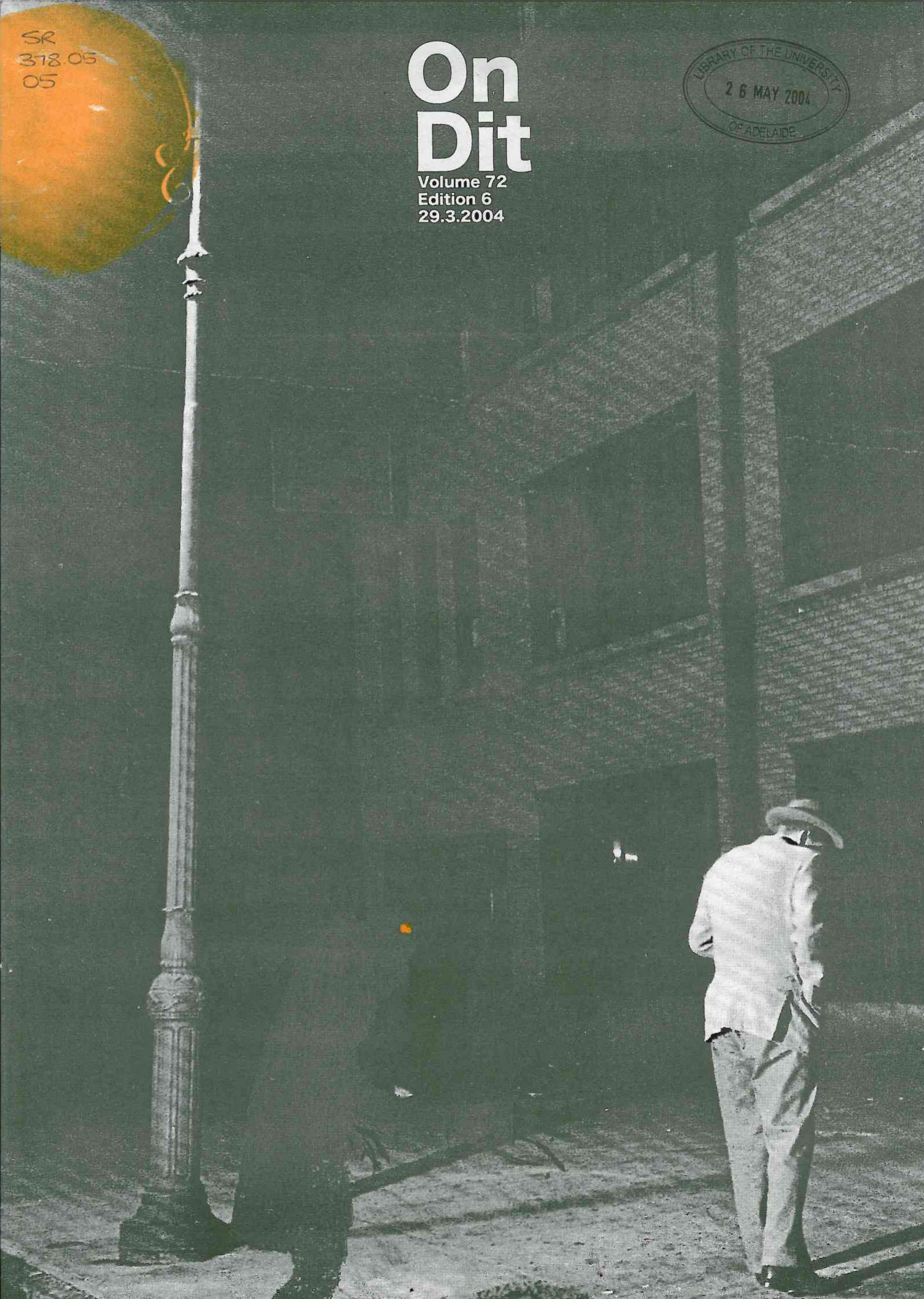


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On Dit

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the Association.

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

Thanks

Dave Pearson, Bek, Gemma,
Matty, Clementine, danV for the
food, Dan J for the 'tude.

**Ready,
Steady,**

Whoah!

The Olympic Flame was officially lit in Athens last week, signalling the beginning of a 143 day global relay which will take in each of the five continents represented by the Olympic rings.

While the ceremony was carried out smoothly, the preparations for the August Games, which are the first major International gathering since the September 11 attacks, are far from going to plan.

It has been apparent for quite some time that the massive infrastructure improvements required by the Olympic host city, are not going to be carried out on schedule. In a recent admission, the Greek government informed the International Olympic Committee that the main stadium would only be finished three weeks before the commencement of the Games, and probably without a roof. This means that the highly important test events or "trial-runs" will be

Whispers from the United Kingdom and United States are suggesting that if the safety and security of their athletes cannot be guaranteed, they may withdraw from the Games.

held while construction workers are still on the site. In addition, over half of the other thirty-eight venues under construction are running behind schedule. Consequently, the vital security systems, integral to the successful implementation of anti-terrorism measures, will possibly only be

installed with days to spare.

Not surprisingly, in addition to these problems, intelligence suggests that a large-scale terrorist attack on the Olympics is highly likely. Although Greece is the smallest country to host the Olympics since Finland in 1952, its long borders and close proximity to the Middle East make the threat of terrorism high. In anticipation of a so-called "spectacular" attack, approximately \$1 Billion will be spent on anti-terrorism measures and security. This is over three times the amount spent on the Sydney Olympics.

Whispers from the United Kingdom and United States are suggesting that if the safety and security of their athletes cannot be guaranteed, they may withdraw from the games. The head of our own National Olympic Committee, Jim Coats, has announced that Australia will take its own security team to protect our athletes. For those who don't decide to send their own security, the organising committee will provide armed troops as escorts, who will be members of the 50,000 strong security "umbrella". The CIA and FBI are already playing an important role in the collection of intelligence information and the Directors of both organisations have met with Greek officials. Even the British MI5 and Scotland Yard are giving the local police advice on how to cope with the terrorist threat.

In fact, it seems that the only measure which Greece will not commit to is the stationing of foreign troops in the country and this is because the Constitution forbids it. But to circumvent this, a standby force in the form of the US 6th Fleet, will be positioned just offshore. Requests made just last week by the Greek Government to NATO have been met with cooperation which means that Naval Patrols, Alliance Surveillance Planes, and anti-chemical attack teams, will be

present for the duration of the Games.

Provided that all is ready for the opening ceremony, the Athens Olympics will be the most heavily policed, protected and scrutinised in history. The challenge that this provides to terrorists may prove irresistible, and with a military presence likely to pervade all elements of the Games, the atmosphere will be at the very least, unusually nervous. Let's hope the \$1 Billion in security spending will help to protect this "peach of a target".

Adelle Neary

A Peach of a Target, a Bugger of a Job

2004 will be a big year in current affairs, so we need as many writers as we can.

If you want to report on the issues of the day, contact our Current Affairs Editor at **adelle.neary@student.adelaide.edu.au**

Downer claims War On Terror "will not provoke terrorists"

By JIMINY KRIKKITT
in Canberra

FOREIGN Affairs Minister Alexander Downer yesterday denied that the war in Iraq "could possibly have done anything to provoke a group of fanatical, predominantly Arab Muslim terrorists, whose interpretation of their religion takes particular exception to foreign invasions of its territory -" the Minister paused for breath at this point - "into attacking a country that invaded them, and I can't believe (Australian Federal Police commissioner) Mick Keelty would ever suggest such a thing. It's exactly the kind of rubbish al-Qaeda would come up with."

Labor leader Mark Latham, however, condemned the Minister for his comments. "Mr Downer is a rotten, lousy disgrace for making this kind of comparison now. I told you all

Keelty was useless months ago. A Labor government will pull the troops out by Christmas, no matter how many terrorists there are behind us."

Mr Keelty himself would not comment to the media yesterday, but was reported to be seeking legal advice as to whether the AFP had the legal power to make a Cabinet member disappear yet, and if not could ASIO maybe do it?

Meanwhile, Qatari TV network al-Jazeera quoted Osama bin Laden as saying "We shall, God willing, destroy utterly the decadent, despicable, disgusting infidel oppressors wherever they oppress us, be it America, Britain, Spain, Poland, El Salvador, or that funny little red island off the south coast of Bali no-one can remember the name of."

But then again, he always says that.

SAUA Roundup

Emotions are running high in the Students' Association, after several submissions to this newspaper accused Office Bearers of taking part in an unoriginal and ineffective style of protest. This opinion has become so popular that many students and representatives are calling it passé. Ironic, no? Refer to this week's letters and opinion section for the latest in the debate.

Regardless of whether or not we agree with the direction the debate is taking, we should at least take heart in the fact that those battlers on level one of Lady Symon are taking notice of the mood of their constituents. This Wednesday's National Day of Action should be interesting.

Aside from all this, the biggest story is still the resignation of Male Sexuality Officer Alan Han. Last week's Special Meeting of SAUA Council saw Female Sexuality Officer Kate Stryker appointed as the new 'sole'

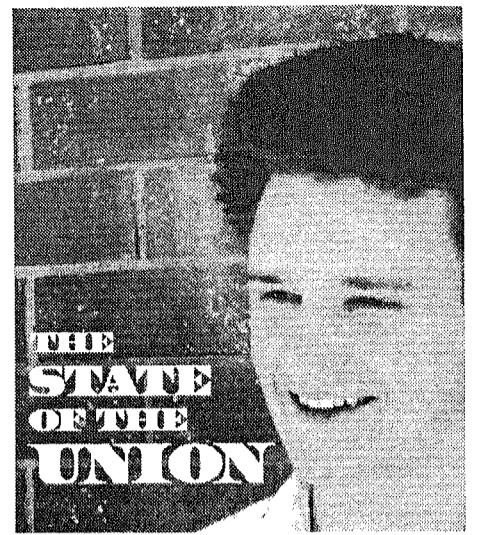
Sexuality Officer, picking up a tidy pay rise to boot. [*Hey, she stole our idea! - Eds*]. Stryker, who's been a fixture in both On Dit and SAUA offices for some years now, is expected to finally return the embattled department to its glory days prior to the unfortunate run of corruption, incompetence, resignation and - er - emotional difficulty that plagued the fledgling department in recent years. See Kate's Office Bearer Column on page 20 for the full details.

Last week's meeting also saw the first volleys fired in the looming debate over NOLS's plan to restructure the Adelaide University Union. Activities & Campaigns Vice-President Bek Cornish expressed her concerns about the possibility of a restructure, warning councillors to be wary of the Union introducing their plans with incremental stealth. Indeed. Her statements were understandably vague, but

confirmed suspicions that The Network Formerly Known as the Independents will oppose their old enemy's second attempt to tamper with the AUU's relationship with the SAUA and other affiliates. Cornish seemed particularly concerned that the possible restructure threatened the future of the SAUA's hallowed Activities Department. Is it possible that the AUU's current hatred for 'doubling up' is making some Office Bearers nervous?

Probably not. Nevertheless, the release of the AUU's constitutional model will be massive. We can't wait. Ooooh. Bet Rowan's sweating over it right now. Polishing it. Nurturing it. You can almost picture him, caressing its many boxes and tentacles, itching to unleash it "Soon, my precious... soon your time will come..."

Stan & JC



Rest assured, *On Dit*. Your reputation for controversy is safe.

If nothing else the hurriedly withdrawn fetish edition has sparked healthy new interest in the role of student media.

At the same time we need to remind ourselves why editorial independence is still so important.

One question never goes away. Is *On Dit* published for the Students' Association or just through the Students' Association but for the whole Union?

Since we swapped our offices round we can no longer say *On Dit* is published under the Students' Association, next to the men's loo.

Instead the simplest answer is that it is published by and for students. All students belong to the Union. Therefore *On Dit* should cover everything from Board down to the price of Mayo food. [*Mayo food sucks - Eds*]

Moreover we have funded *On Dit* since before Hitler invaded Poland, whereas its current publishing body is only just over thirty.

So why care whether it falls under the Students' Association banner?

Because more than *Cubed* for postgraduates or *No Sweat* for Sports, *On Dit* feeds on student input and opinion. It makes sense that the political arm of the Union should give students their political voice.

This is also why—short of covering our arse from the long leg of the law—the Union never interferes with *On Dit*.

In fact we should be thankful we have something rare. Fellow francophile *Honi Soit* of the University of Sydney is the only other student weekly left in the country.

The next step is to help become as vibrant as ourselves. More submissions from a more diverse range of students will make our campus rag more relevant.

So medical, music, international students—over to you.

Rowan Nicholson

President

Adelaide University Union

Thanks Boss, aren't you nice? Fancy paying for some advertising space? We'll even give you a discount. - Eds

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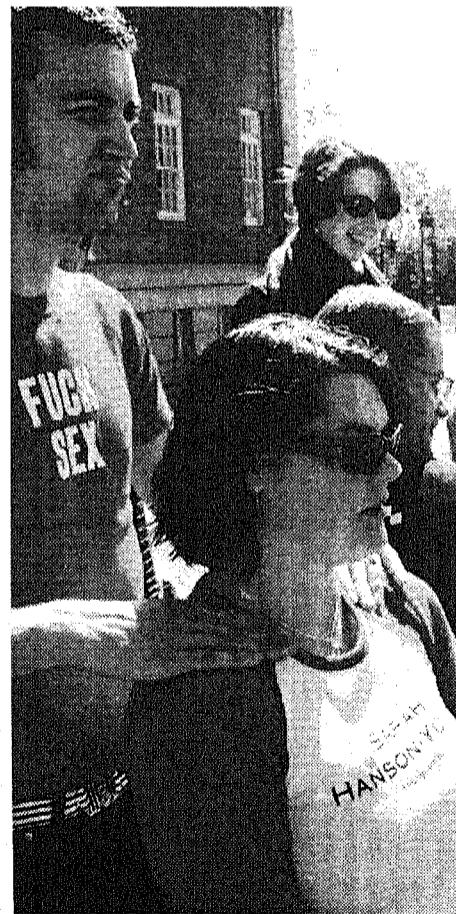
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Amusing election week picture #5: The Hot Pink Independent Pseudo-ticket. In a typically brash effort to unsettle the major factions on campus, 2003 SAUA President Sarah Hanson-Young (foreground) assembled a motley bunch of independent candidates for various positions, including Union Board. Shortly after this picture was taken, the formidable campaigner caused a delightful ruckus by suggesting that a certain presidential candidate lacked the support of her own faction. Tee he he he.

And now

by popular demand...

Here are some pictures of all that zany *stuff* that went down in the last couple of weeks. These were the events that sparked the current delightfully delicious debate about the health of the student movement.

For your consideration, we have also included a transcript of an inspirational spoken word piece from Montreal's The Silver Mount Zion Memorial Orchestra & Tra-La-La Band.

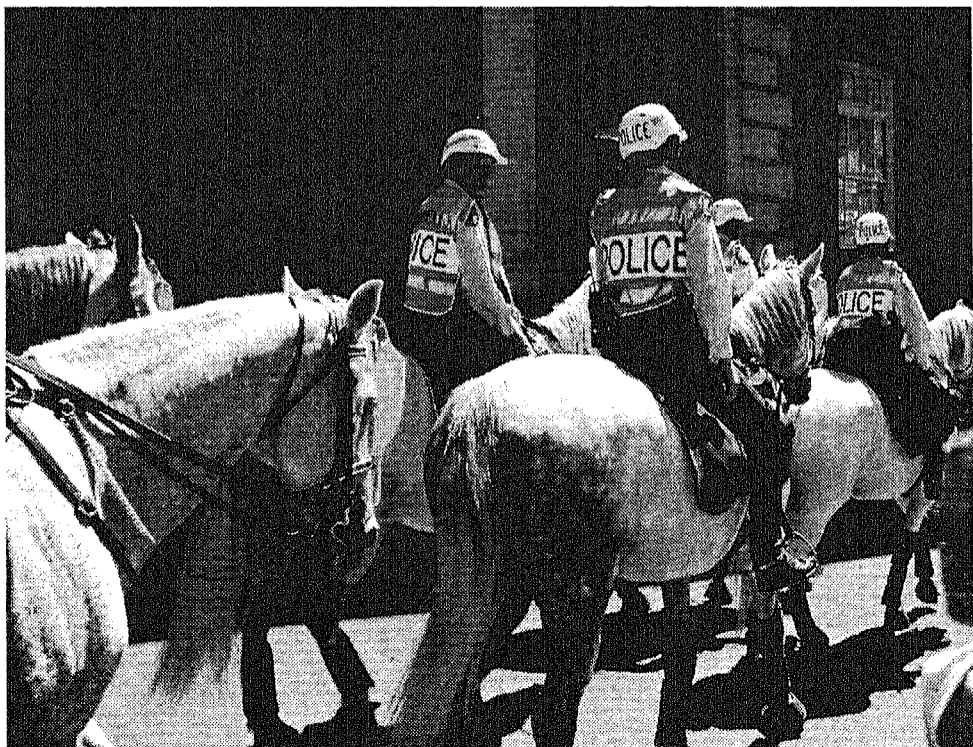
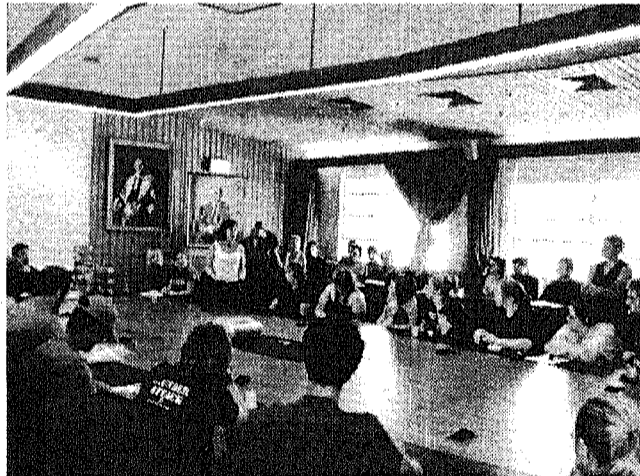
Enjoy!

On Dit

We care about the student movement (even if sometimes we seem a bit sarcastic).



Clockwise from top: Federal Health Minister Tony Abbott facing up to a rowdy audience. An On Dit staffer laments the infamous banned edition. Abbott's address attracts a massive police presence on the North Terrace campus. The SAUA-led rally outside John Howard's visit to the Norwood Toowoyn Hall. The largely successful student occupation of the Flinders University Senate Chambers.



Dear brothers and sisters, dear enemies and friends. Why are we all so alone here? All we need is a little more hope, a little more joy. All we need is a little more light. A little less weight and a little more freedom.

If we were an army, and if we believed that we were an army, and we *believed*... But everyone was scared, like little lost children in their grown-up clothes and poses, so we ended up alone here. Floating through long, wasted days, or great tribulations, while everything felt raw.

Good words. Strong words. Words that could have moved mountains. Words that were never said. We were all waiting to hear those words, but no one ever said them. The tactics never hatched, the plans never mapped, and we all learned not to believe. And strange, lonesome monsters loafed through the hills, wondering why. And it is best to never ever, ever wonder why.

So tangle, oh! tangle us up in bright red ribbons! Let's have a parade! It's been so long since we've had a parade. Let's invite our friends, and all our friends' friends. Let's prominate down the boulevard with terrific pride and light in our eyes. Twelve feet tall and staggering, sick with joy, with the angels there.

Brothers and sisters, hope still waits in the wings like a bitter spinster, impatient, lonely, shivering, waiting to build her glorious fires.

It's because of our plans, man. Our beautiful, ridiculous plans. Let's launch them like careening jet planes! Let's crash all our planes into the river! Let's build strange and radiant machines, because Jericho is waiting to fall.

Letters

Stroppy Stripper

Drear Eds,

Can I begin by saying that I am an avid reader of *On Dit* and loved the change of pace with the "fetish" edition. Those who were so offended should just lighten up a bit...

I also have a reply to one of the articles from last week. "Misguided Opinion" may be giving misleading advice to those seeking an 'easy' way to work through university. I am a second year arts student who has chosen the profession of stripping to pay my way while at uni. I am not from the 'lower' classes and could get other work and do not look like I 'crawled out of an Alabama swamp'. Just a regular girl with an unusual job.

However, a word to aspiring 'erotic artists': if you are thinking of stripping as an easy or 'less strenuous' way to make a living, think again...

The hours are long often 8 or 9 hours a night (finishing from 4 to 7am most mornings) which gives you little time to study, or sleep for that matter... And forget about a social life working every night and studying all day leaves friends and family booking your time weeks in advance.

The work itself is both physically and mentally demanding. Stage performances are quite strenuous and require practice, strength and stamina and the ability to make some extremely uncomfortable positions look sexy and natural. Girls often end up with permanent injuries (I already have repetitive strain injuries in my ankles and know girls who can barely kneel down) as well as constant bruises

and pulled muscles.

Close contact with customers and other girls means an increased chance of illness (which then requires un-paid leave from work). Plus many customers are just plain smelly and unpleasant to be near...

Costumes and other gear are expensive and must be supplied at your own cost (basic stage costumes can be upwards of \$300). You can look at spending way more if involved in a competition.

Then you have the mental strain of trying to stay happy and bubbly all night while dealing with drunken rabble (a great way to see the worst side of human society). You also deal with constant abuse, degradation, and unwanted groping from men and women. On top of that there is the social stigma of working in the taboo 'sex industry' and being labelled a 'slut' or 'easy' (mention here that none of the strippers I know work as prostitutes on the side, a common mistake).

So, if you are willing to go through uni tired, sore, with little free time and a newfound disgust for human beings, join my world. If not, leave it to the professionals.

MM

LABOR CLUB Responds

Dear Editors

Brett Whittaker (*On Dit* 22/3/04) raises an interesting point in his page-long article about "the Activist Dilemma". Some things need to be pointed out.

One of the objectives of the Labor Club is to promote and campaign for the election of a Labor government.

The people who were representing the Labor Club outside Union Hall were not "yelling abuse, chanting, throwing rocks [or] burning flags". We were in fact, unique - campaigning about healthcare, handing out information explaining the differences between Labor and Liberal health policy.

If just one student was convinced to vote Labor over Liberal based on our campaigning, then we would

have done our job. Or if one student understood the background to the original Medicare and bulk-billing system, we again would have accomplished our mission.

I cannot see how promoting an alternative, Labor government "trivialises" the issues. It would, on the contrary, show how important healthcare is, and why there are better policies on offer compared to those of the government.

As for the "two-party system... [that is a polarity inspiring] apathy", Labor presents a fresh alternative to eight years of Federal Coalition government. A new beginning can barely be the basis of fostering apathy. Indeed, to do nothing and drop the opportunity to show how Labor and Liberal are not the same (contrary to popular opinion) would itself be apathy - by definition. The article's argument about apathy misses the point completely.

