:55pm - January 15, 2004

Message: *You must sit in front of the computer all day with your radio by your side and a spray can of whipped cream for a drink. Get a life dickhead!*

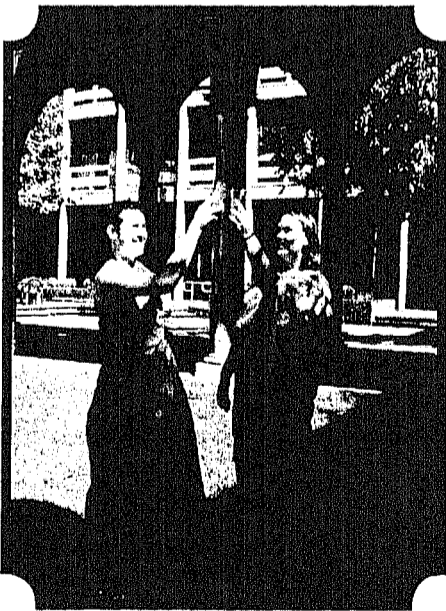
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DIFFERENT**

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(messageboard)

WELCOME TO O'WEEK

Augustus Chris and Belle Caesar, Emperor's of the known O'World invite you to join their plot of world domination. Starting with a small corner known as Adelaide University, we hope to spread our hedonistic merriment throughout the free world.



We have recruited Centurions to not only aid us in our fiendish plot, but to also guide you toward the nearest orgy, alcohol or toga outlet. Their cloth like coverings, which read 'Centurions', will identify these ruthless but eerily kind helpers.

The time has come for you, new legionnaires to see the world and experience the ecstasy that only the thrill of conquering

barbarian villages in a cold blood slaughter can come close to matching. So come grab your golden O'Pass and your survival guide and join us on our empire-building crusade, and remember preliminary lectures aren't compulsory...

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- Express free entry into the comedy night
- Pub Crawl T - Shirt
- SAUA Cup for Free Beer
- Express Entry to O'Hop
- Free Pizza at Cinema on Lawns
- Malibu Chill at the Beach Party
- Free Popeye Cruise



All for the Low Price of \$40

TO FIND ONE MAKE FOR the Students Association (Lady Symon Building)

USE US...

For Competitions.

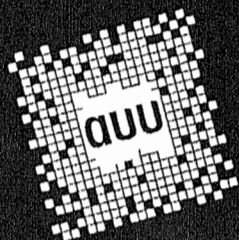
- Win a *Bronze Fringe Pass!
- One to win every day of O'Week.

*Bronze Fringe Pass entitles you to 4 free tickets to Fringe Shows...

Drawn 2pm daily. Fill out an entry form at the AUU Stand at O'Week.

For Fringe Tickets.

Go to our website for free and discounted tickets especially for Adelaide University students throughout the Fringe.



adelaide university union
www.union.adelaide.edu.au

Adelaide Fringe 2004
20 February — 14 March

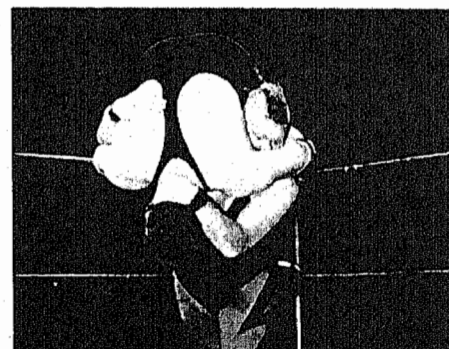
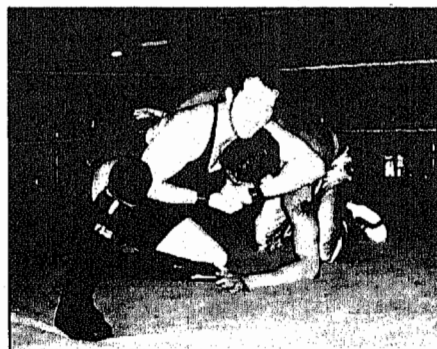
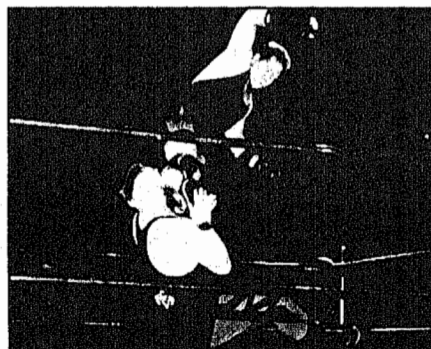


WRESTLING

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FRIDAY, APRIL 30th, 2004

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AUSTRALIA

O' Camp Vox Pop

(And booze, sleaze & debauchery snowed upon them all...)

- 1) Why did you come to O' Camp?
- 2) Have you learnt anything about yourself whilst here?
- 3) If you could ask anyone here a question, what would it be?

1) M: I had friends in second year that said definitely come.

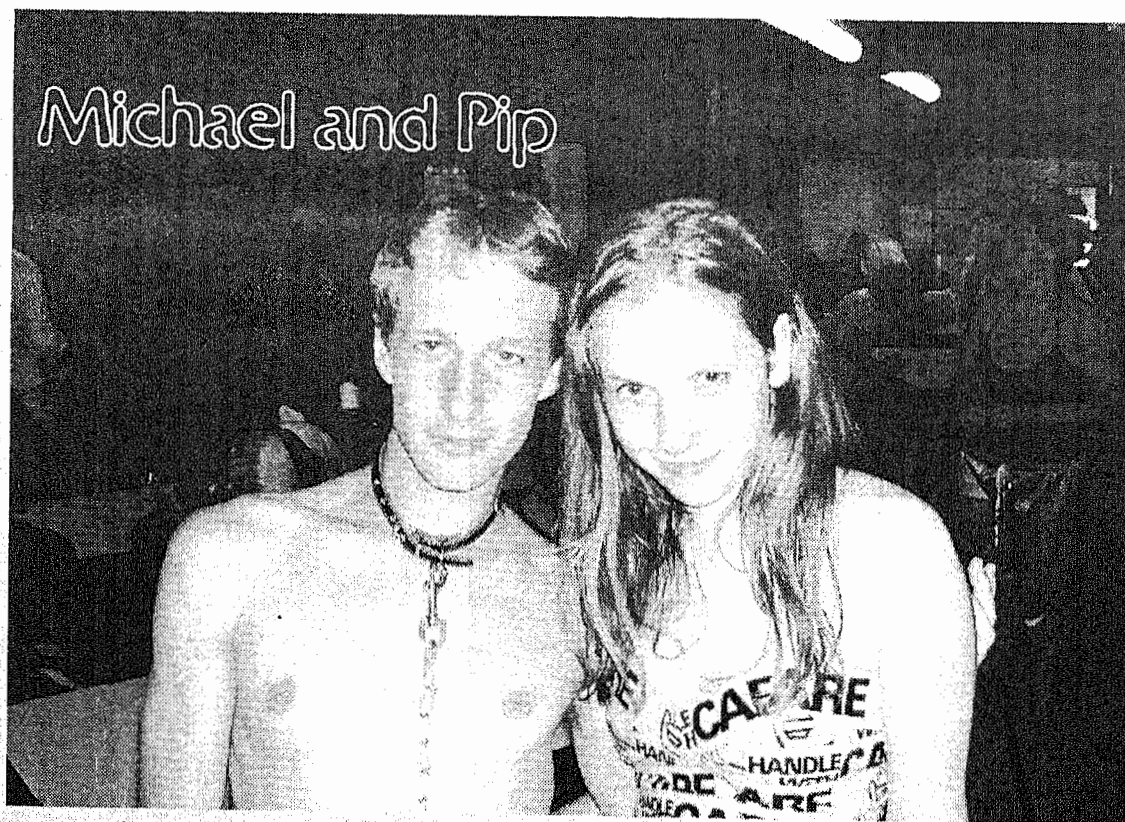
P: To meet people and have a good time.

2) P: Lots of bruises taking this dress off. (it was made of 'caution' tape - Eds)

M: Chicks really dig chains.

3) M: You've got one.

Um...who got caught on camera having sex on the church altar?

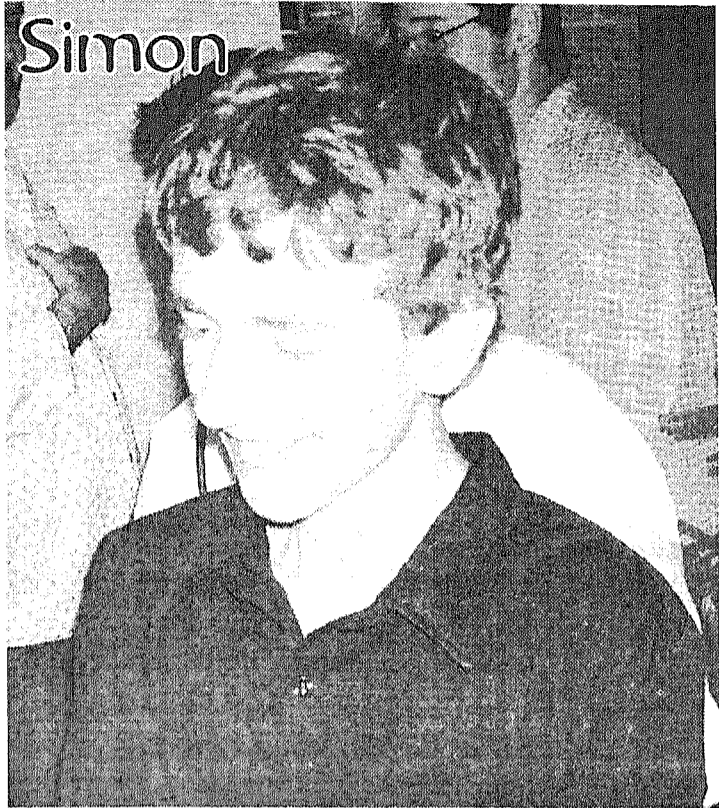


1) Because I come from Melbourne and don't know anyone here yet

2) Yeeeeeh....Nah. Oh yes, don't sell one litre of panca e mix. (Jordan had to make a quick trip to the hospital after performing this stunt - Eds)

3) How much panca e mix could you drink?

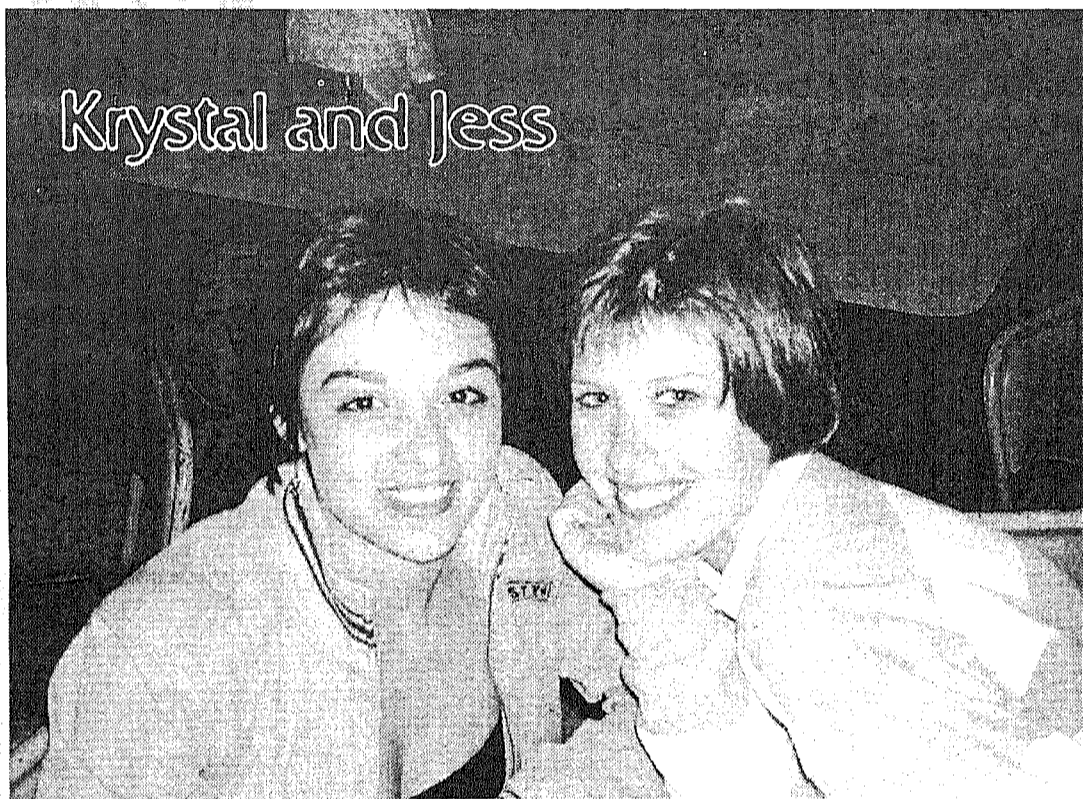
Simon



- 1) 'Cause I could, 'cause it was there.
- 2) Not to let people wax my legs.
- 3) I could hear the people next to me fucking all night.

