

SR
378.05
05

On Dit™

Volume 72
Edition 11
31.05.2004



BIG ECHO
Karaoke Entertainment

新宿
オケ
ECHO

←
5F

オケ
Entertainment
ECHO

Beer
Maltis ¥350
Asahi ¥350
Coca-Cola ¥350
Cassidy's ¥350
Green G.F. ¥350

ラコント
B1

**This is the '67 Dodge Dart.
Solidly built. Safe. Dependable as daybreak.
How dare it be so dashing.**

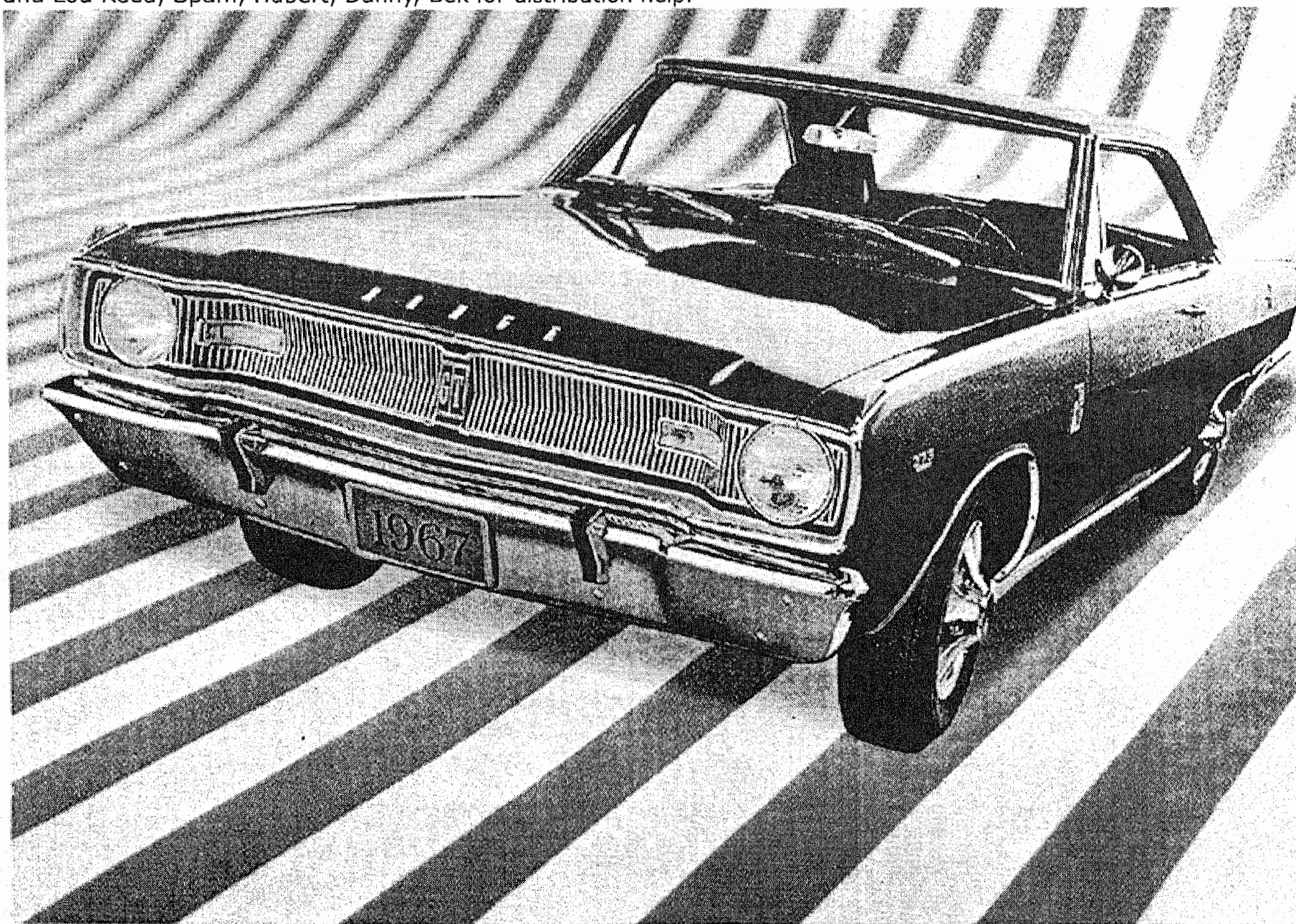
3. Current
Affairs
4. SAUA
Roundup
5. Letters

8. Opinion
16. Office
Bearers
18. Radio

19. Fud
22. Arts/
Theatre/
Fashion
27. Literature

28. Film
32. Music
39. Clubs and
Classifieds

Thankyous: Yak, Gemma, The Dans (all three, V, J and M), David Bowie
and Lou Reed, Spam, Hubert, Danny, Bek for distribution help.



**On Dit
72.11**

Editors
James Cameron
& Tristan Mahoney

Advertising
Matthew Osborn
0402 760 028

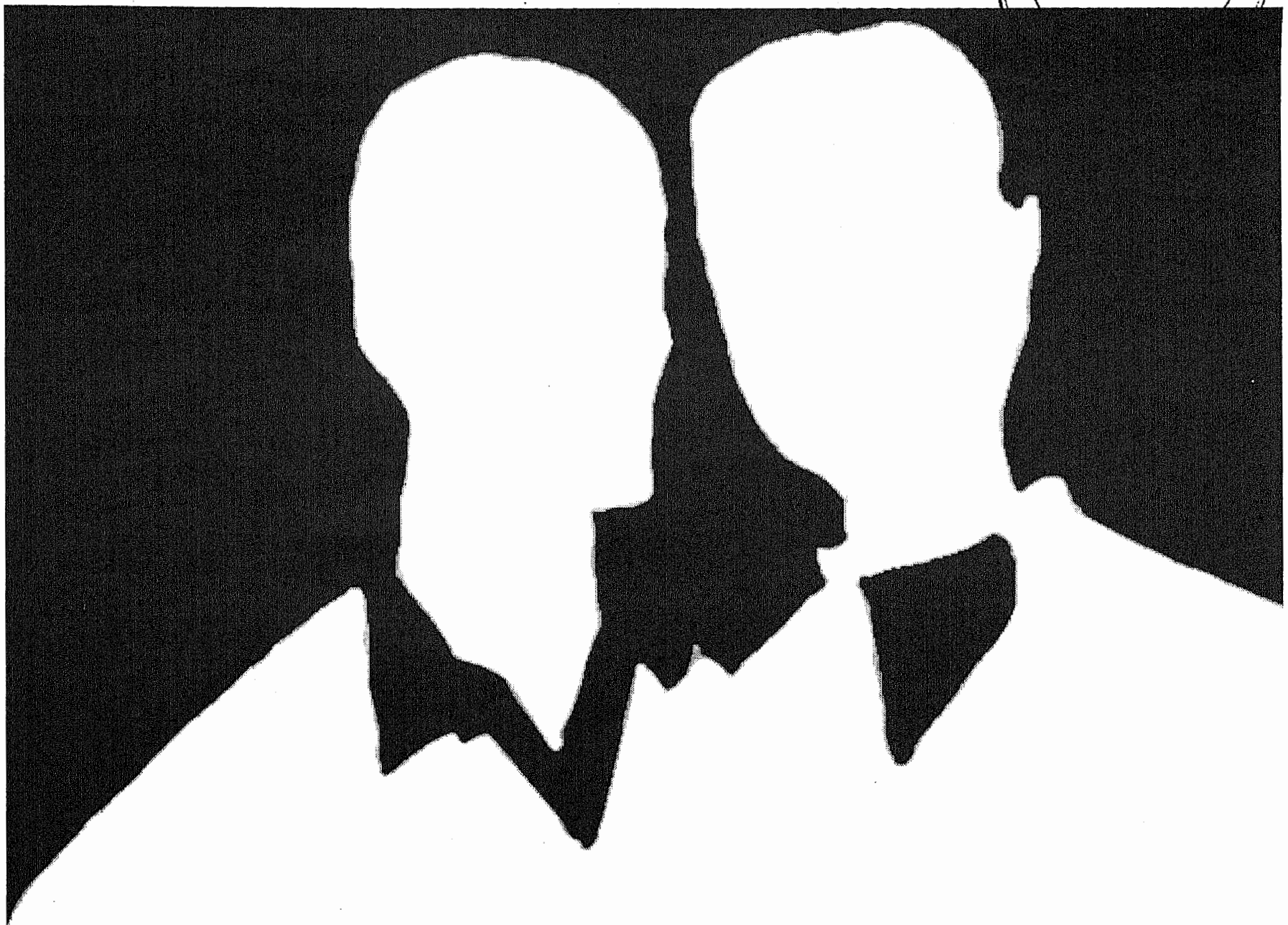
Printing
Cadillac

Current Affairs
Adelle Neary
Opinion
Russell Marks
Music
Dan Joyce & Dan Varrichio
Bar and Restaurant
Esha Thaper

Film
Danny Wills
Literature
Sukhmani Khorana
Arts Team
Leo Greenfield
Alex Rafalowicz
& Stephanie Mountzouris

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

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



Prime Minister John Howard says the Liberal Government plans to ban same-sex marriages in Australia and stop gay couples from adopting children from overseas. On the other hand, the Government has introduced legislation allowing same-sex couples to nominate their partner as the beneficiary of superannuation payouts.

In a lacklustre twist Labor has agreed that gay couples do not deserve the same rights as straight couples, and refused to fight the decision, much to the disappointment of younger and more progressive constituents. Even more bizarre is the fact that the Labor Party has lost any electoral advantage they may have achieved by not challenging the Liberal Party on such a controversial issue.

Mr Howard has made straight his views that marriage is a privilege only to be bestowed on a man and a woman, claiming "we've decided to insert this into the Marriage Act to make it very plain that that is our view of a marriage". Considering the amount of infidelity among cabinet members this is hard to chew from a political standpoint.

Howard has also warned that gay marriages performed overseas would not be recognised in Australia and his policy has been similarly attacked and supported by other Australian politicians.

A spokesman for the Tasmanian Gay and Lesbian Rights Group, Rodney Croome, says it is disappointing.

"The Government is having a bet both ways," he said. "It wants to send a message to conservative voters that it's strong on so-called traditional moral issues but it also doesn't want to appear prejudiced."

In a completely unrelated story, the Bush Administration renewed its call for a constitutional amendment to ban gay marriage.

So I guess they feel the only time that naked guys should be on top of each other is in an Iraqi prison.

James Cameron



Adelaide City Council increases cost of parking on Victoria Drive.

Students with cars a bit narky.

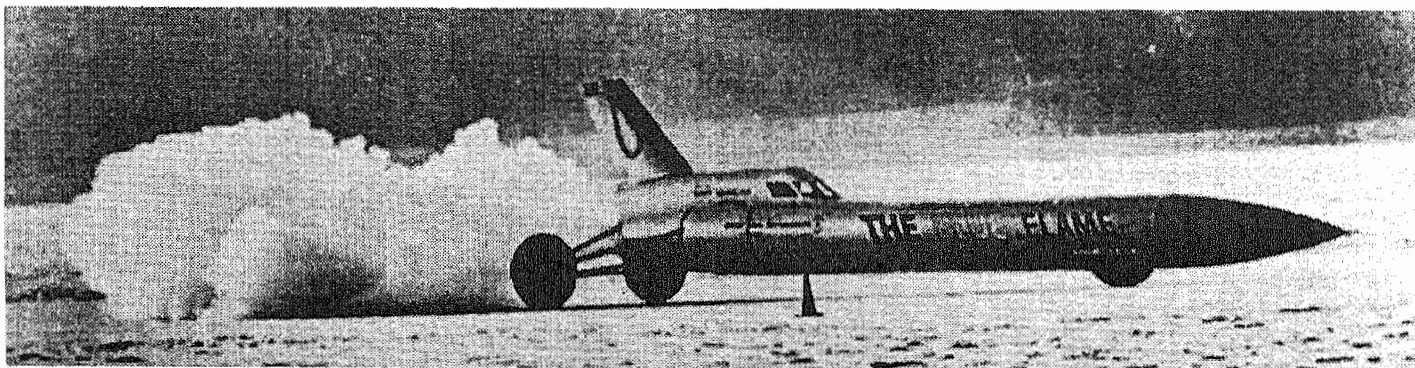
Cyclists fairly non-plussed.

The Adelaide City Council has increased parking costs on Victoria Drive from 50c/hour to \$1/hour. Citing the area as institutional, its on street parking policy requires such areas to have parking rates of \$1/hour during business hours on weekdays. For some reason the city council thought this was a reasonable enough explanation to provide to the SAUA president when she inquired about the increase following complaints from students. They were obviously wrong and consequently a media release was sent from the SAUA, attracting interest from a couple of local media organisations, including a "very eloquent" interview with ABC radio. A petition has been created and many people parking in Victoria Drive have found leaflets under their windscreen wipers, encouraging them to visit the SAUA in order to sign the petition. The SAUA is located on the ground floor of the Lady Symon Building, in the North West Corner of the Cloisters.

The SAUA is concerned about the increase in parking because it is yet another increase in costs of attending uni that students at Adelaide Uni will now incur. The SAUA is continuing to expect this from the federal government, but never realised that it would come from the local government. They believe that if an area is classed as institutional, on street parking should be set at a cheaper rate, particularly because it is most likely students who are going to access the parking. It is an unfortunate situation and the SAUA will endeavour to get support from enough city councillors to change the policy. Although many signatures have already been collected for the SAUA's petition, many more are needed and the fight shall continue over the next few weeks.

Alice Campbell
SAUA President

A car.