The crux of what seems to be Brett's lengthy article is the debate on types of action - whether or perhaps when to use militant tactics over passive tactics. Without entering into this issue, we merely observe that there is a time and a place for each type of action, and different people or groups of people will make different judgements as to what is appropriate for any given situation. It is particularly ignorant to class the "students standing behind an ALP banner" as the same as those who were objectively more militant. If one observed closely, there were fundamentally (at least) two different issues being played out, in two very different ways - and the different groups had different ideas (without me passing judgement on them) as to what form was appropriate.

It does not take an international politics student to uncover that difference of the Tony Abbott presentation.

The Club make no apologies for representing the ALP, and would do it again.

Min Guo
Secretary
Adelaide
University
Labor Club

Über Alice

Hi guys,

I've written a letter. It'd be cool if you guys could put it in.

I've also attached a pirate photo for your perusal.

Thanks

Dear Alice and David (from 8/3),

If you two are representative of the Left, you have both shown why you are seen as unoriginal. Summed up in one sentence: basically, you dribble sensationalist bullshit. You don't build arguments, you make broad judgements and expect us to swallow them. Unoriginal, since this style of debate went out after the 1930's and 40's, around about when most people worked out that Hitler's speeches were essentially full of codshit, and that despite his screaming he never actually provided any arguments for any of his statements (you will understand I am making no reference to any of his policies or method of government, simply his campaigning/speech-making style).

You may occasionally hit the mark, but you overshoot so often that students such as myself automatically switch off and make our own minds up elsewhere. Issues which I do think should be confronted, such as education funding cuts, I decided on myself through reading the news, because I assumed it was yet again our excessively left wing student union trying to justify their position.

Just two examples of your arguments:

"Is it original and entertaining to be told that [the refugees] are all terrorists, prepared for attack on our decent, white, Christian nation?"

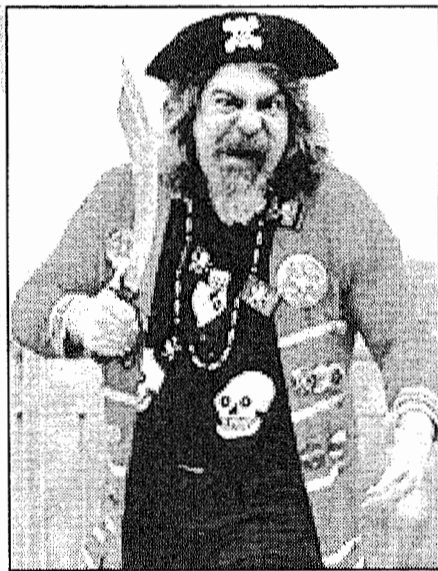
Alice, please tell me when the Liberal Party, or in fact anyone, publically looking to justify the current illegal immigrant policy said this.

"...it's so much easier to come up with... snide comments when you don't give a rat's arse about anyone but yourself."

David, simply because the Right sees itself as more practical, or slightly more pessimistic of human nature than the Left, doesn't imply a "not giving of a rat's arse". In fact I'll give you a counter argument: What would you know, when all Lefties spend their time being unemployed, smoking weed, growing dreadlocks and boycotting deodorant? I'm not going to bother trying to justify my ridiculous statement. Neither did you.

Alice, if you want an intellectual debate, build arguments, don't just make unjustifiable statements. Your method for initialising debate is as tired as an old flog sock.

Gus



Two Cents

Dear On Dit,

Regarding Ms Renner's article "Where does Vladimir Putin lead Russia?", in edition 5 of *On Dit*, could Ms Renner (or anyone who isn't too steeped in apathy, or beer, to care) please explain the "western democracy" over Russia's current political system. True, they are not as

politically or economically strong as the US, but if, as you say, Putin did not need to "manipulate" the elections to be the clear choice of the Russian people, then he garners a far greater respect than Bush, Blair or Howard, to name a few "truly democratic" leaders. The concept of free media is a fine ideal (as is the principal behind communism) but are either truly possible? Is the US or Australian press actually free? I've yet to see a well rounded criticism of the current Australian government in a mainstream newspaper that is not found in Letters to the Editor and somehow I can't see US media producing a well-balanced discussion of their leader's approach to government. From what I've seen, any critic of the current Bush administration is immediately discredited, see also Britain - not wandering too far from the American apron strings with the Kelly affair. Although at this point I must mention one of Britain's saving graces, namely Channel Four news. Three cheers for John Snow. There's nothing like a smidgen of sarcasm to keep things fair.

Putin's approach to "free media" may not sit well with the ideal of democracy, but neither does that of the US or even Australia and, as you pointed out, he's done wonders for an economy that western democracy did its best to destroy. If he can use his position and intelligence (something which current western leaders seem to lack) to improve the lives of the Russian people, well then isn't that the whole point of a democratic society?

Sincerely and with no grasp of politics or economics, but merely wanting to add my two cents of free speech.

A feeble minded student

PS. Many thanks to *On Dit* for exposing we humble Adelaide Uni students to truly free (if occasionally vulgar and inappropriate) media. Some of us choose to peruse your pages for more than Vox Pop and the chance at free beer (not that it isn't a worthy ideal) and we don't even require any thanks for it. Keep up the (usually) good work!

SUPER DAVE!

Hey Eds.

Fair?

Dear Eds,

I am writing this letter to you in regards to the recent Careers Fair held last week in Bonython Hall. It was a normal Thursday morning and I had just finished the 2-hour stint of my Spanish lecture. I was walking back to uni when the lovely banners and glossy show bags caught my eye. It was the Careers Fair of 2004. It was quite fortuitous that this day was solely dedicated to Arts, Commerce, Accounting. Or was it? As I walked in, I was quite interested in what information I could gather pertaining, to the different career choices I could make based on my subjects.

I am a second year Arts student, also doing my Diploma of Languages in Spanish whilst double-majoring in Classics and English, so in theory, the possibilities were endless. In theory that is. I looked around in anticipation to find a stall on Teaching or Archaeology or Journalism or Performing Arts. Nothing. I went around again in the hope of finding something remotely relating to my degree. Nothing. Nothing but a sea of accounting firms amalgamated with banks giving away Chupa Chups and shiny pens. Let us not forget the Australian Defence Force who give and give so effortlessly and tirelessly to make this great nation of ours secure and free from attack. (Sarcasm inserted here).

However, when I thought all

hope was lost, I came to a stall that offered me great comfort in my time of anxiety. It was Education UK by the British Council who offer undergrad and postgrad degrees as well as scholarships to the UK. This is an opportunity, not just to acquire an education for your chosen degree but an education in the degree in life, which I am sad to say that many of the booths at the Fair were not offering. There were a couple more, (literally a couple) that could offer something to me, and equally as important, what I could offer to them. There was a little table near the entrance called Unigrad: Unimail's official graduate jobs book. It had things like teaching in NSW and Nova Corporation, which is designed to teach English to students in Japan.

The most surprising and disconcerting thing of all was an advertisement for British American Tobacco Australia in the jobs handbook, with their slogan "Create our World". I am not entirely sure if I would want a career in producing cancer sticks for the world to have and I don't know whose world they are creating when smoking kills 18,000 Australians per year. Politics aside, I really cannot comprehend why a Careers Fair was held to aid in a variety of career choices relating to a chosen degree when from what I saw, Arts students were not considered to the same extent as Commerce or Accounting Students. So I guess "Fair" really doesn't come into it.

Sarah Busuttill

Arts student who has all the time in the world to write letters to *On Dit*.

Just wondering why in the 5-6 articles about the protests last week there wasn't one photo of the actions. Why did you ask me to bring them in if you didn't use them? I really think there should be more pictures of stuff that's happening at Adelaide Uni, in the student newspaper for Adelaide Uni students.

It just makes it a bit more relevant to the campus and a bit more interesting, something I and many people I have talked to find more important than being controversial.

Also, why weren't there any reports on the other two protests last week? There were plenty of people commenting on the protests, but no one explaining what actually happened. What happened to the Campus News section of *On Dit*? If you don't have a subeditor, why haven't I seen it advertised? Or, why haven't you been calling people and asking them to write articles?

Also, what happened to the advertising on the back cover? Why isn't there much advertising inside? Advertising is an important revenue raiser, we could have more editions, or more colour in the editions if there was more money raised from advertising.

As a student, as a councillor and as a reader of the newspaper can you please focus more on quality and less on controversy?

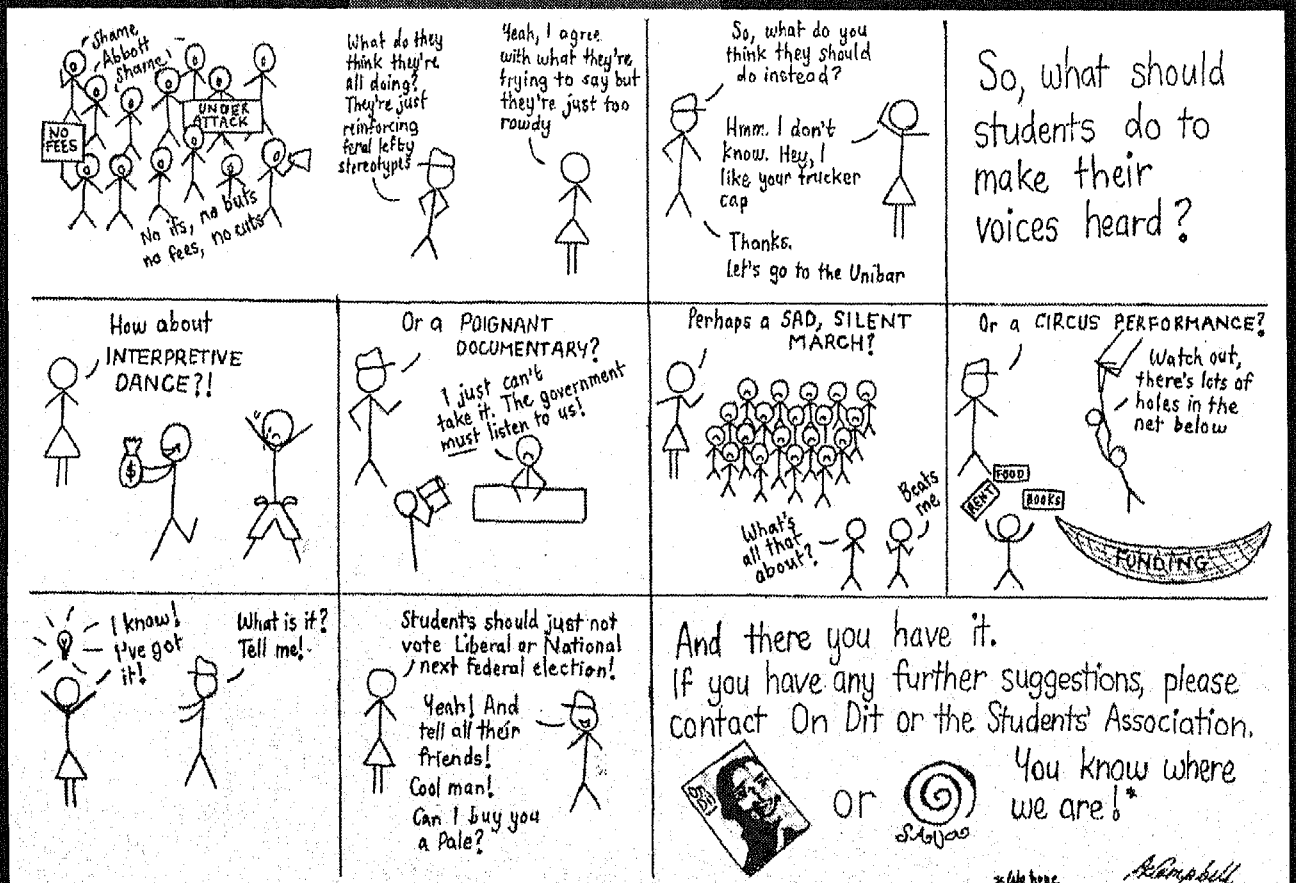
David Pearson
SAUA Council

After some serious soul-searching, Stan & JC would like to announce that they are relinquishing their editorial powers to SAUA Councillor David Pearson.

Smee.

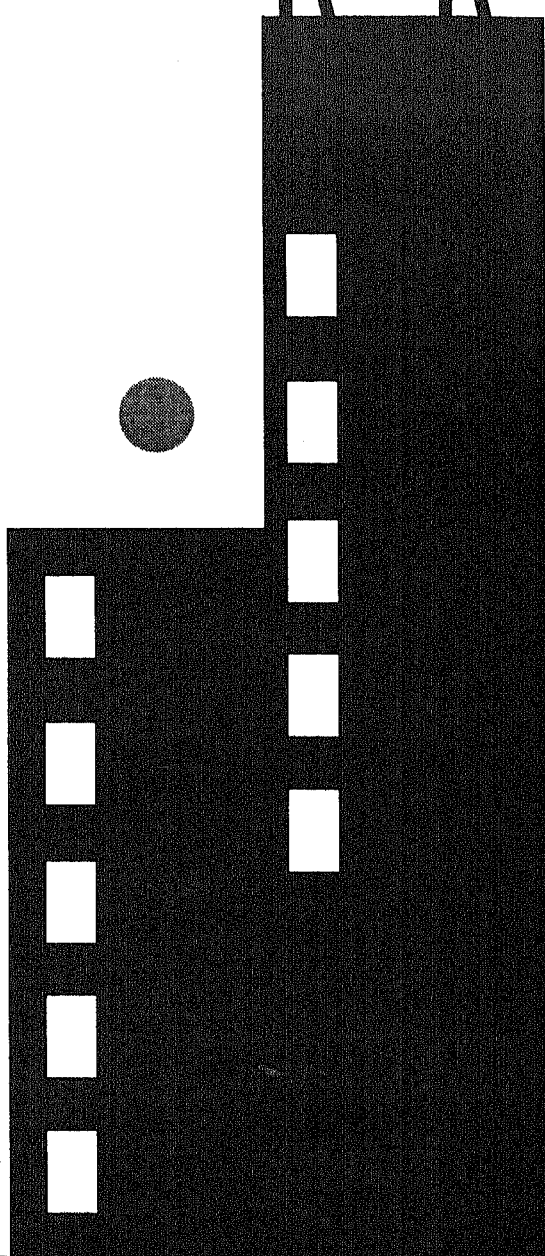
From now on, send all complaints and suggestions to:

David Pearson
c/o someone who gives a Rat's Arse



Actually, that sad silent march idea sounds kinda cool. Imagine 500 handdog students standing outside Amanda Vanstone's office. Maybe they could all dress in white and hum in unison. Ho ho. That'd make the papers all right.

- Eds



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

Church bigger than GOD?

Hiya,

I am a graduate of Adelaide Uni and Australian National Uni and now living and working back in Adelaide as a teacher. I live with my partner of 3 years, our housemate, and our cat - who is a housemate in her own right. To add a little spice to this introduction, I am Catholic, and I often feel like a minority because I am a Catholic who, despite having discrepancies with the hierarchy and structure of the Church, has a very strong presence and action of the faith concept of the Catholic tradition. It's a Jesus centred, God delivered belief of which walls and structures cannot even begin to enter into.

Oh, and I am gay.

I have been brought up in the Catholic faith and I grew to appreciate I and find comfort in it. I never force my beliefs onto anyone, and I certainly appreciate people's individual faith, ideas and traditions. I believe in a world like we live in today, people can really find strength in a faith that is free, genuine, enriching, life enhancing, and that works for them. This just happens to be mine.

Last year I began working with a youth group in the North East region whose motto claims to 'lead teens closer to Christ'. I was asked by my high school principal to join and to even start a Christian Rock Band to facilitate masses. Before I knew it I was part of an exciting young and new faith community that helped me find depth in my faith and to lead young people in a similar direction.

Earlier this year I was told that the leader of the group and the

resident priest needed to speak to me. They spoke on behalf of two other priests who were also part of the movement. I was told there was an issue that they could no longer ignore. My 'chosen lifestyle' (a term which will never cease to baffle me) was in 'conflict' with the teachings of the group and I was told I could no longer be a part of the movement, and pretty much that I should not be able to administer leadership in the Church because of this. The priest, who later tried to hug me compassionately as I left the meeting in true Judas style, reassured me that he wasn't rejecting me, and God certainly wasn't rejecting me, "it's just that the Church has a problem with this issue". My only question: *Since when is the Church bigger than God?*

Following this rejection, and feeling depressed and unwelcome in the Church, I had the pleasure of joining the Gay and Lesbian Catholic group Acceptance in marching in this year's Mardi Gras and I marched with men, women, priests, teachers and non-Catholic partners of gay and lesbian Catholics. This prompted me to share my story with other young people and their families, to reach out in support of each other and to reassure each other of the possibility and reality of being gay and Catholic.

This group was started in Sydney in the 70s when a man named Gary Pye sought consul from the bishop of Sydney to make sense of his sexuality and faith.

The bishop pushed Gary down the stairs of the Cathedral.

A group called AcceptSA has been initiated for gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered Catholics of all ages and backgrounds to come together to share social activities, friendship and faith centred experiences with others like them. Family and friends are encouraged to show their support and indeed seek support in acceptance through sharing

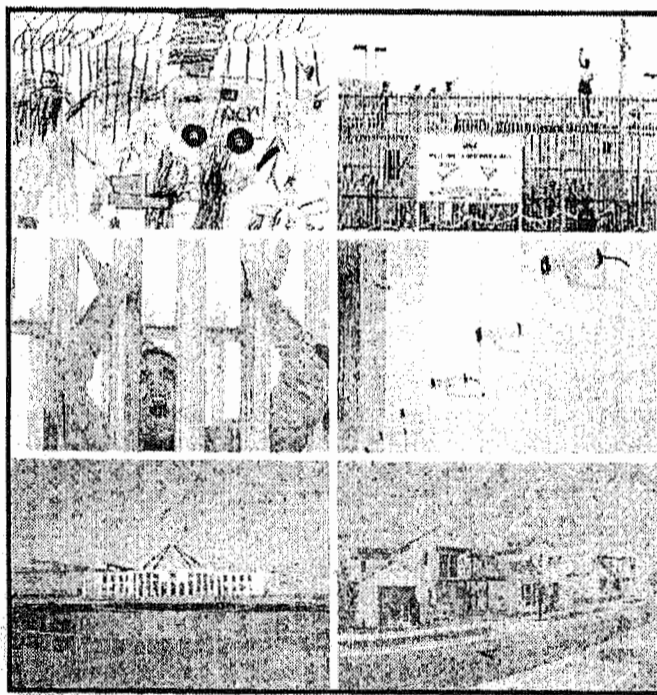
experiences with other members.

After the experience that I had, and indeed the experience of Gary Pye, we could both have simply walked away from the Church forever and not blinked an eye. But if we are to seek change, our presence is vitally important! I hope this message reaches at least one person and that they are prompted to become a part of AcceptSA. This means a promising hope for Gay Catholic Spirituality in SA, for a Church is "when more than one gather in my name."

Email: acceptsa@groups.msn.com to become part of the inaugural group, or join via <http://groups.msn.com/acceptsa>.

Aldo
AcceptSA

Next week's the last edition before Easter, so get cracking!



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Not sure what you guys can do with this one...does it go in opinion? art? fucked-up miscellany? kinda funky but, alas, unprintable?

These questions are, of course, too difficult for one such as myself. But that's why you're the editors and I'm sitting at home searching Google pictures because I have no time to write anything coherent this week.

"Experimental"?

"Poetry"?

Russell

Oh Russell, we can't stay mad at you. But if you stop writing for us we'll hog tie you and lock you in our filing cabinet for keeps. - Eds

ondit@adelaide.edu.au





Give 'em enough rope

All recovered from last week's Mad Monk hysteria? No? **Tough.** Take a headache pill. I'm fucking sick of student politics being something even more predictable and boring than a Channel Ten soap opera, and I've got some ideas to nail to the cathedral door along with the bitching.

I'm not going to directly criticise any party's proposals here. Because, frankly, what would be the point? We all know what the arguments are. **There is so little common ground between the two main camps that any kind of direct rational debate on broad issues is impossible;** it generally descends into contests to see which side can shout "Nazi!" the loudest. A letter in the now-pulped *On Dit* of the week before last caught my attention, from the pen of one "Sam". And I quote: "I always find the left's hypocrisy, factual incorrectness, baseless propaganda and lack of eloquence rather amusing." Personally, I find it more or less the same as the right's hypocrisy, factual incorrectness, baseless propaganda and lack of eloquence. Regardless of origin, it's the reason why political apathy is so much in fashion these days.

C'mon, guys, politics on campus right now is like a bad death-metal concert: all volume, no content, no originality, no *fun*, just mindless partisanship. Partisanship is inevitable, but mindlessness is not (otherwise what the hell would be the point of having a university?). Obviously, there's no magic wand, no snap of the fingers that can solve the problem, but here are a few humble suggestions:

Think before you speak. If you can think of a couple of jokes, so much the better. Michael Moore has more readers than Chomsky for a reason. Even if you have nothing new to say – which can be fairly said for most of the left and the right alike, these days – find a new, entertaining way of saying it.

On that note, learn about, understand, maybe even tolerate but above all **know thy enemy.** Leftie? By all means, worship Chomsky if that's your thing, but pick up a PJ O'Rourke book as well. Right-winger? After you've finished with this month's *Quadrant*, dig up Al Franken. If you can see where your opponents are coming from, maybe you'll be less inclined to blindly insult them, and more inclined to insult them in an informed, inventive and thus infinitely more effective way.

Unless they are actually, seriously plagiarising *Mein Kampf* in their discourse, **there is no excuse for calling your opponent a Nazi.** Yes, some current Australian politicians are using some of the demagogic tactics ol' Adolf used back in the '30s, but so have perfectly democratic politicians for decades before and since; there's a *huge* difference between running a law-and-order election campaign and inventing the gas chamber because machine guns can't kill Jews efficiently enough. If you can't spot it, *grow the fuck up.*

Same deal applies to Stalinism. Unless you have solid evidence your opponent would send anyone he didn't trust to a death camp under a volcano in Kamchatka, *find a different insult.* (See above re: invention.)

If your opponent has the mike,

let 'em talk; listen carefully and/or spend the time thinking of a really curly one to throw at 'em if and when they take questions at the end. The occasional brief heckle or one-liner is okay, but trying to shout people out of town does nothing for your reputation, and more importantly, **your opponents can't hang themselves if you don't give them enough rope.** Abbott got mainstream press attention the week before last not because of the students chanting "Sexist! Racist! Anti-queer!" at him, which has been *de rigueur* since before your hippie parents had their first toké, but because he was foolhardy enough to advocate highly controversial and arguably sexist, racist and anti-queer policies in his speech.