- 1) J: Reco e ded b a
rie d.
K: Ditto.
- 2) J: Have 't lear t a
thi .
J: Ditto.
(I terview i shed there)

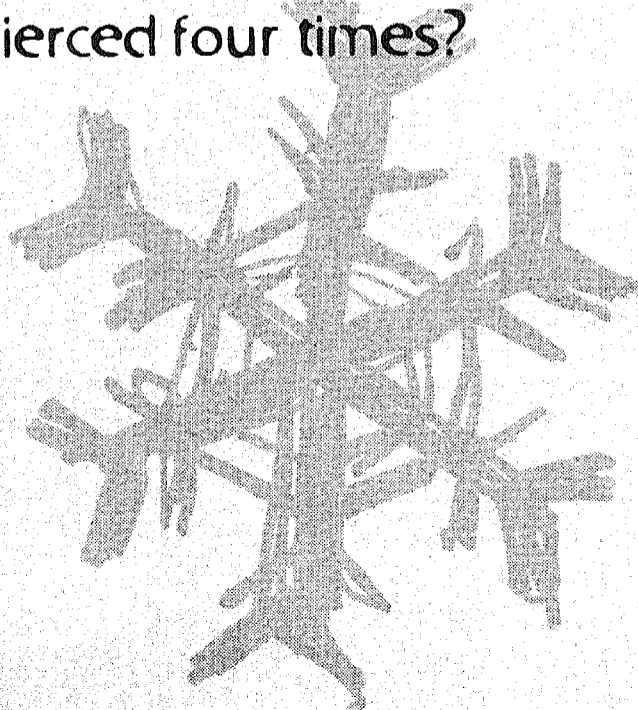
Krystal and Jess



- 1) Thou ht it would be u .
- 2) Learnt to skull a cup of beer.
- 3) Who is the guy with his dick
pierced four times?

Z n

(Artist's impression)



Film Reviews



21 Grams: *21 Grams* takes a bleak view on life's intricacies and on the strange directions it can sometimes take us. It's a gripping ride told chopped up and back to front, using a style of direction that was made popular by Tarantino in his cult smash *Reservoir Dogs*. *21 Grams* cuts between the lives of three very different people that, at first glance, have very little to do with one another. However as the film progresses it becomes apparent that this is not the case and as events unfold the lives of the characters become closely entwined. Dulcet hues and bleak overtones dominate the picture, while an ambient and, at times, quite disturbing soundtrack writhes in the background helping the film to convey its message. Great acting and stunning direction make this one of the definite must see films of the summer! *****

- Aedan Siebert

Cold Mountain: At its core *Cold Mountain* is a love story. It tells of a soldier's journey home (Jude Law as Inman), to rescue his love who is suffering from the hardships of war (Nicole Kidman as Ada). It's the characters that Inman meets on his way home, and the help that Ada receives from Ruby (Renee Zellweger) in running her farm, that continually brings interest and excitement to the film. It is beautifully created by renowned director Anthony Minghella, with stunning Cinematography by John Seale. **** - Frank Markopoulos

Dogville: Love him or hate him Danish auteur Lars Von Trier is responsible for a lot in modern alternative cinema. He wrote and directed the Palme D'Or winning *Dancer in the Dark* (starring Bjork) and gave birth to the 'Dogma 95' revolution; simultaneously reviving Scandinavian cinema. In *Dogville* he's gives us another film that is as equally uncompromising as *Dancer*, *Breaking the Waves* and *The Idiots* before it. Nicole Kidman plays Grace, a woman who seeks refuge from pursuing gangsters in the small foothill town of Dogville. Initially the town is suspicious of Grace but after coercion from Tom (Paul Bettany) they come to accept her... well, for a little while at least. Most immediately striking is the aesthetic style of the film. There are almost no sets and the sectors of the town are marked out on the stage floor in chalk. Actors are forced to mime actions such as opening doors and pruning bushes. As controversial as it is unique *Dogville* is not something that everyone may like, but is something that everyone should experience. **** - Danny Wills



Goodbye, Lenin! Although a comedy set in a divided Germany in the period immediately preceding and following the fall of the Berlin wall may seem an odd premise doomed to failure *Goodbye, Lenin!* is an extremely well executed piece of entertainment. Great performances are supplied by the supporting cast who are lead by a brilliantly subdued Daniel Brühl. Writer/director Wolfgang Becker documents the radical political, economic and social changes brought about by the adoption of capitalism in East Germany with great poignancy, nostalgia and humor creating a historical document that is also really great fun. **** - DW

Japanese Story: *Japanese Story* is a breathtaking experience. Sandy (Toni Collette) reluctantly guides a prospective Japanese business client, Hiromitsu (Gotaro Tsunashima), through the Australian outback. Director Sue Brooks, has used the desolate Australian outback to great effect in amplifying the emotions of her characters and to identify their cultural barriers. In the isolated desert they are stripped bare of all social pressures and can connect without cultural restraints. ***1/2 - FM

The Last Samurai: The setting and surrounding events of this movie are real, but the story itself is fictional. *The Last Samurai* is the story of a military advisor (Tom Cruise) who is sent to Japan to train their army to fight remaining Samurai. He is captured by those whom he is sent to fight and soon begins to embrace their ways, something he never thought he would do. Cruise is strong as Captain Nathan Algren, but is outdone by Ken Watanabe who plays Katsumoto. The hills of New Zealand are a beautiful backdrop for this action packed movie. **** - Jamie Manson

Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King: The final chapter in the greatest epic the cinema has ever seen is now upon us. *Return of the King* was one of the most anticipated films of the year and has not disappointed fans of the saga. Frodo and Sam continue their journey through Middle Earth to the fires of Mordor to destroy the corrupt ring. Director Peter Jackson supplies every single frame with all the magical wonderment and imagination of Tolkein's novel. Extravagant battle scenes are contrasted with surprisingly touching character scenes to create a completely fulfilling cinema experience. ***** - DW

Lost in Translation: As the daughter of Francis Ford Coppola (*The Godfather*, *Apocalypse Now*) and wife of Spike Jones (*Being John Malkovich* and *Adaptation*) many people have expected too many big things too early from Writer/Director Sofia Coppola. After the relative disappointment of *The Virgin Suicides* she has produced a work of immense maturity, beauty, nuance, warmth, pathos and vision. Set in modern, idiosyncratic Japan an emotionally spent actor working on a whisky commercial (Bill Murray) meets Charlotte (Scarlet Johansson) in a hotel bar and they begin a symbiotic friendship. The brilliance of the film is in its subtlety and intelligence, in depicting the silent and wordless, the feeling of isolation (whether it be cultural or emotional) and its all realised with great humor and insight. **** - DW

Master and Commander: The Far Side of the World: Australian/Hollywood director Peter Weir helms this nautical epic. We follow Captain Jack Aubrey (Russell Crowe) and his motley crew of sailors as they attempt to follow and disable a French super-frigate to prevent it from taking the Napoleonic battle into new waters. Undersized and under armed they must utilize all their aquatic cunning to outwit their opponents. *Master and Commander* sets itself apart from other tepid films of the genre through the mastery of Weir's storytelling and strength of the cast. **** - DW

The Matrix Revolutions: After the brilliance and originality of the first film in the series fans of the franchise had every right to expect a similar level of innovation from the sequels. *Reloaded* distinguished itself with some excellent combat scenes and special effects (which is all you really ask of a big budget action flick) whilst letting itself down with some paper-thin pseudo-philosophizing. *Revolutions* is quite the same, except the excellent combat scenes are replaced with simple, repetitive battle scenes reminiscent of any of the two cent crap churned out by Jerry Bruckheimer, and the conclusion is laughably simple given the admirably high aspirations of the original concept. ** - DW

Mystic River: Unbeknown to most casual cinema goes Clint Eastwood does not just play violent, sadistic, inarticulate, right wing characters, he's also a director, and a damn fine one at that. He's responsible for what is perhaps the great modern Western (and the great Western about Westerns) in *Unforgiven*, as well as many other notable efforts. Here he has assembled a cast of great skill and credibility that includes perhaps the last great method actor (Shaun Penn) in one of his best roles, to tell a story of innocence lost and the ripple effects felt by society that are created by the sins of the individual. While Eastwood's attempts at closure may grate with some viewers it's the inconsistencies and contradictions that make the film as interesting as it is. *Mystic River* is undoubtedly the most visceral film of the year, as well as one of the best. ****1/2 - DW

Underworld: Amidst a gloomy, post-modern backdrop *Underworld* hurls viewers into a centuries old epic war between two ancient races; Vampire and Lycan (werewolves). Following the current 'vamp' movie trend, *Underworld* makes use of darkly lit, gothic environments and heavily stylized action scenes. I had high hopes for this film, but unfortunately it is let down by a poor script and rather average acting. To its credit however, the action choreography and the cinematography are both great. ** - AS

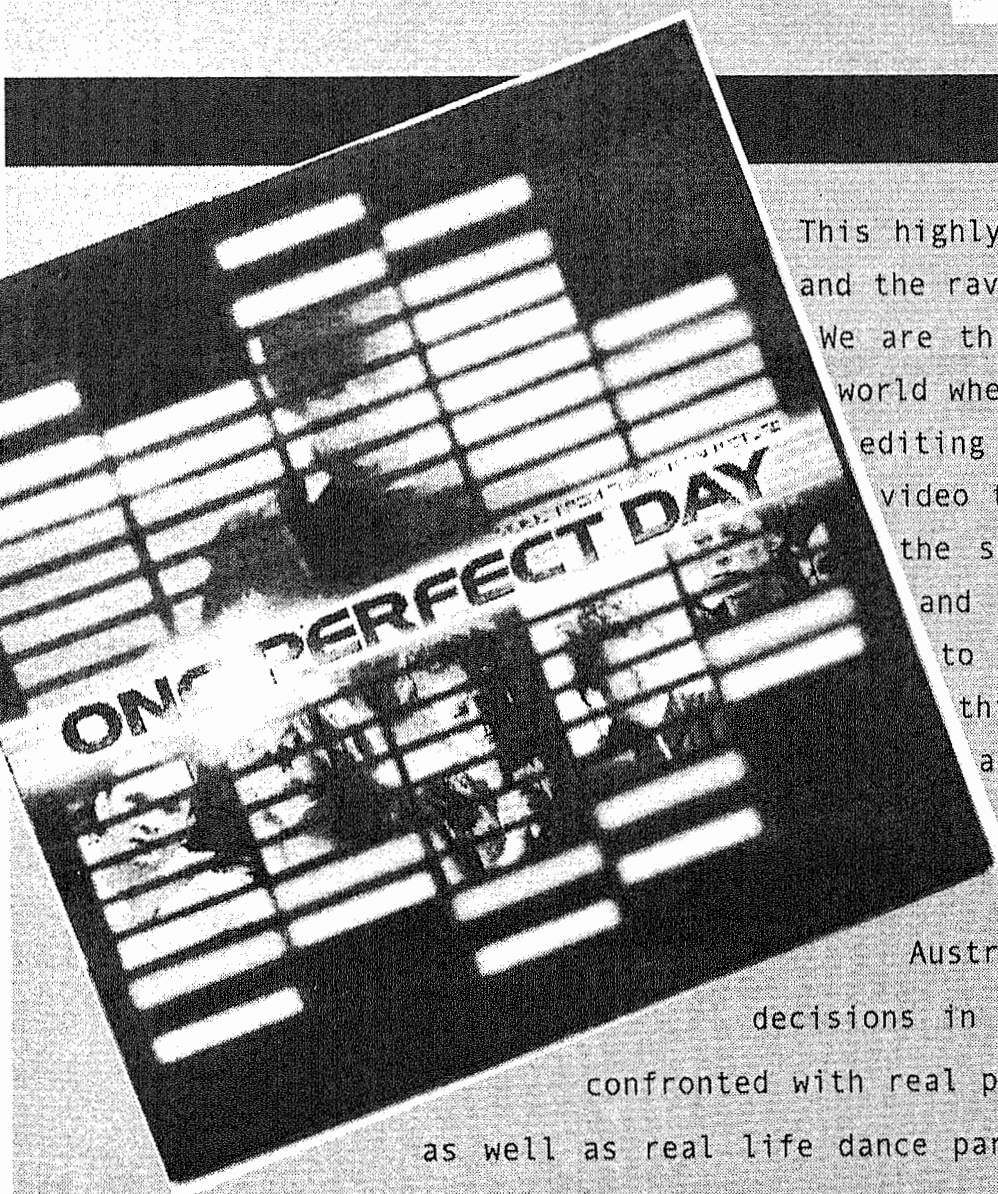
GIVEAWAY!!!

The lovely folks at The Foster Workshop have given us three copies of the *One Perfect Day* soundtrack. All you have to do to get a copy is to get down to the On Dit office (in the basement of the George Murray Building, beside the Barr Smith lawns) and be able to pronounce 'One Perfect Day' backwards. Here, have a practice.