North Terrace

OPTOMETRISTS

quality care **eye** wear

Elizabeth House
231 North Terrace
Adelaide
Telephone: 8223 2713

*Quality comprehensive
eyecare and eyewear
Eyewear with appeal,
performance and value
The widest scope in
professional and
clinical service*



Student Card Holders Save 15%

National education conference 2004

Sydney
Tuesday June 29 - Saturday
July 2

This is a great opportunity for anyone interested in higher education issues to get together with other activists from around the country and discuss ideas and plan for future campaigns to improve university education in Australia. Come into the Students' Association (ground floor Lady Symon Building) and fill out a registration form. Any questions about the conference can be directed to SAUA President Alice Campbell or myself (Aurelia Stapleton - SAUA Education Vice-President).

Hope to see you there!

Rowan Nicholson
President
Adelaide University Union

**THE STATE
OF THE UNION®**

The time has come for Board to recommend our Union Fee for next year.

But not before we think carefully about what else we might have spent it on. How many weeks of rent or food. How many phone calls.

Under the *University of Adelaide Act* the University formally sets the Fee. In 2001 they overruled our recommendation and lifted it into the middle range for Australian student unions.

Since then we have frozen the Fee at \$297 plus GST per year. Three years of inflation has given us at least a little relief measured in real value.

Today the Fee each semester is worth about two weeks of rent, three weeks of food, or eight weeks of phone bills for the typical independent student.

Board needs to remember how much this can mean to those of us who struggle by with only about \$160 per week from the government.

Our Union Fee is a fixed cost of study. Along with textbooks, living costs, transport, and the lost opportunity to work full-time, the community should accept it as the price we pay to educate our youth.

A measly \$160 from the government—or nothing for the many needy students who are not eligible—does not cover those costs.

In fact to withhold adequate income support like this is theft.

It is not even someone else's money redistributed to students. It is money we will pay back in taxes later in life to fund the next generation through their education. Our *own* money.

So you can be sure Board will try to recommend and spend our Union Fee wisely. But we must also be very aware why it hits some students so hard.

The Perils of GM

Dear Eds,

I would like to use this opportunity to respond to a few of the issues that DRC discussed in his or her article entitled Green-Left Lies and GM crops (*On Dit* 72.10).

DRC argues that genetic modification has been a fact of life since hunter-gatherer days. Strictly speaking this is a true statement. However, traditional methods of hybridization have nothing in common, for example with placing fish DNA into the genetic make-up of a tomato plant. His or her suggestion that it is otherwise is a little worrying to say the least.

I would also like to point out that the author of the article has marginalized a very complex issue by using a number of disputable arguments backed up by a random set of statistics. Most readers of this publication are aware that statistics can be used to justify almost any argument. There are plenty of statistics out there that could be used to justify a counter argument *against* GM agriculture. For example, a quick look on the web reveals that it was discovered in a recent lab experiment that a soybean inserted with a brazil nut gene had the potential to cause reactions in people who are prone to nut allergies. It was also discovered that the pollen from a GE corn plant had the potential to kill the larvae of a Monarch butterfly.

However, throwing around statistics to justify an argument is not the answer because the main argument against GM is that we have no way of knowing the long-term impact that this technology may have upon human and non-human nature. No amount of scientific testing can guarantee that the technology will be 100% safe because scientific research can only answer the questions that scientists choose to ask. In other words, the consequences of GM may not fall within the confines of what many scientists currently hypothesise to be of potential risk. Scientific opinion is after all, divided on this subject.

The discussion should therefore be centred on whether or not such a risk should be taken and if so, how easy it would be to reverse the technology if the need was to ever arise. Well the answer to the second point is that GM plants, animals and microbes can multiply and spread indefinitely. Once released these organisms cannot be recalled, so their effects are irreversible. Therefore the arguments for taking such a risk needs to be in my opinion, pretty damn good. So let's examine a couple of them.

The author claims that farmers will lose out financially by not subscribing to GM farming. However it could also be stated that one reason why farmers are finding it increasingly difficult to make a worthwhile profit is because they are being forced to compete with each other in order to maximise the profit margins of large supermarket chains. The author also argues that the real motivation for the EU moratorium on GM is to restrict further import competition. However many European consumers do not want to purchase products containing GM food. Therefore it is not profitable for companies to try and market them in Europe.

In the early 90's, scientific opinion was divided in terms of whether or not Mad Cow Disease could be passed from infected cows to humans. The most vocal scientists were the ones who were saying that it was safe. They were wrong and the lessons that were learnt from this mistake have not been forgotten in Europe. In fact, the European attitude toward food is changing. For example there is a growing resurgence of local farmers markets in provincial towns as the population increasingly distances itself from large-scale industrialised agriculture.

Therefore the question that we should ask is whether or not it is worth risking a technology that is of little benefit to the consumer and that once implemented, is almost impossible to reverse. I therefore urge you to buy local produce whenever possible and to boycott companies that use GM in their products. If in doubt, your local health store should have a guide that lists the GM status of most food and drink companies.

Mark Allen



Subliminal Advertising for the Union?

Dear Eds

Whoever ordered in the new shirts for the AUU catering staff is a pervert. The new uniform for females are tight fitted ¾ sleeve shirts with slits on the side that's purpose is to unmistakably reveal flesh. The 'slit' has no practical purpose; it is stretch material so a necessary 'room to move' split [or a room to breathe] would only be minimal.

I don't think even my mum has pants high waisted enough to not reveal flesh in this shirt, so don't tell me I'm exaggerating. I know I could wear something underneath but those things are three times thicker than the blue shirts, and at spray on sizes, it'll be like wearing a sauna suit.

The shirts are totally unpractical in a fast paced working environment. How many food/catering outlets do you know of that make the workers wear tight fitted clothing?

Therefore its only concluded purpose must be to be appealing to look at. And they are. Everyone I have spoken to say that they look nice and we all look good in them.

Well of course they do: fitted female clothing hugs the shapely curves of a woman's body – that's the whole point of it being fitted. I only ask, the (obviously) male who ordered these shirts, what exactly was going on in his mind at the time of the deed?

AUU worker

PS What's next, Cougar T-Shirts for the bar staff?

5

Jimmy un
Stan thank
errybody whae
wrot tae
uz this
semester.
Please kip
yer usual
amount ae
bollocks
rollun in
tae uz.

ondit@
adelaide.
edu.au

this awkward gap brought to you by...

sme™

K.A.S.H.A.
letter #1

To the readership and Kelly Armstrong

If Kelly Armstrong's article in *On Dit* last week was meant to be written with irony, I'm sorry but she failed. All she managed to achieve was the confirmation of many bloke's thoughts and fears. What was written was not funny or ironic. It was easily taken the wrong way, especially if you didn't read that little disclaimer first. I didn't and to be honest it pissed me off even more after I did. If this is the way your going to run your office you might as well call it the nutcracker office.

Whether you like it or not Kelly, you are in a position to positively influence men and women of this university. Women look to you for guidance and advice. Telling them that they will be drugged and raped by men whenever they go clubbing is a pretty irresponsible way of educating them to the dangers posed for women in our society.

Your influence on men so far has not been as positive as it could be. Males hate being told they are the enemy. We do not fear women, but what most blokes fear are the fanatical ramblings

of a feminist psychopath. The anti-feminist movement is an exact counteraction to columns like yours. The idea of a men's officer threatens you because you fear it would detract from the issues that women have, not to mention the possibility of having your budget cut. Well stiff bickies if it happens. You have not got the support of me, or my mates. If you want the support of blokes for your office, start having a little positive action. Its time you looked to other reasons as to why women are still struggling in society.

Melissa's article several weeks ago actually brought a smile to my face. Instead of ball breaking, she actively denounced society as a whole as being to blame. Read any Dolly mag or Cleo and you should be going red with rage. Those magazines have the opportunity to influence young women years before they get to you. Do something to stop the "How to please a guy orally" articles and stop castrating us on paper!!

A raving chauvinist pig

TERESTRIAL

P.S. I'm not kidding, you manage to write an article that doesn't bash men, I'll buy you a beer and publicly throw my support behind you. I just don't think your resourceful enough to do it.

K.A.S.H.A.
letter #2

Hello *On Dit*,

MAN, that Women's Officer Kellie Armstrong Smith sure can talk. While she occasionally is right, I cannot take much more of her weekly rant and her one-sided feminist opinions.

Where's the yin to her raging yang? Where's the Men's Officer complaining about Winifred E Preedy Undergraduate Bursary for example, a \$2000 scholarship offered by this university to women undergraduates in the Dental School at the end of their first to fourth years???

So the world's not fair. So there's more female teachers than male teachers at primary school. I can live with a scholarship being only offered to only girls, but can Kellie live with a scholarship being only offered to guys?

Thanks,
I'm going to sleep now

James Angley

K.A.S.H.A.
letter #3

Dear Tristan and James,

As someone who is rarely on campus these days, I was wondering if you'd be so kind as to pass on some feedback to this year's SAUA Women's Officer; in particular, about her contributions to *On Dit*.

It's clear that Kellie Armstrong-Smith is passionate about her role as Women's Officer and the issues she makes a stand on, whether it's through public speaking on campus or her contributions to *On Dit*. This is excellent. I believe we need more feminist (and pro-feminist - can men be feminists? I think I'll leave this one alone for now...) voices on campus. This is something I myself have worked on providing in some way or another for the past four years, as I believe there is still much work to be done to achieve gender equality and improve gender relations. We still desperately need critical minds and voices to examine both the micro and macro levels of society through a gendered lens.

However, I think Kellie is in

danger of alienating both women and men, especially those who would otherwise be supporters of the causes she flags. In particular, her objectifying approach to describing problematic men bothers me. Kellie has done this in both the last edition, and in *On Dit* 72.2, where variously "a Penis" and "the owner of the Penis" was held responsible for cancelling the O'Week Women's Only Popeye Cruise.

To refer to a man merely as a "Penis" applies biologically reductionist principles that many feminists have fought against for years. I know I wouldn't take too kindly to being referred to as a Pussy, a Cunt (unless it was in an affectionate, *Vagina Monologues* kind of way), or a Clit, especially by a man and in a non-sexual context. Our genitals are not our destiny and should not be held responsible for social and political actions. Although, yes, some behaviours are performed more commonly by one gender more than the other, generalisations based on what is in one's pants are rarely helpful, especially in this context.

I appreciate Kellie's humorous, tongue-in-cheek writing style. It's often a nice counter to the dry, depressing, myopic or non-existent offerings from other SAUA office bearers. However, I think that her irony sometimes misses the mark. A knowing wink to anti-feminist and post-feminist discourses is cool, is necessary, but continually poking fun at "the pitiless screams of Feminism", "the crying and silent voices of boys" and the castrating Woman as the Enemy (*On Dit* 72.10) reinforces ideas I'd rather not have associated with a social movement to which I belong.

How about some journalistic or academic style offerings: researched, considered pieces which look at gender issues from various angles in the interest of achieving positive social change? And I don't just mean from Kellie (where is your elected Standing Committee on the pages of *On Dit*, aside from Mel Purcell?). Frankly, with three *Elle Dits* and dozens of *On Dits* under my belt, I feel I've done my time in this particular publication. *Elle Dit* 2004 is coming up sometime in October, but any edition of *On Dit* could do with articles on social issues and current affairs that deserve a gendered analysis. Contributors (men included) could deconstruct the

Professional Teeth Whitening From Home 1/3rd the Cost No Dental Visit

Whiten Your Smile
by 8 Shades or More...
GUARANTEED!

Click Here Now!



Platinum Plus
Giving you the Power of Platinum

Enjoy the Status of
the Platinum Plus!



Budgets, examine the massive issue of the moment of work and care arrangements (including the Howard Government's bugbear, paid maternity leave), and an increasingly pervasive rape culture.

Finally, on a positive note, well done to Kellie for stepping up to the plate in the first place. The SAUA was placed in a somewhat awkward situation with the resignation of 2003-4's elected Women's Officer, and it was heartening that someone so committed was able to take on the position and fill the gap.

Gemma Clark
Honours Gender Studies

More footy and TV
with my politics,
please.

OH MY GOD!

When will all you bloody polities get over yourselves and stop bitching about each other??? It is so fucking boring hearing you all going on about how much better one party is than the other. Having no political ties with any association (most politicians have no sense of reality, and are consumed by their own importance) it is SO annoying seeing the letters section being consumed by your sad and pathetic war of words!!! Get a life people, and start discussing more interesting topics... Here are a few to get you started- the Crows (get rid of Ayers), reality TV (how old and boring) when the hell will Adelaide Uni request the Adelaide council help provide more parking etc etc... which can include politics - ie Bush, Howard and all their sad cronies, but no more pathetic war of words. PLEASE give the rest of us something worth reading!!!

Luce Juice

Apologies from
the Spaff Monkey

Dear Huberts,

Sorry about that. My real name is John. Some of you may know me.

John S,
No wait, that's too obvious

J. Smith

Hey Meester, do you
want to see some
feellthy Peeectures?

From: moraes@bgp967791bgs.d
etrtc01.mi.comcast.net
To: Ondit
<ondit@adelaide.edu.au>
Subject: Ondit, How do they
f@kk with snakes?

Looks like you've come
to a real ZOO here! Yeap!
We have goats, we have
horses,
sheep, snakes, even dogs!

We have lots of @n1m@ls
here and we also have lots
of glr|s who just love
to have some s. e -x with
these creatures? How do
they do it?

[http://zoo-action.com/av/
val/?ToBqf](http://zoo-action.com/av/val/?ToBqf)

How do they sa-ck those
c0c.k-s?

How do they f@kk with
snakes? Snakes don't have
c0c.k-s!!!

Guys! Our glr|s can do it
with every creature they
want!
They are ready for it!
They are tired from men!