Be creative. Be funny. Have fun. Politics isn't boring, and it's not all about aggravation either – why make it sound like it is? During O'Week, the best recruitment campaign among the political clubs was run by the Libs putting Che Guevara in Mickey Mouse ears. *Where are the rest of you?* Where are the helium balloons with "Young Liberals Eat Cute Baby Koalas" written on them? Where are the cartoons of Howard, Downer and Bush getting down to the kind of action we could have put in the banned issue of *On Dit*? Why wasn't someone out there challenging Abbott, the former university boxing champion, Vegas style? Too violent for you? He's Health Minister, remember, someone could have programmed their mobile phone to sound like a life-support machine beeping the patient's last... you get the point. I'm just running off the top of my

head here; I'll come up with better suggestions in time, and so will you. You're in uni, therefore you're not (totally) stupid...

I'm not saying student politics is completely devoid of good, creative ideas, but we can do better than screaming about the abolition of a textbook subsidy scheme most kids never knew existed (the most effective, direct part of the anti-Howard-government rhetoric that's on this campus at the moment, sadly enough). We can do more than just handing the Education Minister his HECS bill and hosting a Skint Student Fashion Parade.

Which leaves one, obvious question... **What are we waiting for?** Let's make student politics more than toilet training for preselection in the less imaginative political parties. Let's get Prosh in the news again. Let's make sure any rats running around the university's administration get smelt and dealt with. Let's make these humble pages piss people off without needing to print fetish porn that's probably still illegal in Queensland and Tasmania. Let's get off our arses, and start kicking other people's.

Jiminy Krikkitt

(The bulk of this article was written before last week's *On Dit* came out, and by the looks I'm not the only one who wants to give student politics -- or politics in general for that matter -- this kind of boot in the back end, stylistically or otherwise. If that's you, drop me a line at jiminykrikkitt@yahoo.com.au or 0419 18 38 35 and let's get something organised.)



Or should the question be - is women's struggle for equality, strength and autonomy *allowed* to be feminine and sexy? I consider myself a strong woman, who is aware of many issues affecting the world, but I am also blonde and I enjoy wearing dresses and perfume. Because of my outer appearance I am called feminine because society continues to define femininity by women's external beauty. According to the common feminist stereotype, I cannot possibly be a feminist. Because I shave my armpits and am not man hating, I mustn't know what I'm talking about when I discuss women's rights. Because I am 'feminine', I must be one of those giggly, vacuous women who dedicate their lives to pleasing a man. So many times people underestimate my intellect because of my hair colour. I'm damned if I do, and damned if I don't because although society dismisses and condemns butch feminists, they don't yet believe in feminine feminists. Maybe this is because society has used this feminist stereotype to discourage women from joining the women's movement and to discredit women's issues - hell, a feminine feminist screws up that patriarchal plan!

Like many women, society in general is largely unaware about what role femininity plays in feminism. Once a friend playfully called me 'Feminist Barbie'. Although this was a joke, the comment displayed an inability to disconnect my intellect and feminist ideas from my appearance. In a world that claims that there is gender equality and no need for feminism, it is sad that a woman's value is still largely measured by her exterior.

Society is slowly catching on though, with people saying things to me like, "you're a cool feminist because you balance your ideas with being feminine. You're smart and you enjoy being a woman". Although this isn't the most aware, PC view, it's a start.

Not only does society create a feminist stereotype, but people within the women's movement seem to uphold it too. Although feminists consider themselves aware about notions of womanhood and femininity, I feel my leadership and feminist ideas are often under question because I look too girly, too "middle-class" for some. I remember worrying about wearing a mini-skirt to a national women's committee lest I be hacked on. And yet feminists claim to fight the negative feminist stereotype and say that all women are welcome!

page eleven

Can feminism be sexy? Can feminism be feminine?



I understand that the traditional notion of femininity is man-made (although upheld by women too) and is defined by women's beauty and submissiveness. This notion of femininity oppresses women, as not only does it force women to conform to qualities valued by men, it also dismisses the idea that women can have other qualities, be intelligent and strong, and still be feminine. Although it may appear to feminists and society in general that I am conforming to men's notion of femininity, I assure you I am not - I believe I have claimed my own version. To me, being a woman is feeling free to express and explore my femininity in any way that I choose. Neither society nor the women's movement can tell me what it is like to be a woman or what a woman should feel or look like. I myself know what is appropriate for me. Thus, I express my version of femininity and feminism whether I am learning about women's writing in the nineteenth century or wearing high heels.

Of course feminism can be sexy, when women claim back their womanhood and redefine their sexuality and femininity in their own terms. When we redefine our femininity with a feminist perspective, we can create a version of sexuality that is not made by men, that is not based on dominance or submission. We form a sexuality that is exciting and comfortable for us. And surely that is sexy.

Mel Purcell

The solution to ineffective student protests: Adam Moore's **LAUGHING** Protest

The growing ineffectiveness of student rallies is becoming embarrassingly evident in today's media. I imagine that many of the old sympathisers for the student cause are slowly drifting away or losing interest, due to the stereotyping of many student protesters as urine-filled balloon wielding, noisy, feral larrikins. Or such like.

This image is not likely to fade from the minds of the public anytime soon, as in most protests the quiet and orderly participants are all thrown in a big dirty classification bin with the inevitable hooligans that make Channel 9 news reporters ever so delighted. Such knowledge is enough to drive most would-be participants away from these protests, and thus the common voice of many of us becomes sadly softened. Declining participation at today's protests is an unfortunate sign of our times. And divided we shall inevitably fall.

So what can we do about this befuddling dilemma you may fairly ask? I agree, it certainly is quite a pickle and had me stumped for many long minutes as I quietly twiddled my thumbs in anticipation of an answer. Enter Adam Moore, wit and genius of our Immunology Practical duo.

The answer, says Adam, is to simply laugh. When a visiting politician such as Tony Abbott (last week) has the audacity to increase our fees and then give a speech on our soil about Christian morality, we should just stand. And laugh at him.

This is how the ideal laughing protest should be staged the next time Mr Abbott visits:

In a quiet and orderly manner, the crowd gathers at the place of protest in a non-aggressive way. Pleasantries should be exchanged with the police officers on duty. It should be ideally accompanied with the dignified and educated atmosphere that so accurately reflects the majority of us scholars. Banners and placards should be sparsely and strategically distributed saying things like "Tony Abbott: Now there's a funny man!" or "Comedy classic: the baloney of

Tony" and so forth.

When Mr Abbott arrives (with some of us sitting in front and others standing with crossed arms) start laughing at him. Not outrageously to start off with mind you, just a bit of sniggering and giggling. Some should point and laugh, some should shake their heads and others should look at each other between giggles. As the seconds progress, the noise becomes more amplified by the elegant chain reaction effect that laughter has. Light back-up canned laughter may be played in the background at this point. When he disappears from view, the laughing may either stop or increase depending on the humorousness of the event. When he comes out again, the process is repeated until he gets into his chauffeur driven, taxpayer funded vehicle and is sped away. Then we all quietly disband and go back to our studies. Imagine the good publicity we'd get.

The laughing protest works on multiple fronts.

1. It takes away the TV heroism of making your way through fierce resistance to give a speech.
2. Politicians don't fear students. They fear ridicule.
4. It encapsulates the Aussie spirit.
5. Participation numbers should increase.

It's very easy to start giggling when you're in a big group of people who are giggling. My friends taught me that. It's also very therapeutic and everyone has fun. Everyone that is, apart from the visiting politician.

It's so crazy, it has to work. And besides a good laugh is hard to come by these days.

Lee Farrand
3rd year Biotech



Busking for HECS

In last week's edition of *On Dit* there were many who criticised the way in which protests are carried out. However in true academic style appropriate to university, there were no practical suggestions as to how students could possibly change their extremist image and communicate something that would connect with the every day Australian.

We can't just complain that the media portrays the student movement as "feral lefties", we need to give them something that allows them to step outside of that stereotype. When we go for that ten second grab, we need to portray ourselves as constructive, creative, and as battlers who are giving it a go. Our first attempt to break out of the orthodox protesting mould could be to organise a "Busk for your HECS" day. It could look like this. We get a stack of students to walk out onto North Terrace or Rundle Mall at the same time. We give every student a large sign showing how much their university education is going to cost them, or maybe how much extra HECS Nelson is going to slug them with, and in one day we try to busk that HECS off.

Of course, the idea of busking off your HECS in one day is absurd. But that's not really what we're trying to do. We'd be actually trying to illustrate just how insane the amount of HECS we are paying is now, and how much education is going to cost in the future but in a less hostile, more peaceful and creative way.

You wouldn't even have to be good at what you do. I'm thinking of singing Tom Jones' 'Sex Bomb' myself and I'm sure when I throw some dance in that it's going to be woeful. But throughout the performances, students could explain why they are here, what the Howard government is doing, and what they as voters can do about it.

So rather than just protest and demand more money, we're actually getting out there and working for it. There are heaps of creative things people could do: sing, dance, face painting. Maybe you can juggle? I sure can't but I'll give it a shot. My juggling sucks? Well my response to that would be that I'm trying to study Commerce and Arts, not join a circus troupe, so maybe you could help me out by not voting Liberal this election kind sir?

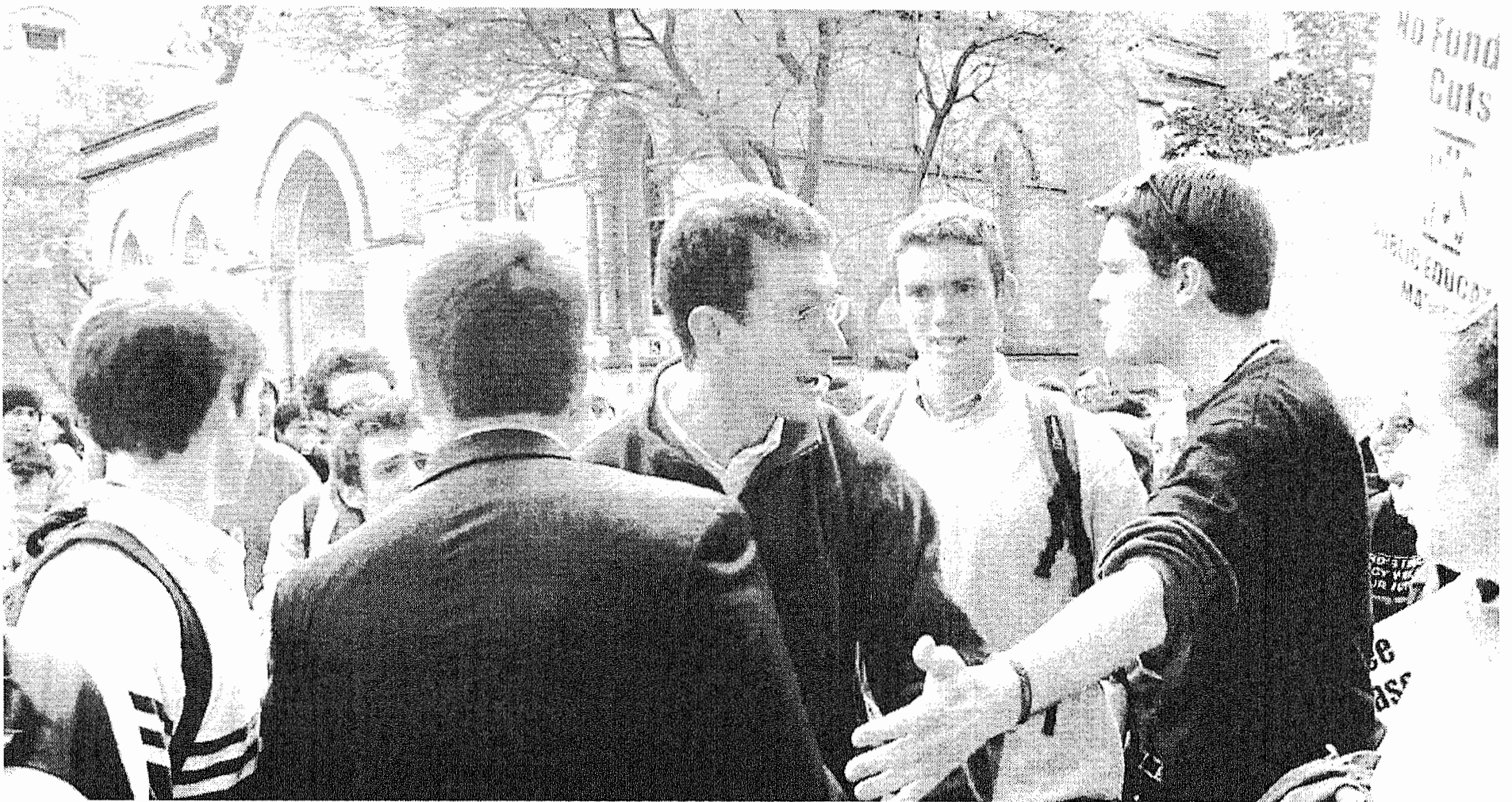
Of course, we'd need some good acts otherwise this form of protest could turn out just as offensive as the previous ones. We could hopefully convince some music students or the theatre guild to do something cool so as to even out the crapness of the everyday student with some actual talent.

To encourage students to attend the event we could offer prizes for things such as "Best Act" "Worst Act" "Most improved throughout the day" or "Best performance while not drunk" I don't know whether the SAUA is going to support this idea or not. I hope they do, because I prefer to make an ass of myself in the company of others. I also don't know whether the event will be successful. This form of protest may fall on its ass just like the rest of them. But it's something different and I think it's worth a shot.

If you'd like to get involved, send in suggestions for performances, or even to point out why you think my idea is stupid, email me at matthew.walton@student.adelaide.edu.au and let me know what you think.

Matthew Walton
SAUA Councillor





A scene from last August's "Downer Protest"

In response to the flood of articles in *On Dit* last week I have a number of things to say, as ever! A common stream that ran through a number of the articles was that:

1. The protests proved nothing new, were unsurprising, predictable, and that we're 'all volume, no content, and no originality'.
2. That its though times in the student movement, and that we're all tired and have been for decades.
3. We came across as 'rowdy, over subsidised extremists' in the media and to other students.
4. We showed double standards in relation to freedom of speech.
5. We alienated people who are supportive of our message, just not our method.

Before I respond to this, just keep in mind what the purpose of the protest was. It was to get exposure and to create awareness and we did that. We got on the TV news three nights in a row, and issues of education were given a good run on some of the stations. The coverage was positive, it wasn't anywhere near as negative as the Downer protest. We've learnt important lessons from that. There are some fantastic outcomes from these protests that many people have glossed over all too easily. People know about the changes to the fees in Higher education, both at uni and in the community because of actions like these. People now also know about the Education Textbook Subsidy Scheme because of the actions of activists that week. We had over ten pages of signatures to keep the scheme, and we had numerous people sign up to the education activist list.

1. The first gripe, if there was nothing new, if they were unsurprising and they were unpredictable, there is no one else to blame but yourselves. We have sat around for hours racking our brains thinking of what we can do to create awareness of the changes to our education system, please feel free to come along and help us do this, otherwise shut the fuck up! There is a very clear problem and you have all articulated it, get rowdy, create awareness; don't get rowdy, get no awareness.

2. "The student movement is tired and has been for decades?" Then what the hell are you doing to energise them? And anyway, I've been involved in this stuff for a little over a year now, and I can assure you I'm not tired, I'm raring to go 100 percent. I want to show my fellow students and the community that what this government is doing is fucked.

3. Were the protesters crass, undignified and unconvincing? Possibly some were. The way to fix this is to come along and be the voice of reason. Regardless we did get on every news station telling everyone in SA who was watched for those three nights that education is an issue and that students are angry about what the government's been doing?

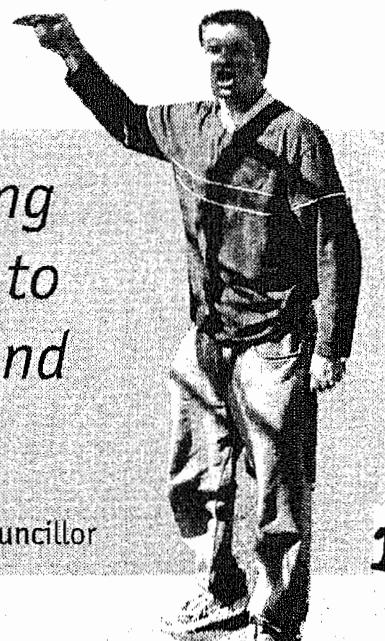
4. We didn't allow Abbott to speak. Wrong. I and a number of other people in the education activist committee went out hard to bat for the people who wanted to hear him speak. I believe in freedom of speech and he was able to speak, unlike Downer. We learnt that lesson too. There was a majority of people in the collective who wanted to stop the speech

going ahead. I along with Aurelia disagreed, then more moderate people in that collective ensured that the speech went ahead, and that he was able to talk. I agree that answering phone calls loudly, talking, and too many interjections was inappropriate and I said so. The way to fix this is for all the people outside who agreed with what we had to say, is to come inside and tell these people to shut up.

5. We alienated those who are supportive of our message, I know, we did. This was raised in Brett Whittaker's article; finally, an article that offered advise as well as criticism. He said we need to change the tactics, stop yelling, don't get such a negative image, well if we're all tame and stand back, the media won't come and we won't get any coverage for the cause. The Abbott protest wasn't violent at all, there were no scuffles with the police, I and a number of people made sure of this, and what happened? We didn't get as much media as the Downer protest. It's a conundrum that I don't know how to fix, and it appears no one else does. So in the meantime we'll continue doing what we've been doing with a number of changes of course, and if you want to get involved and add a more moderate voice to the crowd it'd be appreciated.

Your opportunities coming up, there will be National Day of Action on the 31st of March, Meet on the Barr Smith Lawns at 12.30 and look for the people with the education shirts on, (wait for the unashamed plug...) available from the SAUA for \$15.

David Pearson



We have sat around for hours racking our brains thinking of what we can do to create awareness of the changes to our education system, please feel free to come along and help us do this, otherwise shut the fuck up!

- David Pearson, SAUA Councillor

Abbott's Visit: The Democratic Club's View

It's indicative of how little is going on that an hour's visit by a conservative politician should have dominated the latest *On Dit* even more than fetishistic images dominated its predecessor. The text accompanying the Federal Minister for Health's picture put it nicely. "Tony stares seedily at the only non-Abbott news article of the edition".

The cover of issue 5, a cerise and black photo-silhouette, was another piece of undergraduate homage. We at the Democratic Club are planning to appropriate the art for our first set of T-shirts. It's a more attractive icon - even to Abbott's detractors perhaps - than poor old Che Guevara, who's ageing about as fast as Germaine Greer.

Page after page of *On Dit* was occupied by think-pieces by reluctantly admiring or bewildered students talking about Abbott's presence highlighting the sterility of student politics. Even those who made a point of their dislike and distrust conceded that he was an accomplished speaker with a serious theme and that the rhetoric and slogans of student protest weren't up to the task of deterring or responding to him.

"The reaction to Federal Health Minister Tony Abbott's guest lecture was another example of the predictability of the progressive student movement."

"What a bloody rabble the protest against Tony Abbott was last Tuesday! Don't get me wrong, I think Abbott deserves to be toppled from his pedestal back into whatever hell spawned him, but come on people, get a grip!"

"Abbott has to be congratulated on keeping his cool and his cunning during the tumult."

"The ridiculous cross-slandering that occurred throughout Abbott's speech was an example of the lack of maturity on campus."

"Politics on campus right now is like a bad death-metal concert; all volume, no content, no originality."

The Democratic Club was delighted. It wasn't a case of being smug about a successful guest lecture. It was about establishing a point about public discourse on campus. The Democratic Club exists because that discourse is so thin, so shrill, so irrational and so removed from the life experience even of the people who chant the slogans, let alone the rest of us.

It's not necessary to agree with any given point - let alone the entirety - of Abbott's world view as summed up in the Inaugural James McAuley Memorial Lecture. It's enough to realise that it hangs together as a world view, that it was being put with some courage by a politician with considerable power and the prospect of greater authority in the future. He was inviting the kind of free exchange which much of the Left has always hated and tried to shout down. Those who asked sensible questions got sensible, considered and sometimes revealing answers. If we had more of a grown-up habit of debate there would have been much more

time for that exchange. Instead we got a lot "look at me, look at me" posturing from people who were neither interested in entering the debate nor allowing others to do so.

Had Abbott spoken more his already controversial headline making speech might have had even more impact - one of the few occasions when a visiting lecturer to Adelaide campus said anything the world took note of and which advanced (or perhaps undermined) the speaker's public career.

As it was, the McAuley oration was reported and commented on in all the country's serious newspapers. Some of the text appeared the next day in the opinion pages of *The Australian*. The letter columns of the broadsheets and the opinion pages were still dissecting it more than a week later.

As I said, the object of the exercise is not to be smug but to point out the difference between real debate about matters of substance and the feel good chanting of pieties to an audience of the already converted which is all Natasha Stott-Despoja has to offer.

The Democratic Club intends to have future speakers who have nothing much in common with Abbott apart from a message of substance. While we are attracted to unfashionable views which take courage to defend, we are above all interested in raising the standard of debate on campus about a whole range of issues that affect us. We take heart from the fact that the people in Abbott's audience who howled down the speaker and interrupted questions were seen by so many who wrote to *On Dit* as bad mannered, embarrassing, even thuggish.

Was Issue 5 a false dawn or an indication that student life doesn't have to be a smudged carbon copy of the 1970s? Some of the chants dated back almost to the Vietnam War. The Left-liberal pieties had some visitors who came to hear Abbott reminiscing about sit-ins of 1968. It would be nice to think that dissident students could rise to the occasion and be a bit more original or, failing that, treat visitors with ordinary civility and pay them the compliment of asking searching questions. When all the questioner's want is to hear the sound of their own voices, and the lecturer can't be heard in reply, all we have left is a dialogue of the deaf.

Aaron Russell

President, Democratic Club

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Dear Tristan et al,
 Here is my article, late as can be.
 You will note that not only have I violated the deadline but I have also abused the word limit.
 This is all so reading last week's bit of OnDit the first part of the article is almost a letter to the editor. Tristan, in your editorial you said that no...
 down on the...
 late, fe...
 Also, why...
 this...
 Also, why doesn't someone write an article on parents who walk their toddlers around on...
 about. why just two days ago while I was sitting in Adelaide Airport I saw someone walking their two year old child in a harness style leash. Now that is definitely not the sort of picture you want popping up at your 21st. I think you should sick one of your subeditors onto this previously ignored issue.

REAL Life Impact?

Kind Regards,
 Andrew Perry

Recently, one can't walk around our university's campus without hearing criticism surrounding the low amount and limits on income support provided to students in the form of Youth Allowance, the deregulation of HECS and subsequent barriers of access to tertiary education, and in some cases the low numbers of bulkbilling GPs who wont charge a payment gap to uni students. While these issues are all important to us it doesn't hurt to sit back and think for a second that for two thirds of our world these small issues aren't a concern.

Rather, for the people in these countries their priority is earning enough to feed themselves and their families each day, where education is seen as a luxury and healthcare is often rudimentary or non-existent.