YAD TCEFREP ENO

Nice one.

One Perfect Day



This highly anticipated take on Australian youth culture and the rave scene achieves way more than I had expected. We are thrown into music genius Tommy's (Dan Spielman) world where the most mundane sound is a symphony. Sleek editing makes the opening scenes more like a music video than a feature, but it works really well given the subject matter. With a soundtrack that cranks and intimate story telling devices, it's hard not to get swept up in Tommy's idealist passion. Yet this modern love story turns tragic as a family attempts to deal with death.

The great thing about Aussie movies is that we are able to see ourselves on the big screen.

Australian filmmakers have made fantastic casting decisions in the past and this one's no exception. We are confronted with real people; potbellies, skinny guys and meat-heads, as well as real life dance parties where a lot of the action was shot. The central characters are well rounded and there is some stand out performances. Leanna Walsman does a fantastic job as Tommy's girl Alysse in a role that gives her a chance to show her strength.

This film has received a bit of bad press, but it shits all over half the American trash we are fed here. This is the first movie to show the world Australia's unique dance culture. Instead of following British counterparts and concentrating on the lifestyle or the drugs of the scene, this movie gives us a glimpse of the true passion for music and sense of community that's found at Aussie raves. Director Paul Currie has taken a bold step in creating a main stream story in a niche environment. Although he misses the mark at times this is a tidy piece that is well worth a look in.

FILM 101: AN INTRODUCTION TO...

WOODY ALLEN (1935 - PRESENT)

DIRECTOR/WRITER/ACTOR

USA

"I don't want to achieve immortality through my movies... I want to achieve it through not dying." – Woody Allen

Born Allen Stewart Konigsberg to a Brooklynite Jewish family in 1935 Woody Allen became one of the most uncertain, restless and without doubt the most neurotic and quotable geniuses that the American cinema has ever seen. Equally influenced by film, literature, art, music, philosophy and life he has worked at a steadily ferocious pace since his first feature *Take the Money and Run* in 1969.

Woody's films and his life play off in a strange dialectic. Neither is distinct from the other and one gets the feeling that both would perish if removed from the other. To me, they have always been a great alternative to a confessional booth. To reduce the themes of his movies down to single words you'd have to say that they're about life, death, isolation, finding a meaning or

purpose... you know, all that pseudo-intellectual arts student type stuff, but they're also more than aware of their own pointlessness. He has never been a brilliant technician, actors hate his direction and expert editors have been required multiple times to supply form and coherence to his first cuts. As an actor he has a self admitted small range saying he can play "intellectuals, because of how I look, and lowlifes, because of how I am". His strength is as a writer and in the "Woody persona" that his words create. The typical Woody character sounds off about all things metaphysical and bleak with a sardonic wit that makes it all tolerable, you feel he would be cracking jokes as the guillotine blade fell and then ask God about his masturbatory habits. It's this contradiction that makes Woody and his films so beautiful, the ability to oscillate between seriousness and frivolity in seconds and the courage to gleefully satirize absolutely anything and everything sacred.

His early work consisted of what were basically feature length collections of sketch routines (*Take the Money and Run*, *Bananas*, *Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask*, *Sleeper*) and, while amusing, were not indicative of the genius that was to come. *Love and Death* (1975) was his first work of significant depth. An incredibly literate satire of the Napoleonic wars where he showcased a brilliant wit in the class and revealed his influences from 'high' art, in the Russian literature of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. The formula that appeared in *Love and Death* (take an influence, add a heterosexual couple and let them talk, talk, talk) has persisted for the rest of his career with

slight enough variations to encourage new interest each time.

After *Love and Death* Allen produced the lauded *Annie Hall*. It was many things, a dissection of modern romance, a cinematic love letter to Dianne Keaton, the most acclaimed film of his short career, a rebirth of the romantic comedy and a winner of four Oscars for Allen in best picture, screenplay, director and actor. Buoyed by this success he received *carte blanche* from United Artists. With his newfound respect and freedom he made his first straight drama, *Interiors*. Drawing heavy influence from the work of play-write Anton Chekov (particularly *Three Sisters*) and cinematic idol Ingmar Bergman, *Interiors* was about as heavy as an African elephant and even less subtle. Allen lacked Bergman's consummate skill with symbolism and metaphor. While it was an important artistic experiment it was also a severe critical and box office failure. Allen would never again attempt anything so far out of his comfort zone.

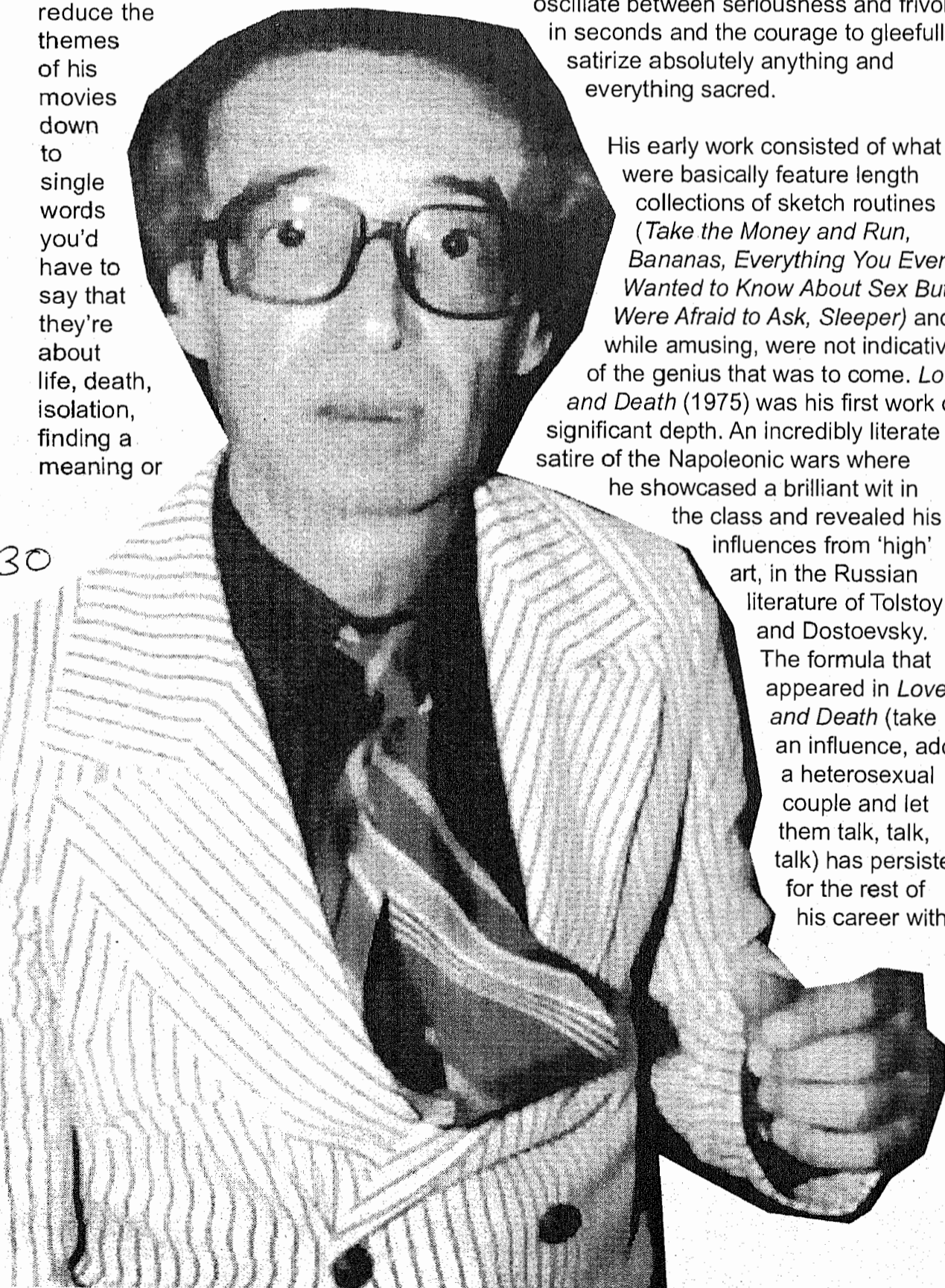
Immediately returning to the light urban style that won him so much praise he produced his finest film, *Manhattan*. Shot in superb black and white by *Godfather* cinematographer Gordon Willis it was a bittersweet acceptance of the beauty found in simplicity that remains his defining work.

Since then he has continued to produce films at a rate of around one a year for the last two decades. Many of them (such as *Stardust Memories*, *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, *Zelig*, *Husbands and Wives* and *Crimes and Misdemeanors*) have been as good as anything from his golden period. Much of it though, unfortunately, has not been. Films like *Alice*, *Small Time Crooks* and *Hollywood Ending* have been below the expected standard prompting some to speculate that Allen has begun his descent. Perhaps the formula has worn thin after so long or perhaps a new happiness in life has left him no more neurosis to exploit for art. Either way the success of *Deconstructing Harry* in 1997 gives true believers enough reason to hope that he will rise again.

If this sounds interesting, go and check out: *Manhattan*, *Annie Hall*, *Stardust Memories*, *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, *Deconstructing Harry*, *Zelig*, *Radio Days*, *Crimes and Misdemeanors*, *Hannah and Her Sisters*.

Danny Wills

Jimmy Trash sez:
go see Woody's
What's Up Tigerlily,
it's phat.



Achtung!

The literature section of *On Dit* is always in need of fresh, aspiring writers to review the swathe of new books that choke the office every month. The situation is getting dire: We lost two sub-ed's last week in a tragic filing cabinet accident; it was so horrible, they kept screaming and screaming, and then it just stopped... Oh, the humanity!

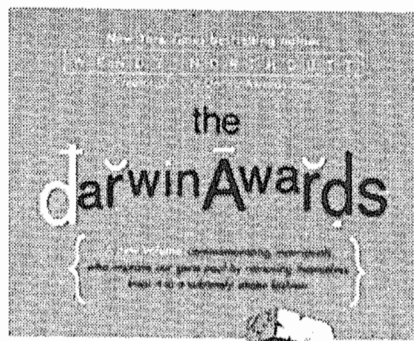
If you are at all interested in a career as a writer, why aren't you doing something about it? Ask for Ben at the *On Dit* office, and he'll do his best to get your name in 12' high, neon, italicised capitals across the night sky.

Oryx and Crake
Margaret Atwood
Bloomsbury

'Oryx and Crake' is typical of Margaret Atwood only because of the time period and her compelling use and control of language. Unlike her other books such as 'The Handmaid's Tale' this book deals much more with the physical possible realities of our future rather than the social human condition. In this view of the future very little is recognisably human. Atwood has instead chosen to explore a future where the advances in biotechnology are considerable further developed than they are at the moment. Her basis has of course revolved around current knowledge and it is obvious that considerable research has endeavored to make the science as accurate as possible. In most cases Atwood has achieved this accuracy and has not lost the reader in technical language.

However, this book is not without some very interesting characters and a well-developed storyline that in classic Atwood style keeps the reader in the dark until very near the end of the book. This does have the effect of promoting thought and Atwood gives the reader a lot to think about particularly with all the biotech concepts. This is the kind of book that you can't help talking about to your friends while you're reading it, which I really appreciated, although perhaps my friends didn't. I strongly recommend this book as a great example of Atwood's expressive writing and a futuristic book that examines the consequences of the technology that we are so rapidly developing.

Fiona Richardson



Survival of
the Fittest

**The Darwin Awards III—
Survival of the Fittest**
Wendy Northcutt
Penguin

Bizarre yet intriguing, *The Darwin Awards* revolve around the concept of (posthumously) rewarding people who remove themselves from the human gene pool through their own acts of stupidity. While *The Darwin Awards* exist in numerous forms (you may have seen the website or emails), this is the third books in a series containing short anecdotes about some of the ways that foolishness can be bad for your health.

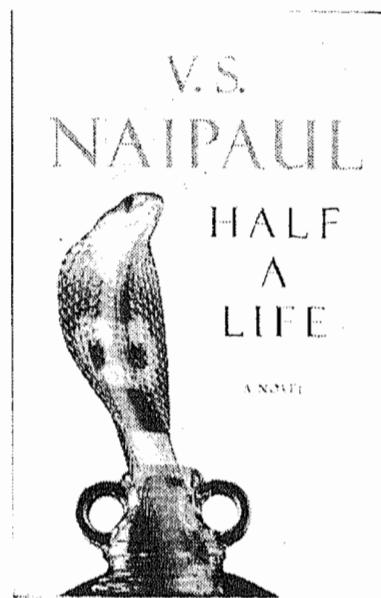
The book is divided into chapters, each of which represents a category of awards, such as incidents involving animals, or run-ins with the law. Included in each chapter are a number of Awards, Honourable Mentions, and Personal Anecdotes. Awards are reserved for stories supported by a number of media sources, while the stories with Honourable Mentions are less easily verifiable.