They do realize that wild
@n1m@ls are f@kking like
no man would ever f@kk
them.

Cause they are animals
and they f@kk just like
everybody did thousands
and millions years ago!

[http://zoo-action.com/av/
val/?PZJYy](http://zoo-action.com/av/val/?PZJYy)

Stunning lma-.ges, vlde0s,
art series, lots of
@n1m@ls, y0.u-n.g horny
glr|s
spre@dlng their legs and
s@kking c0c-k.s!

This is a first ever -X-
.-X-.-X- zoo where every
glr| can f@kk the creature
she wants!

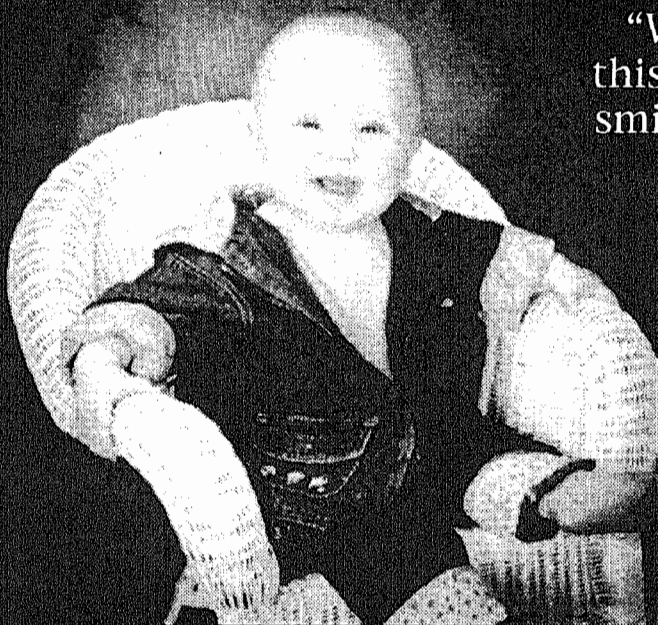
LOOK AT THIS NOW!

AltXfbGy

agpzALaxt

7

"Why is
this child
smiling?"



asks a recent print ad of a cute tot blissfully snoozing. "Because he has lived his whole life in the biggest bull market in history." Cue the smug nods, the flush of pride. For here, swaddled in Baby Gap and lying in a Morigeau crib, is the immaculate American kid, born in the best damn place and time there has ever been. A child wanting for nothing.

He will soon learn, of course, to want everything.

Adbusters, Winter 2000

INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE PROGRAMS **IEP**

WORKUSA
The ultimate student working holiday program



IEP will give you access to:

Exclusive US employer
interviews

Arrival orientation

Extensive job listings

Everything else you need for
the ultimate working holiday

To be eligible you must be a full time student returning to study in 2005.

t: 1300 300 912

www.iep.org.au

Enrolment Integrity[®]...

Integrity?

On page 18 of last week's *On Dit*, David Pearson introduced us, or most of us, to the *Electoral and Referendum Amendment (Enrolment Integrity and Other Measures) Bill 2004*. I certainly hadn't heard about it. So I went looking.¹

The Bill purports to make amendments to the *Commonwealth Electoral Act 1918*, which is, as legislation goes, a genuinely interesting piece of literature. How do we vote? What are the processes? How are elections called, when are they held, how are they determined? It's all there, shrouded in uninspiring Parliament-speak, supposedly for us all to read.

Section 93, for example, tells us who can vote, or more precisely, who is entitled to have her/his name placed on an Electoral Roll. You have to be over 18. You have to be an Australian citizen, or at least a 'British subject' within the meaning of the now-repealed *Australian Citizenship Act 1948* whose name was on an Electoral Roll prior to 26 January 1984. It's a bit convoluted, I know, but stay with me here.

A 'citizen', of course, does not include Temporary Visa holders, or "illegal non-citizens" under the *Migration Act 1958*. Does this make sense? I'll let you think about it. Further, you cannot be enrolled if you are 'incapable of understanding the nature and significance of enrolment and voting' because of 'unsound mind'. Sensible? Perhaps more controversially, you can't be

enrolled if you're currently serving a sentence of 5 years or longer as a result of being convicted of a State or Federal offence. Controversial, because prisoners are still citizens, aren't they? All tricky conundrums, very taxing on the average student's brain, to be sure! You also can't be enrolled if you've ever been convicted of treason or treachery, and haven't received the miraculous pardon – you know, the one that arrives in a scared teenager's sweaty hands via a horse just before you're about to be guillotined?

There are obviously many exceptions, but I would hazard a guess that the prison population has a measurable anti-Liberal bias. Hmmm...

I'm getting distracted. There are some situations in which you can be on an Electoral Roll at the time of an election, but still not be able to vote. Section 100, which enables 17-year-olds to enrol, provides for such a case. The idea is that 17-year-olds enrol, just in case they turn 18 before the next election. This makes sense, particularly when we read on...

It's actually compulsory to enrol, not just to vote. Section 101 warns that if you're eligible to be

enrolled – if you turn 18, or you become a citizen – you need to fill out a claim form and mail or fax it to an Electoral Officer within 21 days of your becoming eligible. If you don't, you're actually guilty of an offence and liable to be fined \$50. I'm not sure how often s.101 is enforced, but I can't imagine that it's common practice for everyone to enrol within 3 weeks of turning 18.

A quirky s.93A gives the power to Electoral Officers to refuse to include a person's name on a Roll if they *consider* that the name is fictitious, frivolous, offensive or obscene, or is not the name by which the person is usually known, or is not written in Latin characters, or if the name in the Roll would be *contrary to the public interest*.

An election is effectively announced by the issue of an electoral 'writ'. In accordance with s.155, the Electoral Rolls 'close' at 8pm on the 7th day after

the issue of this writ. This means that, when an election is called, those citizens who are over 18 and who are eligible to be enrolled have just under a week to get their claim form to an Electoral Officer, who is supposed to date-stamp it immediately upon receipt. If you're not enrolled, and you *don't* get yourself onto a Roll within a week of the election being announced, you actually don't get onto the Roll at all until after the election.

Section 155, in concert with s.100, makes it good practice for 17-year-olds to enrol themselves if they want to vote in the next election. You can easily imagine the situation in which an election writ is issued on July 1, Cecil turns 18 on August 1, and the election is held on September 1. Straight Cecil assumes that, upon turning 18, he can wander down to his local Electoral Office and get himself enrolled for the upcoming election. He does so, only to be told that he can fill out the form, but because he hadn't enrolled by 8pm on July 8, his claim form won't be processed until September 2, which means he'll have to wait until the *following* election to vote for the first time. Straight Cecil is understandably shocked.

As fascinating as the *Commonwealth Electoral Act* is, the *Electoral and Referendum Amendment (Enrolment Integrity and Other Measures) Bill 2004* would make it even more so. For one, prisoners of any term-length, so long as they've been convicted of a Commonwealth or State offence, would be precluded from having their names appear on an Electoral Roll at all. Too bloody right, I can hear the shock-jocks shouting. Really? Why should prisoners be precluded from voting in federal elections? I'll agree, the current 5-year cut-off seems a bit arbitrary. But what if I'm jailed for only a week? What if I'm jailed for the week immediately following the issue of an electoral writ?

The Bill, which would repeal s.96A from the Act, becomes even more interesting when one considers who prisoners *are*. Are the majority of prisoners middle-class Anglo-Australian boys and girls from Kensington who vote Liberal? Are *any* prisoners middle-class Anglo-Australian boys and girls from Kensington who vote Liberal? Or are prisoners more likely to come from less privileged socio-economic classes? Up to 20% of Australian prisoners are Aboriginal people. There are obviously many exceptions, but I would hazard a guess that the prison population has a measurable anti-Liberal bias. Hmmm...

The Bill makes an amendment to s.155, as well. Recall how s.155 gave un-enrolled citizens 7 days to get themselves enrolled or face missing out on a vote at the election. Well, these people would only have 3 days to enrol before the Rolls 'close', if the Bill receives Royal Assent.

But perhaps the most complicated change occurs to ss.96 and 102. Whereas s.155 really just fixes a date for the 'close of the Rolls', it is ss.96 and 102 that outlines what happens if

people don't get their claims in before this date. The Act's present sections work to preclude the enrolment of a person whose claim is received between 8pm of the day of the 'close of the Rolls' (which is 7 days after the writ now, but which would become 3 days under the new s.155) until after the election; the Bill's new sections would essentially retain this, but *only* when an Electoral Officer is 'satisfied that the applicant has previously been an elector'.

If the Officer is not so satisfied – for example, if the person has just recently become a citizen or if s/he has turned 18 since the previous election – that person's claim must be in the hands of an Officer by 6pm on the *day of the issue of the writ*. In other words, unless the claim is faxed under s.111A, the person must necessarily have mailed her/his claim form, at the very latest, before 6pm on the day *prior* to the issue of the writ – *before* the election is announced! – to allow for Australia Post's overnight delivery.

Let's think about this a little. If you've previously been a voter, or at least enrolled, you would have 3 days to fax in a claim form, or 2 days to post it, after the election is called. Because you've previously been enrolled, the only reason you would need to send in a claim form is (a) if you'd been removed from the Roll (perhaps you'd been sentenced to a term of imprisonment?) or (b) if you've changed your name or address. But if you've never been a voter, you would effectively have no time to enrol after an election is announced.

I wonder what a random sample of 17-20 year olds would show? According to AgePolls, 17-20 year olds are less likely to vote Liberal than most older people. You could, of course, fax your claim form in on the day of the issue of the writ, but that is predicated on you having a fax machine. I wonder how many fax machines are accessible by young people who would vote Liberal, as compared with those who would vote Labor, Greens or Democrats?

If the Bill passes through the Senate, 17-20 year olds who are not already enrolled would be totally precluded from *being* enrolled before the next election. In the past, it has been reasonably common practice for Australian youth to enrol *after* the announcement of an election, because that's when they think about it.

The Bill would need ALP approval to pass through the Senate, and surely that is totally unlikely. Because my local Member is Chris Gallus, I contacted Nick Bolkus's office to find out what Labor's policy is, if any, in relation to this Bill, but received no confirmation before the submission date for this edition of *On Dit*.

Pearson raised the spectre of the Florida voting shambles in last week's edition. By attempting to make it impossible for prisoners to vote, and more likely that young people will be left off the Rolls for this election, John Howard's government does appear to be pulling a similar stunt. I would obviously hope that's not the case, though

anyone who really believed the impossibility of such motives is naïve, given this government's track record.

Peter Slipper, as Parliamentary Secretary to Senator Nick Minchin, the Minister for Finance and Administration, presented the *Enrolment Integrity* Bill to the House of Representatives on April 1 this year. Slipper explained that the changes the Bill purports to make to the *Electoral Act* were recommended by the Joint Standing Committee on Electoral Matters (JSCEM) report, *The 2001 Federal Election*. According to Slipper, closing the Rolls at 6pm on the day of the issue of the writ would 'ensure that the Australian Electoral Commission has sufficient time to verify details provided by applicants for enrolment' (*Hansard*, 27932). He didn't explain how the extra week available to the Commission for this purpose would justify the exclusion of a swag of young voters; such a measure appears disproportionate to its purpose, and one wonders about the Constitutionality of such a law. He also didn't explain the move to prevent prisoners from voting.

A week later, an article appeared in the *Canberra Times* by its Public Service Reporter, Verona Burgess, which noted that the JSCEM's report gave paramountcy to the *integrity* of the Electoral Rolls. On April 11, Phillip Hudson's article in the *Sunday Age* focussed on people in prison, quoting Special Minister of State Senator Eric Abetz: 'It seems strange that we say you are not a fit and proper person to walk the streets of your community but you are a fit and proper person to have a say over the future government of your country'. The Democrats and Greens reportedly

want to give all prisoners the vote, whereas the ALP apparently remains undecided. John Faulkner, the ALP's Senate leader, spoke of Australia's commitments under the ICCPR, which could be breached by such a law.

Hudson also quotes Abetz as saying the Electoral Commission was 'flooded with applications' after the announcement of the 2001 election: indeed, 83,000 inaugural voters sent in claim forms during the week following the writ. But in contrast to Slipper's claims about the JSCEM report, Hudson writes that the 'Electoral Commission said that there had never been proof that an election result had been corrupted by

[a "flood" of applications] and [the JSCEM] also found such claims were unfounded'.

Andrew Fraser's article in the *Canberra Times* on May 7 quotes Democrats leader Andrew Bartlett as opposing the early closure of the Rolls, as well as the deprivation of voting rights for prisoners. Fraser quotes the Electoral Commission's submission to the JSCEM that 'many of the matters proposed in the Bill are unnecessary, given that there have been only 71 instances of electoral fraud detected in the whole decade of the 1990s'.

The ALP replied to the Bill on May 13, via Bob McMullan, who noted that most of the amendments the Bill proposes have 'already been debated at least twice', and that 'none of those measures is supported by the Australian Electoral Commission, nor are any of them supported by the multiparty [JSCEM]. In fact, most of the measures are unanimously opposed by that committee' (*Hansard*, 28622). McMullan ruled out the possibility of the ALP supporting the amendment that would 'disenfranchise 80,000 young Australians', as well as the one about the prisoners, because they are 'undemocratic'.

It appears that the *Enrolment Integrity* [sic] Bill does not have the legs to make it through the Senate, given the opposition expressed by the ALP, Greens and Democrats. But stranger things have happened. So the moral of the story is to get yourself enrolled. And make noise in the community, particularly within earshot of your local Members and Senators, to the effect that such an amendment cannot become Australian law.

Russell Marks

¹ I found it at:
<http://parlinfoweb.aph.gov.au/piweb/Repository/Legis/Bills/Linked/01040409.pdf>

***The author does not intend this article to constitute reliable advice.**

One Member – Why not more?