It is with this situation in mind that a new group has formed at the University of Adelaide aimed at working with these developing communities, specifically in the area of health.

Now before you write us off as feral, left wing, vegan, non-earrings, eye-brow pierced student activists, think again. This organisation has as one of its central tenets that it will remain apolitical as a group to avoid receiving such a limiting label. You will not see us march under our organisation's banner or yell abuse at visiting speakers, wearing labelled t-shirts.

Real change is rarely effected by screaming, placard-waving students hijacking opportunities for rational discussion as happened with the visits of recent politicians.

Rather it is through careful targeting of areas of potential change, a highlighting of their deficiencies and then offering a palatable, workable solution that offers the best chance of success. And in order to even get these potential alternatives to the people who matter you have to have at least a working relationship with these people. You don't have to like, agree with or respect people like Minister Abbott who are the decision makers - but you do have to engage with them in a manner conducive to getting your point across that does not antagonise them.

It is with this in mind that the group *Insight* was established late last year. *Insight* is a subcommittee of the Adelaide Medical Student's Society dedicated to international health. Our vision statement is as follows:

1. To promote understanding of health issues in developing communities and the multiple factors that contribute to these.
2. To provide opportunities for hands-on involvement within these communities.

Insight is an organisation that is, and always will be, focused on health. To branch out too far beyond this is to risk losing focus.

Having said that the group recognises that health is made up of more than just the absence of illness and disease, needs more than just stethoscopes and hospitals and

most importantly is provided by more than just doctors and nurses. The provision of health care in any country does not occur in a vacuum and is hugely affected by economic, legal, social, cultural and political factors to name but a few. It is hard to effect long-term sustainable improvements to health without corresponding progress in areas such as education, law and infrastructure. As such the group has made the decision that **membership will be open, and indeed welcomed, from disciplines outside medicine.** In fact we have placed **no restrictions whatsoever on our membership** as we feel that there should be no barriers to people willing to step up to the plate.

Some of the activities we will be doing this year include:

- Running lectures, seminars and workshops based around the causes and solutions to ill health in developing countries. This will draw from a wide range of speakers and topics including the role of international politics and global economics e.g. World Bank and WTO
- Providing members with opportunities to have hands-on involvement including working bees with Rotary International and placements with the Migrant Resource Centre
- Working with faculties such as the medical faculty to enable parts of the curriculum to focus on the developing world.

So if you are a person who feels they want to be a part of a group that is solidly focused on achieving better outcomes for developing countries - but don't want to scream and wave a sign while doing it - then we encourage you to consider being a part of our organisation.

For more information visit www.amss.asn.au/insight or email insight@amss.asn.au.

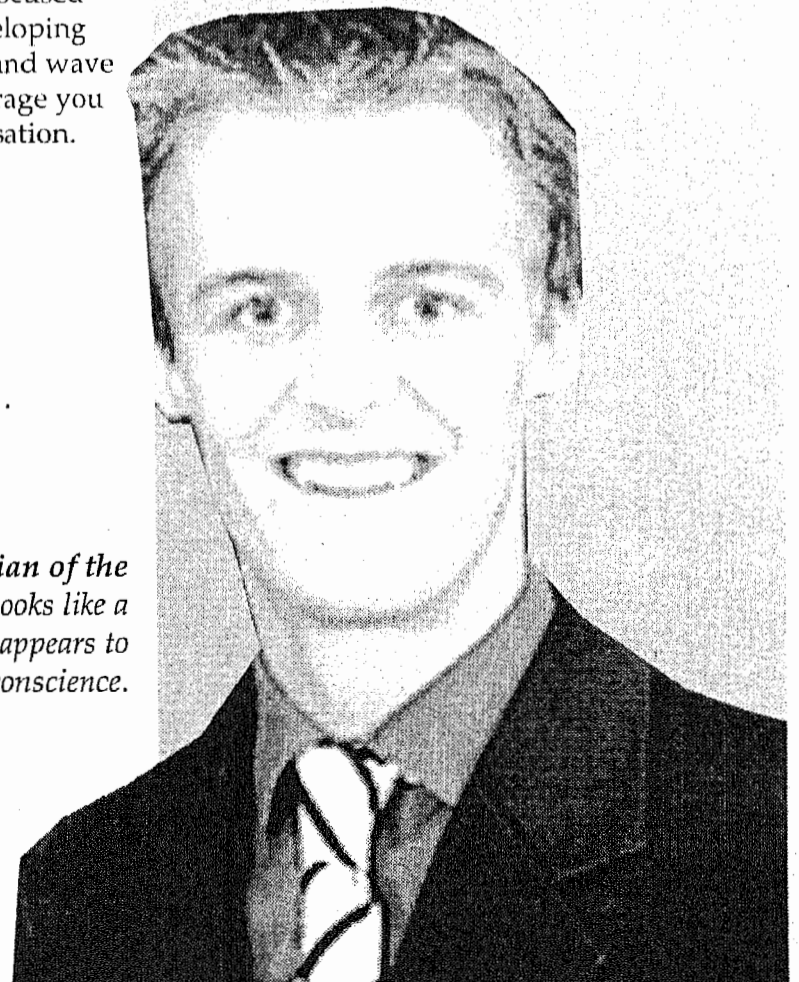
Andrew Perry

INAUGURAL EVENT

We are proud to announce that *Insight's* inaugural event will be a presentation by the **2004 Young Australian of the Year, Hugh Evans.** Hugh, who is a 20-year-old Law student from Melbourne, received this national honour for his work in establishing The OakTree Foundation, a youth-run aid organisation that has as its mission statement "*To empower developing communities through education in a way that is sustainable.*" Hugh will talk about how a group of young people can make a significant contribution using The Oak Tree Foundation as an example.

Any Uni of Adelaide student or member of the general public is invited to this event, which will be held on Monday April 5 at 5.30pm for a 6pm start in the Robson Lecture Theatre, Eleanor Harrald Building, Royal Adelaide Hospital. Entrance is off Frome Rd, about 100m up the road from the medical school towards North Terrace.

2004 Young Australian of the Year, Hugh Evans. Looks like a heartless preppie, but appears to have a conscience.



Vox Pop

Questions

1. Where do you think Elvis is now?
2. Who really shot JFK?
3. What actually caused the Titanic to sink?

Nick

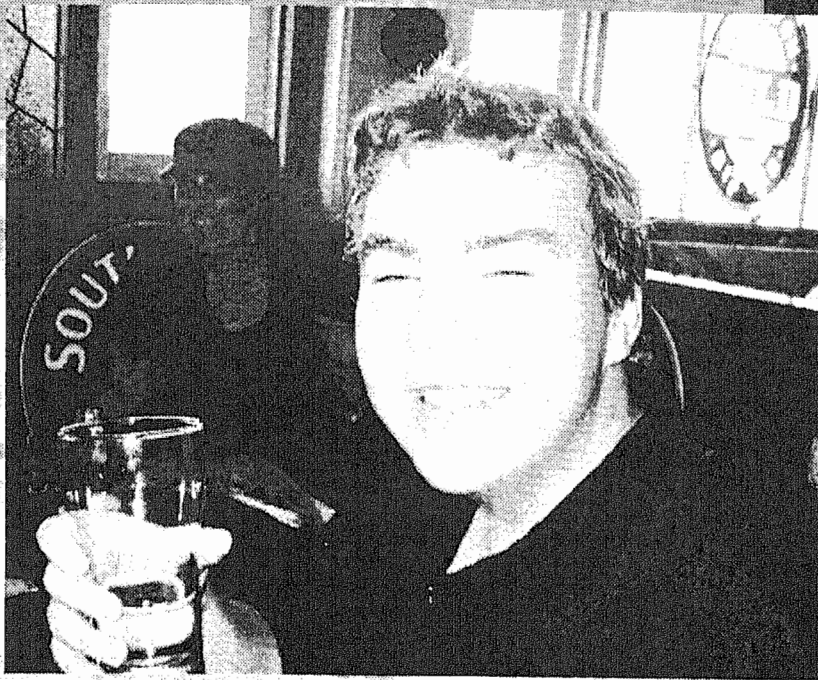
1. In New York doing Elvis impressions.
2. Aladdin's monkey. Formerly known as Abu.
3. Meteorites. Obviously

Bullwinkle

1. Working at Mix 102.3. He's the love song dedications dude.
2. Bubbles the Chimp.
3. Evil Leprechauns.

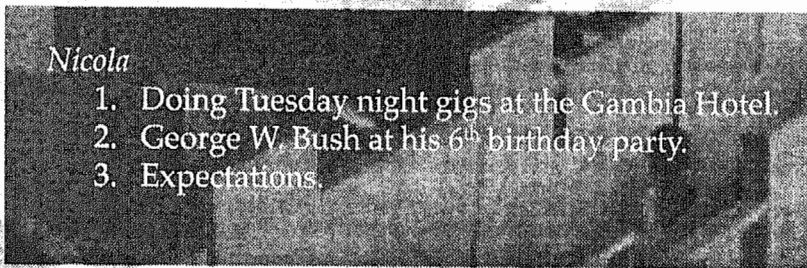
Kim and Simon (lovebirds)

1. K: Hiding under Ayres Rock. Incognito.
S: Probably lathering up in a vat of butter somewhere.
2. K: Commie-bastards
S: Bert.
3. K: Leonardo DiCaprio's bad acting.
S: An elaborate suicide attempt



Tim

1. In Czechoslovakia working as a traffic warden.
2. Papa Smurf
3. Angry Seals



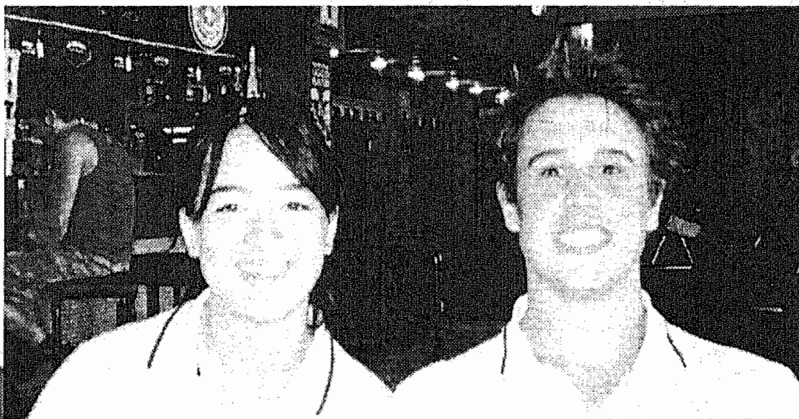
Nicola

1. Doing Tuesday night gigs at the Gambia Hotel.
2. George W. Bush at his 6th birthday party.
3. Expectations.



George and Nicole

1. G: I think he's dead...
N: Attempting an extremely unsuccessful singing career through Lisa Marie.
2. G: Lisa Marie.
N: Nixon. I hate Nixon.
3. G: Fat Americans.
N: The Japanese.



Susan and Will

1. S: He's running around with a turban on his head.
W: He's naked in my bed.
2. S: Elvis Bin Laden
W: I did. I blew my wad on his face and he choked.
3. S: The turtle...
W: I filled the hull with my semen and it got too heavy.



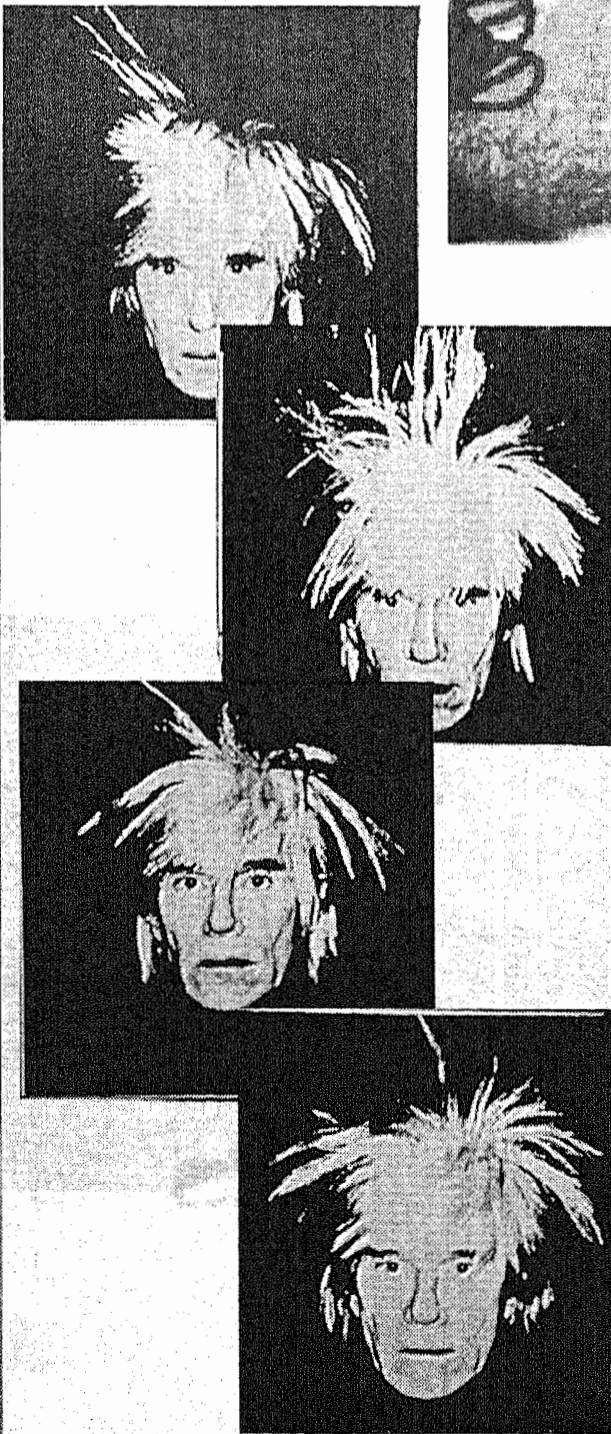
This dude's a sick monkey. When did Vox Pop get so CRUDE?

The incredible amount of mind-blowing art, culture, music, fashion and literature that has consistently come out of New York reminds me of the saying;

"If you have enough monkeys banging randomly on typewriters..."

New York has a population of almost 20 million and just about all of them has a typewriter. I cannot even begin to comment on how New York works, and how these amazing people just flow out of it, and I bet even it's own residents don't know the formula. You could say it is because of the massive population of people stacked on top of each other, but that occurs in many other countries. You could blame it on the high crime rates, pollution, a do or die economics and job structure, the huge financial gap between New York's ghettos and high rise apartments, but all of these are similar to other 'regal' Western cities. But what does make New York rise above its contemporaries is that it's just so fucking cool. Look at those who you associate most with New York, its cultural figureheads; Lou Reed, Mr New York himself. Laurie Anderson, Queen of experimental art and music, Run DMC, Beastie Boys, Allan Ginsburg, Burroughs, Pollock, Scorsese. The list is immense and impossible to complete. New York has been the birthplace of some of the most important and relevant movements in the world - the original Beats all met up there, Punk was born in 1974 in the Bowery - not to mention the epicentre of Pop art in the fifties and sixties, Andy Warhol's 'Factory'.

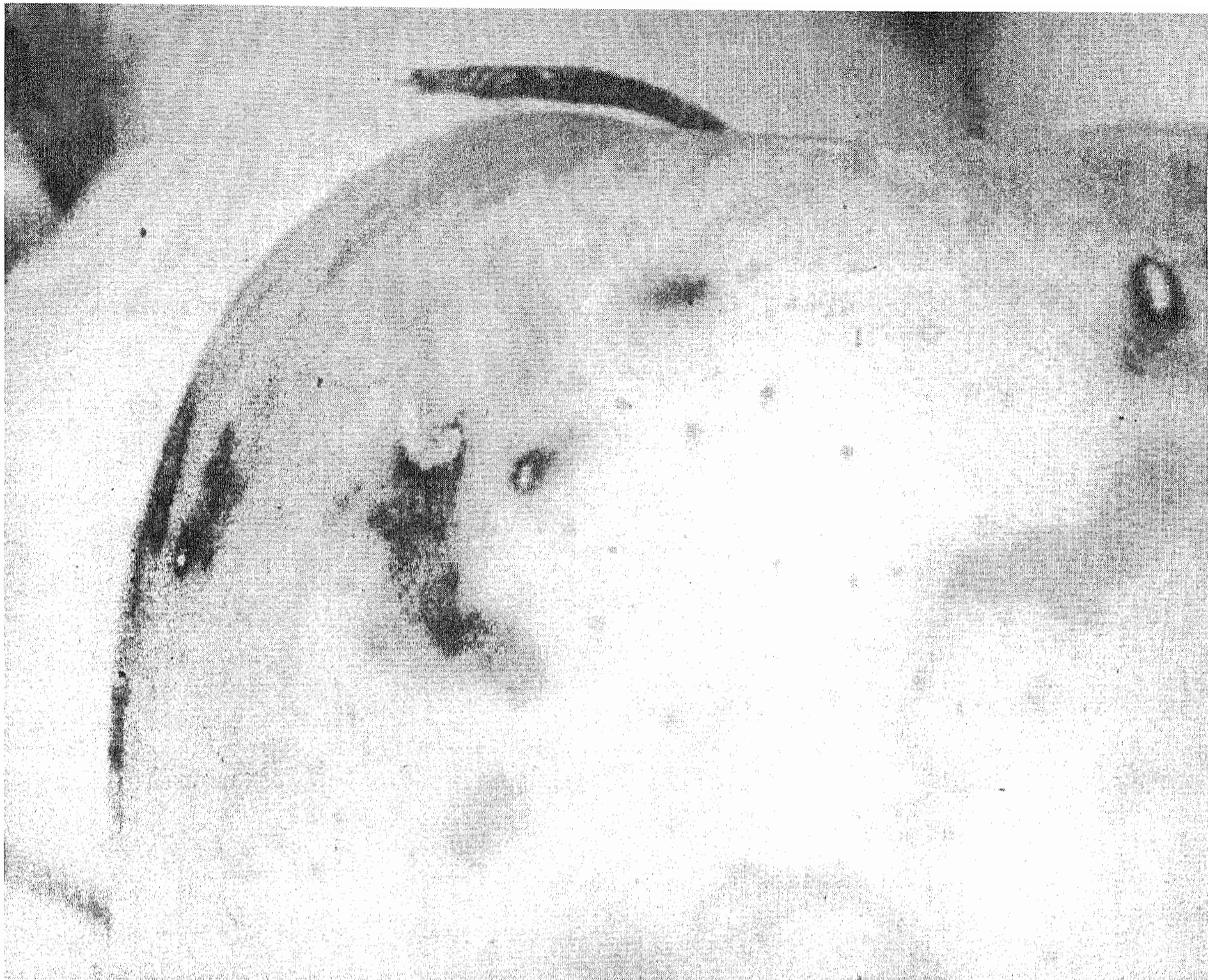
Why I love New York By Jimmy Trash



The city is so far ahead of its time that the phrase 'New York' used as an adjective is common when referring to music, fashion, art and film. However, the term is not that nice. It is never uttered in the same sentence alongside 'pleasant' or 'pretty'. The characters who helped coin this term were not philanthropists or righteous. In fact they weren't even sober.

These architects of New York's image were daring, controversial, and basically, dirty assin. Drug fuelled maniacs achieving fame through notoriety just as much as sheer brilliance. When Punk's origins were bearing out of CBGBs, it saw people like Tuinal-chewing poor kids The Ramones playing to escape boredom, psychotic maniac Patti Smith being adored instead of institutionalised. Warhol's factory bred his own amphetamine-fuelled team of artists, supporting his own team of crazies, including The Velvet Underground. I need not explain the state of William Burroughs and his ilk's habits.

The summation of New York's defiled art/fashion crossover occurred somewhere in the early eighties. From the filthiest quarters of New York sprung a group of artists that concerned themselves only with the graphic atrocity of human nature. The Transgression art movement, featuring photographer/filmmaker Richard Kern, musicians Sonic Youth and Lydia Lunch, and overall weirdo Nick Zedd. For me this was the essence of New York, adventurous, unafraid of criticism or censorship, and totally hip. And that is why I love New York.



In the early years of the nineteenth century, refugees from war-torn Europe began arriving in New York in great numbers. Many were remnants of the crumbling French aristocracy, forced to seek refuge abroad from the dread "Monsieur Guillotine." Arriving here without funds or friends, many of these were forced to survive, as one contemporary put it, "by their wits or worse."

One of these, arriving in late 1803 or early 1804, was Mlle. Evelyn Claudine de Saint-Évremond. Daughter of a noted courtier, wit, and littérateur, and herself a favorite of Marie Antoinette, Evelyn was by all accounts remarkably attractive: beautiful, vivacious, and well-educated, and she was soon a society favorite. For reasons never disclosed, however, a planned marriage the following year to John Hamilton, son of the late Alexander Hamilton, was called off at the last minute. Soon after, with support from several highly placed admirers, she established a salon -- in fact, it appears to have been an elegantly furnished bordello -- in a substantial house that still stands at 142 Bond Street, then one of the city's most exclusive residential districts.

Evelyn's establishment quickly won, and for several decades maintained, a formidable reputation as the most entertaining and discreet of the city's many "temples of love," a place not only for lovemaking, but also for elegant dinners, high-stakes gambling, and witty conversation. The girls, many of them fresh arrivals from Paris or London, were noted for their beauty and bearing. More than a few of them, apparently, were actually able to secure wealthy husbands from among the establishment's

clientele.

When New Yorkers insisted on anglicizing her name to "Eve," Evelyn apparently found the biblical reference highly amusing, and for her part would refer to the temptresses in her employ as "my irresistible apples." The young men-about-town soon got into the habit of referring to their amorous adventures as "having a taste of Eve's Apples." This knowing phrase established the speaker as one of the "in" crowd, and at the same time made it clear he had no need to visit one of the coarser establishments that crowded nearby Mercer Street, for instance. The enigmatic reference in Philip Hone's famous diary to "Ida, sweet as apple cider" (October 4, 1838) has been described as an oblique reference to a visit to what had by then become a notorious but cherished civic institution.

The rest, as they say, is etymological history.

The sexual connotation of the word "apple" was well known in New York and throughout the country until around World War I. The *Gentleman's Directory of New York City* (1870), a privately published guide to the town's "houses of assignation," confidently asserted that "in freshness, sweetness, beauty, and firmness to the touch, New York's apples are superior to any in the New World or indeed the Old." Meanwhile, various "apple" catch-phrases -- "the Apple Tree," "the Real Apple," etc. -- were used as synonyms for New York City itself, which boasted (if that is the term) more houses of ill repute *per capita* than any other major U.S. municipality.

William Jennings Bryan, though hardly the first to denounce New York as a sink of iniquity, appears

to have been the first to use the "apple" epithet in public discourse, branding the city, in a widely reprinted 1892 campaign speech, as "the foulest Rotten Apple on the Tree of decadent Federalism." The *double-entendre* -- i.e., as a reference to both political and sexual corruption -- would have been well understood by voters of the time.