Although my sense of humour usually enables me to laugh at life's misfortunes, for the most part I didn't find the Awards and Honourable Mentions very amusing. The stories are short, and the writing snappy, but the content was mostly too gruesome for my taste. The personal anecdotes, in which people confess to their own, or acquaintances' Darwinian experiences, mostly cover near-miss situations and are a lot more humorous. I was most interested, however, by the chapter introductions which contain general discussions of interesting events and ideas. My favourite of these deals with the concept of memes, ideas which infiltrate a society, and in particular with the destructive effects that things like "vicious killer" memes can have on a society.

In general, I would say that

Darwin Awards III is the print equivalent of Australia's Funniest Home Videos. If you derive amusement from watching people injure themselves in ridiculous ways, then you'll probably enjoy reading about people killing themselves in through their own amazing stupidity. For me, reading *Darwin Awards III* was a lot like witnessing a car crash – not very amusing but engrossing in a certain, horrible, way.

Eleanor Gee



Half a life – V.S. Naipaul
Picador

Half a Life is a book written by Sir V.S. Naipaul in 2001, the year he won the Nobel Prize for Literature. The book has great characterisation and is beautifully written but lacks plot development during the second half of the novel. The book has half a life, as the title suggests.

Willie Chandra is born into world with Indian parents, a beggar father and a 'backwards' mother, in the early 1900s. He despises his father for offering nothing in life, after he gave away a life of comfortable livings for a place as a beggar in a temple. The story about his father's demise from humble beginnings is very interesting. His father is torn between his own silly teenage intuition and the cruel environment around him.

Once Willie realises that he now is the son of a beggar, not high on the social status in a place where status is very important, he despises his father more and more. His temperament is not dissimilar from his father, hotboiled and stubborn. This leads to interesting silent confrontations with his father.

As a result of the confrontations, his father manages to send Willie to England under a scholarship. There Willie has to not only learn to adapt to his new surroundings but also to

begin to learn of new physical and emotional changes inside him. This sets him on a journey of cultural differences, sexual awakening, love and happiness.

The main theme of the story is about running away and living in someone else's life. This is explained during the time Willie lives in Africa with his wife Ana. The lives of Willie and Ana revolve around their farm and their small circle of quirky friends. Apart from a sexual awakening in Willie, the book's appeal begins to wane, until the very end when the title of the book is explained.

Nevertheless, the story is exquisitely crafted. The two chapters written in the first person blend well with the third person narrative in the middle chapter. V.S. Naipaul knows how to blend his words together, clearly drawing together vivid descriptions of settings, simple comparisons and analogies and towards the beginning of the story there is some humour. Without doubt, these are some of the reasons why the author was chosen as the Nobel Prize for Literature in 2001.

V.S. Naipaul has depicted his characters well and given an amusing blend of personalities. Willie acquires his blend of personality from both parents and from his culture. This leads to some funny results during his stay in England. He also meets an array of characters during his stay in England and while living in Africa including Percy, June, Marcus, Roger the lawyer, Peter the publisher, Ana his wife, the couple Jacinto and Carla. The most amusing character is Marcus, the African lad whose goal in life is to have a white granddaughter.

Overall, the Sir V.S. Naipaul has written a fine novel with many interesting themes and characters. The only criticism is the downward appeal of the book towards end of the novel where the story of half a life is told, more mundanely than it should. Grab this book if you want to know about Indian culture, the coming of age from an Indian perspective and the funny events when trying to assimilate into a different culture in the early 1900s. Read another book if you want to stay awake for the whole novel.

Mikey Lee

31



The Art n' Death Trilogy

Adam J. A. Cass, the playwright responsible (at the behest of director Bob Pavlich) for the Fiasco Practice theatre company's Art 'n Death Trilogy is a very smart man. Perhaps *too* smart. Three plays, one cast, staged successively in one night, connected by deep and dark common themes (you know, art...death...) and featuring the kind of meta-textual, post-modern self-referential genre bending that only an ambitious bona-fide egghead could hope to pull off, and pull it off he has. Well, *almost*.

Played by a young and energetic ensemble of twelve young actors, the three plays are crammed with enough allusions to Brecht, absurdism and Greek tragedies to make it a Year 12 drama studies student's dream/nightmare. But, despite its haphazard appearance on paper, it all seems to work.

The first play *Fainting 33 Times* is a physically demanding examination of director Meyerhold's battle against the cruel dictator Stalin. Guess who will win? It has a female actress playing Hamlet, watched by Stalin, who is played by a female. It's riveting. Stuart Crawford has an imposing presence and great rapport with Joshua Ryan. It's very good.

The second play *Have Dreamed of a Time* is the most explicit of all a vehicle for the playwrights thoughts, being based around a jaded Aussie Everyman playwright struggling to write after his youngest daughter dies and his estranged wife pines over an even stranger painter who in turn pines over her. It is also the weakest of the three, though I'm not bold enough to assume those two facts share a casual relationship. More that its surreal tone tends to work against it in this case, and on the night there were a few miscues. First night jitters aside (and they really weren't that bad, truth be told), Jim Pettigrew and Tania Lantini did well as the leads, and Sarah Wright's potty mouthed Angel was a treat. Emma Goldsworthy displayed some fine acting ability as fading starlet Emily Croom, even though there was a Hairy Man hanging over her shoulder. (See for yourself, you wouldn't believe it if I told you)

The third play *The Anniversary of the Death of Sarah Kane*, has the heaviest subject matter of the three, dealing as it does with the recent suicide of promising young British playwright Kane, and the belated adulation and obsessive fanatics that

accompanied it. Like the opening act, this was very tight and boasted impressive performances, one can sense that the subject matter really resonates with the actors. Emma Goldsworthy's portrayal of Sarah was magnificent, and Sarah Wright provided some genuinely touching moments as the young Sarah's mother. Kal Kingi busts a vein in style as the energetic Edward Bond, Melissa O'Brien was quite the vamp as Mae West, and Kellie Fernando-Bird took Jesus to new and interesting places.

I was very impressed with this production. Although it's certainly not without its faults, (some superfluous moments throughout, varying degrees of talent, consistency issues) it's ambitious, raw, physical theatre that is intelligent and provocative; in my opinion it has all the ingredients that makes Fringe theatre the beautifully flawed creature that it is. Kudos must be given to the cast and director for this tour de force; the stamina and concentration required to make this ship sail cannot be understated. For those who like to examine the trappings of this mortal coil, The Art n' Death Trilogy can help satiate your morbid curiosities.

dan V

Dave Hughes

High Voltage

Feb 20-21, plus bonus show March 6

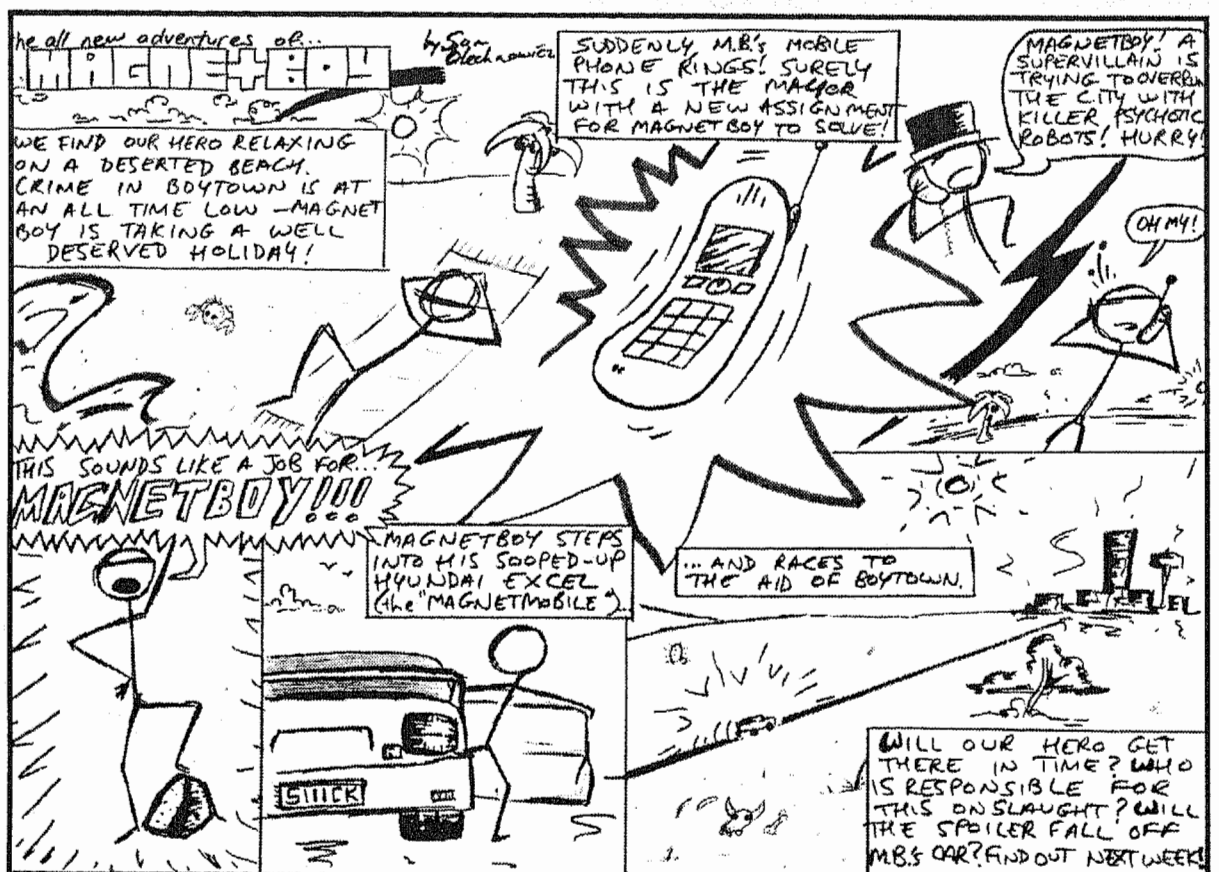
As opposed to his sidekick role in *The Glass House*, Hughesy's live gig gives him the chance to get the stage all to himself. He's well worthy of it and even more hilarious than his role on *The Glass House*. Imagine Dave: better, dryer, with more time, more elaboration and more obscenities. It's basically his own diagnosis of everyday life through the slightly bogged-linted glasses of a bloke who grew up in Warnambool and happened to make it in the big smoke.

Highlights included his hysterical rant about life as a trolley boy and the particulars of supermarket employment, tampon collecting, share-house living and his ability to pick up chicks now that he's a superstar. Also, a special mention must go to his genius material on the correlation between John Howard's international power walking and the Special Olympics.

What sets Dave apart is his ability to fill the inevitable gaps in a live act with some very endearing improv and a heavy dose of "whatever"s. There aren't many comedians who, when faced with a silent moment, would whip out something like: "Do you like my teeth?" It was gold.

This highly anticipated and rightly sold out show was an hour well spent and a credit to Hughes and his sometimes underestimated talent. As any good Aussie yob would say: "Onya Dave".