Proportional representation: making more votes count

Why waste your vote?

Most voters end up seeing their first choice not elected. We could change the SA voting system to make more votes count, ie more people will have an MP they chose.

Multi-Member Electorates (MME)

In a Multi-Member Electorate voters elect a number of members for each electorate.

For example in Tasmania there are 5 state seats with 5 members in each seat to total 25 members. The seat of Dennison which contains Hobart, has 3 Labor, one Liberal and one Greens MP representing 60,000 voters. In comparison the Federal seat of Adelaide which includes the CDB has one Liberal MP representing approximately 90,000 voters.

The MME system using proportional representation results in a more diverse, democratic parliament.

Catherine Helen Spence, a South Australian, pioneered both women's suffrage and proportional representation. She was the first female political candidate in Australia and one of Australia's leading political reformers. Her words still apply today:

"The real opposition [to reform] comes from the rival parties, which fear that a system of perfect righteousness would diminish their strength. They know the present system and can pull the ropes, and they do not want independent representatives who cannot be relied on in the day of battle."

But representation was not meant to be "War by Election." Its true meaning, that the elected body, the Parliament, should be

the mirror of the convictions and aspirations of the whole people, has been clouded by this majority fight.

Inside Parliament the majority vote must decide but for the composition of Parliament itself, we must have equitable representation of all opinions and of all classes.

I appeal to the new voters, the women to change neck-to-neck competition for all or nothing in our present districts, into a peaceful co-operation. Thus, too, the women will not only have a vote, but an effective vote, neither wasted in useless majority nor extinguished in a defeated minority.

To explore these issues I am holding a symposium on Sunday 4 July 2004 at Old Parliament House. Speakers include MPs from SA and New Zealand.

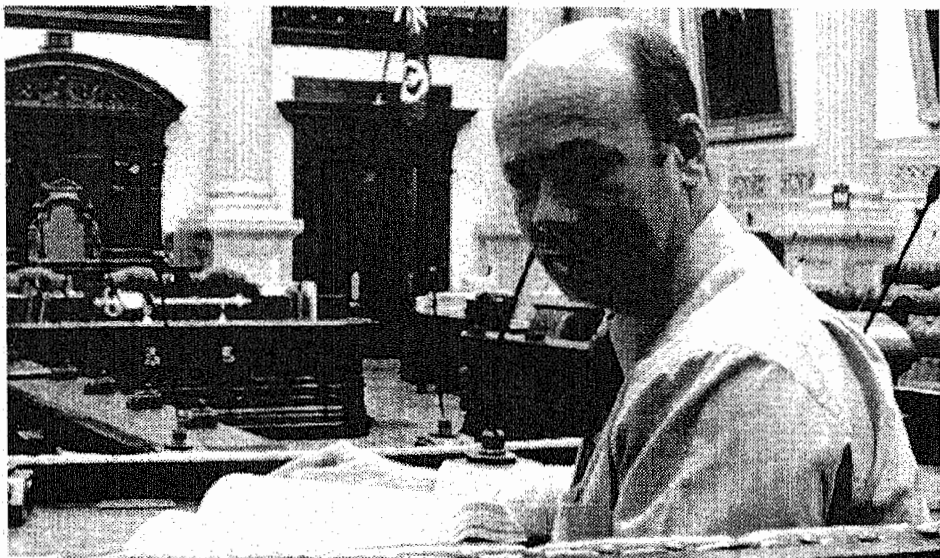
Kris Hanna
Greens Member for Mitchell

Multi Member Electorate Symposium Towards a Fairer System

Sunday 4 July 2004
9.30 – 3.30pm
Old Parliament House
(Entry off North Terrace)

Registration essential
Call Cathy at
Kris Hanna's office on
8177 0143

\$15, \$10 unwaged
(to cover costs only).
Morning tea, lunch
and afternoon tea provided.



Ed's note: insert amusing cation here (makes it slightly less obvious that we give pinko politicians free publicity).

MobiQ Pty Ltd

Apple IPOD
15 GB Storage
Slim Design
MP3 Player
Only \$450

64MB USB Drive
Great Price: \$50

Acer Aspire 1355LC
AMD XP-M 2600+
256 MB RAM
40 GB HD
DVD/CDRW
Amazing Value - \$1499

Logitech ClickSmart 310
Stores up to 160 pics
Amazing price: \$129

ML1000
2.4 GMobile Celeron
20 GB HD 256 MB RAM
Firewire 56k Modem
XP Home Internal LAN
DVD/CDRW
What a bargain - \$1545

GMR 1000
3 GHz P4 Processor
80 GB HD 512 MB RAM
DVD Recorder CDRW
XP Home
Sub woofer
Only \$2449

VLU 7000
2.4 GHz Celeron
80 GB HD
XP Home
256 MB RAM
LARGE 17" Monitor
Only \$875!



A large range of apple macintosh products are available.

Canon Colour Bubble Jet S200SPx
Up to 2880x720 dpi
Print speeds up to 5ppm
Super economy mode
Comes with ink cartridges
Limited time only: \$69

We can also stock a large range of consumables, including ink cartridges, toner, paper, special-purpose printing paper, and almost any other printer accessory.

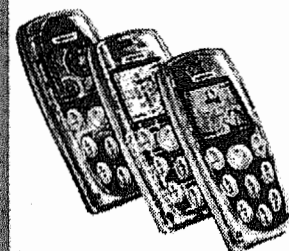
LiteOn DVD Recorder
Read and write both
CD's and DVD's
\$135

CD/DVD Media
DVD-R x4 25x Spindle - \$35
DVD+ or - RW 5 Pack - \$25
CD R 60x Spindle 80 min - \$30
CD RW 5 Pack 80 min - \$10

Digital Cameras
BenQ DC2300 3.1 MP - \$179
Canon PowerShot A75 - \$429
Canon Digital IXUSi - \$499
Kodak CX7300 3.2MP - \$249
Sony DSCP93 5.1MP - \$600

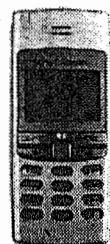
Palm PDA's
Zire 21 (Multilingual) - \$185
Tungsten E - \$349
Tungsten T2 - \$535
Tungsten T3 - \$699
Tungsten C PDA - \$829

5% of all Vodafone pre-paid recharge cards



Nokia 3200 Live with Camera Bundle

This funky, lightweight phone for a limited time comes with a free Vodafone Live! camera bundle. It also has the ability to access the Internet, send MMS, customise the cover (for a very personal phone), and has a built in stereo FM radio! And at \$275 you can't go wrong. But hurry, this is a strictly limited offer which can't last.



Sony Ericsson T105

Comes with \$80 of included credit (\$50 of info text, \$30 general credit).
Silver finish with blue backlight.
Weights only 75g!
Up to 200 hours of standby time.
Brilliant price, brilliant phone: \$99

Panasonic A100

Polyphonic ring tones
Up to 230 hours of standby
and 8 hours of talk time
Ultra small, ultra light
77 x 44 x 17.8 mm, 66g
Ultra cheap too: \$119



LG 53001

Polyphonic Ringtones
Supports MMS and Java
WAP enabled
200 hours of standby
Weights 85g
Now only \$140



Nokia 6600

Email, MMS and group messaging enabled
In-built digital camera
Internet browser ready
Bluetooth active
Tri-band GSM
Great Price! \$795

To Order call 8367 6984, or Email sales@ezypc.net!
Visit us on the web @: www.unl.ezypc.net

Product List	MSRP	Price	Consumables	Other Products
ATX Mini Case	\$65	\$55	Full range of Epson, Canon, Lexmark, HP, xerox and more available. Best prices!	ALU-GL M2000 4-CD-R \$93
Intel P4 Celeron	\$170	\$130		Netcom ADL \$135
Intel P4 3GHz	\$375	\$295		Raynew 157 LCD \$439
Intel P4 3.4GHz	\$580	\$480		BenQ 17" LCD \$525
Call for full range				Samsung 17" CRT \$180
256MB RAM	\$95	\$85	Canon I825 \$375	Logitech JoyStk \$63
512MB RAM	\$185	\$165	Canon FS-A75 \$425	BenQ MP3 JoyStk \$180
FireWire Drive	\$15	\$10	Sony DSC-F5 \$840	12.5MB MP3-3E \$192
88GB WS HDD	\$105	\$85	HP PrintSmart 71K \$375	Web Camera \$59
200GB WS HDD	\$225	\$185	Nikon 3700 \$790	Av Scanner \$199
			Kodak CX6200 \$199	Digital TV Tuner PCT \$135

Full Range of Components, Peripherals, and Systems Available



All Major Credit Cards Accepted (2.6% Surcharge Applies)
All purchases Cash on Delivery
Cash, Cheque, Direct Debit Available - 10% Deposit may be Required
Next-day delivery Available for city orders...
Small Items - \$6.95
Laptops - \$10
PC Systems - \$12.95
Pick-up available by pre-arrangement

How would YOU spend \$80,000?

The Fringe has been and gone for 2004, causing some inconvenience but leaving the Adelaide University Union \$80,000 the richer!

Now is your chance to say how you would like the profit from food & beverage sales at the Fringe Hub to be spent.

Some ideas already agreed upon include; • A new bike shed • Lockers

To have your input on how we spend this money email auu.marketing@adelaide.edu.au with your ideas by JULY 2ND, 2004.



FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH: the life of the working student

A 19 year-old 1st year uni student applied for a job as a pizza maker. He was told to come in for a few trial shifts so they could train him up on the equipment. After 2 weeks of working every night the owners pulled him aside. They explained to him that they couldn't get a subsidy to employ him from Centrelink (! - go figure) so they couldn't afford to keep him on as staff. Furthermore, he wasn't entitled to wages for the previous two weeks because he had had the dubious pleasure of remaining on the premises and using the equipment completely "free of charge".

Sound familiar? You may not have ever applied for a position as a pizza maker (and less likely a pizza maker position funded by Centrelink) but if you've ever been employed you've probably had to put up with a lot at work. The virtual non-existence of government assistance to students and the desire for more independence means more and more students are venturing into the workplace.

According to Kevin Doogan, Professor of Policy Studies at Bristol University, forty five per cent of the expansion of casual employment in Australia is based in the 15-19 and 19-23 groups. In other words, the so-called casualisation of the workforce is riding primarily on the back of the young. We're the ones who don't get the annual leave, who have to go to work when we're sick, who have to entertain the boss' flirtations if we want that extra shift on Thursday night.

The Young Workers Legal Service started up in Adelaide last October as a way for non-unionised young people to get a better deal in the workplace. There are about seven volunteer final-year law students (mostly from Flinders) who help out and represent young people who have been screwed at work, completely free of charge. Each week they deal with about six cases and have about eighteen enquiries. Most of the cases they get are to do with underpayment or non-payment of wages (for things like trial shifts), illegal deductions from employees' wages (e.g. if their tills are down) and sexual harassment.

All of us are entitled to full award wages for trial shifts unless we sign a formal Contract of Training. The Legal Service recently dealt with an employee who did four full days work at a sports store, wasn't hired and was given a bag as a "gift" instead of the 32 hours wages.

It is illegal to deduct money from our wages unless we have freely consented and have signed a formal document. There have been cases of petrol station employees having to pay out of their own wages for the fuel stolen at the pump during their shifts. And there are tales of

hairdressers who have had to sell a certain number of hair products to customers each week. When they failed to meet the quota the "shortfall" came out of their pay.

Of the many cases involving sexual harassment (particularly rampant in small and family businesses):

- A 22 year-old checkout chick at a small supermarket quit because her boss would refuse to let her in the store unless she gave him a "kiss on the cheek". The boss refused to pay her last week's wages because she didn't give two weeks notice. When she pointed out that she didn't have to give notice because she was casual, he challenged that she wasn't entitled to anything anyway because her till was down on three days in the last week.
- A young guy at a fast-food restaurant kept getting felt up by his female manager. She would whisper how she wanted to "feel the merchandise". The embarrassment and discomfort of the situation led to him acting up at work and later getting fired.
- A 23-year-old was falsely accused by co-workers of sleeping with her boss. At work they not only called her a "slut" and a "whore" but they stole and viewed surveillance tapes of the office to see if they could "catch" her with the boss.

In short, young casual workers are among the most exploited in the workforce. As students we might shrug off the tag. After all, we're not going to be in this job forever. But the point is, once we start working 10, 15, 20 hours a week (and more) to cover mobile phone bills, university text books and 21st birthday presents, work becomes a large part of our lives. We juggle uni, work, social and family lives and the least we deserve from our employers is for them to make our weekly toil as devoid of shit as possible.

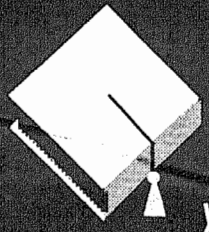
If you're in a union, use the many avenues that are available to you. But if you're not part of a union and you suspect you're being exploited, the Young Workers Legal Service offers a chance to find out your rights and do something about it. There are people out there who will support you and advise you. And sometimes it is worth taking a stand.

Alex Solomon-Bridge

The Young Workers Legal Service can be contacted on 8212 3938 and is open for appointments every Tuesday from 10 - 3, but can take phone enquiries any day during business hours.