The term "Big Apple" or "The Apple" had already passed into general use as a sobriquet for New York City by 1907, when one guidebook included the comment, "Some may think the Apple is losing some of its sap." Interestingly, the phrase had also become pretty well "sanitized" in the process, thanks to a vigorous campaign mounted just after the turn of the century by the Apple Marketing Board, a trade group based in upstate Cortland, New York. Alarmed by sharply declining sales, the Association launched what some believe to be the earliest example of what would now be called a "product positioning campaign."

By devising and energetically promoting such slogans as "An apple a day keeps the Doctor away" and "as American as apple pie!" the A.M.B. was able to successfully "rehabilitate" the apple as a popular comestible, free of unsavory associations. It is believed that the group also distributed apples to the poor for sale on the city's streets during the Great Depression (1930-38). No convincing documentary evidence has been produced to support this, however.

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Society for New York City History,
Education Committee.

SAUA OFFICE BEARERS

Alice Campbell
SAUA Prez



Kate Stryker
Sexuality Officer



Kellie Armstrong-Smith
Women's Officer



Welcome to week 5, especially you Sam!* So, what do we have in store for you this week? Well, it's the week of the **National Day of Action** of course! This means all across Australia, students will be out and about showing their university administrations and the federal government exactly what they think of a 25% increase in HECS and a huge increase in upfront fee paying places. At this campus we will be having a range of guest speakers to talk about higher education issues starting from **1pm**, just outside **Union Hall**. It will be your chance to express your concerns as students and help formulate a solution to deal with the current issues that students face. I'd love to hear everyone's thoughts about higher education and what sort of system you'd like our universities to have.

I also want to remind you all to put in submissions about the Higher Education Support Act to the university's Office of Planning and Development. The Vice-Chancellor sent out an all student email on Friday 19 March, which asks students for their opinions about the changes to our university funding structure. It is vital that as many students as possible let the university know how they feel about an increase in HECS and upfront fees. **Submissions are due on Friday April 2** so get them in now and make your voices heard! If you want any help with them, don't hesitate to contact us.

See you at the NDA,

Alice

*and you too Cronin!

Hey folks,
Well, another year, another resignation in the Sexuality Department. Alan Han, the Male Sexuality Officer, resigned a couple of weeks ago, saying he had to concentrate on his Honours. In the interest of providing some stability to the department, Council has decided to appoint me as the sole Sexuality Officer, rather than spending a great deal of your student services fee paying for a by-election. We have been blessed with a very competent and active standing committee in the department this year and we all believe that between myself and the standing committee, we can perform all the duties required from the department. We will be including a question in the upcoming referendum regarding the department restructure. Basically, we'll be asking you to change the system so that instead of two officers, which clearly isn't working, we have a single officer, non-gender specific (anyone may run for the position), paid for half-time, with a full vote on Council. We are also looking at the possibility of renaming the department to a Queer department. This is a contentious issue, and if any of you have any questions or feedback on the department, or the proposed changes, please do not hesitate to contact me at katherine.stryker@adelaide.edu.au, or come down and visit me at the Students' Association.

Of course, we still serve the same functions as we always did, so if you have any queries or issues related to sexuality or sexual health, contact me at the above and I'll do anything I can to help. If any of you boys out there feel uncomfortable talking to a woman about any issues you may have, and Chris Gent is an Education Welfare Officer (EWO), located just behind Union Reception, and is more than happy to discuss any issues you might have.

Cheers,
Stryker

CHARLIZE ANGELS AND BINGE DRINKING

Dear female students;

WHAT'S GOING ON?

When it comes to binge drinking (drinking until you're sick, spewing up on your boyfriend/girlfriend and then getting carted to hospital to have your stomach pumped) us girls know how it's done. Honestly, why do we chronically binge drink? I'd love to know. I don't really get out too much, but those of you who do regularly and know why girls are dropping to the floor from alcohol consumption like flies in Antarctica, would you care to inform me? (yogachic_@hotmail.com).

Apparently, we are becoming extremely dangerous drinkers. Peer pressure? Drink flavour? (We tend to like sweet, 'soft-drink' like grog) Smaller bodies capable of holding less alcohol? We're getting so dangerous in fact, not only when we have to go to hospital in a screaming ambulance, but also when we get into a car stone drunk, and at house parties. And this doesn't even start on the drink spiking that's escalating.

When we're so drunk we can't speak or when we're not watching our backs and our drinks have drugs added to them possibly by people we *know and trust*, we are very easy targets for men that may very well want to rape us.

This is serious stuff.

On a lighter note, or perhaps a related one, we've started a new web group called Charlize Angles! What do we talk about on there? Anything remotely connected to being a femme. Oh, and there are some cool links to those outrageous Guerilla Girls' posters. So please check it out at CharlizesAngels@groups.msn.com.

You may just even write and tell me what's up with the binging....

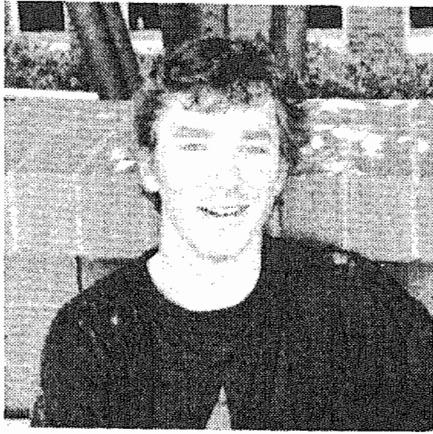
Regards, Kellie
PS - I had to be serious this week.

PPS - Our Must Ask Martha column is not possible due to the lovely lady's current trip to Bongalooloo.

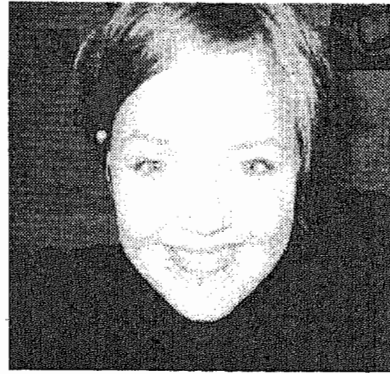
Aurelia Stapleton
Education Vice - President



Stephen Kellett
Environment Officer



Bek Cornish Activities
Campaigns Vice-President



There are a number of issues worth drawing your attention to this week.

Firstly, Student Elections to Faculty Boards and Departmental Committees will be happening next week! If you haven't put in your nomination form yet please do so immediately as you only have a couple of days left. Otherwise, make sure you get around to meeting your student representative in week six as these people will be your voice when it comes to important issues that really affect you in your specific department or faculty (eg dodgy facilities or lecturers).

Secondly, our **National Day of Action** is **this Wednesday**. I hope to see as many of you there as possible to support our opposition to the increases in fees, to the cessation of our text book subsidy and to the generally appalling attitude of our government towards our universities and our country's future.

Thirdly, next week will be **Education Week!** Throughout the week we will be promoting current important issues in higher education so that you and your fellow students are aware of what is going around you. If you don't believe that our higher education system is in crisis or if you don't understand why we constantly promote rallies and other forms of protest then please come and find out! There are lots of people involved in our education campaigns around campus. We will be out and about in Education Week so we encourage you to talk to us and ask us any questions you may have. You can also pick up a flyer or two, sign a petition **join our education collective** or get a cheap bite to eat.

aurelia.stapleton@adelaide.edu.au

"It's not pollution that's ruining the environment, it's impurities in the air and water."

(George Dubbya Bush)

Respect goes out to all who risk life and limb, day in and day out on their bike in this cyclist unfriendly city. This recognition is deserved simply because of the ridiculously dangerous conditions that Adelaide bike riders face every day. Making it to the intended destination without being hospitalised, knocked over, or at the least cut off by some selfish driver, is about the equivalent of winning Gold in the coming Athens Olympics.

Seriously though, bike riding in Adelaide is an extreme sport. So much so that those dickheads from *Jackass* are contemplating riding down Unley Road as part of their next series because it's just such a zany and crazy experience! Dodging buses, Commodores, and the like (along with all the vehicles that obstruct bike lanes to make matters even worse), is a daily occurrence for anyone on two wheels. It is however, every person's right to be able to jump on a bike and ride safely to any destination that they choose, without fear of being harmed or injured. Easier said than done, however.

The paradox is that the most effective way of solving the current problem is this. Get on your bike! Get out in force and be a positive cyclist. Write letters to the council demanding more bike friendly initiatives in and around the CBD. When someone cuts you off, don't hurl every form of abuse under the sun whilst giving the single finger salute. Instead, bide your time because chances are that bad drivers will be picked up at a later date. Later on in the year, the Environment Department will be having a 'Reclaim the Roads' ride that will involve as many riders as possible doing a mass circuit around the CBD, in an effort to raise awareness for cyclists and promote bike riding. Info will be made available closer to the date. Keep on ridin!

PROSH Planning Session

Thanks very much to those students who came along to the prosh planning session to suggest ideas for our annual Prosh festival! We will be having another one this week same time and place (**Rumours, 3pm, Thursday**) so come along if you have ideas, or if you'd like to suggest ideas for any other activity you'd like to see happen this year. All your ideas are welcome!

What's happening this week?

We have two FREE BBQ's planned for this week, so come on out to the Maths Lawns (where O'Week festivities occurred) for some great food (including vego options) on Wednesday **31st of March** and Friday **2nd of April**, from about 12.30 onwards. Chill out with the wicked vibes of Student Radio and enjoy uni life with your Students' Association reps!

Cinema On The Lawns

We have had to push this event back a little due to some unforeseen circumstances that have halted production, but it will be happening so keep your eyes on this space for the date!

Natural Therapies Day

This event is also coming up. We are looking for any students who are involved in any natural therapy type roles- can you give therapeutic massage? Can you read tarot cards? Can you teach people about aroma therapy? can you lead yoga or meditation? If so, we'd love for you to be a part of our event! Contact me on the details below for more information.

Students in Bands

Are you in a band? We want you too! Not just for the Natural Therapies Day, but for any events we have coming up this year. If you'd like to perform to the student market, as I said before, contact me on the details below.

In the meantime, enjoy this week, come to our BBQ's and enjoy life!

Love Bek

bek.cornish@adelaide.edu.au
Office- 8303 5406

F I L M



The Girard family were that much closer after Arcand discovered that he could download porn on his wheelchair computer.

The Barbarian Invasions (Les Invasions Barbares)

Director: Denys Arcand

Starring: Remy Girard, Stephane Rousseau, Marie-Josée Croze and Dorothee Berryman

The winner of the 2004 Oscar for best foreign language picture, *The Barbarian Invasions* is a French-Canadian production surrounding the final months of a father's life as he reflects on his life, friends, family and successes.

Arcand's script centers around Remy (Remy Girard), a retired academic who spent most of his professional life lecturing at universities on global politics and world history. While generally well regarded in his career, his private life has been less of a success. Due to his multiple infidelities and generally stubborn nature he has been divorced from Louise (Dorothee Berryman) for some time and distanced from his son Sebastien (Stephane Rousseau) who has since taken up residence in London. Sebastien is a successful businessman, a capitalist that Henry Ford himself would be proud of. When Remy's health begins to degenerate Sebastien and his wife are called back home to Montreal to be with their father. This provides a chance for them to confront past disagreements and attempt to heal old wounds. Rather than use the time to sit and talk with his father, Sebastien attempts to bring comfort to his father by spending as much money as he can to acquire private hospital rooms and persuade old students to visit. This leads to several disagreements between father and son over their differing opinions on what's "really important in life". When Remy's illness is found to be terminal,

more and more ghosts from his past come to visit. Friends, colleagues and mistresses come back to reminisce on how things were back in the day. Remy is also introduced to heroin by Nathalie (Marie-Josée Croze) in an attempt to deflect the pain caused by his illness. The film culminates with a bourgeois dinner party where the merry band nostalgically yammer about their lives together and laugh at the big joke that is life.

The Barbarian Invasions is something of a sequel to Arcand's 1986 *The Decline of the American Empire*, a few of the actors from that film make repeat appearances here. It's quite easy to see why this film won the Oscar in the Foreign language film category, it's just the type that does, the kind of pseudo-intellectual 'art' film that considers itself to be far more intelligent than it is, and Americans can consider themselves intelligent for rewarding. It's a movie that considers itself intelligent because it can rattle off a list of 'isms'. Never mind that we have no idea what existentialism actually is, just put it in the script; the Oscar people will love it! Arcand is obviously quite strongly influenced by the films of Ingmar Bergman, the story that appears here of an intellectual who is faced with death reminiscing on his life was quite common to Bergman's movies, *Wild Strawberries* being a prime, and far superior, example. Unfortunately *The Barbarian Invasions* lacks the insight and originality of Bergman and in the end it's nothing more than a simple and tired genre film.

Danny Wills



Camp

Director: Todd Graff

Starring: Daniel Letterle, Joanna Chilcoat, Robin de Jesus

"This one time, at band camp..."

The premise of *Camp* sounds promising. Attending a summer camp is a diverse group of teenagers with one thing in common – they are all musical theatre aspirants. This creation from novice director, Todd Graff, is entertaining but mostly uninspiring.

The opening scene of a rousing gospel number cuts to introducing our three main players.

Michael (Robin De Jesus) is a misunderstood homosexual teen, beaten up when he attends his high school prom in drag. Best buddy Ellen (Joanna Chilcoat) is unpopular at school and begs her brother to be her prom date. The arrival of Vlad (Daniel Letterle) at Camp Ovation arouses the interest of both Michael and Ellen and the expected love triangle emerges. Also along for the ride is a collection of minor characters, not adequately developed.

Every fortnight a new musical theatre show is performed, but we discover the real drama at camp isn't on the stage. The setting of a music camp is unusual for a teen movie and this makes the exploration of identity, first love, body image and sexual confusion more interesting and authentic. Yet through representing the kids as a group of misfits, *Camp* succumbs to stereotypes: Michael is gay and unhappy, Ellen is boyfriend-less and desperate for attention, Vlad is attractive and everyone's obsession, the bitch is blonde, the campers have no athletic ability etc.

Still, *Camp* is well performed. The musical numbers are surprisingly impressive despite a limited budget. Graff has chosen inexperienced actors that are talented both musically and dramatically. Some of the scenes are a little stilted but this merely conveys the awkwardness that is present in real relationships.

Michael and Ellen are good characterisations and worthy leads but Vlad can be an infuriating character. His need to please people appears shallow and his promiscuous ways become almost laughable. *Camp* seems to have suffered from focusing on its main trio – the subplots are more interesting. The funniest scene in the film is a delicious act of revenge played out by Fritzi (Anna Kendrick) and in contrast the most poignant scene is the finale of a beautiful and dignified ballad sung by the portly Jenna (Tiffany Taylor). These scenes show how *Camp* could have been received – with a raucous ovation rather than obligatory applause.

Simone Bannister

The Butterfly Effect

Directors: Eric Bress & J. Mackye Gruber
Starring: Aston Kutcher, Amy Smart & Eric Stoltz

The movie's title, refers to the chaos theory, that is, that small and insignificant incidents can set in motion a chain of events with far reaching consequences.

The movie begins with drowning, bizarre, *Pulp Fiction* like events in the boredom experienced by a group of teenagers through the blanking of Evan Treborn's mind. The portrayal of paedophilic and bullying infested suburbia takes a turn when Treborn delves into the blank mappings of his mind. He takes the knowledge from the present back to his suppressed memories and hopes to change events through his past selves, prompting an eerie display of child naivety come strength. However, he soon discovers that events are pre-determined by emotion rather than hollow actions and with the living out of each life, he can't seem to change the archetypal lives of his friends. Until he learns how to break true bonds.

The film falls into the new genre of films like *Run Lola Run* and *Donnie Darko* in raising issues about causality and smashing the linear abacus of time. There is an attempt at delving into issues of sanity in relation to time travel and psychic comprehension but *Donnie Darko* wins bunny ears down with its haunting images. Other films that come to mind are *Sliding Doors* and *Time Machine*. Like so many characters before him, Treborn's armed and alarmed with the foresight of the present. However, he goes back in memory rather than time, seeing into his past rather than the future, and reconstructing his memories.

Eric Bress & J. Mackye Gruber's authentic portrayal of cheap 80's décor and lingering

camera shots heightens the banality of suburban life, while the scenes themselves are cut short to heighten Treborn's turmoil. The film is also spun with a dash of special effects, of times colliding, whenever Treborn travels back in time as a result of reading his journal. The characters themselves seem very unreal, as if spliced with their surroundings, and at best they are comic book characters on a crusade of good versus evil. For a movie that tampers with the character's experience of time, there is great sensitivity given to the representation of time - as the initial stretches of banality enshrouding the horrific events turns the audience into shock absorbers. However, the film soon stumbles into the cinematic world of action shot after action shot. It's as if the movie itself becomes reconstructed by the audience's desire for more.

The movie's strength lies in its changing moods, as it's violent and eerie whilst retaining a sense of humour. Like a well worn individual. While the characters struggle to find harmony in their lives and their storyline becomes predictable in it's various endings, it's fun vying for a young Treborn to kick some butt. This film has the potential to delve into the depths of human experience but instead it delivers on entertainment in its frantic unleashing of events. This brings me back to the warning in the movie's title, of impeding chaos, as you'll find it in the jumbling of a perfectly great idea for a film.

Pieces of April

Director: Peter Hedges
Starring: Katie Holmes, Patricia Clarkson, Oliver Platt, Sean Hayes

Quirky...surprising...touching.

The dysfunctional American family theme has been exhausted but first-time director, Peter Hedges (writer of the remarkable *What's Eating Gilbert Grape?*), has made a solid attempt at refreshing this genre of film.

Pieces of April follows the story of April Burns (Katie Holmes) who has invited her family to her run-down Manhattan apartment for Thanksgiving dinner. The family is reluctant to attend as April is the first pancake - "the one you're supposed to throw out." Her dying mother, Joy, (Patricia Clarkson, in her Oscar-nominated role) insists that they go, aware that it will be the family's last Thanksgiving together.

The premise of a family's last chance for reconciliation promises to be a tearjerker but the mood of *Pieces of April* is quite different. It is laced with humour that ranges from black to slapstick. April's dinner plans are jeopardised when her oven fails to light and she has to frantically find a replacement. This brings her into contact with various neighbours. They are an eccentric ensemble, particularly Sean Hayes' hilariously suspicious oven-owner - his get-up complete with a toupee, fob watch and a pug dog called Bernadette. A hand-held camera style is used quite effectively to give the film a realistic, raw

Quoting Dan Murphy
<dan.murphy@student.adelaide.edu.au>:

>Hi guys.

>

>I'm not sure where you want to place
>this (maybe the film section?), but
>if you make a sufficient song and
>dance about it I will award you with
>the full version of quake 3.

Reply from On Dit
<ondit@adelaide.edu.au>:

>*gasp* Don't toy with us, Murphy.

Student TV wants your short films.

STUDENT TV IS PUTTING TOGETHER A SHOW BASED AROUND THE LIVE MUSIC PROGRAM LOCAL NOISE ON STUDENT RADIO. THE SHOW IN ITS CURRENT RADIO FORM AIRS FOR AN HOUR. A BAND PERFORMS FOR AROUND 40 MINUTES AND THEN THEY'RE INTERVIEWED WITH CDS BEING PLAYED BETWEEN INTERVIEWS AND SETS. IT IS THESE SPOTS WE WOULD LIKE TO FILL WITH YOUR FILMS. ALL MATERIAL MUST BE BETWEEN 3 - 6 MINUTES LONG AND SUPPLIED ON SP MINI DV OR DV CAM FORMAT. IF YOU'RE INTERESTED, PLEASE EMAIL STUDENT.RADIO@ADELAIDE.EDU.AU FOR MORE INFO.



edge. This accompanies the film's sharp dialogue, particularly from Joy as the family travels to Manhattan. Finding the cramped car journey suffocating, she lashes out with cruel comments that make both her family and the audience flinch. A stand-out scene involves Joy marvelling at her son's photography - a before and after shot of her mastectomy. Clarkson superbly conveys Joy's anger about her illness, combining bitterness with frailty.

The cast has an exceptional rapport. The bickering between the Burns family is honest and natural; they have perfectly captured a family trying to live normally amidst trauma.

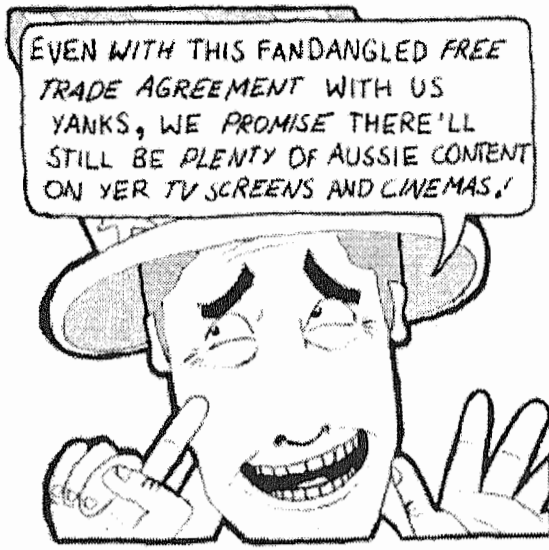
One fault is the focus on April. She is the least interesting of the characters and the part only requires Holmes to have an expression of distress for 80 minutes. Still, Holmes gives a genuine performance and does well in her first lead role.

Pieces of April succeeds because it has a wonderful mixture of drama and humour. The uncomfortable scenes in the film work so well because they are also touching. Although we are aware that the film is leading to reconciliation, it does not seem contrived. Boasting an impressive cast, this is a truly genuine and warm film. If you see *Pieces of April* with no expectations, you will find it a surprising and rewarding experience.

Simone Bannister

23

ROOM 237 by OZ



Rat Pfink a Boo Boo 1966

Just the title of this obscure cheap film is enough to put it into the realms of trash superstardom. The misspelling of "fink" couldn't be corrected after the credits were shot since the money ran out, so the title changed to accommodate the error. This said, the film is absolutely outrageous. It features rockstar Lonnie Lord, who never goes anywhere without a guitar because he never knows when he has to play, who falls in love with Ceebee Beaumont, a beautiful rich girl who laughs at his jokes and cant play sport for shit. While he is playing a barbeque watusi go-go party, three

psychopathic brutes beat up Ceebee's simpleton gardener, Titus Twimbley, and set off with her. The brutality in which they take her is disturbing, and makes you think they are going to rape her in all five holes, yet all they do is drop her on some dudes backyard and watch her squirm.

Titus and rockstar Lonnie put on a whole lot of inside out underwear and turn into Rat Pfink and Boo Boo, protectors of women and children everywhere. What ensues is a twenty minute fight scene, and after all the gang has been dealt with, escaped Kogar the Gorilla joins in, and after he is dealt with they all dance (including the guy in the gorilla suit) on the beach for another fifteen minutes.