Penny



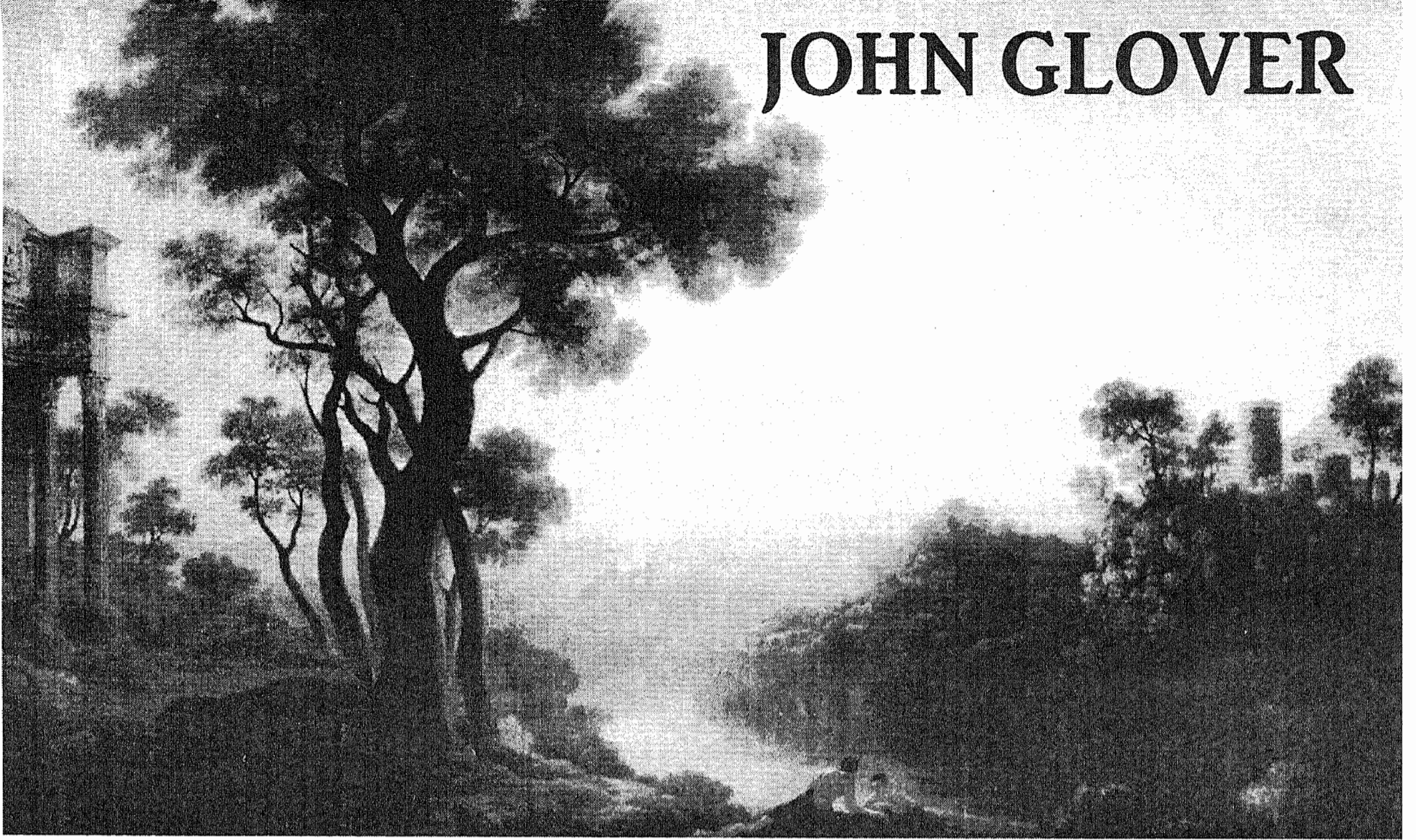


Stem an

minimalist

page. m.

JOHN GLOVER



A Landscape with a Sybil's Temple: Composition, 1836.

John Glover (1767 to 1849) was the man who invented Australian landscape painting. But was he a pioneer or just a great romancer of white Australian settlement? Glover's works are magnificent and truly stunning, but are they fact or fiction? Glover came to Tasmania when he was 64 years old, following his sons with his wife on a three month long journey to a far off wilderness. After a long and lasting career in Europe the eccentric Glover left it all to find a fresh new world to capture on canvas.

Glover was once a successful artist in Britain and Europe after first coming to prominence at the age of twenty-eight. He was a member of prestigious art groups and his paintings were acquired by the wealthy and fashionable in London.

Glover began his career working with watercolours and ink. He used these mediums to capture the European landscape and fading light. At this stage such pieces as *The Thames near St. Paul's Cathedral* (watercolour on paper), became all the rage. Although such works by Glover are beautiful and were popular among his patrons, he did not receive great fame from them, as many of his contemporaries such as artist J. M. W. Turner had worked in this style long before him.

Even so Glover took his love of drawing and painting and made a profit from it. Originally a rural English boy, Glover moved to London in 1805 and rose to the rank of a socialite artist, with regular shows at the Royal Academy of Art in London.

Even in his early years, Glover always had a thirst for adventure. With other artists and friends he went on regular sketching tours across England and Europe. On different occasions he explored countries such as Italy venturing into Tivoli, Rome and the Italian Alps.

From these trips he created magnificent pieces, looking at light and land with a hint of fantasy. He created grand romantic works such as *A landscape with a Sybil's Temple: Composition* (1816, oil on canvas). Within this piece he depicts great towering trees in an ethereal forest, creeping vines and ivy covering an ancient temple, all caught in golden rays of a disappearing sun.

It was this need for adventure that led Glover to travel around the earth in search of a new landscape. Glover came to Tasmania in 1831 as the first professional artist to ever migrate to Australia. At this time Glover mastered his own style and produced the finest works ever in his career. He depicted the Tasmanian wilderness and bright Australian light in such a way that it captivated the art world at the time. Glover's success reached its pinnacle

in 1835 when he sent 60 paintings back to London receiving rave reviews.

Glover arrived in Tasmania just at the end of the horrific and truly regrettable Black Wars, during which the colonialists sought to ethnically cleanse Tasmania of its Indigenous people. Despite this a number of Glover's paintings are filled with reflections on Aboriginal life and leisure. Glover painted the landscape but dreamed in the Aboriginal people. Unlike Europe, Australia had no mythical beings to his knowledge and Glover needed someone to inhabit his works. In his Australian paintings, Aboriginals become the mythical spirits of his idyllic worlds; they are the forgotten nymphs that dance in his dark forests.

A Corroboree of Natives near Mill's Plain (1832, oil on canvas), shows the beauty of the Australian sunset in vibrant violets, pinks and blues. Against this twilight sky the curling silhouettes of gumtrees seem to dance along with the Aboriginals below. Despite the beauty of the piece you can't escape the fact that it is a fantasy. Glover would have barely seen any Indigenous people; they were all murdered.

Glover may have fantasised about the Indigenous peoples of Tasmania, but he didn't dream up the transformation of the region into a British colony. From bowing and weeping old gums to cleared lands and introduction of sheep and cattle, Glover painted the colonial era. *Moulling lagoon and Great Oyster Bay from Pine Hill* (1838, oil on canvas) is a crisp piece that shows the land empty of trees and filled with countless white sheep.

John Glover, The Colonial Picturesque is currently on display at the Art Gallery of South Australia until April 12. So now you can decide for yourself whether he is telling the truth or not.

Leo Greenfield



Detail from Mils' Plains, Ben Lomond, Ben Loader and Ben Nevis in the distance, 1836.

VISUAL ARTISTS, Want to get your name out there?

Send your work to ondit@adelaide.edu.au
Or stop by the office and we'll scan it for you.

Worked for John Glover...

Fashion and (lack of) Function:

STYLE IN 2003

So another year has shut its doors behind us. Ah, that crazy illustrious fourth dimension that we call time. What wacky way-out concepts of quantum physics will it throw at us next? As we start to get comfortable with writing 04 in place of 03, all remnants of the year past appear to be bathed in a wafting 70s sunflower wash, Virgin Suicides-style. But for all you die-hard nostalgic Cancerians out there who dawdle in the bygone, I am here to resuscitate the moments of 2003 that really mattered. War on Terror you say? Meh. The issue really plaguing everyone's subconscious is how Supre became the new Sportsgirl. And the answer to why hoards of teenage girls resorted to wearing strips of cheaply made lycra around their hips.

Why these devil accessories were even conceived still remains shrouded in mystery. Somehow they quickly and stealthily infiltrated the fabric of pop culture faster than the rising hemline of Paris Hilton's mini skirt, to a point where no respectable pseudo-fashionista was complete sans electro pink lycra-cotton belt awkwardly plastered to her derriere. I mean, sure, lycra was essential to the development of such fashion follies as neon boob tubes (R.I.P Hound Dog), but really, as if the female population of this town would really succumb to a trend this menial and illogical? These cursed material belts had no purpose; no jeans were being held in good stead and they in fact augmented the size of one's hips and buttocks instead of contorting them down to our society's fascist beauty standards. Memo to anyone who purchased one: *they just didn't look good on you*. Everyone was secretly mocking your existence as you sashayed down Rundle Mall in a cloud of CK One and EFTPOS transactions. Some extremists are sporting these profane belts even in the present day, which is irritating beyond words. Ever heard of a fad? You know, those things you waste your money on, wear out once, look at photos of your fat arse then delegate the item in question to the bottom of your baltic pine drawers? The lycra belt was the King of Fads 2003 for women's accessories, however a slightly more technicolour movement took its right hand side as Queen.

You know what I mean Sportsgirls. Don't even attempt to remove your white plastic Cherry earrings and footless pink fish net tights before I have my say. As much as bright candy coloured pumps and ra-ra skirts scream "I'm a girl! Being bubbly and spunky is a lifestyle choice!" I'm confident that perhaps 95% of girls who participated in this warped neo-80s romantic revival had no idea who the hell Punky Brewster was. And that is *never* a good thing. To give credit where credit is due, a lot of people pulled this look off rather nicely - it required that certain feminine nonchalance that Adelaide happens to have an abundance of to look fabulous. I guess things could have been worse - at least we left the murky, festering depths of the urban boho revival to rot and wither within our cyclical fashion psyche. Fake 80s kicks over fake hippy any day. The only issue now is what to do with all those pairs of fluoro elasticised jiffy shoes...My two cents? Donate them to little sisters and cousins, whack on a Young Talent Time tape and create a sham 1980s ambience to inspire and distort yet another generation. The decade that style forgot indeed.

Street fashion took a detour back to a time where Formica was IT, Michael Jackson was black and *Star Wars* was yet to become a trilogy. But mentally skip any preconceived notions of the Adelaide fashion body flaunting Fleetwood Mac-esque layered cheesecloth skirts and earth shoes, because the only way to do casual in 2003 was in a velour tracksuit. And we can all thank Miss Lopez for that. It seems that even though her omnipresent array of branded products annoyed and provoked a vicious malice within the hearts of men and women alike, we just couldn't resist following her lead in a luxurious velvet playsuit. Although 'twas but a dream to occupy the illustrious Juicy Couture number (try \$400 a pop for a bloody tracksuit. The great capitalist dream indeed), everyone from Trademarks to Target did their own rendition that satisfied our craving for a bit of that old skool contempo-casual flavour. I'll admit, they had the tendency to look incredibly vile, but only if combined with the potent ingredients of hoop earrings and a poor boy cap. There's nothing cool in the slightest about blatantly copying poor J-Lo's hard-earned look. Still, at least when one was bumming around at home and received a phone call from a bored friend suggesting a trip to the movies was in order, one could skip removing their at-home leisure suit and move onwards to amusement as fast as you could say The Bee Gees. All this practicality with a dash of bling? Casual fashions will never be that enlightened again.

Of course, 2003 can't merely be characterised by a few measly trends, but then again who really gives about fashion anyway? (I can already hear squawks of protest coming from those occupying

a Whistles Cloud Club membership. Bite me.) 2004 is set to succumb to yet another retro revival that is representative of modern fashion, however this one I'm quite looking forward to as I'm partial to anything Warhol and pop - get ready for the swinging sixties. Well, not really, get ready for more apathetic fools sauntering around the city in white knee high patent boots, discussing the benefits of wheatgrass shots in their Boost juice without a care in the world. Essentially, fashion in 2003 appeared to be just as gimmicky as its predecessors. Which is all right, I suppose, but now the undeniable taste of bile in my mouth due to the lack of thought being put into fashion is proving too much for my aesthetic spirit to handle. How's about we attempt to change this nasty habit of feeding off of whatever Youthworks injects into our stylistic bloodstreams? Let your fertile creative subconscious steer you in the right fashion direction and in 2004 let your mantra read 'The style is the man himself'. Always wanted to wear a silk turban with pantaloons but felt too inhibited to do so in a counterfeit 80s environment? Make 2004 your moment of glory. Correction, make the forthcoming years stepping stones on the path to your true aesthetic greatness. Hell, I'll even buy you a gold belly chain to turn the ensemble from drab to fab and get you kickstarted.

What's Hot

Tight lurex pants. Come back Gary Glitter, all is forgiven.

Homemade Metal t-shirts. Grab some fabric paint and creatively pledge allegiance to your favourite metal band. And if you happen to use silver or gold, you're making a great pun too.

Deep seeded sexual attractions to Disney characters. Aladdin in particular. The bad guy in *Beauty and the Beast*.