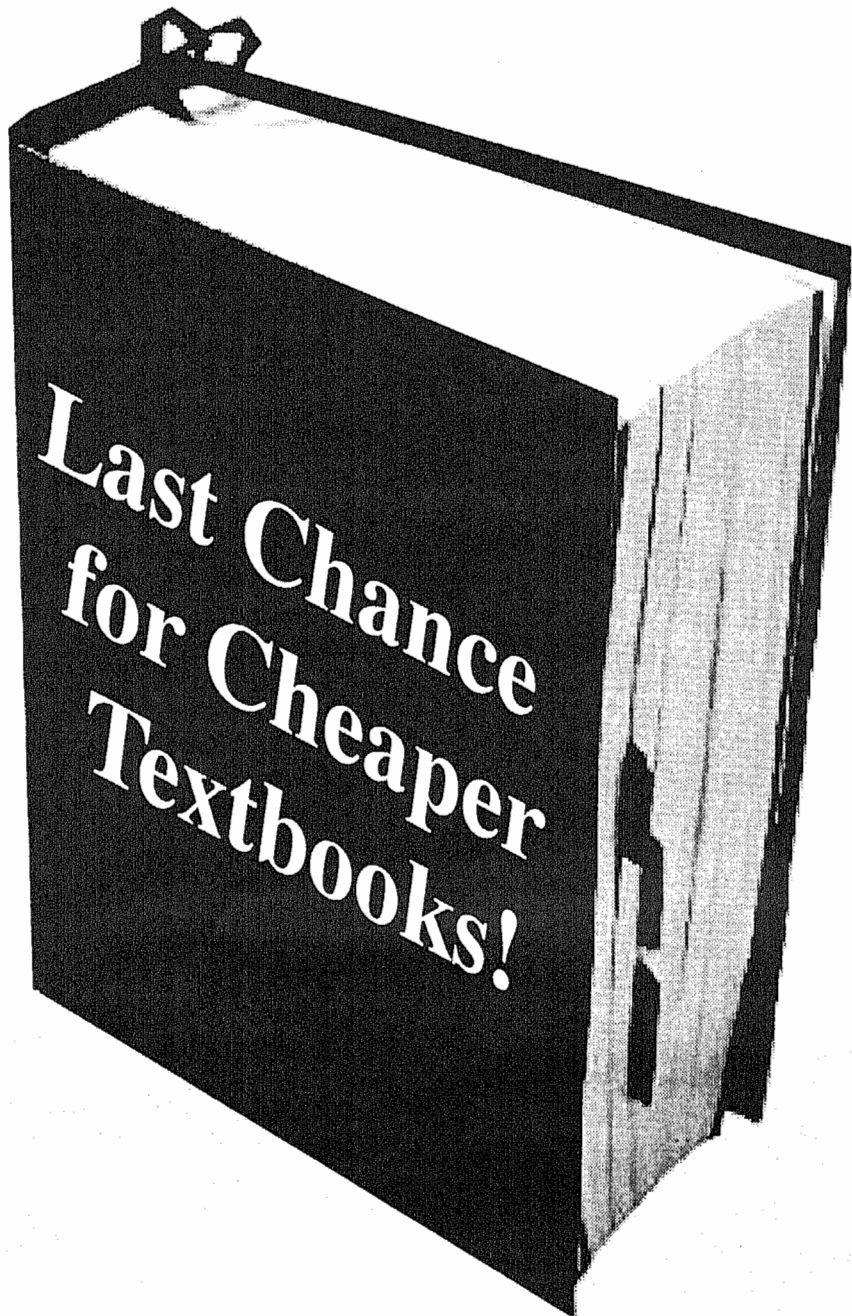
TWELVE





Unibooks

your official campus bookstore



From the 30th June 2004 prescribed textbooks will cost students 8% more as the federal government shuts down the Educational Textbook Subsidy Scheme (ETSS).

June is your last chance to take advantage of the scheme!

Activities Calendar

brought to you by the Union Activities Committee (UAC)
another service of the Adelaide University Union (AUU)

June

Tight-A\$\$ Tuesday Markets!

June 1st - Hughes Plaza

(Cloisters if wet)

11am - 2pm (approx)

jewellery.crafts.clothes.leathergoods

If you have STUFF to SELL and want to get involved email:

activities@adelaide.edu.au

or phone 8303 5850

The next market will be on August 10th.

Band Comp

The National Campus Band Competition is BACK!

the Adelaide Uni final is set to occur on Sept 10th, with heats mid-August.

Entries are NOW OPEN....

and are due by June 18th.

Collect them from the Union Reception, ground floor, Cloisters.

For further info email

activities@adelaide.edu.au

Coming Soon...

UAC presents... **HOP HOP Culture Weeb**

October 12th - 15th

If you're a graffiti artist, rapper or group, skater or breaker and want to be involved, email us at *activities@adelaide.edu.au*

PETER COSTELLO: RIPPED OFF HITLER?

Transcript of Wednesday's SAUA Open Mic speech.

Peter Costello recently unveiled his 'family-packed' budget. The Liberal Treasurer had a smug grin on his face when he revealed the bountiful hand-outs his party was going to give to mothers with newborns. Taking effect after mid-year, mothers who pop-off a baby now get a small sum of \$3,000 as congratulatory, thank-you-for-contributing-to-our-Australian-population type of election sweetener.

According to writer Ann Summers, this Liberal budget is 'all about breeding.' Mr Costello, swamped by the media, said that women should have babies, 'one for the father, one for the mother, and one for the country.' The media laughed snidely as if this statement was excessively humorous.

Summers warns that 'Although Costello's comments have largely been greeted with ridicule, we should not ignore the seriousness of what he is proposing. Costello has joined the fray and presumably the

whole weight of government policy is behind the imposition of a 'breeding creed' on the women of Australia.

'The breeding creed defines women first and foremost as mothers and aims to subsume all of women's other choices and ambitions into a motherhood mentality.'

'The breeding creed aims to reverse that falling rate in fertility by making it difficult, even prohibitive, for women to have jobs, and children. The Costello ideal family is one where the mother contributes only 20% of total income.'

This breeding-mentality, as Summers describes it, is not unique to Costello's Liberal party. In fact, one of history's governments to put emphasis on breeding above all else for women was Hitler's Nazi Germany.

Back in the days of the old Third Reich, the Nazi's organised a marriage loan-scheme that 'gave young couples an interest-free loan of 1,000 Reichmarks - at a time when the average wage earner brought home approximately 1,520 Reichmarks a year - paid in shopping coupons, provided that the wife

gave up employment.

The most attractive aspect of this law was that for every child the couple produced, 25% of the loan was forgiven.' Wow, weren't the Nazis just so caring to their would be mothers? Makes you feel all warm and fuzzy inside, doesn't it?

Now, this marriage loan scheme of the Nazis may have done Peter Costello proud. It 'furthered three Nazi goals; 1. it took women out of the workforce, rebalancing the 'natural' divisions of labour, 2. it encouraged large families and 3. it encouraged marriage.'

'Other incentives more directly raised the status of motherhood and also made large families advantageous. Starting in 1938, Honour Cards were given out to families with three or more children under the age of ten. The creation of the Honour Cross of the German Mother in 1939 raised the status of motherhood further.

Awarded on Mother's Day, the Honour Cross presented a Bronze Medal to women with 4 to 5 children, silver for 6 to 7, and gold for 8 or more.' Ouch, that's a lot of childbirth pain!

One of the benefits of this scheme was that Hitler could achieve one of his major objectives, which was the rapid expansion of the German population.

I have a few questions, considering all this information, that I would ask Mr Costello if I ever got the chance to pop in on one of his evening meals at the Stanford.

'Mr Costello,' I would ask him across the French scallops. 'Mr Costello, would you ever consider giving Australian mothers medals

for contributing to our Australian population? You know, perhaps a medal for every child a mum produces for her husband, herself, and her country?'

'Well, Kellie,' he might say back, 'as long as they're not made out of REAL gold or silver, I don't see why we couldn't hand a few medals out.'

It's not just Costello however, who would do well to take a leaf out of Joseph Goebbels' book. The Nazis replaced the Weimar Republic's Marriage Counselling Centres (which offered advice on contraception and abortion) with Mother's Service Centres. Tony Abbot, who visited this campus a while back, claimed that 'abortion was the easy way out' for women. He may be pleased to know that the Nazis agreed with him. They would fine women who had abortions or even punish her with death.

As I said earlier, history may repeat itself.

But as Summers points out, contrary to Costello's baby plans, 'the women of Australia aren't ready to give up their hard-won freedom and their continuing quest for equality in favour of full time Kinder and Kuche, but the Federal Government is sure making it hard for them. They may well return the favour, come election day.'

That's enough about Nazis and Costello from me today. Thank you for listening and God Bless.

Kellie Armstrong-smith
SAUA Women's Officer.

Where?
Griffins Head Lounge Pub
38 Hindmarsh Square
Ph: 8223 7954 Fax: 8223 7296
www.griffinshead.com.au

When!
Starts Wednesday 28th July
and every Wednesday thereafter
\$5 Entry

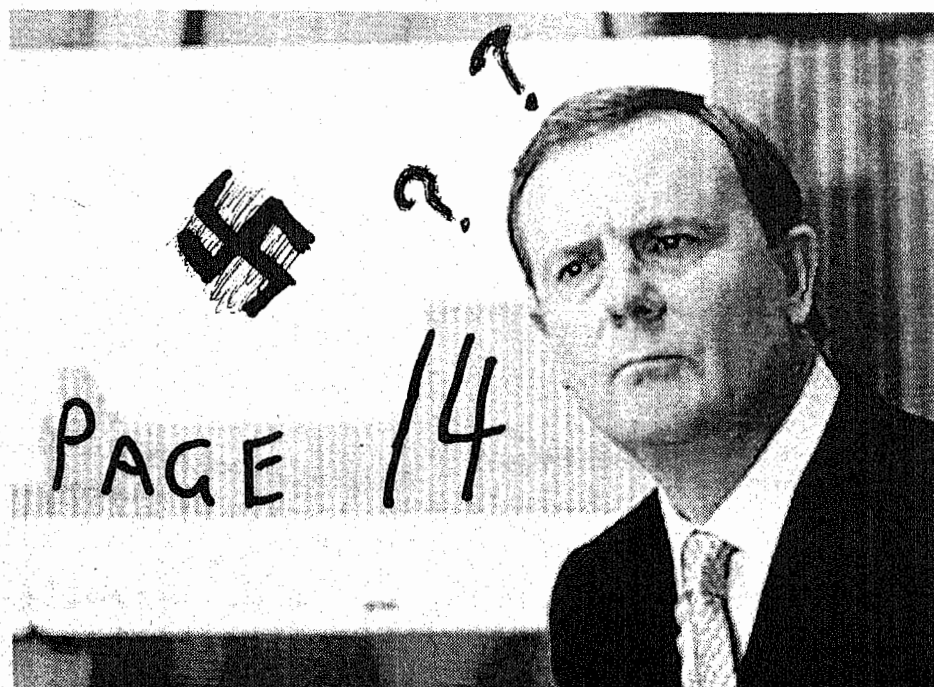
GRIFF 'LISHUS

LIVE @ THE BALCHEMY

JAZZ

What's Up?
Pint for Schooner
on all top beer
\$5 UDL \$4 Base Spirits

WHY?
A celebration of all that is live.
in this case mainstream jazz,
fusion funk and groove...
because we believe that live is
alive and well. "Bless the funk"



SAUA® Brand Hygienic Dental Care



All of your daily activism dosage in one easy-to-use gauze tube!



"My pearly whites have never been whiter since I started using the SAUA®!"



My gums used to be a playground for grey-green mucus and filthy bacteria. Thanks to SAUA, they are now a healthy pink!



Thanks to my daily activism dosage I can no longer look at my teeth in the mirror for fear of the blinding glare!



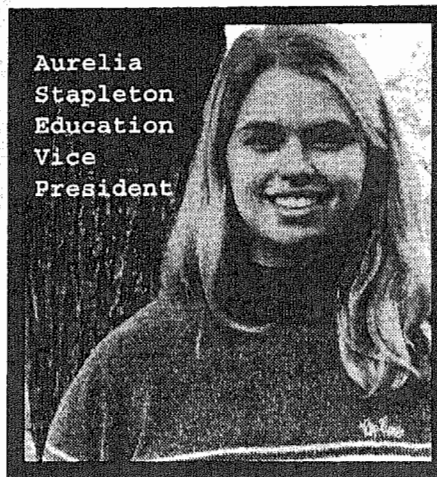
Sam Nona & Cody Morris
ATSI Officers

Reconciliation is a two way process that requires each party to be willing enough to meet each other half way. Reconciliation Week this year is 27th May – 3rd June, as it is every year and during this week there are many activities happening in and around Adelaide. In support of this Week, the Vice Chancellor has kindly permitted both the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Island flags on top of Bonython Hall and the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Department are very thankful for him to allow us to do so.

As stated above Reconciliation Week starts on the 27th May on which Day in 1967 a national referendum was held. This referendum gave the Commonwealth the power to legislate for Aboriginal people, previously a power only the States had, by changing Sections 51 (xxvi) and 127 of the Australian constitution. This meant that Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people were to become citizens of Australia and a huge 90.77% percent of voters voted yes and was passed in all states.

Many of the Aboriginal and Islander activists from this period are still telling their stories of fighting for Indigenous rights. What is sad though is that three generations down the line, we are still fighting for many of those same rights. What will it take for the federal government to listen? One way we can do so is by voting in the upcoming federal election. If you aren't enrolled, do so because it is very important that you exercise your right to vote and make a difference. A friend recently said that if you stand outside the system and don't vote, your only allowing those who you don't like get into office.

Aboriginal and Islander people had to fight for the right to vote and so too did women. Don't deny yourself that privilege.



Aurelia Stapleton
Education
Vice
President

What will YOU be doing these holidays?

- Going to the movies?
- Trying to score that cutie from Tuesday morning's tute?
- Eating out?
- Getting plastered?
- Or just trying to keep warm?