High Points:

Way cool red film used
Ceebee is a real gone girl
The fight scenes are hilarious
The 'Rat Cycle'

Low Points

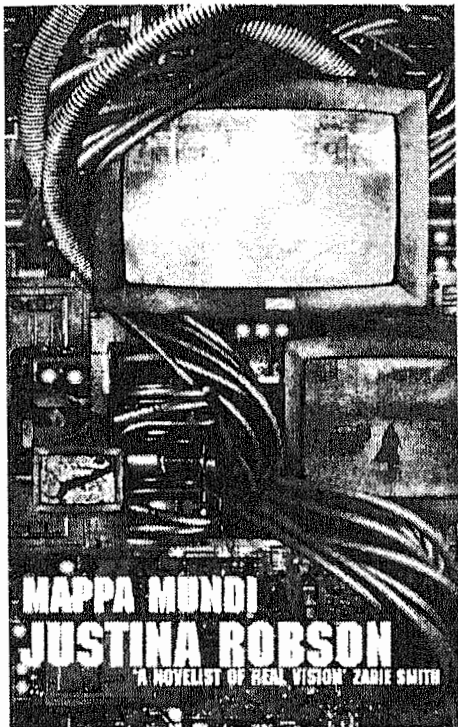
It's so bad.
No shit.



L I T E R A T U R E

L I T E R A T U R E

L i t e r a t u r e .



Mappa Mundi **Justina Robson** Pan Books

On first picking up Justina Robson's *Mappa Mundi* it is easy to become confused. Robson throws a broad array of characters in the readers face and then simply walks away with her story of violence and sabotage. The reader that reads on however is drawn into an intricately woven plot of events and the first impressions of the novel are seen to be misleading.

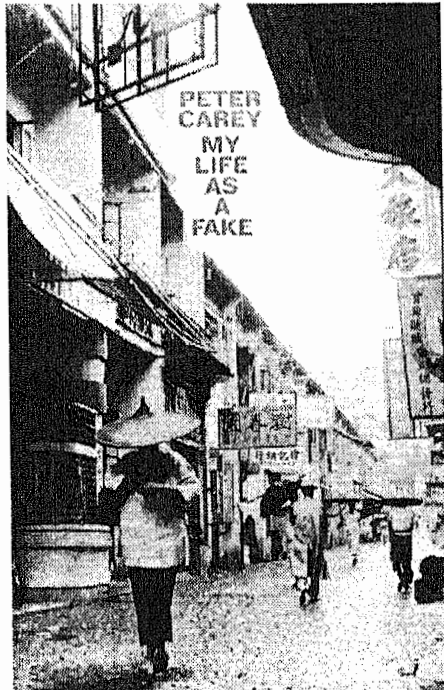
Mappa Mundi takes humanity on from the point at which the Human Genome project will leave us in an indistinct near future. So ambiguous is the author towards giving a date at which the novel is set that she only mentions it once on page 182. The world in which the novel is set is one of all-encompassing "Pads" which function as mobile communicators, cameras and computers all in one; and advancements in medical research- particularly in the area of Medicine.

Natalie Armstrong is a Doctor working on a project which aims to map the human brain and use this knowledge to alter how it functions. As far as Natalie knows this treatment is too be used to help the mentally ill, when Agent Jude Westhorpe of the FBI comes into the picture revealing the sinister truth along with him.

On the outset the plot of this novel seems fairly clichéd but Robson provides unique insights into the working of the human mind and raises questions as to what it could

be capable of. *Mappa Mundi* takes its reader on a fast-paced journey full of twists and turns and side-plots. Characters, whom at first seemed like utterly distant beings to each other end up being responsible for the other's life and vice-versa; Separate storylines link together at different stages following carefully mapped out paths; and The language of the book is simple, fluent and doesn't assume you're a complete idiot.

Kavya



My Life As A Fake **Peter Carey** Random House Publishing

This is the latest book by well known and decorated Peter Carey. It centres around the life of Christopher Chubb, who in 1940s Australia decided to try and teach the country a lesson on pretension and authenticity. He created an imaginary poet Bob McCorkle, a working-class man with powerful sexy style, who has died and left his work to his sister. A literary magazine gets hold of and publishes the work. Unfortunately the editor gets prosecuted for 'publishing obscenity', and at his trial a man identical to a faked photograph of Bob McCorkle leaps to his feet in rage and is kicked out of the court. All very strange, but so the story goes.

One of the interesting things about this book is that it is told by a female English editor, who finds a tortured Christopher Chubb in Kuala Lumpur,

and listens to his story. This style is similar to Peter Carey's previous book *The True Story of the Kelly Gang*. So essentially you have a story being told inside a story, which is skilfully done and is always interesting.

Peter Carey's forte is his characters, as his style enables the reader to clearly imagine and empathise with each individual character, which draws you into the story and creates great suspense and expectation. This is shown throughout the book, which is centered on one character.

The book is also written without quotation marks, which make it very easy to read, as much of the story is told in a conversation setting. The story is also written into short chapters of around three to eight pages, which also makes it easy to digest, and the changes in character easy to follow.

In short this book is based around a very interesting topic and the writing is beautifully done, with great characters. The meaning of the title is also left to the end, and it's always nice to know what the title of a book really means, so read it and find out!

Kirra



Paycheck **Philip K. Dick** Gollancz Publishing

Just as so no-one gets confused, *Paycheck* is a collection of short stories, compiled from the archived material belonging to the estate of the author. The stories were written between 1953 and 1973, so if any major fan already has everything published from

that era, this collection isn't going to add anything new.

A claw, controlled in the past, appears in midair, mid-conversation and swipes an object from a lady's purse. Score 7/7 for the hero.

The nicest machines do the unfriendliest of things. In the backyard, next to the broken fence two robots are fighting to the death.

In wartime, humans entrust manufacturing and supply to a fully automated factory. In the aftermath, the factory is frantically consuming resources and refuses to relinquish control. The factory still has one card left to play.

A father refuses to accept the visions of his son and lobotomizes him, only to end up living in the vision-world.

A husband finds his wife in bed with someone else and makes them live in his world.

Beyond deodorant and flamethrower wars, the entire planet goes to the polls to decide if people should compulsorily have their sweat glands removed. A robotic analyst tows the government line.

Robot operated missiles are systematically destroying the continent. A time-quake catapults a family into the middle of this war zone.

Each story is engineered to keep you in suspense for a few pages and then deliver a twist at the end. Some twists are clever, others are easily anticipated. On the whole the stories have dated a little bit. The collection is one of soft sci-fi, almost fantasy, which may leave some people feeling a little disappointed, but for any sci-fi fan looking for something to escape into for a couple of hours, or some public transport reading material, you could do a lot worse.

Magdaline

Kudos to the aspiring Byrons and Careys, who endeavour to keep the tradition of literature alive amidst the non-literary(!) chaos of post-modernity... the poetry/short fiction contest is Ondit's contribution to the rescue of the writer, while our book reviews continue to celebrate the skills of the reader. To those accustomed to the binary language of our 'rational' era, this simply means, pick up your pen and write to us (ondit@adelaide.edu.au)... the return on your investment is enormous - with a bag-full of contemporary texts, a published piece of work, and a title to your credit. This is your last chance to be immortal!!!



South Australia's Own



symptoms, as black tea will provide you with caffeine. Also, there are over a hundred varieties to choose from! I mean, really, what coffee bar in Adelaide gives you that kind of selection?

The relaxed atmosphere of T-bar seems a little out of place in DJ's food court. I was sitting there, almost forgetting that Roshan's Spices and the spud place were nearby, when Shanniqua - yes, that's really her name - brought me a selection of teas to sample. If you think Arabian Mint, Cleanse, Lapacho/Peppermint, and Jade Bamboo sound interesting, what about Complexi-T, High-T, Sentimentali-T, Puri-T ...The list goes on. I really wanted to buy a packet, just so I could go to my next house-guest: "Would you like a cup of Sani-T?"

Arabian Mint is a green tea with spearmint flavouring. Very refreshing and full of flavour. Cleanse is a naturopathic tea, which Shannii told me is popular with students during the winter months. Imagine being in stressed pre-exam mode with your runny nose causing you grief, and then imagine being soothed with a hot cup of Cleanse. Ahhhh. Anticol and Vicks are incomparable.

Jade Bamboo is interesting - my very first cup of white tea! I never even knew it existed. White tea is made from steamed, un-opened tea leaves, and a little hand-rolled triangular thing sits in your cup until it's brewed. Shannii ambitiously told me that white tea has three hundred times the antioxidants of green tea. My thoughts of magically reversing the ageing process were dampened when she checked and realised it only had three times as much. The Lapacho tea is made from the finely cut bark of the Lapacho Tecome tree in South America. It didn't taste like a tree though; I just tasted the mint.

If you aren't in to herbal comfort, then you can try Complexi-T or High-T. Complexi-T is a chai-T (I couldn't resist doing that) and is delicious, with its cinnamon and cardamom aftertaste. High-T is black as well, but with berries and rhubarb. I was over-whelmed with all these different taste sensations, but my experience continued with a cold fruit melange.

However, don't have a fruit melange straight after hot tea, because I did, and I felt slightly queasy from the temperature change. The melange is made from dried fruit pieces and you get a little pot of sugar syrup so you can sweeten it as you desire. I had Serendipi-T, which sounds rather extravagant in the menu, but tastes like strawberries and apple.

I personally love the chai-smoothies and green-tea smoothies. Banana smoothies just don't cut

it anymore. Or, you can go with what everyone seems to love: the chai latte. Hot, frothy, creamy, almond and vanilla flavours...so good! Do try it, as Merrill J Fernando (founder of Dilmah) would say. I'm sorry Merrill, but Dilmah doesn't cut it either.

Come in to T-bar to detox yourself or to re-energise. You can use Gaei-T and Frivoli-T to help lift your flagging spirits. Paying between \$2.70 and \$4.40 is not too bad when you consider how nice and warmed you'll feel. If I still haven't convinced you, coffee drinker, they can fix you a steaming brew. Oh, and I almost forgot. You can eat as well! To accompany your T, the courteous staff, including Shannii and Kekkers, will serve you a number of Turkish breads and baps, all for a reasonable price. Despite trying them all, I must say Turkish bread number one does for me. There's something about that pesto and that pumpkin.

Shannii gave me a run-down on the fine art of tea making, with terms like reverse-osmosis thrown in for good measure. The depth of her knowledge impressed me, but I suppose the business of tea is more serious than I thought. They even have tea-conferences in Las Vegas! And what better way to soothe your hysteria over gambling debts than with a nice cup of Sani-T?

ET



T-bar

David Jones Food Court, City Or Gouger Street, City

There was once a Chinese Emperor who had many talents - among them, being a creative scientist. He was so creatively scientific that he ordered everyone to boil their drinking water for hygienic purposes. One day, his servants were boiling water for him and dried leaves from a bush fell in to the boiling water. (That's a leeeetle convenient, don't you think?) The Emperor was scientifically curious, and drank the drink, which today we call tea...

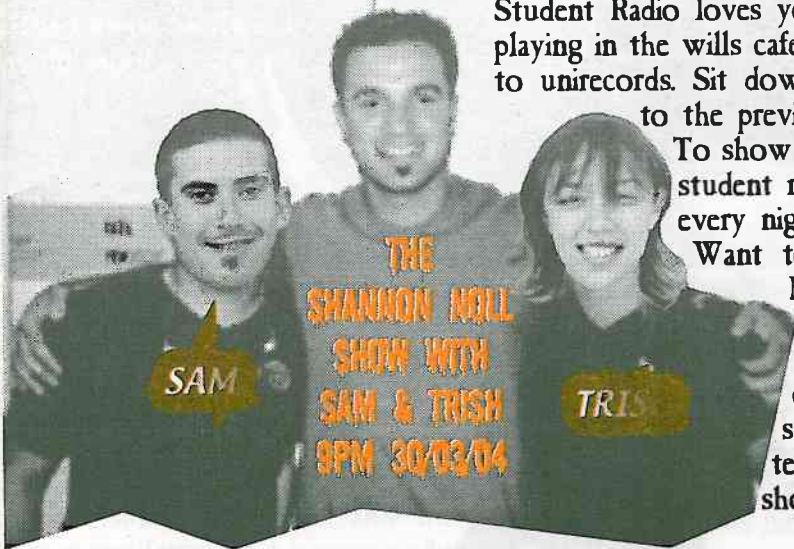
And so began my re-education. I once thought I knew something about tea. I always say "I don't drink coffee, it makes me feel sick. I drink tea." Now I realise that calling my cup of Dilmah with re-boiled water - GASP! a sin in the tea world - tea, is like going to Cibo for a cup of Nescafe.

I know you die-hard coffee drinkers are all reading this with disdain. You might walk through David Jones food court sometimes and see the staff of T-bar running around, chai-latte in hand. You might sniff and think, "How can they associate the word latte with tea?" But really, a cup of tea is so much more cultured - it'll set you apart from those hyper, over-caffeinated people. You'll be calm and relaxed, with no withdrawal

Hand-made by the Cooper family.

9pm monday, tuesday and saturday

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



Student Radio loves you so much we are now playing in the wills cafe lounge thingo place next to unirecords. Sit down, have a coffee & listen to the previous night's show.

To show you love us too, listen to student radio on 101.5fm after 9pm every night except Thursday.

Want to help make TV? Local Noise TV starts on the 18th of April on Student TV UHF 31. We need camera operators, vision switches & various other tech people to help get the show to air.

You think your music taste & presentation skills kick arse over the usual student radio people? Sign up for open mic and strut your stuff.

The student radio music rep position has just come up for grabs. Expressions of interest can be emailed to: student.radio@adelaide.edu.au - however, you only have until 10am on Wednesday March 31 to get it to us.

Student Radio - we love you

STUDENT RADIO 101.5FM

tuesday 23 march

saturday 27 march

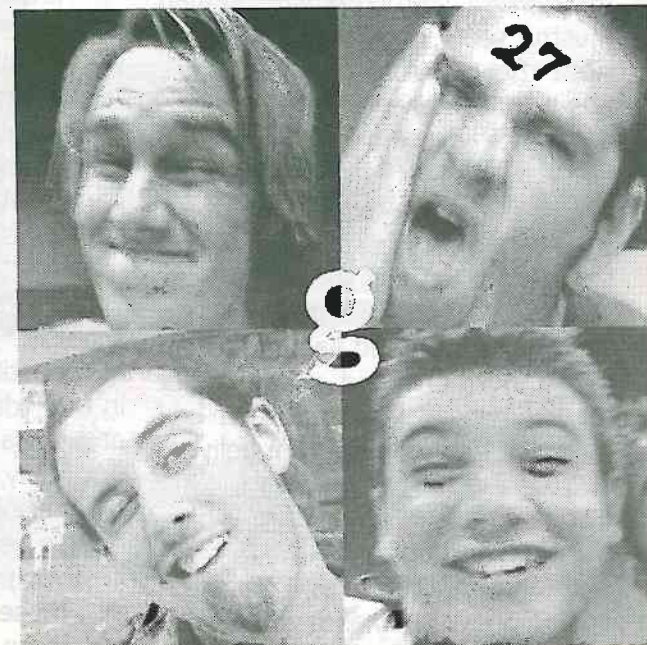
monday 29 march

9PM	Local Noise presenter ELBOW and O'ball Highlights	the g-spot richard, sam, reuben and doug	the Flux capaci- tor ben and phil
10PM	Too Loud to be culture Bianca and patch	transmission hannah and matt	Flava in ya ear mark and sunny
11PM	Radio Magnifico ben and rhys	djs choice dunke and adam	the vinyl lounge potter and mark
midnight	live from the moon luke, leo and tom	heavy as a really heavy thing matt and tim	all tomorrow's parties adam and luke

The G-Spot 9pm Saturday

After a hectic summer applying for lucrative deals to host the next big thing in reality tv, the G-spot boys are returning to the airwaves for a 3rd season to bring you Australia's most puerile radio show each fortnight. While the rest of student radio runs like a finely "tuned" machine, the G-spot adds the flashy lights and the big red button. Completely useless, but strangley unmissable. kinda like yo' mamma. Sam, Doug, Reuben and 'the Voo' have the charm of 48 pieces of bread covered in vegemite and collectively have enough 'cheese' to supply the Dutch merchant navy for 15 years. Combined, these larrikins have a street value of over US\$10 million (according to <http://www.humanforsale.com>) and when you listen, you'll realise why they're

worth every dime. The G Spot has more segments than a centipede chasing its tail - including Mundine of the Week, Magnetboy (the most successful radio drama since How Green Was My Cactus), Iron Stomach, and Um-Um-Um. You can also expect to hear the smooth tones of funk, groove, rock, schlock and whatever else is in the bargain bin at Unirecords. Watch in awe as the G Spot boys open a can of whoop-ass on anyone who dares to make stupid news! Tune in at the all-new prime-time slot of 9pm Saturday to hear 'the g' go head to head with The Bill, Smallville and the Saturday Night B-grade thriller. Find out why all of Adelaide is talking about the G Spot at the watercooler on Monday morning.



Designerism: rich, remorseful and radically right-on

Damn you, unrealistic role models!

What hope does the modern woman have in staying humble when you have to deal with the structurally perfect Burberry-clad physique of Kate Moss every time she opens a magazine? Whether it's the 'it' bag of the season or the latest rip-off of the 70s (God bless you Marc Jacobs), the allure of the designer has continued to sparkle within the constraints of modern fashion culture. Everyone from yummy mummies craving t-shirts emblazoned with J'Adore Dior to Beyonce-obsessed teenagers attempting to bling it up via a rip-off Louis Vuitton bag are becoming enthralled with the scent of eau de consumerism in such a way that chain stores aren't satisfying our fashion appetites any more. No longer is designer an indulgence; it's an expectation.

Our standards are rising and we're living in a material world - now (insert mediocre brand) won't do; it's Versace or bust. The thing is, when you're a young twenty-something who hasn't quite established a high-flying job but is still hell bent on emulating the aesthetics of Chloe Sevigny, a Hermes Kelly bag isn't going to be the easiest thing to occupy. Sure, you make your money, have a decent dwelling etc. but paying \$28 000 for a bag would be similar to expressing admiration for Jordan's mental capabilities. So when you casually happen to meet a well-to-do bachelor within the microcosmic world of *The Botanic* (or wherever Sugardaddys stalk their prey nowadays), would it be awful to instigate a relationship purely based on the fact that you can get some prestigious loot in exchange for self-objectification? Has dating rich men to obtain designer goods become the new black?

One can't help but admit that there are a few positives to be gained. Achieving the attention of your prospective beau by the means of your dazzling, yet materially inclined personality is the hardest step to master as you mustn't seem at all disinterested in what the poor bastard has to say about real estate. But after snaring a phone number and getting to know each other better (regardless of existent/non-existent chemistry), you can start to suggest going shopping together. This is the part where you pick up a pair of Gucci sunglasses, ooh and aah over them like a newborn and wistfully put them down as you impose a hex on whoever delayed the delivery of your last paycheck...ah, faithful damsel-in-distress concept. Then, in a flurry of American Express and pheromones, Monsieur Money purchases them like

HOT

Dampening the voice of the young and ubiquitous via the withdrawal of high-quality pseudo-bohemian publications. bOnDage-Dit 4 Eva.

Chinos paired with Chuck Taylors. I pity the fools who currently underestimate the power of this tried-and-tested combination.

Getting a guru. And finding out it was all a load of bollocks, Beatles-style. Suddenly the Maherishi has never been so 2004.

NOT

Velcro Reef sandals. Acceptable only if you're a German backpacker (who needs melanin anyway?)

Replacing Dick York with Dick Sergeant as Darren Stevens in the TV classic *Bewitched* some 50 years ago. Modern television as we know it never fully recovered. R.I.P Seinfeld 7pm timeslot.

Finesse Modelling Agency.
Begone, you pretentious whores.



the good Alpha male he is and you're left with glamour faster than you can say Jackie-Oh! Receiving free designer stuff and looking like a million bucks in exchange for turning up the charisma and sexual favours? So that's what Anna Nicole Smith was up to.

However, if you empathised with the above concept in any way at all, this would make you a shamelessly materialistic, albeit well dressed dragon wench. Why would anyone ever want to purposefully manipulate the genuine feelings of others for material gain? Isn't that just asking for the karma of your next few lives to be royally screwed? Yes, we all have images of beautifully-kempt über women in their designer finery bombarded at us via the mainstream media, but really, is that all it takes to get us conspiring against our fellow human beings? No wonder Britney's in therapy. Spare a thought for all those mistreated rich men out there...left to cradle a broken

heart in one hand and a scotch in the other like it's the stock market crash of 1987. If you choose to conform to society's coveting of luxury goods as status symbols, manipulate to your heart's content, but remember that you'll be dealing with real men who have (contrary to popular belief) feelings too. And you never know. Judging by today's standards, touting McQueen like it's no tomorrow may have the infrastructurally challenged seeking to drain your wallet.

A word of advice to any well-endowed males currently stalking young female flesh within the social circuit of Adelaide - beware she of the Manolo Blahniks (did 'Material Girl' teach you nothing?). The media hath corrupted our pretty little consciousnesses to the point where we want Yves Saint Laurent, now. Of course, I'm not speaking for all women - just those who believe that true happiness comes in the form of social conformity and obeying the capitalist machine that

so dictates our cultural systems. But no biggie. 'To gold dig, or not to gold dig' remains the young twenty-something's secret subliminal mantra. If you choose to dig, you never know, you could actually get along with the guy, and the whole clandestine act of pretending to fancy him could manifest into a genuine state of liking, or dare I mention it...love? Ding ding ding, jackpot. If not, congratulations, morals are so *now* right now. As is being able to purchase a Fendi baguette with one's hard-earned dosh. Who needs the financially affluent when you have a work ethic, a clean conscious and a Visa? May the force that is designerism be with you. And keep in mind these words of aesthetic wisdom that were wistfully lamented by a campus fashionista: "I'm not shallow, I just love beautiful things."

...the Pop Princess

NEVER THE SINNER

by John Logan

Independent Theatre
The Odeon Norwood
Until April 3rd

Flanked by cameras, gramophones and instruments of the Jazz age, the audience waits for the minimalist yet imposing set to be filled with an exploration of life and death. *Never The Sinner* is a dark exploration into nihilism, morbid philosophy, excesses of the American psyche and the human condition but it is supposedly, foremost, a love story. This is the story of the *trial of the century*, the kidnap and murder of young Bobby Franks in Chicago, 1924. The crime was committed by two wealthy lovers and the play weaves sinuously through their intimate connection and out into the baying for blood of the masses. Encompassing the plotting and practice of the murder, and then the punishment of public trial, *Never The Sinner* is cut like a television courtroom drama. The crescendo is the summation of lawyer's arguments, the final insights into killers Loebe and Leopold's relationship, and the blunt message is rammed home with atmospheric lighting.