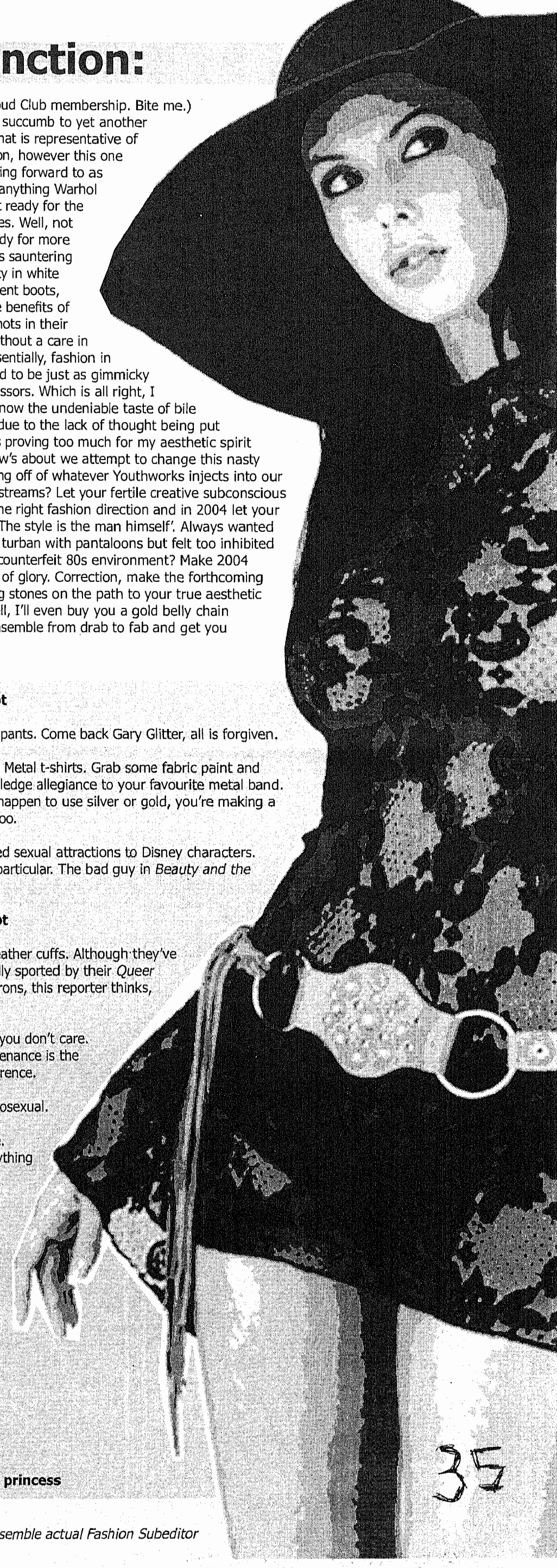
What's Not

Big black leather cuffs. Although they've been proudly sported by their *Queer as Folk* patrons, this reporter thinks, sadly, no.

Acting like you don't care. High maintenance is the new indifference.

Being metrosexual. Brylcreem. Vodaphone. In fact, anything that David Beckham endorses (Calling every Greek boy in Adelaide).

...the pop princess



35

Uber Stomp & Wolf and Cub, Friday the 13th, Hackney Hotel.

Arriving at the Hackney Hotel has always been a depressing experience, particularly when live music is concerned. Tonight an audience consisting of myself, other band members, their girlfriends and the local drongo were at the venue to view two of Adelaide's finest emerging rock acts.

Uber Stomp are one of the newest and most interesting of bands to appear on the local scene. The energetic two-piece comprised of a singing keyboardist (*On Di's* own Jimmy Trash) and the ferocious drumming of Bek Worsman. Together they play a unique style of 60's garage zombie rock.

At first, the band's lack of instruments - particularly bass guitar - left me doubting their ability. Being a bass player myself, I find it hard to comprehend the instruments' absence from any line-up. However, by the duo's opening chords my mind was quickly opened as I was shown exactly what these guys are capable of.

Clocking up a set of about 45 minutes, the band moved through their repertoire of slow waltzes, fast rockers, synthesiser-fuelled instrumentals and a number of covers including a sped-up version of 'Baby Please Don't Go', and the 1950's hit 'Fever'.

Focussing on thought-provoking issues such as evil girlfriends, S&M, zombie affairs and a little country town known as Bumfuck USA, the band's lyrics fit well within the zombie rock genre.

Musically, the band is far from the tightest around. Whilst the drummer never seems to miss a beat, the energetic, hip swinging antics of the band's front-man see more than a few wrong notes being played. Yet it is this element of charisma and fist clenching rock n' roll attitude that make Uber Stomp so enjoyable to watch.

Many other physical elements come into play to again enhance the band's performance; particularly Jimmy's fist-in-the-air rock "preaching" and between-song banter.

Uber Stomp may not be the tightest band around, but when it comes down to it, they're fun. The songs are simple, energetically performed and on a whole, worth the money spent (\$3 on this instance). More experience with performing and perhaps a better venue is sure to see the band become tighter and their fan base increase in the near future. Make sure you catch Uber Stomp's next gig on the Barr Smith Lawns as part of Orientation week this month on Tuesday at 11 am.

Up next were Wolf and Cub. Whilst I had heard many a nice word spoken of the emerging four-piece, tonight was to be my first taste of this truly unique and original act. Playing their fast-paced, highly rhythmic, sometimes dancey and completely experimental take on rock n roll, Wolf and Cub came dangerously close to blowing me away. Their influences are mixed, as at times as I was reminded of Mogwai, Gerling and The Mars Volta all in the same song.



Standing out were the band's two percussionists. Alternating between a bongos, percussion set up and a conventional drum kit, the two drummers gave Wolf and Cub a strong, ballsy and very unique rhythm section. Amongst this stood the band's bass player, who in his use of a number of effects and a completely unique lead style of playing, supplied the riffs that held most of the band's songs together. But of course what stood out the most was their front man, equipped with several effects pedals on both his guitar and voice giving the band their experimental edge. A number of songs also saw the singer make use of a melodica; a wind-powered keyboard that produces a harmonica-like tone.

Wolf and Cub's set lasted close to an hour within which they played a variety of predominantly garage tunes, yet occasionally flirting with disco and Latin flavoured bongo grooves keeping the performance diverse and exciting. What again made the band amazing to see and hear was the ease with which they turned a bass dominated disco groove into a cymbal-crashing, guitar-dropping, experimental noise fest. The general vibe created by the four-piece, no matter how much the song varied, remained consistently morbid throughout the set.

As the set came to an end I was left hungry for more. Being one of the most interesting bands I have seen Adelaide produce, I had an instant feeling that Wolf and Cub are destined to move away from the Hackney on to bigger and better things.

Luc Nösonhoj

GIGGUIDE

O'Ball Friday, February 27. Adelaide Uni's Orientation Week comes to an unwanted end with a night of musical fun, featuring **Augie March, Little Birdy, Pornland, Epicure, Ground Components** and **Cookie Baker**. Spinning tunes in between, who could forget **DJ Spankmeharda**.

Make sure you head down to the **O'Ball** after party at **Jive** on Hindley Street to catch **Uber Stomp, The Unspoken Things** and **Brunatex**.

The spirit of late Adelaide folk legend **Baterz** will be rekindled at the **Grace Emily Hotel** on **Thursday February 26**. Featuring **The Giant Squids** and **Shagpile**, this is a must see for those of us curious about Baterz's lasting influence on the Adelaide scene.

Catch the tight yet filthy rock stylings of **Baby Doll** along with **Automaton** at the **Exeter** on **Saturday February 28**, if you know what's good for you.

Keen on getting your gig plugged in our Gig Guide? Send the details to [Luc, ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:Luc.ondit@adelaide.edu.au).

The Fortunate Sons - *Sonrise*

The Fortunate Sons are one of the more recent acts to emerge on the Adelaide scene. The local three piece, comprised of Ben and Jim Stevens and Jordan Bienenke play their own original blend of folky, poppy and very melodic rock and roll. Their new four track EP, *Sonrise*, is quite a nice listen and gives a detailed description of what this band is really about.

Whilst the boys' overall sound remains soft and melodious, a sad and melancholic vibe flows throughout the Ep's four tracks, giving

the band a great deal of emotional depth. Musically, the Fortunate Sons keep their late Beatlesque sound varied with the use of many different keyboard tones and percussion types on top of the standard drums, bass, guitar. The addition of some great string arrangements on a number of the tracks adds an extra element of beauty, most notably on 'Running out of You' and 'Confused Days'.

Although the band isn't attempting anything too new, out there or original, they write a great tune,

get in touch with their emotions and really know how to play their instruments.

The Fortunate Sons are frequently playing around town with their next appearance this Saturday at Jinter's Arms, Hindmarsh, behind the Entertainment Centre. If you're up for a pleasant evening of some equally pleasant tunes, make sure you check it out.

Before I start, I have no choice but to congratulate the good people at Jive who are responsible for such a sweet venue. From purple velvet lined balconies, to a selection of comfy chairs to some of the coolest experimental art I've seen painted straight onto the walls, this place has it all. All up, an excellent venue, in what was set to be an equally excellent night of alternative hip hop.

First up was local two piece The New Pollutants. Formed as a joint project between Adelaide electronica artist DJ Trip and the ever so charismatic, rapper extraordinaire, Mr Speed, the duo creates a truly original and refreshing take on what is normally such a dull genre of music. Fusing both of their original sounds, the pair perform a diverse range of music that spans number of styles, mainly within the hip hop and electronica genre. Utilising a variety of effect laden beats, European folk songs and an endless amount of cool computer game noises and effects, the resulting music remains intelligent, danceable and most importantly, quirky. Beginning with some ambient electronica, moving through to old-skool hip hop, some Aphex Twin / Squarepusher style fucked-up Drum n' Bass - even a little bit of country and western, the set remained eclectic, upbeat and altogether intriguing.

The New Pollutants' quirkiness can again be seen in the equipment they use. Whilst much of the music is generated by a solitary laptop, effects pads and a computer joystick-controlled turntable allow them to improvise in a number of ways over the pre-existing sounds. Then, of course, there are the vocals. Whilst a number of tracks work well as cool instrumentals, the majority of songs are vocalised through the rapping talents of Mr Speed. Speed's rapping diversifies their sound even further, taking it to new levels.

Whilst the band's music itself remains the highlight of the show, the duo's onstage movements alone are worth paying for. Although the crowd was somewhat small in numbers (no surprise for any Adelaide show, really) the pair had no problems getting into their sounds, particularly in 'The Exercise Song' in which Mr Speed jumped onto the dance-floor to perform an energetic aerobics routine. Although I have had problems in the past with pre-recorded backing tracks and such a small amount of live instrumentation, the lack of things to do simply forced the pair to dance around like motherfuckers and I soon stopped pondering just how live the band actually was.

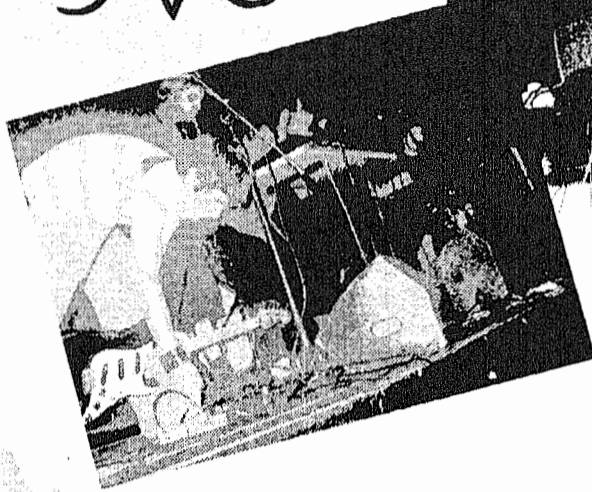
As someone whose knowledge of Hip Hop remains restricted to The Beastie Boys and Jurassic 5, I admit to having a limited knowledge of the genre. But even I can tell that The New Pollutants are potentially one of the most original and intriguing hip hop/electronica acts Adelaide has to offer. Keep reading *On Dit* for information about The New Pollutants' upcoming shows and make sure you catch them for yourself next time they play.

Up next were West Australian five piece, The Rollerskates. Whilst their name left me imagining an all girl punk outfit, their inclusion of The New Pollutants as opening act was bound to make them interesting. Taking to the stage, the energetic group were definitely much more of a live act than their support, with a full band set up consisting of guitars, drums, bass, keyboard and a noise/effects guy. Whilst the drummer and bassist remained positioned towards the back, the three remaining members each exchanged the duty of lead MC/vocalist; the most prominent of whom being the effects man, who, with a high pitched rhyming style, borrowed from Rage Against The Machine's Zach De La Rocha.

Whilst the Rollerskates could be loosely described as a hip hop band, the opening bars of their first tune quickly showed the audience just what they were capable of. With some interesting and funky bass lines, the band's rhythm section kept the hip hop feel flowing throughout the set with character and precision. The addition of drum

The New Pollutants + The Rollerskates

@ JIVE



Wanna
'get reviewed?

As hard as this may be to believe, I'm not a miracle man, and I can't find out what's going on all my own, so I'm gonna need your help.

Drop in all recordings and gig information to the ON DIT office in the George Murray building near the Barr Smith lawns

machines and samples to a number of songs, particularly when the band experimented with some drum n bass and break beat, added further interest. The guitarist (with an unusual affinity for whacking himself in the head) added some Red Hot Chilli Peppers style funky g riffs to the mix. All this was well and good, yet it remained obvious that The Rollerskates gained their true sense of originality with the addition of keyboards. In using an endless amount of synthy, ambient and atmospheric tones which dominated the bands overall sound, they created another fast, furious yet pleasant set of truly intriguing and imaginative hip hop.

A number of tracks were improvised jams played simply as an excuse for the noise guy to utilise all of his cool equipment (most notably the silver box which made him sound like a robot).

At first the band seemed daunted by the lack of audience members, yet as the night progressed, they appeared to grow more comfortable with the stage and their surroundings. Whilst most activity came from the band's front man, each member quickly found their own way to get into the groove, particularly the drummer who gained an unusual satisfaction from getting near naked and flicking his band mates with a wet towel.