AND WILL YOU BE WORKING YOUR ARSE OFF TO PAY FOR IT ALL???

I thought so.

Tickets, condoms, food, drink and heating (whether in the form of a heater, clothing or that cutie's naked body under the quilt) all cost money and lots of it. And where is all this money supposed to come from? You are supposed to earn it. Unfortunately, the government does not seem to realise that university students have to spend most of the hours in their week attending lectures, tutorials, practicals or seminars and studying like crazy. Somehow we are supposed to fit in a job. Not a decent job in a decent environment with a decent wage but an often crap job in a crap environment with a crap wage. If you happen to have reasonably wealthy parents who are happy to look after you financially at uni and you happen to have a cruisy well-paid job that only requires you to be there for one shift a week and a boss that is really understanding about your other commitments around exam time then let me tell you this – you are one of the very lucky few at uni who have this luxury. Be grateful because the rest of us don't have it so easy. Maybe next time you're in Youthworks eyeing off that \$379.95 jacket you can spare a thought for those of us at uni who aren't so well off. Youth allowance is less than the dole. Do you think this is fair? I don't mean to whinge but I think there's a lot of you out there who just don't realise how difficult it is for many of your fellow students to get by from week to week. Just think about it. And support our ongoing campaigns for increased student welfare even if it doesn't affect you directly because it sure as hell is affecting those around you.

If you are really concerned about the situation student welfare is in at the moment then you should contact the students' association and find out about how you can make a submission to the current senate inquiry into this issue. There will be forms at the front desk and all you have to do is write a bit about your concerns or your own experiences and we'll send it off.

aurelia.stapleton
@adelaide.edu.au



Alice Campbell
President

Oh my god – is it really the end of semester one?

Apparently so, and therefore it's time to go to the Unibar and drink until I've forgotten about all the nasty things the Howard government has been doing to students so far this year... Alright, while this is rather unlikely I can at least try at the **End of Semester Fiesta**, brought to you by the SAUA, UAC and Unibar **from 4pm on Friday 4th June**. They'll be karaoke, door prizes, a DJ and jazz band at 4pm. Hope to see you there!

On another note, the SAUA is currently writing a submission for the Senate Inquiry into Student Income Support and urge Adelaide students to complete a pro forma submission, which will be available from the reception area in the SAUA or at our regular **Open Mic event, outside the Union resource centre from 1pm on Wednesdays**. For more information, please email us at saua.adelaide.edu.au.

In other news, the Adelaide City Council has increased parking rates on Victoria Drive from 50c/hour to a nasty \$1/hour. The SAUA has a petition available for you to sign and will be making a presentation at a city council meeting very soon. Sign the petition at the SAUA office, ground floor, Lady Symon Building, that's the northwest corner of the Cloisters.

One final thing I have to mention: In the **first week of semester two, the SAUA will be running Reorientation**, a chance for all you Adelaide Uni students to find out more about your students' association and what's been going on in your university over the holidays. Expect cheap food and beverages as well as fun activities to take part in. Watch out for more info over the study period.

Happy studying!
-Alice

SIXTEEN



**Kellie
Armstrong-Smith
Women's Officer**

**OB COLUMN:
DONALD TRUMP KNOWS THE
POWER OF THE PHALLUS.**

Thankyou, Angry White Male, for taking the time to write to me, and bringing up your concerns about paedophilia in response to my article about pushy cheerleaders and helpless 12 year old jocks. As a sign of my appreciation that you bothered to write me, I shall write back in kind.

You very kindly told me to 'get a sex change' if 'being a female was such a bitch.' It sounds like you must have experience with this kind of thing, though I always assumed it was a somewhat expensive option.

Anyway, I thought about it for a while and then it *hit* me. I don't need a *penis* to stop my life being a bitch. I need a *phallus*!!!

Take Donald Trump's new hit show *The Apprentice* as an example. The girl's team have been thrashing the boys consecutively four times in a row. When both teams had to create an advertisement about a plane company, it was the female team that won. They didn't have penises, but what they did have was the cunning to use the *phallic symbol* in their campaign. Whilst the Penises (aka men) were busy making a couchy ad about refined pilots and top service, the women were taking photographs of the planes in such a manner as to, * cough * , show it's phallic tendencies.

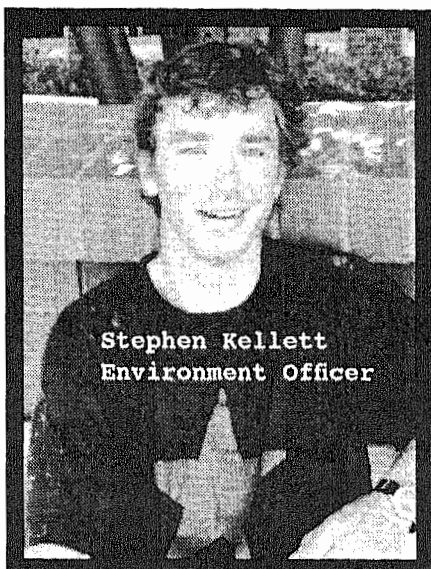
Therefore I conclude, Angry White Male, that it is not penises we need. It's phallic symbols. Therefore, sex changes seem somewhat pointless. Though I thank you for the idea.

No, as Trump's show illustrated; the men had penises and they lost the competition. The women used phallic symbols and they won the competition.

You say I should get a Penis. I say, I've already got my phallic symbol, thanks. It's a pen. And I'm sucking on it right now.

With feminine regards,
Kellie.

(Oops. I just bit the end off.)



**Stephen Kellett
Environment Officer**

In the lead up to Environment Day on Saturday June 5, there will be some very worthwhile Enviro events on and round campus. Starting at around midday this Thursday June 3, some Environment groups including Wildernes and also folk from the Anti-nuclear dump campaign, will be situating themselves between Union House and the lawns (near the dodgy ATM that's always running out of twenties), to promote various Enviro causes. This is a good chance to get involved with the effort to save the Tassie forests, (Wilderness group) and to discover reasons why the proposed nuclear dump in SA is a bad idea, and should be opposed. David Noonan and Jim Green who have dedicated themselves to the campaign for the last few years will be available for a chat and are both very approachable. Don't forget to sign up for the Enviro group that will be meeting once every week next term to discuss Environmental issues.

This Friday the August 4 will be a day for bike riders. Those dedicated souls who make the effort to ride, dodging extremely large vehicles such as FWD's that have bull-bars strong enough to move a house whilst inhaling lead and other toxic fumes and putting up with periodically extreme temperatures, deserve more consideration. Why ride a bike in the city? Cause we can and we

enjoy it (bike riding that is, not dodging bull-bars). As is often forgotten, bike riders also have rights to the roads. So if you have a bike, and you want to make a statement, raise the profile for bike riders, or just feel like coming for a ride around town, meet at the top of the stairs near security at 12:00 midday on Friday this week. There'll be free food afterwards!

The culminating event will be on June 5, **World Environment Day**, when lots of people will gather at Victoria square to form a human tree, and raise awareness for endangered old growth forests such as Tarkine and the Styx in Tasmania. This will be starting at **12:00 on Saturday June 5 at Victoria Square** and will be well worth attending.



**Bek Cornish
Activities & Campaigns
Vice-President**

Biggest Morning Tea

Thanks to everyone who made their way to the Cloisters to donate money to the Cancer Council for research. We raised quite a bit of money for cancer research and no doubt everyone appreciated the hot tea and coffee and delicious cake! Thanks especially to SAUA Councillor Jess F, who was a brilliant help and who is a mighty fine spruiker!

Prosh

My apologies for having to cancel the Prosh helpers meeting, due to personal circumstances I have to cancel but I have moved it over to this **Thursday, 3pm in the Cannon Poole room** instead, and then fortnightly there after.

Student Art Competition

I've had a good response but I need more artists! so, aspiring artists get your booty down to the SAUA office and see me so I can give you a registration form for submission of your work.

SAUA Activities Department Restructure

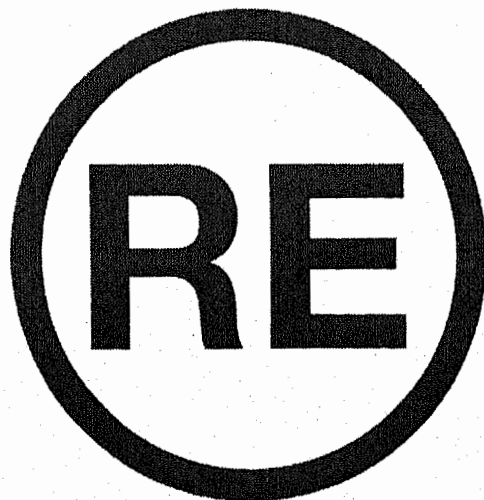
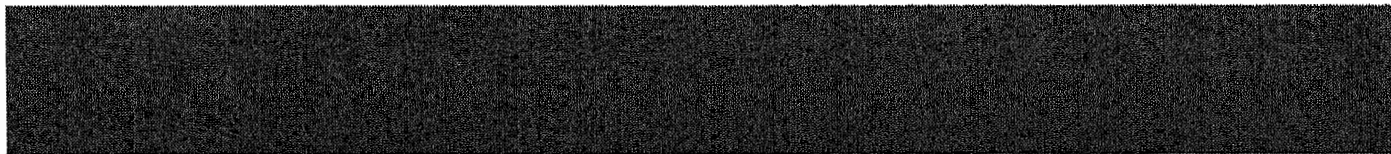
I'm hosting a forum this friday at 4pm for SAUA helpers and general students who are interested in having their say about the future of our department. The meeting will be in the SAUA Office so make your way down to the North West side of the Cloisters.

End of Term Show

Make sure you come up to the UniBar this friday for the End Of Semester Show!

We have organised for you a jazz band, Dj, karaoke machine, drink specials and general shenanighans so be there or be square!


bek.cornish@adelaide.edu.au



orientation

is coming

SEVENTEEN



July 26 -30
(That's Week One of Semester Two)
Brought to you by the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide

student radio 101.5fm

Fab. It's almost holidays. And your hard working student radio people keep on trucking. Hmmm... So what's happening in student radio land?

Local Noise presents Live at the Dan

You hear people complaining about how the live scene is fucked and how no one is willing to give local bands a chance. When a DJ costs around \$200-\$300 for the entire night and a band costs \$100-\$400 for 2 hours, it's little wonder why the venues are choosing to fill the punters ears with Nelly rather than Bad Girls. So you'd think if a pub made the effort, both financially and culturally, to support local musicians, the

local music scene would lap it up. Student Radio's program Local Noise features local musicians belting out their own tunes every Tuesday at 9pm. We've been doing it in one way or another for over 25 years, and this year is no exception. Starting last week, the band who play Local Noise on the Tuesday night will go on to play at the Daniel O Connell the next night. Last week saw Close Call do a low-key version of their repertoire, with a few cheesy swing covers thrown in. This week you'll be able to catch Kaleidoscope on Local Noise, 9pm Tuesday night, and then live at the Dan on Wednesday night from 8pm. If you are in a band, and would like to get your music on air, send a demo and bio to Bianca Harvey at 228 North Terrace, Adelaide 5000

Where else will you get practical media experience for nothing?

We've started Local Noise TV, which has just had its 6th episode air over the week, and now we are taking the musicians out into the community. With the new community TV station C31 setting up in April, Student Radio has jumped on board to produce Student TV. With the funds coming from the people involved and no permanent facilities, Student TV will not be able to sustain itself in the long term. If you feel you can assist us with this project, whether it is with grant writing, camera work or post-production, email us your ideas to student.radio@adelaide.edu.au

tuesday 1 june

9pm	<p>Local Noise presents Kaleidoscope watch it 10pm sunday on c31</p>
10pm	<p>its not dead air... its a dramatic pause with sam & trish</p>
11pm	<p>four flies on grey velvet with the dans j & v</p>
midnight	<p>you talk way too much media stuff with belle & sarah</p>

saturday 5 june

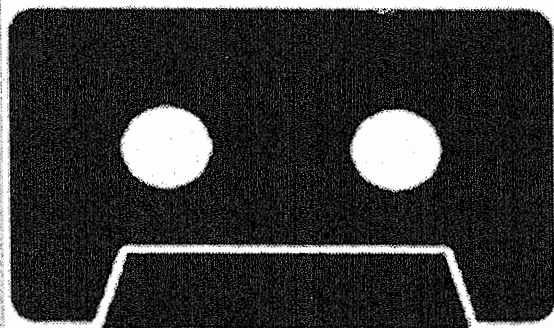
9pm	<p>senseless, mindless acts of radio with andrew, calven & daniel</p>
10pm	<p>being followed home with james, julia and nick</p>
11pm	<p>open mic featuring a random person off the street</p>
midnight	<p>rebourne on sunday with reegan, phil & kingo</p>

monday 7 june

9pm	<p>saturday night roller disco with hector & jesus</p>
10pm	<p>aerosoul urban with porkchop sandwiches</p>
11pm	<p>jesus loves jam the jazz hour with dave & james</p>
midnight	<p>heavy as a really heavy thing with matt & tim</p>

STUDENT RADIO PRESENTS:

blank tapes



www.homeforthedef.com

★THE★ COMPILATION OF 2004
• **BLANK TAPES CD SAMPLER #5** •
4 disc • 96 tracks of Adelaide music

AVAILABLE FROM JUNE ONWARDS at BIG STAR RECORDS
LAUNCHED AT THE JADE MONKEY
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT IN JUNE



South Australia's Own

Noodelicious

1525 Pulteney St, City
(Underneath the Mansions Apartments)

Ph: 8223 1998

I really hate the feeling of realising that you were wearing rose coloured glasses at a certain point in time. That you were clouded by whatever mood you were in, and that you're really not an objective thinker. That's what happened with Noodelicious. Don't get me wrong, It's not a bad place. Then again, it's not a great place either. I'm not trying to be mean, but I had such high expectations, that when I went there for a second time, there's no way I wasn't going to be disappointed.