Written by world-famous writer John Logan, *Never The Sinner* reeks of a screenplay in the way it moves and is coloured. The representative pillars that dominate the set (effectively designed by Rod Roach) and the lighting and costume which come together to paint this piece in black and white, like newspaper columns, all contribute greatly to the telling of the story. But these are the only aspects which feel new or interesting. Laraine Wheeler has done an impressive job in dividing up the stage with lights, creating a courtroom, a media frenzy and the dark private dance of Loebe and Leopold, but aside from hers and the wardrobe work of Julie Dillon and Sandra Davis, there is little to separate this production from Monday night's episode of *Law and Order*.

Having said that, however, should not detract from the performance of Dai Davison as the repressed, obsessive, bird-watching Leopold. Davison, from his opening lecture monologue, until his confrontation

with his lover, controls Leopold's fear and consuming love in a way that draws a disturbed sympathy from the audience. Equally, Nathan O'Keefe as Loebe, presents an arrogant swagger, a seductive smile, and a contorted psyche with a great deal of mastery. O'Keefe draws laughter and fear from the audience by controlling most corners of the stage. The relationship between the two is central to the story and to maintaining interest in the story. This is done competently, if with a slice of uncertainty at times.

There is no uncertainty in the direction. Old hand Rob Croser confidently cuts from scene to scene, and creates a pleasant and predictable piece. The decision to present the murder as a mime, weakens the impact of the crime, and is poorly executed by O'Keefe. Besides this, there are no flaws in the flow of the play or in its presentation. This is perturbing in itself, because there never is an opportunity for there to be a flaw, there aren't any risks taken in the way

the play is staged. The audience can expect it to see this TV trial the same way they've seen any other.

Of course no trial is complete without the quasi-philosophising of moralistic lawyers and *Never The Sinner* has its share. History and the notes provided in the programme suggest that the counsel for the defence, Clarence Darrow, made an effecting and impassioned plea for mercy. In this production that plea (performed by an uncharismatic Allen Munn) fails to counteract the commanding and shark-like attack of public prosecutor Robert. E. Crowe. David Roach as Crowe recreates the conformist view of society and expresses it eloquently and effectively. This is *not* enough to take *Never The Sinner* from mildly entertaining to highly recommendable.

Alex Rafalowicz

where to go for good art

Are bookstores the art galleries of our age? With the white walls of sterile galleries still fresh in one's mind, people are now finding other places to view the art of the moment. When in need of a visual feed why not head to a bookstore or your local library. Anyone of these could hold the best art in the world. With endless magazines and coffee table books till Tuesday, bookstores are the new realms of inspiration.

Without a ticket or a plane, a trip to one of these emporiums could have you transported to a Mexican villa decorated by Frida Kahlo, a Paris salon filled with socialites dressed by John Galliano or a hotel illuminated by David LaChapelle. So while the storeowner isn't looking or that brooding librarian is off duty, why not indulge in a photographic journal covered in blood pumping imagery.

With photo-media being held as the hottest medium in contemporary art, books and magazines seem ripe for the picking. Today international mags and books are flown into our city hot off the press, so if it's cool you're bound to find it. When exploring the racks you may be lead to massive glossy ads that draw from pop art greats, as often those intoxicating fashion spreads are created by leaders in the contemporary scene.

One day I found myself lost in pages printed with the garments of Vivienne Westwood, the ethereal designs verged on art while smashing pre-conceived ideas on masculinity and femininity. The images glowed like windows into another world, taking me to a distance place.

While sneaking past the counter of a nearby bookstore, a fellow fashionista enlightened me to the work of famed photographer David LaChapelle. Enjoying a study break we flicked carefully through the pages of an artist that has made his way into

the minds of just about everyone. His dramatic and luminous images show pop stars like never before. Madonna held in streams of light, Sophie Dahl nude in rapture and Alexander McQueen as the dark prince of fashion.

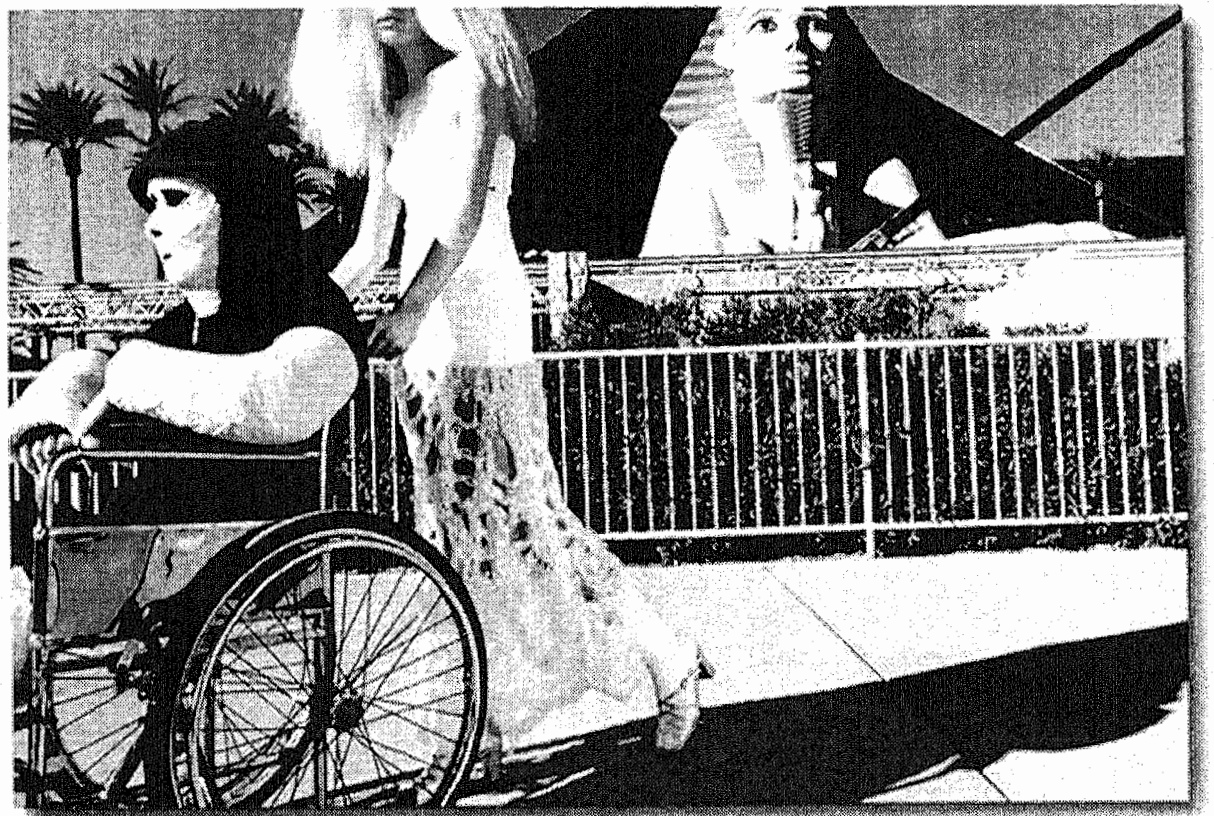
LaChapelle has done just about every magazine cover in the business. His often-disturbing prints have covered that of *The Face*, *RollingStone* and *Gentlemen's Quarterly*. He knows everyone and everyone knows him. Trained under the eye of Andy Warhol his art has that glittering consumer driven aesthetic. You haven't been photographed until LaChapelle has had you in

front of his lens. His works are computer enhanced and echo the tone of an iridescent pink highlighter. They are larger than life, confronting and seem to say "eat me, I'm pop".

So if you're in need of some saturation and you've had enough of the Festival and Fringe why not sneak into a bookstore near you. Look like your ready to buy and you can't go wrong, I recommend either Borders or the bookshop at the Art Gallery of South Australia.

Leo Greenfield

29



While Tuesdays aren't traditionally renowned for being great nights in town, there seems to be a change in the air. Many would know about the fine jazz and cheap pints at The Worldsend, but less would be aware that it is just one of many nights that The Wakefield is offering to local acts to showcase their talents. Such a platform is invaluable to young musicians, as I discovered lastweek when I went to check out Matt Winter, singer, songwriter and guitarist.

Hailing from the sleepy suburbs of Adelaide, Matt Winter began writing and recording music in his bedroom at the age of sixteen. Five years later, and histoils have paid off. After playing around town with his previous band, Smooth Question, the Wakefield offered him a residency, which he accepted.

Playing solo for around 45 minutes, Matt Winter immediately impresses with an onstage energy that is balanced supremely by his laid back, soulful songs. Taking cues from artists such as Sting, John Mayer and Dave Matthews, Matt establishes an instant connection with the unusually large crowd from the bar, exuding confidence and charisma. It's clear that he's set up all the sound himself, but this merely adds to the

feeling that he's no stranger to getting things done by himself. There's great versatility in his set, mixing in lyrics from Hendrix and the B52's, through to pop anthems by Hanson and even Delta Goodrem, all the time with his tongue firmly planted in his cheek. There's no doubt Matt is all about having fun, and this is a contagious feeling.

Melodic and rhythmic arrangements are clearly his forte, and this is accentuated when his band, Steve Leske on drums and Sam Zerna on bass (both studying at the Conservatorium), provide a foundation for his range of more driving rock/funk. Whether you're after a surprisingly good pub atmosphere to chill out or want to check out some of the freshest music in town, check out Matt Winter. A great songwriter with an obvious talent on guitar, combined with a warm voice and sharp lyrics; a must see... It means missing out on Rove, but the sacrifice is probably worth it.

Matty

Matt Winter plays the Wakefield this Tuesday and the Rhino Room on Thursday, April 1.



Acquiescence: Not Dreaming, Creating Higher Ground, Sun March 14

Before I begin this review, apologies to the bands not mentioned. My existence involves the misfortune of having to work as well as study which resulted in only being able to catch the latter half of the show. Arriving late, I was disappointed to see that I'd missed Everest, having heard that they were impressive for a band still relatively young in the scene. Word from the street (well, a guy I asked) though was that their set was impressive. Sledgehammer were the first I saw and they seemed under appreciated for a band of such calibre. The talent that has taken them to three NCBC Campus finals was somewhat lost in the mix. This was unfortunate because singer Nick's voice is one of the best I've heard in a while and a muddy mix never makes for an enjoyable show. Still, their set was enjoyable, bar the mixing. A Tribe is Forming's own Adelaide

brand of rock hip hop was very warmly received and shows just how far Aussie hip hop has come and is coming. They had one of the largest crowds jumping and dancing in true hip hop fashion. Unfortunately, the mix wasn't the best again with the vocals and trumpet vanishing somewhat and it was disappointing to see such a popular group not playing on the larger stage. The band that followed was listed on the time sheet as BabyDoll but definitely was not. Musically, they were tight but vocally one of the weakest I've heard in Adelaide. It was disappointing, but they seemed new to the scene and there was definitely talent. Ungkas followed, and what a sad moment! The mainstay of the Adelaide scene and arguably the biggest band in Adelaide a few years ago, it was depressing to hear that this was their LAST EVER SHOW. They danced their way through a number of golden oldies as

well as throwing in some of their new stuff. Alas, however, there was no Tummy and no fire breathing, although they did bring out the tribal drums one more time. With Ungkas' departure, it seems there is a changing of the guard as they fall by the wayside alongside the likes of Barcode and Circle Clan. I missed Muscle Car to check out the art upstairs (of which some was superb) and checked out Star Ten Hash. This band is a must see. An all girl styled in true riotgrrl fashion, they rock like no other. They move effortlessly from punk to metal to funk and singer Ang, has the most impressive vocal chords of anyone I have ever heard. She moves effortlessly from a death scream to banshee wail and into playful singing. CHECK THEM OUT!!!!

Virgin Black took the stage in all their morbid grandiosity. Whilst a mainstay of Adelaide Doom and European circles, they failed to

hold my attention. Their operatic vocals and metal stylings were, at times, impressive, but live I found them somewhat dreary. It may have been that their sound did not fit the atmosphere left by those that came before them, but it was disappointing not to be blown away by a band with enormous credentials. Overall, it was an interesting show but did not fulfil its potential. I was also disappointed to hear that bands were only being paid \$1 for every person that said they came to see THEM. This made the \$10/\$15 door charge seem somewhat exorbitant. Overall though, what I saw was impressive and well organised, bar a few lineup positionings and sound concerns. It was good to see such talent in a diverse lineup.

SLEET

Local Music

You may notice that the above image of riotgrrls Star Ten Hash has been mixed up with the below image of Matt Winter's left hand. Such is life. Please do not write letters informing us of this fact. Instead contact SAUA-Councillor Pearson.

- Eds





Taj Mahal's Blues

Imagine a New York musician that was introduced to music via church gospel soul, studied West Indian Jazz, played the NY folk scene, yet has his heart solidly bound in the traditional Afro-American blues of the 1930's. Now imagine this incredibly stylish musician has collaborated with Jimi Hendrix, Ry Cooder and T-Bone Walker, and plays slide guitar, piano, harmonica, banjo and sings at his live gigs. This incredible repertoire belongs to one Taj Mahal.

His unique style is a beautiful but unpredictable smear of Indian, folk, traditional blues, swampy blues, soul, R&B, jazz, French folk music, country, plus spices from influences all around the globe. With such a gorgeous talent and open mind to world styles, Taj Mahal will be a blissful gig.

Taj plays at the Governor Hindmarsh this Friday night.



weeks. "We got a few days off but pretty much it was play a gig, get to a city, find a venue, soundcheck, play, sleep, get up and go to the next place." The band were helped in their travels by a small band of friends, like minded DIY and sympathetic organisers in Europe, built up from contacts that Monika and Cameron had made from previous European tours. Luke recalls how the band were amazed and humbled by the support and hospitality they received: "You turn up in Helsinki and they've put up posters all over town for your gigs, and they greet you with food and places to stay; they're really great people."

I ask Luke to recount some requisite tour stories, which varied from getting "totally lost in Holland ("we had to play a show in Hamburg later that night and I couldn't find a way out though this labyrinth of one way European streets"), to exploring the joys of "driving snow covered streets in the country side, trying to find the one bass amp in a small town" and the more perilous practice of "singing into these ancient Soviet Union microphones which gave us electric shocks every time we talked into them." But despite these few minor events, he explains that the whole tour was an amazing experience. The shows themselves attracted some enthusiastic and passionate crowds: "People would cross borders from Poland into the Czech Republic just to see you, because they don't get many international bands. You might only have say, 40 people there, but they are the most excited crowd you've ever seen."

Luke's background in music came from an early age. "My dad plays folk music, so he taught me my first guitar chords"

and he divulged that he was originally a drummer, playing in Melbourne band Breaking the Law, though he's recently had to quit due to commitments to LOD and their European tour. I suggest his drumming background might explain in some part his very rhythmical, physical approach to guitar. He agrees, but also attributes a lot of that has to do with Monika's insistent percussion

style; "she's such a powerful drummer, since she joined the band it got a lot faster and more dynamic."

Luke says the Love of Diagrams sound "fell into place really easily. For me, I knew what I wanted to do and what I *didn't* want to do. Like a lot of bands in Melbourne at the time were into the post-rock thing of very quiet, cerebral music, kinda with people often sitting down. I like some of those bands but I very much wanted to do something more expressive, and straightforward, that's one of the reasons why it was great to play with Monika, it made it energetic and fun and not sitting there staring at the floor on stage, concentrating on counting 6/8 rhythms!"

I recall reading an interview where Luke professed the band's fondness for the simplicity and rhythmic minimalism of the early German Krautrock bands. "Yeh, we're really big fans of bands like Neu and Can, and also bands like P.I.L. Those bands drive home the point that you can pretty much play one chord for a long time and if you play it in your own style you can come up with something really interesting."

The Love of Diagrams sound is not a mere Krautrock clone, it marries those minimalist urges with frenetic post-punk tempos and a somewhat skewed melodic sensibility. Those tempos, courtesy of drummer Monika Firkele, feature lots of fills and rhythmic embellishments. Intrigued by how she developed her style, I quizzed Monika about her early drumming experiences. Monika explained how she "started drumming in the Sea Scouts, that's how I started, really basic, using just toms and a cymbal! I've been playing for almost ten years now, so I've developed it just from playing with other people." This is no understatement, Monika band CV is quite a long one; she's played with the Sea Scouts & The Bites, as well as stints in her current bands, vitriolic prankster punkers Jihad Against America and the aforementioned Baseball. Monika admits "I like energy, I think it's really important", and it shows. The whole band has a velocity that cannot be ignored, can be quite breathtaking in its power and beauty.

Joining her in the rhythm section wallop is the driving bass of Antonia Sellbach. I was amazed to learn that Antonia had originally been a violinist: "I started when I was a kid and became pretty good at it; I played for 15 years and took the AMEB exams and so on, and then I played in a few bands doing crazy violin stuff in Hobart. Originally the idea was for LOD to be a guitar, drums and violin trio but I've always secretly wanted to play bass. When I started playing I didn't really know what a bass player was supposed to do, in some ways I think I wanted to be a guitar player, as I've always wanted to play melody lines. I definitely play "bass lines", but I leap up in parts to play what the guitar would play, whilst Luke covers me."

This non-conventional approach extends to things to a fondness for all things fuzzy: "I was always a big fan of distortion", Antonia cheerfully admits. The pedal junkie in me

can't resist probing as to how she obtains her woolly, roaring bass tone, Antonia revealed it comes courtesy of an obscure Jumbo Fuzz pedal. "It's an old Italian made pedal from the 60's; you turn it on and everything gets ultra fuzzy. Mine's on very extended loan from a friend...I've had it for four years, but no-one's come for it yet!"

Apart from the bands instrumental prowess, they've now begun to add more vocals to their rich sonic tapestry. Luke maintains that rather than being forced or contrived, it all happened quite naturally. "It wasn't a case of 'let's write a song with singing in it', rather we ended up having a couple of mics in the rehearsal room and starting to muck around with it". We never thought about being specifically an "instrumental band", we were just happy enough in the past playing with just the instruments, guitar, bass and drums. Recently, when people felt the urge to sing something over the top, they did, Luke says they are all singing in parts, though Antonia is doing it a bit more than the rest of us."

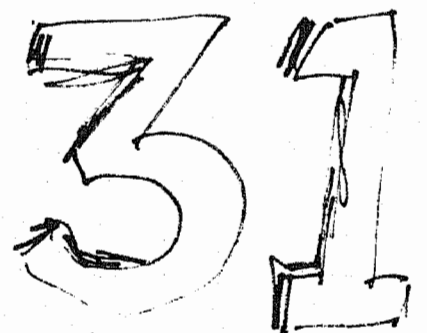
This group collaboration extends to the lyrics themselves. Luke says "we're big fans of fairly ambiguous lyrics anyway, keeping it open to interpretation, but there have been times where we've had to sit down and discuss what the song's actually about!" he laughs. Luke assures that LOD's see vocals as another instrument and texture, expanding their palette of colours at their disposal. "We definitely don't want it to be a vocal driven thing, the music we really like has really strong instrumental emphasis and rhythm and beats and the singing is just a part of that, not the main focus."

Antonia though is openly enthusiastic about committing these new vocal songs to tape, and toying with the new options that vocals afford. "I'm really looking forward to recording these new songs, when you're recording vocals you can experiment with sound which you can't necessarily do in a live setting" At last count, the band have four new songs with vocals which they plan on playing at their forthcoming Adelaide show. Do come along to witness the powerful and melodic sound of Love of Diagrams in person.

Go see this band!
- Eds.

dan V

Love of Diagrams play @ The Jade Monkey, with Simpleman and DJ's Ben Speed, NightMonster and Elise, Saturday April 3rd.



My first encounter with the music of Love of Diagrams was at the cramped rehearsal room cum venue of Action Park, for St. Albans Kids farewell show, a hot, sweaty, smelly and loud gig that was raw, visceral, honest and above all powerful. There we were treated to an up close demonstration of Luke Horton's razor-sharp melodic guitar work, gloriously fuzzed out lead bass lines from Antonia Sellbach, whilst the kinetic rhythms of drummer Monika Fikerle propelled the whole kinky machine along. Much more than the sum of its parts, Love of Diagrams' music is a simple, yet disarmingly effective instrumental sound; it's emotive without being "emo", and grand without being grandiose. It picked me up by the scruff of my neck, and gave me a damn good shaking. This week, Love of Diagrams return to display their particular brand of indie splendour to Adelaide audiences at the Jade Monkey. Dan V attempts to capture the story so far...

Though Love Of Diagrams, Luke originally hails from New South Wales, whilst Monika and Antonia were part of Tasmania's close indie scene. Monika recalls "there was a really good scene in Hobart in the late 90's, a tight knit community of really good bands." Eventually, both the girls joined many other Tasmanians and moved to the greener pastures of Melbourne, where they met Luke (a big fan of the Sea Scouts, Monika's first (now defunct) band) and they began jamming in late 2001. Since then, their hard work has taken them overseas for a tour of Europe alongside Baseball, a band featuring Cameron Potts (drummer/ violinist/ vocalist from Ninety-Nine) and Monika on bass, accordion and drums (though not at the same time).

Luke explains that "Helsinki was our first stop, then we played a few gigs in Finland, the Baltics, Germany, the Czech Republic, then to Holland, back to Germany again, and Japan on our way home." This grueling itinerary amounted to about 30 shows in 7

Though in photo his good looks are unimposing as his gender, on stage Brian Molko cuts a fine figure. Within black lined eyes his pale irises can be seen from the back of Thebarton Theatre, the look of a glam rocker tamed by the influence of The Cure. But I'm getting too far ahead.

Previously Elbow, with much crowd support, had taken to the stage in more humble fashion. Parts of their set enthralled, I was often struck by the number of syncopating guitar rhythms layered on top or amongst each other, complimenting the next despite their juxtaposed rhythm. The Radiohead-like wall of undulating noise was unfortunately broken by less stimulating ballads which may come through in your bedroom but came out a bit bland in the live setting.

In the break between the bands I looked around to see that the Thebby was full, to my surprise considering that Placebo had only released a DVD recently and their last album was a year ago. Sure enough the Shoz

alternababes had turned out in force, plus a fairly mainstream looking element which shows how much the new Triple M can do for an ailing rock act.

Placebo enters the stage. Brian faces the crowd, Stefan Osdal (bass) pumps his hips towards the amp and Steven Hewitt (drums) starts them off on a blistering rendition of 'Bulletproof Cupid', one of Placebo's heaviest songs and perhaps the best from *Sleeping With Ghosts*. The sound mix was impeccable, even without earplugs individual instruments and all their lovely interactions were clear. The lighting was insane, though just an aesthetic point it helped replace my cynicism with wide eyed adoration in the face of some all too slick rock action.