For the second time in the same night, I was shown exactly what a few guys with big hair can do to reinvent a worn out genre. Even those who dislike hip hop will undoubtedly gain something from The Rollerskates' fun and original live show and I strongly recommend you all see them if they ever choose to return down South.

Who by? Luc Johnson

Send your gig reviews to ondit@adelaide.edu.au.
Try to keep them under 800 words (ink aint cheap, y'know).

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O'Ball 2004

Friday February 27, behind the SA Museum.

This year's O' Ball festival takes a departure from previous years in both style and size, going with a better rather than a bigger show. It features some of the most talented, mellow and melodic bands in Australia, while maintaining the vibrant O' Ball atmosphere with groups like Ground Components and Pornland.


The headline act, **AUGIE MARCH**, has long stood out as one of the most popular Australian softcore performance around. Their mix of folk and transient mood with wistful melody has filled venues like The Gov several times over. We can think of nothing better than laying out on the museum lawns in the depth of summer twilight while these guys add their music to the night air.

Alongside the main act is W.A. band **LITTLE BIRDY** who slipped two songs high up in the Hottest 100 this year and will compliment Augie March with their brand of catchy cute-pop. **EPICURE** and **GROUND COMPONENTS** back up with ballads and energetic dance/rock. Epicure also managed a spot in the Hottest 100 with Triple favorite 'Armies Against Me' while Ground Components have been touring Australia with their throaty, jam bop, pop rock.

PORNLAND, an Adelaide Uni institution, have return from interstate so the new breed can partake in the flared, funk'd out, pelvic Pornland experience. Lead man Slatty D also has a falsetto scream that puts The Darkness to shame. Finally (who some may consider to be the real attraction this year), is DJ **SPANKMEHARDER** who will be spinning decks between the sets with his big hair, short shorts and phat tracks.

The event after party will take place at Jive and is gold coin donation for all ticket holders featuring **BRUNATEX**, **UBERSTOMP**, **THE UNSPOKEN THINGS** and DJ Set By Lazy Dayz. At \$19.50 for students this event has to be the best value in years and now on the Friday night is the perfect end to the O' Week party. You'll certainly find these two sub eds blissing out behind the museum in full post O' Week glow.

Little Birdy



Little Birdy are one of the more recent bands to storm out of the isolation of the country's West. Consisting of Matty Checker (drums), Simon Leach (guitar), Scott O Donoghue (Bass) and singer/ guitarist Katie Steel (yes, brother of The Sleepy Jackson main man Luke), the band first emerged onto the thriving Perth local circuit in mid 2002. Since then, the four-piece have truly begun to make a name for themselves with a number of accolades including a recent Australian tour, the release of the feverishly catchy single 'I Should Have Known' and an upcoming EP launch. Speaking to bass player Scott over the phone, I gained a brief yet detailed insight into the exciting world of Little Birdy.

Musically, the band see themselves as an eclectic mix of pop, rock and country that draw influence from a number of different bands and genres. "We're all into different things really, which means the final product is always going to be different, and keeps it interesting".

Scott feels that part of Little Birdy's success may be due to the thriving nature of the Perth music scene, confirming "the last 5 years has seen so many bands emerge from so many different genres, it's a very exciting place to be".

Having been merely a spectator at many an O' ball in past years, Scott and the gang are highly anticipating their first O' Ball performance. "Expect the show to be fun, exciting and definately rocking as this is to be the last one for this tour". Having recently played an Adelaide show a couple of weeks back at the Enigma Bar, The band are excited about returning to our humble town.

In terms of the future, Little Birdy are looking forward to returning home and releasing their highly anticipated EP, 'This is a Love Song'. The band will then begin working on the recordings of their first full-length album, set for an August release.

Make sure you catch their set at O' ball this Friday, from 6 pm.

Luc

There is perhaps no other genre of music that elicits such polarised responses as that of "noise". Almost all who encounter it will fall into the "love it" or "hate it" categories. Given its aesthetic (put very simply, harsh noises played at irresponsible volumes) it will most likely remain underground forever, so it was quite the coup on the part of the promoters to bring to Adelaide the infamous exponent of Japanese noise (whilst in Australia for the What Is Music? Festival [www.whatismusic.com]), one Masami Akita, aka Merzbow.

Almost predictably, Merzbow's Big Star performance could have generated those same polarised responses, depending on whether you asked a disappointed detractor: "it was an hour of insanely loud, machine grating noise!" or a drooling fan, "it was an hour of insanely loud, machine grating noise!" Presumably though, there were few of the former adventurous enough to embark down into the Big Star basement for this occasion. The moderate (yet nevertheless impressive, for our small town) turn out knew what they were in for, and anticipation was high. If there were any doubts, the two local opening acts provided a nice pre-show ear tenderizing. Isomer pumped out a grainy dark drone sound heavy on the bleeps, and female/male duo Bonsai Kitten's straight-for-the-jugular approach reminded all that the "old-school" Amiga tracking scene remains alive, with their dirty-as-fuck digital hardcore.



MERZBOW
9th February
Big Star
Basement

Big Star
Basement

Although both local acts impressed with their enthusiasm, hearing Merzbow's brand of noise was like witnessing an unhurried lecture on the form by a learned professor. Experiencing Merzbow in the flesh you begin to understand the reasons why he's become synonymous with the genre. Apart from pioneering the form and releasing a staggering amount of recordings, on this night he navigated the dense and highly detailed audio spectrum like an old pro. Impeccably sculpted blocks of noise, iridescent storm clouds, violent speaker tearing hiss, prehistoric rumbles, asynchronous sub loops.... the sounds as a whole left an impression of subconscious instincts and earth bound transgressions percolated through cosmic violence and power. Akita's din throbbed like a libidinous sound deity having its way with you against your will; at one point I swear I could feel the cells in my recently injured hand swell under the influence of the extreme subsonics, whilst in other moments, he made the harsh and grating seem unusually amniotic. I found myself closing my eyes, content to let the sound system shift my internal organs to new and inviting places. This was ambient music for grindcore kids.

After treating the crowd to a brief encore that pulsed with an almost glitch techno quality, Masami left the stage as silently as he came on, a sobering juxtaposition from the sublime cacophony he'd just created. It was paradoxically the most low-key, yet in-your-face performance I've witnessed in some time. Undeniably raw and visceral, yet anchored by Akita's steely intellect, it was, to say the least, an intensely memorable experience.



Australia's prolific improvised avant-jazz trio The Necks returned to Adelaide early February to kick off the centres new InSpace Programme (www.inspace.com.au) with a performance at The Space Theatre. I was anxious to see how the introspective group would fare away from the Governor Hindmarsh's smoky candle lit atmosphere, where they had performed when in Adelaide last year. Indeed, it seemed that word of the group's prowess has spread in the time since that well attended but ultimately low key gig, as the crowd swelled almost to capacity in this much larger performance space.

The Neck's are rarely in a hurry, and to their credit, they generally keep themselves insulated enough to concentrate on the task at hand, savouring the space and giving their music room to breathe before it gathers in density. The first nights piece started out with a very gradual build up based around sustained piano arpeggios and crackling percussion effects. Although, very arresting, after fifteen minutes or so, brief moments emerged where the changing of musical gears was slightly more noticeable than normal. I felt a momentary concern that they might begin to cover old ground. Like all improvisers The Necks are not immune from having a less than perfect night occasionally, and it seemed possible that this performance might be dwarfed by my last encounter with them. I'm happy to report that my fear soon evaporated. The group (lead in particular by pianist Chris Abrahams on this occasion) persevered and took what could have quickly become a meandering improvisation-by-numbers in lesser hands, and made it stand up and assert itself as a spontaneous composition with merit. Buoyed by Abraham's new direction, bassist Lloyd Swanton contributed a very emotive bass driven crescendo that sat somewhere between minimalist dub and post-rock like grandeur to see them end the first set in the style to which we're accustomed.

It's been said before many times, by myself included, but Chris Abraham's piano playing was nothing short of astounding. Over and above the sheer physical feat of playing dense block chords and deft pseudo-sequenced repetitive figures for an hour at a time, his deft dynamics, rhythmic intricacies and exploitation of sum and difference tones and resonant spectra of the piano makes him a master of the instrument. The fact that a pianist colleague of mine present at the gig, despite training his eyes on Abraham's hands the whole time, shook his head repeatedly in disbelief at how the gestures he observed corresponded to the sounds heard is testament enough. It really is, at times, a joy to watch, and hear.

The Necks have a tendency to get a bit more raucous for their second set, and here the trend continued. Beginning with quiet piano figures, the piece soon became a vehicle for the superlative drumming of percussionist Tony Buck. Buck's use of prepared techniques on the kit, playing his drums with a variety of mallets, handheld metal and wooden objects, and silently rifling through his bag to find the particular stick for a desired effect, reminds this reviewer of the similarly idiosyncratic drumming (yet a little more spur of the moment perhaps) of Jim White from The Dirty Three. It is these techniques in particular (with the assistance of some particularly lovely condenser microphones) that take The Necks acoustically sourced sound into the realm of glitch electronica and references early electro-acoustic pioneers. Buck's insistent cyclical cymbal patterns and chi force field drumming propelled the layers of bass drone and elemental piano, driving the piece to louder and harder territory. Its eventual deceleration and closing sustained quietude made for a very impressive second set, framing a very hypnotic performance.

Once again The Necks proved themselves as leaders in their field. Their meld of hypnotic melodicism and avant-garde bent continues to make them a treasure to experience in the flesh.

improvisations festival

The Improvisations Festival, curated and presented by local writer/musician/label owner Jon Dale, features performances and intimate workshops from a very impressive roster of contemporary international and Australian improvising musicians extending the boundaries of music into exciting new territories. The performers include Austrian artist Werner Dafeldecker, Germany's Annette Krebs (playing prepared guitar) & Andrea Neumann (inside piano), laptop artist Mattin and New Zealander Dean Roberts (see CD review in next issue). Joining the international contingent are Australian improvisers Oren Ambarchi and tabletop guitarist Arek Gulbenkoglou of Melbourne improv band Dworzec, who readers may recall playing at the *Plastic Pulse* film series screened at the Mercury Cinema last year, and it's sister performances at the Jade Monkey which Dale also convened.

Jon was gracious enough to take time out from last minute organisational duties to speak to *On Dit*. I began by asking him how the Improvisations Festival came into existence. "The Festival was borne of several connections: a long-standing friendship between myself and Oren Ambarchi, and a communicative axis between myself, Paul Armour at 3 Reasons, and Karen Hadfield, the Artistic Director of Adelaide Fringe 2004. We wanted to hook into the goodness of the *What is Music Festival?* (co-curated by Oren and Robbie Avenaim) without being needlessly sycophantic. ArtsSA supplied a shot in the arm through funding, and thus the festival rambled into being."

Intrigued by how another aficionado views the very broad concept of "improvised" music, and mostly because I talk too much as it is, I probed Jon for a definition of improv that your average Joe could understand. Is there some definable aesthetic that connects those in the improv scene, or is it more like a set of rough parameters that are broad and inclusive, so long as there is some improvisational element? Jon eloquently replied; "what I've been trying to do, whilst whittling away at the seam that is the discourse surrounding the Improvisations Festival, is to break down the mediated boundary that disinters 'improvised music' from more popular forms. To these ears, The Byrds are some of the greatest improvisers of our time (particularly when Clarence White was in the band and they were off and away on 20 minute versions of "Eight Miles High"), Bob Dylan

is an almost peerless improviser. Neil Young, Michael Hagerty, Tara Key, Patti Smith, all great improvisers. Sure, there are specific approaches to improvisation within the 'musical realm', and the artists taking part in our festival do hook into a certain continuum of improvised music (while still blasting that fucker apart). The most important qualification for improvised music would be that the improvisers are listening to each other and responding sensitively. That the performance transcends. That is the same for improvisation within rock music, free jazz, the new reductionism, whatever."

In my experience, there is often confusion over whether music must always have an overt experimental or avant-garde element to be considered as part of the improv lexicon. I asked Jon whether he believed a player has to reinvent their instrument/s to be given consideration as an improviser, and if so, does this put the improv scene in danger of becoming a breeding ground for any old hack to make odd sounds? Dale is keen to point out one does not need to 'reinvent' the instrument", but that "I do find myself drawn toward artists that are extending the language of their instrument or their chosen idiom; is he/she pushing back the envelope?" and that this applies as much to metric, conventional sounding music as well, "I've heard plenty of bands take their songs elsewhere," he says, citing the Dream Syndicate's live version of 'Mr Soul', Television's 'The Blow Up' double CD, and Sonic Youth's live output as but a few examples.

Taking the conversation to more philosophical territory, I asked Jon for his thoughts on comments made by New York noisenik/composer/guitarist Elliot Sharp, who once insisted that there's no such thing as 100% improv possible, explaining, "it would have to be performed by complete amnesiacs...if I'm playing solo, I'm operating to a certain extent within an architecture of memory - vocabulary, syntax, style, muscular - but modifying it all in real time." Jon's reply follows, "Elliot Sharp is a very smart man, although I find his music hard to take a lot of the time. Of course every piece of improvised music is contextually based. I would not be drawn toward asking if it were '100% improv' as that seems to me to be as dogmatic a position as someone saying that all improv is inherently 'beyond' structured music. I think that 'architecture of memory' Sharp refers to is actually what *makes* a great improviser, that

they can draw upon their language and use it appropriately, but also take some risks, push the cosmos, 'feel the music!' - as Dean Roberts once yelled."