The first time I ventured in to the little arcade underneath the Mansions, it was because I wanted Asian food, but I didn't want Knoodle Junction. (And what is with all this fiddling around with the word *noodle* within ten metres of each other?) My friend and I had just finished a torturous tute and were looking for something to comfort us. I wanted something cheap, but not nasty, and the clean interior of Noodelicious looked promising. The woman was wiping down the tables but said they were open till seven. I don't know why. Nobody seems to be there after five, so it's really bad business when you think about it. It's actually quite silent and a little creepy at that time, but I was too distracted by the fish tank to really care.

As we were on a tight budget, we decided to share a bowl of large chicken *pho*, a broth-like soup with noodles, Chinese spices, green onion and chicken. We sat on stools with a halogen light shining upon us, and were quickly served. First the waitress brought out two small bowls so we could easily share the soup. The size of these bowls was no indication of the massive size of the actual *pho*. It wasn't soup - it was a lake! Okay, maybe it was more of pond, but I'm trying to convey my ecstasy at paying only \$3.50 each for so much food. It was a

pretty messy task separating our soup, but we made it through with some splashing - done mainly by me. It tasted very authentic, and it wasn't even slightly oily. It reminded me of the food you eat when you eat dinner at an Asian person's house. The spices are pretty distinctive though, and I could still smell them on my fingertips hours after. The only thing I could really complain about was the single quail egg that I somehow landed up with. I didn't even know what it was until it burst in my mouth, and it was a really horrible sensation.

I was so impressed by my bowl of soup that I raved on about it to about ten people: "It's so cheap and you get so much, and it's not oily, but it's really filling!" So, I was really pleased when I headed there a second time with a much larger group. No

one ordered the *pho*, which is maybe why I was disappointed. It *is* their speciality, as the menu openly declares: "It's all about *pho*." Stupid us, we should have known that it was an obvious hint.

There was a selection of noodles, curry, and cold rolls on our table, and no one was particularly enthusiastic about their meals as I hopefully asked them what they thought. The chef must've mistaken bean spouts for noodles because there were way too many in one of the dishes. Not that they tasted bad, but you'd have to really like your sprouts. Also it was served with a bowl of chicken broth, with a single quail egg. Yuck, those things are only for people that really like eggs. I find it disturbing being able to fit a whole egg in my mouth at one time.

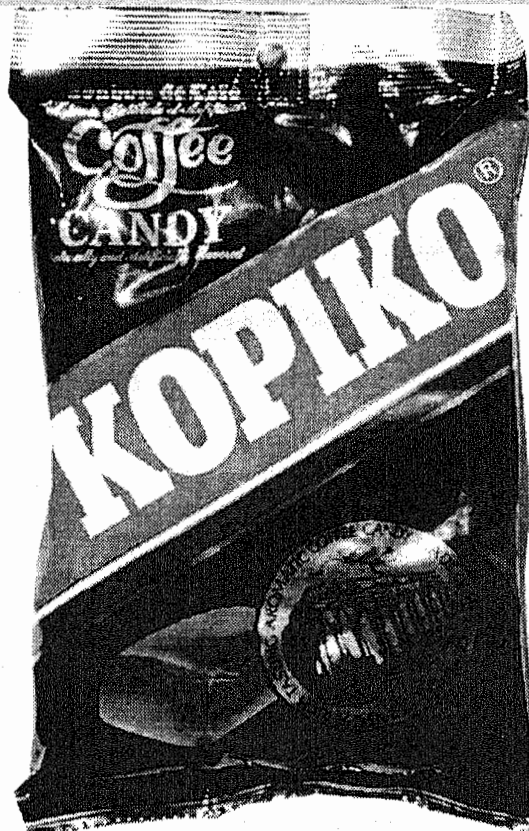
The curry had chicken on the bone instead of in pieces, which makes it harder to eat. I didn't try any, but it looked very yellow. The other set of noodles didn't stand out as anything original, but it was very nutty, which is always I good thing, I think.

I don't know why, but I felt so cheated. I'd had such high hopes. It was just like any other Asian-for-lunch place in the city! Still, I was somewhat soothed by the free Kopiko lollies at the ordering desk. They're strangely addictive, with their overly sweet, overly strong coffee flavour. It's handy for people who have their lunch and want a coffee, but really don't have time. Anyway, I'm going off on a tangent.

Noodelicious is way more interesting than Knoodle Junction, and doesn't assault you with cooking smells as you walk past - but make sure you don't sit at the outside tables. I think the décor is part of the charm; they've definitely gone for the East-meets-West thing, with the red walls and white minimalist tables. I kind of wish I'd never gone back that second time. Imagine how different this review could have been. Imagine! Sob. Now my memory of my first time has been tainted, but I'm going to try it once more, just to be sure...

ET

KOPIKO - IT'S HANDY FOR PEOPLE WHO HAVE THEIR LUNCH AND WANT A COFFEE. BUT REALLY DON'T HAVE TIME.



Hand-made by the Cooper family.

Salam PAX:

<The Blogger of Baghdad>

"Wednesday, 7 May 2003 ...Let me tell you one thing first. War sucks big time. Don't let yourself ever be talked into having one waged in the name of your freedom. Somehow, when the bombs start dropping or you hear the sound of machine-guns at the end of your street, you don't think about your 'imminent liberation' any more..."

Salam Pax is the first to admit that he isn't a typical Iraqi. Having spent eight years of his life being educated in Vienna he carries a strong knowledge of Western pop culture and uses English well enough to put some of its native speakers to shame. He writes with humour and irreverence about the most serious topics, a habit which led some to suspect his online Blog was a fake.

In the lead up to the US led invasion, the online Blog of Salam Pax (a pseudonym to hide his real identity) was the best source of on the ground information from Baghdad. Free from the spin and bias of the commercial media it presented an account of day to day life in that uncertain environment. This is a role that Salam still struggles to deal with.

Salam Pax appears embarrassed by the attention he receives upon arriving onstage. As he later states, he is uncomfortable with the way some people look towards him as a definitive source of information. Westerners tend to see him as a voice for Iraq, while people in Iraq who know Salam often consider him too westernised.

The internet only became available in Iraq in 2001, and wasn't available for home users until 2002. The very fact internet access was allowed is strange in Salam's opinion, since the government of Saddam Hussein normally did its best to restrict civilian access to free information. Salam comments that Iraq felt like a prison, with Iraqis having no real idea what the world felt about them. At first Salam was overwhelmed by the amount of information on the internet, but soon found himself drawn into the world of Blogs. For those who aren't aware of them, Blogs are a growing phenomena on the internet where people from all walks of life keep a running commentary online. Sometimes about their own lives, sometimes about an issue, and sometimes about nothing at all.

This new world was an exciting one to Salam, in an information starved society here was a way to see into the lives of people from around the world. He obtained a lot of news from here, particularly from right wing American Blogs, something he laughs at now. He remarks how the online world felt like riches.

After a time of reading the Blogs of other people, Salam became interested in the fact that there were no Blogs from people in the Arab world, and decided to start his own to give something back to the community. He had never kept a diary before starting his Blog.

People were quickly attracted to his down to earth observations on life in Iraq, and as the war approached thousands began visiting his Blog for inside information. Salam never saw his Blog as a news source, but as a look at the news from an individual's viewpoint. Once, when a Wired article quoted Salam's journal, he wrote an entry asking the media to please stop looking towards him as though he was a spokesman for everyday Iraqis. If anything, Salam says that his Blog was propaganda for himself.

Salam speaks in a captivating manner, only twice did he show signs of becoming agitated, the first being when the subject inevitably turns to Abu Ghraib and the prisoner abuse scandal. While Salam is not religious, Islam is a major part of his culture and beliefs, and he seems on the brink of anger while he says that the guards must respect the prisoners religious beliefs. Salam also went on to say that the scandal has lost the Coalition the support of many Iraqis who were on the fence regarding the presence of foreign forces in Iraq.

Salam describes himself as an optimist, sometimes foolishly, but at the moment things don't look good. An audience member asked him how he saw Iraq if the Americans hadn't gone in. Salam responds reservedly that he would still be living the same boring life. People always thought that Saddam's family would be in power forever. People have hope now, a chance for something good. Without the war they would never have had a chance at a different future.

The most interesting part of the evening for me was when one of the so called "human shields" stood up at the question microphone. The man asked Salam how people could best get information across to other people over the noise of the internet, specifically how to get people the information that the invasion was all about Iraq's oil. This was the second time in the night that Salam seemed annoyed, and he told the questioner that he didn't believe oil was the main reason for the invasion. In Salam's view the invasion of Iraq is part of a sinister US plan for the Middle East. When the questioner tries to raise the issue of oil again Salam emphasizes that he doesn't see oil as being the main factor.

Salam's neighborhood came out of

the invasion relatively undamaged, although even in his area, away from government and military buildings, there was fighting. When asked Salam told how at one point his block was shot at.. He doesn't know what the provocation was, and likely never will, but one day tanks launched around twenty shots at his block, destroying three homes. Luckily no-one was killed, but two young girls who lived near his home were seriously injured.

One audience member asked what life will be like for Salam when he returns to Iraq in a few days time. Salam responded by saying that the media are like vampires, they only suck your blood once. He will have a laugh at the fact that he got his voice out and people listened, and then put the Salam Pax identity in a bag under a chair and carry on with his life. Whenever he returns to Baghdad it takes a couple of days to readjust. He told a story of how when he was in Sydney a car backfired and it suddenly took him back to the streets of Baghdad.

The evening was a strange one. The tales of oppression and brutality from the speaker onstage contrasted with the wine and cheese in the hands of those listening. There would have been few in the room who didn't leave more grateful for the freedoms we take for granted. Even more impressive is how Salam remains able to keep a sense of humour. When asked what Iraqis think about Bush he lets out a genuine laugh. A similar response occurred when I later asked Salam what he had thought of the infamous Iraqi Information Minister.

For those who want to read Salam's accounts of the lead up to war, you can still access his blog at <http://dear_raed.blogspot.com>. Alternatively, *The Baghdad Blog*, a chunk of the Blog spanning September 2002 to June 2003 is available in paperback form from most bookstores.

Adam Bailey

**Sunday, 9 March
2003 ...A BBC reporter
walking through the
Mutanabi book market
(again) ends his
report with: 'It
looks like Iraqis
are putting on an
air of normality.'
Look, what are you
supposed to do?
Run around in the
streets wailing?
War is at the door
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee...**

BETRAYING THE SISTERHOOD

I am about to reveal the greatest female secret. I envision my resulting death as one filled with pain and possibly involving pliers, but here it is: women think about sex as much, if not more, than men. Everyone knows those urban myths: men think about sex once every four minutes, every time a man adjusts his belt he's thinking about sex, *et al, ad infinitum* (sorry, Latin student), but women are far worse. They just hide it better. Women aren't supposed to be sexually charged.

That's why shows like *Sex in the City* came as such a shock. They portrayed reality. Women spend a hell of a lot of their time preoccupied by sex and I am no different (and if this is what I'm like as a uni student and women peak sexually at forty...I'm gonna be Samantha).

Women also masturbate as much, if not more than men do. We just do it more hygienically. And we don't make such a fuss about it. But we do have toys. Men often need visual stimulation. The entire pornography industry caters largely to lonely men (women don't need porn; we have an imagination). But what is it that makes women horny/cum? Without going into the G-spot debate, or the difficulty of locating the clitoris, women rely largely on fantasy. So here it is, after extensive research (ie Girl's Nights In/Out involving copious amounts of alcohol and/or chocolate), the top three female fantasies. Not the best, perhaps, but the most common.

1. THE 'L' WORD

My most fuckable celebrity list runs, in order, something like this: Colin Farrell, Matt Damon, Angelina Jolie. And I am not alone. It could be the lips that conjure up erotic images, or the fantastic breasts, or the long limbs, or the come-to-bed eyes, or... excuse me a minute...what was I saying? Don't get me wrong, I like men. I like their physicality and their strength, but there's something about a woman's softness that's very appealing to other women (particularly Angelina Jolie's softness... *sigh*).

Proclaiming yourself as bi-sexual seems to be very 'in' at the moment for women and it could be that we're all ready to move to the isle of Lesbos, or it could be related to the attention it garners from men. When two females kiss, every male head in the room turns. It's simple mathematics. girl + girl = two sets of breasts. It's a win-win situation. One of my girlfriends uses this as her primary pick-up technique. She's actually had full lesbian sex (if you don't know what that means, get someone to draw you a diagram) and she only needs to get to nipple sucking and any guy within earshot will lick her knee-high boots to hear more. Guys love trophies and after popping a cherry, there's nothing quite so prized as turning a lesbian.

On a personal note, women are, on average, far better kissers. I've sampled both sides (I like saying "sampled" - it makes everyone sound like a kind of chocolate) and although there's something perversely appealing about stubble rash, women just have way better technique. It's the tongue, or the lips...I have no idea. They're just better. Another girl knows what a girl wants and perhaps this is the ultimate appeal: a lover who doesn't need a map in order to give you an orgasm.

2. CANTERBURY BULL DOGS

Okay, I'm not talking about footballer fantasy (why discriminate? There's soccer players and

tennis players and so many others to think of), nor am I talking about gang bangs or hot-dogging. I'm talking about rape.