Placebo really have developed an amazing repertoire of 'single' style songs, so that while the new stuff didn't capture me (perhaps because of its unfamiliarity) there was no shortage of entertaining numbers to bop around to. It highlights the usefulness of

clearcut singles in the live performance. Though some of Elbow's songs were fascinating, while standing, hot, thirsty and tired you don't always have the patience to seek out the nuances of sound that might have set apart their soft strumming ballads. Meanwhile Placebo's 'Taste in Men', 'Every You, Every Me' and 'Special K' all featured ('Nancy Boy' unfortunately omitted), but the stand out in the body of the set had to be 'Without You I'm Nothing', containing the most pleasantly rhymed verses found in any Placebo track.

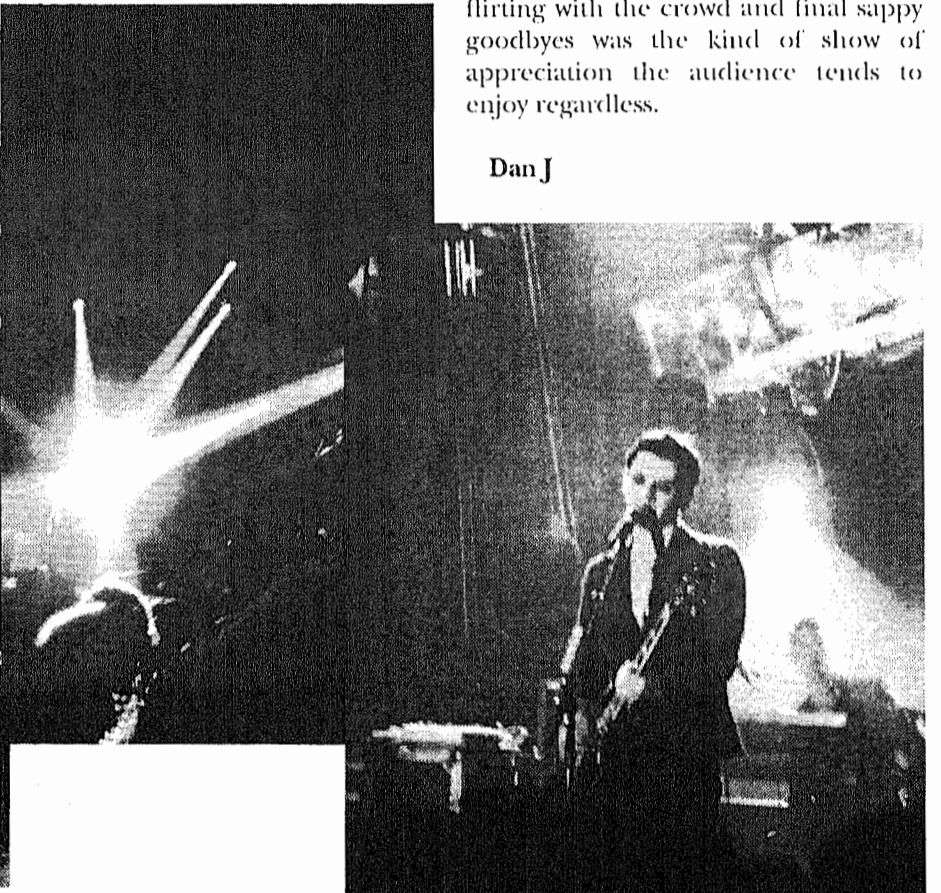
The band finished as energetically as they had started with the tolling bell drone of 'Pure Morning'. The clanging beat followed by upward octave scales had a much cooler sound than Brian gave himself credit for, "this is a stupid song, a song that has no meaning, write a stupid song and you will be famous." Hey, it's been said before

but it's better than finishing with "you rock Adelaide!" and gives a clue as to why the cheeky and charming little man has such an base of adoring and curious fans.

After mentioning the Pixies reformation the band went into its second encore with a cover of 'Where's My Mind' (a standard end to most of their performances) which was in fact a better rendition than I had seen Frank Black himself perform a few months earlier. It was kind of cheating to play someone else's brilliant song as a way of leaving the crowd impressed and on a high but it worked, Brian's voice fitting Frank Black trade mark screech and the keyboardist filling in for Kim Deal.

They left in showbiz style hands raised together at the front of the stage. It's hard to tell if Molko, having studied drama at uni, truly enjoyed the gig or is just a good actor but his constant flirting with the crowd and final sappy goodbyes was the kind of show of appreciation the audience tends to enjoy regardless.

Dan J



george -up close and intimate

Since arriving in Australia just over a year ago, I have been introduced to and experienced many new things with an open mentality. I remember clearly one of my new friends quizzing me on my taste in music and commenting that I should listen to george. So I figured I'd give them a go - what harm could be done? Soon I discovered the coveted Polyserena album, and it has been a love affair ever since. Their unique sound appealed equally to my musical instincts and tastes as well as to my inner self. Their music is not just about sound, and a sound that differs to the conical of current 'popular' music, but is about overall well-being and exploring yourself and your relationships with others. No doubt it easily leaves a deep marked imprint on the minds of all those who listen, for whatever reason - everyone can draw something very special and personal

from their music.

As such the approaching release of *Unity* excited me no end, as I'm sure many devoted fans felt. Anticipation was rampant amongst us all. But little did I realise in entering UniRecords that I would get a much better deal than I could imagine. An almost clichéd radio interview with the guy in UniRecords later and I had two tickets in my hand for george's next 'live and intimate' session.

Arriving at the Jive Bar (after an interesting dash from the campus) the venue was shadowy yet comfortable, surreally touched by soft lighting and velvet curtains. Over the music system, and behind the draped curtains, brief snippets of guitar and a soft snare filtered through. My friend and I found a spot near the stage and made ourselves comfortable, absorbing the buzzing atmosphere and observing the pairs of people who had obtained tickets. Suddenly a trickle of a melody from

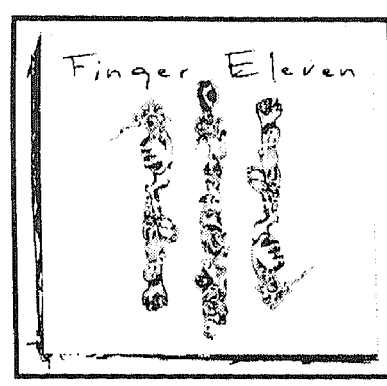
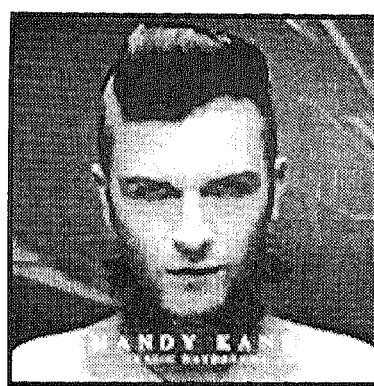
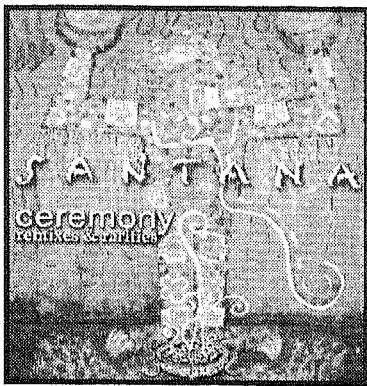
Katie's voice and a hush began to be observed. Soon after they were literally unveiled, much to their amusement, and the grounded group appeared with their acoustic set up, relaxed and amiable, chatting freeley with the audience between songs. Most notable was over little Billie, the youngest fan by far, attending at the tender age of 2 years and a week. The intimacy of the entire event was highlighted when all chorused Geoff a happy birthday, led by Katie.

They opened the set with 'Still Real', the pre-emptive release from *Unity*, and Katie's clarity of sound and freedom, and innate sense of the music was completely overpowering, setting the scene for the rest of the performance. Ty next lead a strong rendition of 'Breaking It Slowly'. Quite often Ty is overlooked in his skill and talent, I as guilty as many of initially skipping his tracks on the Polyserena album. However, I did not

let Katie's skill overshadow him for long and found the alternate tracks just as powerful and personal. In any case the sound recordings do neither true justice, especially Ty, and on stage he provided as powerful a performance as his younger sister.

'Special Ones' followed, aptly with its naming historically based in Adelaide's Fringe 4 years ago. 'Beauty Of All Things', 'Jaded' and finally 'One' completed the show, 'One' especially poignant with its message of peace and, ultimately unity. A fine note to finish on before a mad dash back to lectures...if only we could have stuck around for the signing. Yet any glimpse of Katie, Ty, Geoff, Nick and Paulie is well worth it. Beyond words. Undoubtedly george's eclatical career is remarkable, and will continue to inspire and enthrall all who come under their spell.

Jennifer Soggee



Santana
Ceremonies: Remixed & Rarities
 Arista/ BMG

I grew up listening to Carlos Santana. I would dig my ex-hippy parents' old records out of the closet when no-one was home and wail along to them, air-guitar style, on my brothers tennis racket. So pervasive was his sound, for a long time I even considered him to be on a par with Hendrix. Given that my favourite Santana period was that of the experimental sounds of *Caravanserai*, like many other fans of his earlier work, I was a little startled and disappointed when it seemed he reinvented himself by recording with Matchbox 20's Rob Thomas, Everlast and others some years ago. Collaboration and artistic progression is one thing, but it's another thing when that entails a marked change in tone, style and dilution of those elements that once endeared.

This eleven track collection, as the title telegraphs, is concerned with recent non-album tracks and some rather tacky remixes from Wyclef Jean and others. The best tracks in my opinion are those where there is no guest vocalist to distract from the music, allowing Santana to "Just Let the Music Speak For Itself", and showcase his lyrical approach to the guitar.

When it comes to guitar playing, Santana may be a one trick pony, (he's played it so many times, he practically owns the patent on the Dorian scale) but "Victory is Won" proves that he can take on the stature of a stallion when he wants to. "Curacion (Sunlight on Water)" also revisits the fiery, sensual Santana vibe of old.

Even with moments like these though, much of what's on offer here is the safe, middle of the road, R & B influenced sound Santana's now become associated with. Of course, there's nothing wrong with that if this is a sound that appeals, but when considered in light of his greater legacy, it simply can't compare. New fans and Santana completists who must have the rarities included here may dig this, but though his latino passion, tone and lyrical touch are still present, this fan can't help but think Carlos needs to drop some more acid again.

dan V

Sarah McLachlan
Afterglow
 Arista/ BMG

I was first introduced to Sarah McLachlan through an old housemate. When we were feeling depressed, we liked to play 'Adia' (from her spectacular album *Surfacing*) at full volume and decadently consume vodka and cigarettes. It made us feel fairly cool and adult. Despite the initially lame foray into Sarah McLachlan fandom, I remained enamoured of her music. I recently heard her say that she believed her new album *afterglow* to be even better than *Surfacing*. Pah, I thought, impossible. And I retained this belief after hearing the newbie for the first time. And even a little bit after the second. By the third and fourth times, I had been converted. *Afterglow* sneaks up on you like a summer rainstorm, slightly distracting and disconcerting at first yet building into a beautiful and transcendent journey into the secret corners of those emotions you are not yet ready to explore. Essentially a collection of love songs, Sarah McLachlan explores the way in which giving yourself so readily to somebody leaves you open and exposed to pain. Her first three tracks portray the depths we sink to and the lack of control being held in the grips of unrequited love bestows upon us, while 'Answer' and 'Push' seem to silently thank the saviour from these emotional blows. I get the impression that *Afterglow* is a thankyou, an acknowledgement of a rescue of sorts for McLachlan. It is more cohesive than previous albums and unravels like an old and worn jumper full of secrets.

Clementine

Mandy Kane
Tragic Daydreams
 Warner

Mandy Kane is in a class all his own. That's probably a good thing. I never thought it was possible to make music so clearly influenced by weirdo legendary artists such as Nine Inch Nails, Alice Cooper and Richard O'Brien (Rocky Horror), and still sound like Taxiride with a sore throat and a headache. Throaty screams and heavy bass doth not a good song make.

With this album, Kane clearly attempts to place his own stamp upon the long, time-honoured tradition of wearing makeup, dressing in drag and sporting a female name. Despite the front cover, however, it really is mainstream radio fodder. The majority of songs are thinly disguised acoustic guitar-driven pop, and lyrically discuss teenage growing pains. Ten points for trying, but Kane appears to have forgotten one very important rule - to last more than five minutes in this genre without looking like an idiot you have to be either so brilliant the world grovels at your feet (Ziggy Stardust), so outrageous that no-one takes you seriously (Alice Cooper), or so anti-everything that people love to hate you (Marilyn Manson). Being neither sufficiently talented, weird nor insensitive in his writing, Kane merely comes across as a confused young man who finds "girls' clothing much more vibrant and (erm) sparkly and interesting than guys".

Basically, this album is astounding - unmatched in crapness by anything I've ever heard, and that's saying a lot. Given time, though, I'm sure his agents will manage to convince someone he's great.

dentarthurdent

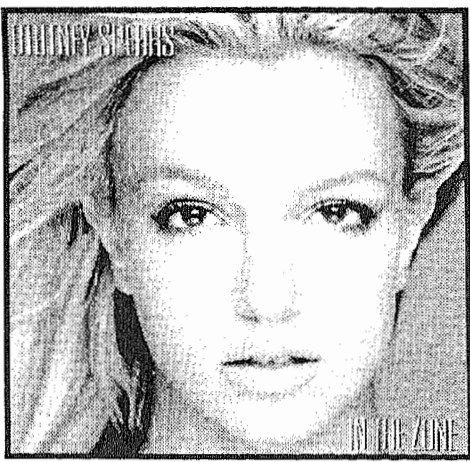
Finger Eleven
Self-Titled
 Epic/Sony

It's difficult to keep a straight face when reviewing an album by a band called Finger Eleven, but I'll give it a shot. One cannot help but be struck at how unoriginal and bland this style of rock is. While bands like the Strokes and the Darkness are making a mint by consciously ripping off old bands, this album sucks because it is stuck somewhere between 1986 and 1993, and doesn't know about it - the presence of modern Pacifier-esque studio tweaks show just how oblivious they are to the lack of fresh ideas. Think old school Metallica with loops, reverse cymbals and vocal manipulation. Okay, not so easy, but it's just that which makes this whole record such an aural ordeal. Unfortunately, this Los Angeles quintet are probably doing okay in the US because that market digs this sort of wanky shit - let's hope we don't adopt that trend too. To be honest, the only thing that does stand out about this album is the crappy name of the band. Is it a phallic reference? Is it about teenage sexual escapades?

Who knows. But to put it bluntly, who gives a crap.

Matty

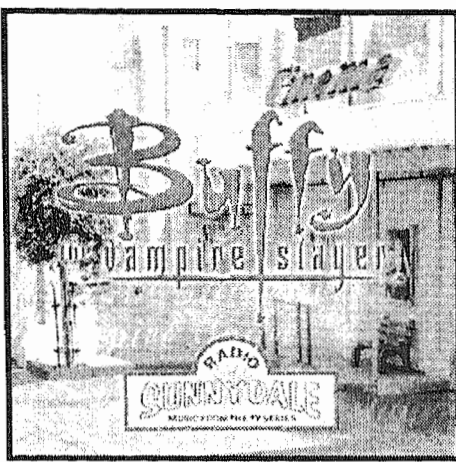
33



Britney Spears
In the Zone
BMG/Jive

With this album, Britney's transformation from hip-swinging sweet li'l southern girl to an Aguilera-esque sexpot is complete. I'm sure fans of Spears have already saturated their ears with her first two pop-tastic hits from the album, 'Me Against the Music' (featuring Madonna the teen girl kissing fiend) and 'Toxic'. But that's not all! The album features more over-production and simple addictive hooks to whet your appetite. '(I Got That) Boom Boom' featuring the Ying Yang twins (yeah, I don't know who they are either) whose bass driven r'n'beat will have you dying to learn Spears dance moves by heart when it's surely released as the next single. 'Breathe On Me' is a wispy house style track drenched with sexy innuendo, though in my mind the fact Spears suggests in the song she doesn't need to be touched, only breathed on, leaves the final product somewhat laughable. One is left wondering whether her lyrics writers are intermeddling smoothly ironic jokes in the songs hoping she (obviously) won't notice. Some songs, clearly, are crap, but you can't expect too much from pop. With its mix of styles, somewhat risqué lyrics and smooth dance beats, *In the Zone* is a popertaining and highly competent offering from Spears. It's what you'd expect from Spears at this point in her image, and fans will not be disappointed.

EJ



Various
Radio Sunnydale: Music from the TV series Buffy the Vampire Slayer
Fox Music/Virgin

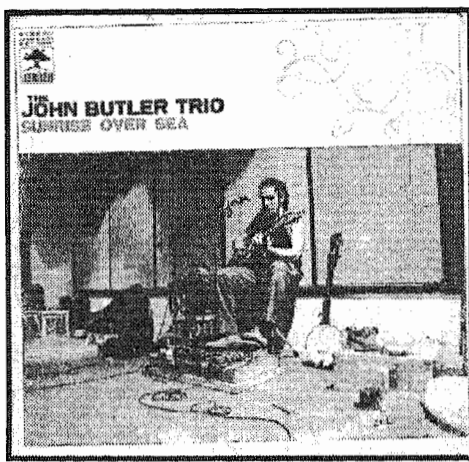
Not a *Buffy* fan? That's okay, I am, and most of these songs are better than the episodes they came from. Unfortunately, since they mostly come from the show's later, lesser seasons, this isn't difficult.

Album kicks off with a cover of the show's theme, by the Breeders of all people and what follows broadly fits into two categories. First, there are the songs from the folks there's some chance you might have heard of (the Dandy Warhols, Cibo Matto, Aimee Mann), which are okay, but as with most soundtracks most of the material is provided by bands you wouldn't know from your little brother's kazoo practice.

As a rule, this stuff is second-tier pap from groups who can't make it any other way, and there are a few examples of that here (which hole did Man of the Year crawl out of, and could they please scurry back there soon?) but most of it is, amazingly, damn good. Laika's 'Black Cat Bone' plays out like Def FX on a bad trip, Melanie Doane and Patty Medina compete for the best, sweetest love song you've ever heard...

The biggest problem I had with this disc, though, was separating the great songs and score excerpts from the less-than-stellar episodes many of them appeared in. *Radio Sunnydale* is a surprisingly worthwhile album - especially if you never could be bothered much with TV Sunnydale.

Jiminy Krikkitt



The John Butler Trio
Sunrise Over Sea
Jarrah Records

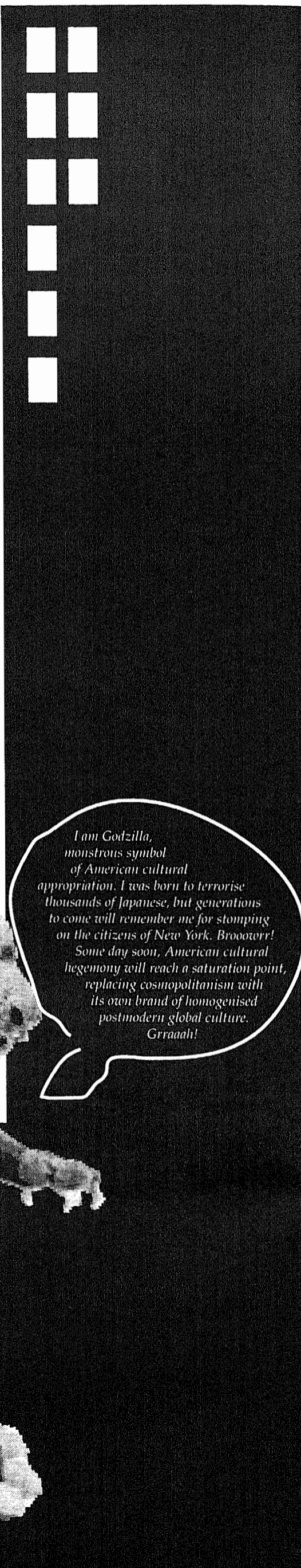
Sunrise Over Sea marks a strong advancement in the musical prowess of The John Butler Trio. Following *Living 2001-2002*, 2003's brilliant collection of live recordings, *Sunrise Over Sea* is the Trio's most accessible release, as

proven with the amount of radio airplay the first single 'Zebra' is receiving.

However, this isn't to say that the music is any less soulful or heart felt. 'Peaches and Cream', a beautiful song about his newborn daughter, shows the deep feeling John Butler is capable of expressing in his music.

Lyricaly, this album is also more refined than previous releases. As such, while a number of tracks (such as 'Company Sin') still possess a strong environmental theme, the message is more subtly translated through the music. Overall *Sunrise Over Sea* is an impressive release, illustrating the Trio's growth and individuality in the Australian music scene, which will undoubtedly propel them towards even greater things.

DaveG



I am Godzilla, monstrous symbol of American cultural appropriation. I was born to terrorise thousands of Japanese, but generations to come will remember me for stomping on the citizens of New York. Broooovrr! Some day soon, American cultural hegemony will reach a saturation point, replacing cosmopolitanism with its own brand of homogenised postmodern global culture. Grrraah!



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- Women in Education
- Women and Poverty

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HEY DRUMMERS!

I'm desperately in need of some equipment, and soon. I need 2 good crash cymbals and one of those half-tambourines that can be mounted on a stand or hi-hat. If you have anything like this to sell, please give Bek a call on 83443855 and leave a message. Alternatively, send me a text message on 0423989542 and I will get back to you.

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8-Ball Club AGM

The 8-Ball Club will be holding their AGM on Tuesday the 6th in the Equinox. The meeting will be from 12 - 12:30, then a BBQ and drinks will be provided from 12:30 - 5 for all new members and non-members. It will cost \$10 to join the fun. Committee will be decided and all new members are welcome. For all inquiries please contact geordie.murray@adelaide.edu.au

Remember to stop by the Students' Association (Level 1 of the Lady Symon Building) to sign the petition to stop the Howard Government scrapping the 8 percent subsidy on your textbooks.

The AU Film Society

WEEK 5, Thursday 1st April Showing at 7pm, Union Cinema, level 5 Union Building

Bandit Queen (1994)

Director: Shekar Kapur
Set in the Indian state of Uttar Pradesh, mainly in the 1970s, this is the story of Phoolan Devi apparently based on her memoirs written in jail. This portrayal of a callous, caste-ridden, brutally sexist rural society in which the beating and the rape of a lower caste woman seems to be the norm, attracted the displeasure of the Indian government which banned it from screening in India. The film is saved from becoming simply a chronicle of brutality by its concentration on Phoolan's resistance and resilience.

Phoolan Devi, now released from jail, initially denounced the film for its inaccuracies, but subsequently was reported to have withdrawn most of her objections. (120 mins) Hindi with English subtitles.

With Short:

The Peep Show (1962)

The animated adventures of a chick from the time it falls from an egg basket and breaks out of its shell. Together with a duck who happens along, he goes to explore the world and finds there is much to learn. (9 mins)

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National Day



of



Action

It's an election year, so now's our chance to put the future of Higher Education back on the agenda. It's time to cause a

RUCKUS!

Wednesday March 31

Meet on the Barr Smith Lawns at 1pm