It should be apparent that Dale does not feel there is an "improvised" vs. "composed" music dichotomy, and if one does exist, it shouldn't. "What I feel this is all about is not that self-aggrandising 'improv as the path of true righteousness'. Rather, I think we need to let people know that improvisation is as fascinating, thrilling and enjoyable as a great Van Dyke Parks, Scott Walker, Bobbie Gentry or Linda Perhac's record. Not 'better', or 'truer' - just different, and as valid." He adds, "Improvised music is everybody's music and I think it can be very alienating to think of these things as binaric, systematic, as parsed away, that improvisation and composition continually cleave away from each other. Improvised music is as natural as getting up in the morning, since everyone improvises their everyday life. If we can talk about universalising for a moment (although it risks some kind of essentialism) I would say that the cosmos allows for all forms of music to coexist within the storehouse of harmony. As long as one does not stifle the other."

As to whether Dale has plans to keep the Improvisation series continue beyond this year's Fringe, and have it become a festival in it's own right, he says such a thing is possible but "it would take generous economics, and a benevolent benefactor." Those things aside, he reveals there are performances planned within this realm for later in the year, including appearances by Tony Conrad, Bruce Russell from (Sonic Youth faves) the Dead C, Birchville Cat Motel, the Synaesthesia crew, and many others. For the moment though, Jon's happy to "consider the Improvisations Festival as a glorious one-off, and let it be itself."

The Improvisation series will have begun by the time this edition hits the stands, although as the timetable below shows, it's not too late to catch the last two sets of workshops and performances. Musicians and listeners alike wishing to broaden their musical and conceptual horizons are highly encouraged to attend. In the words of Jon Dale, "let the people come, bring it on."

dan V

MONDAY 23rd FEBRUARY, 2004

13:00-15:00

workshop:

Werner Dafeldecker & Dean Roberts

22:45-24:15

performance:

Oren Ambarchi

Werner Dafeldecker & Arek Gulbenkoglou

Mattin

TUESDAY 24th FEBRUARY, 2004

13:00-15:00

workshop:

Oren Ambarchi & Mattin

22:45-24:15

performance:

Dean Roberts

Oren Ambarchi & Mattin

Arek Gulbenkoglou

Performances and Workshops take place in the North/South Dining Room, Level 4 Union Building. Tickets are available via FringeTix.

Performances: \$12 (\$7 conc.)

Workshops: \$70 (\$55 conc.)



O'Ball 2004

Friday February 27, behind the SA Museum.

This year's O' Ball festival takes a departure from previous years in both style and size, going with a better rather than a bigger show. It features some of the most talented, mellow and melodic bands in Australia, while maintaining the vibrant O' Ball atmosphere with groups like Ground Components and Pornland.

The headline act, **AUGIE MARCH**, has long stood out as one of the most popular Australian softcore performance around. Their mix of folk and transient mood with wistful melody has filled venues like The Gov several times over. We can think of nothing better than laying out on the museum lawns in the depth of summer twilight while these guys add their music to the night air.

Alongside the main act is W.A. band **LITTLE BIRDY** who slipped two songs high up in the Hottest 100 this year and will compliment Augie March with their brand of catchy cute-pop. **EPICURE** and **GROUND COMPONENTS** back up with ballads and energetic dance/rock. Epicure also managed a spot in the Hottest 100 with Triple favorite 'Armies Against Me' while Ground Components have been touring Australia with their throaty, jam bop, pop rock.

PORNLAND, an Adelaide Uni institution, have return from interstate so the new breed can partake in the flared, funk'd out, pelvic Pornland experience. Lead man Slatty D also has a falsetto scream that puts The Darkness to shame. Finally (who some may consider to be the real attraction this year), is DJ **SPANKMEHARDER** who will be spinning decks between the sets with his big hair, short shorts and phat tracks.

The event after party will take place at Jive and is gold coin donation for all ticket holders featuring **BRUNATEX**, **UBERSTOMP**, **THE UNSPOKEN THINGS** and DJ Set By Lazy Dayz. At \$19.50 for students this event has to be the best value in years and now on the Friday night is the perfect end to the O' Week party. You'll certainly find these two sub eds blissing out behind the museum in full post O' Week glow.



PORNLAND!



GROUND COMPONENTS!



AUGIE MARCH!



LITTLE BIRDY, ROCK N ROLL!

NOTE TO SELF: FILL THIS SPACE

Little Birdy are one of the more recent bands to storm out of the isolation of the country's West. Consisting of Matty Checker (drums), Simon Leach (guitar), Scott O Donoghue (Bass) and singer/ guitarist Katie Steel (yes, brother of The Sleepy Jackson main man Luke), the band first emerged onto the thriving Perth local circuit in mid 2002. Since then, the four-piece have truly begun to make a name for themselves with a number of accolades including a recent Australian tour, the release of the feverishly catchy single 'I Should Have Known' and an upcoming EP launch. Speaking to bass player Scott over the phone, I gained a brief yet detailed insight into the exciting world of Little Birdy. Musically, the band see themselves as an eclectic mix of pop, rock and country that draw influence from a number of different bands and genres. "We're all into different things really, which means the final product is always going to be different, and keeps it interesting".

Scott feels that part of Little Birdy's success may be due to the thriving nature of the Perth music scene, confirming "the last 5 years has seen so many bands emerge from so many different genres, it's a very exciting place to be". Having been merely a spectator at many an O' ball in past years, Scott and the gang are highly anticipating their first O' Ball performance. "Expect the show to be fun, exciting and definately rocking as this is to be the last one for this tour". Having recently played an Adelaide show a couple of weeks back at the Enigma Bar, The band are excited about returning to our humble town. In terms of the future, Little Birdy are looking forward to returning home and releasing their highly anticipated EP, 'This is a Love Song'. The band will then begin working on the recordings of their first full-length album, set for an August release. Make sure you catch their set at O' ball this Friday, from 6 pm.

**Good quality
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&
MEDICAL COATS
from \$40
Exclusively for students
127 Wright St, ADELAIDE**

LOST

Yak Rozitis' guts. Dropped somewhere in the vicinity of Madame Ip's Chinese Restaurant. Considered to be armed and very dangerous.



FOR SALE

Jimmy Trash's tattered, misused, currently disused Social Life. Prospective buyers must be familiar with swampabilly, stock car racing and letting her get off first.

Price:
Next month's electricity bill, and some food, ONO.

Send all applications to
The Dank, Repressive Basement of the
George Murray Building.

MISSING

Victor Stamatescu's mental and physical health. If found, please return to the Physics Department.

Adelaide Uni Resistance Club

Angry that wars are waged for oil, that the environment is destroyed for profits, that people sewing Nike shoes get \$1 an hour, that sexist advertising is everywhere, that refugees are locked up in the desert, that fees for degrees are skyrocketing, that Medicare is cut to pay for the military, and more? Angry that democracy in Australia is a sham because the Packer and Murdoch families can buy more power than the rest of us?

Don't just get angry, get active! Join Resistance.

Resistance is a nation-wide socialist youth group that fights against injustice wherever it is, standing up against the invasion of Iraq by organising the Books Not Bombs protests of 2003, mobilising for refugee rights, forcing the government to support East Timor's independence, fighting for an end to the fees and funding cuts of universities and building the movement for a better world.

Get active in the movement, join Resistance.

HAVE YOU SEEN MY SPINE?

Barely been used.
If found, please return to
Mark Latham
Leader of the Opposition
Parliament House
Canberra.

Mature Students' Association (MSA)

Welcome to Uni! Enrolled at University after a break from studies? Enrolled in University for the first time? Not sure what you've gotten yourself in for? Don't really know what will come next? Feel confused? If the answer to any of these questions is yes, then look no further.

The Mature Students' Association, established in 1979, offers support and help to mature students. Our members range in age between 20 and 60-plus and are studying in all the disciplines, from first year through to PhD. level. Come and see us at the MSA and use the wealth of knowledge that members have to help make your (re)introduction to Uni life just that little bit easier.

Visit us at our table during O' Week or call into the MSA clubroom, located on the 4th Floor of Union House (down the ramp from the Library next to Unibooks). We offer a warm and friendly environment and a quiet alternative to the hustle and bustle of Uni life. The MSA clubroom has lunchroom facilities, lockers, cheap tea and coffee and the daily newspapers are provided.

Email: mature.students@adelaide.edu.au
Web: www.adelaide.edu.au/clubs/msa/

Sleep research trial at TQEH

Having trouble falling asleep?

The Centre for Sleep Research at The Queen Elizabeth Hospital requires volunteers. You may be eligible if you take more than 30 minutes to fall asleep on most nights and are aged over 18 yrs. We also need healthy volunteers who have no trouble sleeping.

The study requires you to spend 4 separate nights and 3 days in our lab while we record your sleep and body temperature. We will remunerate you for your time.

For more information please call (08) 8222-6624 between 10am to 5pm, Monday to Friday and ask for Cameron, Renee A. or Sally. You can also email us at: sleepresearch@hotmail.com



*You know how sometimes you borrow your dad's car and you're all worried that you're going to dent it? I'd much rather drive, like, a Pinto or something, just so I can take it out into the sticks once a week and give it a righteous thrashing.
That's the kind of girl I'm looking for too. If you consider yourself a bit of a Pinto, send your address, nighttime phone number and a picture of yourself to:*

*The Stanley George Stress Relief Fund
c/o On Dit Student Newspaper
University of Adelaide
SA 5005*

AUScA Bookswap

This is an expensive time of year for most students. There are club memberships, pubcrawls, science equipment and textbooks to pay for.

The Adelaide Uni Science Association (AUScA) feels your pain and is here to help. Every year AUScA runs a book exchange program where you can pick up some textbooks at cheap prices. This year the AUScA bookswap is being held in the Clubs Association Room - upstairs in the Lady Symon Building (follow the signs!)

We will be selling textbooks during O'Week every day 23-27 Feb from 10 - 3pm.

This is a great way for you to save money while gearing yourself up for the year!

Ten Percent / SAUA Sexuality Department BBQ and Movie Night
Wednesday, March 3rd 2004 (Week 1)
5pm gold coin donation BBQ, Cloisters
6pm *Finding Nemo*,
Clubs Common Room

A fantastic way to start 2004, this is a great chance for all not-quite-heterosexual students and their friends to come along and meet funky people. Come along, have a snag, a chat and a movie, an event not to be missed!

WEEK 1, Thursday 4th March
Run Lola Run (Lola Rennt) (1998)
Director/writer: Tom Tykwer
Cast: Franka Potente, Moritz Bleibtreu

Time is running out for Lola. She's just received a frantic phone call from her boyfriend Manni, who's lost a small fortune in cash belonging to his Mob boss. Now she has to run for his life, to try and come up with the money before Manny pays the ultimate price for his mistake. (77 mins)
German with English subtitles.

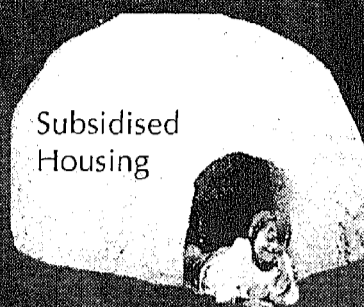
Please note: due to the Adelaide Fringe events held in the Union Cinema, weeks' 1-3 films will be screened in the Rennie Lecture Theatre, Johnson Building (off Victoria Drive near the child care/playground). We will return to the Union Cinema from Week 4.

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Fourth Edition
Including CD ROM
David S Moore
George P McCabe

Cost \$125
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Vicki Union Reception
Ground Floor Western End of Cloisters
Phone 8303 5401

Subsidised Housing



The University of Adelaide offers a number of places under the Subsidised Housing scheme for Adelaide University students who can demonstrate financial need. Accommodation is located close to the North Terrace campus, and is for the most part shared.

The scheme is primarily, but not exclusively, aimed at 1st year students. In addition to financial need, placement in housing takes into account social and personal circumstances, which may limit a student's ability to find accommodation; for example students coming from rural and remote communities, from interstate and overseas and students who have had to leave home for a variety of complex reasons.

If you feel you may be eligible for Subsidised Housing or would like more information please see one of the Education and Welfare Officers.

Education and Welfare
Lady Symon Building
North Terrace Campus
Ph: 8303 5430

Stan: Okay Jimmy, what should we put on the last page of the first edition?

Jimmy: I don't know. The next deadline?

Stan: *Boring.*

Jimmy: What about a dude with a great big cock? Yeah, that'd be *stuck*.

Stan: No, Jimmy.

Jimmy:



Stan: I hate you Jimmy.