Now before I get lynched by Germaine Greer, let me defend myself. I'm one of those people who figure castration is the only suitable consequence for a rapist but there's no denying that rape fantasy is one of the most common female fantasies. Women will cloak it in words like "rough" or "submissive" but the honest will say it like it is. It could be as simple as asking your boy to hold you down during consensual sex. One of my girlfriends likes role-playing and will act the frightened virgin for her fuck buddy. Practice with me: "Oh, insert name here, you're too big, you can't possibly fit, stop. You're too strong and manly." Now try it again with a straight face. To keep it safe, my girlfriend and her boy use a keyword in case lines are crossed. Strangely, that word is 'pumpkin', but feel free to come up with your own.

I don't know what it is about rape fantasy. Perhaps it's the notion of rampant testosterone. Perhaps we've been bred on Heathcliff simulacra and the idea of a man wanting you so much that he can't stop himself is weirdly erotic. But no girl actually wants to be raped. Rape fantasies revolve around males you might *want* to rape you (Brad Pitt just couldn't control himself!) thus are no longer actual rape.

For all the dumbasses that didn't get it the first thousand times, just for clarification purposes, no **always** means no.

3. PRINCE CHARMING

By far, the sickest fantasy of them all, including whips, Ice Magic and butt-ginity has to be the romantic fantasy. My grandma is the feminist queen. She has every Naomi Wolf book ever written. She burned her bras with the best of them. But two weeks ago, I caught her watching the Danish wedding, bawling her eyes out. "Oh, Prince Frederik, look at him, he's crying as she comes down the altar. Isn't he sweet?" Vomit.

My best friend, Sarah, is somewhat similar. I have this theory that the first fictional character you fall in love with as a child will set a pattern for the rest of your romantic love. Mine was *Peter Pan*, so I'm always falling for immature men. Sarah's was Prince Eric from *The Little Mermaid*, so she's searching for that romantic ideal associated with words like Prince Charming and Happily Ever After. Sarah has already planned her wedding dress (empire waist white satin with Chantilly lace edging) and the colour of the bridesmaids' dresses (lavender blue with goose-egg detail). She wants freesias and roses in the aisle. She wants the first dance to be to the theme song from *Armageddon*. The groom's conspicuous absence is not a big issue. Another friend of mine is determined to have a wedding before her thirtieth birthday, with or without a groom.

Men don't seem to realise how indoctrinated this shit is. From the moment a girl gets her first Barbie Bride until she graduates to *Cosmopolitan Bride*, we're bombarded with this crap. Mills & Boons, Valentine's Day, Cupid...it's all a conspiracy I tell you!

Am I sounding bitter? It could be because all my exes are dropkicks, like the one who sends me creepy messages at two am about his penis, or the one who forgot my birthday (he didn't last long). If you're cute, have an IQ above 64 and think you could fill the position, please drop a resume into *On Dit* and I'll be happy to consider you.

Don't get me wrong, I'm a romantic. I believe in soulmates (for some of us at least), but the amount of counselling I've had to do over broken hearts is sickening. My shoulder is weary from the amount of tears that have been sobbed on it. Women are force fed (okay, not force fed, I watched *The Wedding Planner* voluntarily...6 times) a diet of romantic love and then criticised by men when they are unable to separate the physical and emotional. Scientists may say it's something about how the female brain works, but if you knew the words to *Someday My Prince Will Cum* by the age of two, you'd find it a bit hard too. [*Cum?* - Ed]

A WORD (OR SEVERAL) OF ADVICE

If you were relying on me to analyse female fantasies, you've probably realised by now that I'm fairly superficial. There's nothing wrong with that; it'll get you far in life (look at Jessica Simpson and Paris Hilton). To the seduction-ally challenged heterosexual males out there (and there's a lot of you), here's a quick guide to success. Now, I understand that when you think you might score, the bloodflow heads south and the head (the little one, not the big one) starts to act like a honing device for pussy, but you owe us more. If sex is involved, men are virtually guaranteed an orgasm. Women are not. So next time you're with a woman, don't see it as a kindness to give her proper attention, see it as your moral obligation. Civic duty even.

A few pointers:

- A moaning woman does not equal a satisfied one, just someone who's seen a Hollywood movie. Faking orgasms is as instinctive to women as a gag reflex.

- Fingering a girl by roughly jamming your fingers in her vagina does not count as foreplay. Just cos it's where you want to go doesn't mean it's her absolute favourite spot. Try stroking skin, get those nerve endings working and for god's sake, go to the Barr-Smith, get an anatomy book and locate the clitoris. It's not that hard, really. It'll earn you muchas Brownie points. Oh, and cut your fingernails. It's just wrong.

- Words like 'franger', 'fun bags' and any joke reference to your equipment (ie block and tackle, twig and berries, etc) are NEVER okay.

The best tip I can give anyone, male or female, is to just try to be human. Don't trample on someone's heart just because you can (and I know chicks are as guilty of this as blokes). Think of your karma. Look into a girl's eyes and without sleaze factor, tell her she's beautiful. Mean it. Everyone has beauty; you just have to find it.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey

21

Hatemail:

ondit@
adelaide.
edu.au

Images From The Floating World

It's the most talked about exhibition of the year. Well on our campus anyway. So many people have been asking about the Art Gallery of South Australia's *Images from the Floating world*, all curious minds interested in the mysterious Japanese arts.

Renowned for the stylish, the Japanese have been celebrated throughout the ages for their knowledge of beautification. Everything from a cup to a kimono is always styled to perfection.

The same goes for this massive collection of woodblock prints dating back to the 1750s. Previously owned by collectors Brian and Barbara Crisp, the exhibition made up of over one hundred works has been generously donated to the Gallery. It is the first time this collection of enchanting works has been displayed publicly and is dedicated to the memory of the Crisp's son Andrew.

The Floating World or *Ukiyo-e* relates to a Buddhist concept that views all in the material world as a mere illusion. This is a world where one lives for the day and the pleasures of the present. The prints in the collection act as windows into a lost era, when beauty and heroism were idolised, courtesans were glamorous celebrities and actors and warriors were gods.

The prints from the *Ukiyo-e* movement depict a diverse array of images from tranquil landscapes and crystal clear pools filled with golden carp, to the comical faces of Kabuki actors and raging battles.

When first stepping into the exhibition, one is met with a series of delicate prints that reflect the beauty of the Japanese women of this era. Goddesses of an exotic and hypnotic realm, cut off from the rest of world. Many of these portray the legendary island of Yoshiwara, a temple to pleasure and beauty. Here the courtesans ruled on high, surrounded by luxury and glamour.

Carved out by famous artists, *Ukiyo-e* prints were the pop art of old Japan and collected by Japanese from all walks of life. These prints were the art for the people as they were produced in large numbers. Originally all inks used by the publishers were made from organic materials and even precious metals, but these faded with time. Later as Japan was opened up to the West, the Dutch introduced synthetic inks, which allowed for the lasting of the bright and dynamic colours in the works.

You can see the origins of Manga

or comic style artwork in these pieces. The stylised depiction of figures and landscapes has echoed through into contemporary Japanese culture and art. The collection also shows interesting Western influence, when European fashion and faces made

their way into Japanese art. The Japanese prints have also served as inspiration for great European artists such as Van Gogh and Toulouse Lautrec. Van Gogh even travelled to Japan and collected Japanese prints.

Japanese prints embody the true

spirit of the Floating World, the celebration of the present and the joys of the moment. The exhibition runs until the 13th of June at the Art Gallery of South Australia, concession entry is \$6.

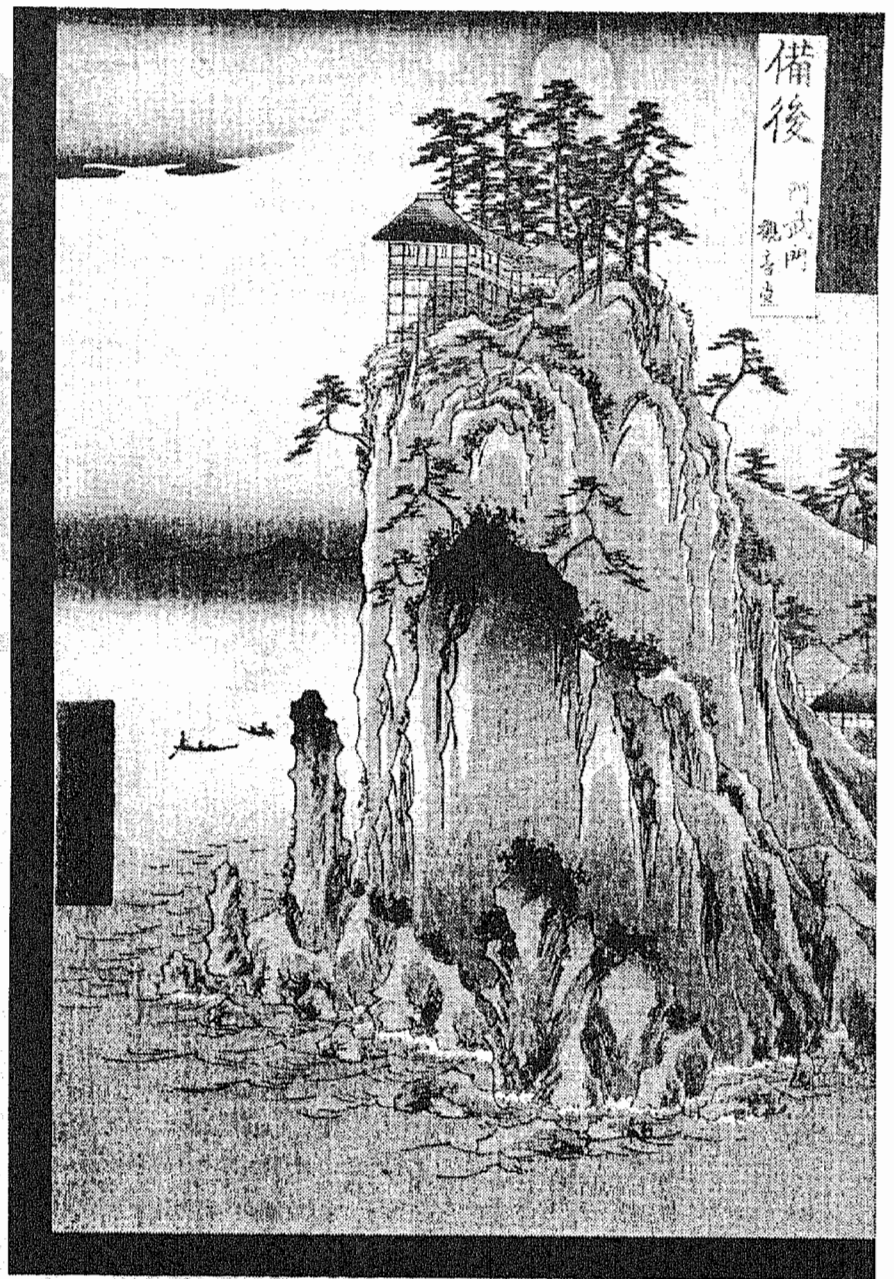
Leo Greenfield



Kitagawa Utamaro, *The Courtesan Hanazuma of Hyogaya*, 1790, colour woodcut on paper.



Natori Shunsen, Actor with scar, 1934, colour woodcut on paper.



Utagawa Hiroshige, Kannon Temple at Cape Abuto in Bingo Province, 1853, colour woodcut on paper.



Utagawa Hiroshige, Hatsunhana in prayer under Gongen waterfall at Hakone, 1841, colour woodcut on paper.

Bitchy Sales Article

*Don't get me wrong,
I love shopping.*

Even the antiseptic aroma of freshly cleaned counters and the knowledge that two teens are making out in the change room next to me is enough to fill my soul with pure unadulterated bliss. But even a fashionista such as myself has to admit that the wily ways of narky shop assistants is enough to turn the retail experience into one of grief and animosity. Girls, you know what I'm talking about...that bitch who uninterestingly asks you about your day whilst her Cockatoo-like face simultaneously assesses the price tag of your outfit in an attempt to sort those with money from those without. It's enough to make you trudge obligingly out of the store, believing yourself to be unworthy of such beautiful garments just because you don't fit the (insert store name here) mould of the übercool twenty-something. Well girlfriends, I hear you loud and clear, and I too have taken many-a trip down that sordid road. But now, the time has come to revolt against these mindless consumerist harpies and get the good customer service that we so deserve, regardless of age, economic status or how many pairs of Sass and Bide jeans that we own. Attention smug, complacent Adelaide shop assistants: we've got some serious beef with you.

At some nameless boutiques, it's come to the point where you're welcome is exchanged for a piercing assessment of your looks. Honestly, it's a really nice feeling to walk into a store and be greeted by a cold stare and absurdly dismissive body language, even if you have a wad of cash to spend. What's worse is when you say hi to the shop assistant and only get the elevation of an eyebrow in return. Then, you saunter around the store and feebly view the stock, feeling like a child who has been told that a smack is in order if any of the garments are even breathed on in the slightest. It's only after you have dared to try something on in the changeroom when the wench bothers to acknowledge your existence, and even then she is shoving ugly belts in your face in a not-so-subtle attempt to link sell. And then comes the dilemma: do you purchase the illustrious item, or do you leave a pile of \$350 camisoles on the floor of the changeroom as an assertion of what little power you have as a puny consumer? If you decide to go for the purchasing option, you would be swallowing your pride by handing over your bling bling to these morons, but then again, every girl has the right to clothes, no matter what moral codes are broken. Hooray for commodity fetishism.

Once again, as with all puzzling entities in the universe, I am forced to ask that omnipresent question: why? Do they really think that being distant and snobby to potential clients = higher sales and revenue? Why would any girl in her right mind be tempted to spend a lot of money in a store if the

customer service is a tad shabby? I've never understood this rather strange and hurtful phenomenon, but until now, I've kept my mouth shut in the hope that these idiotic girls would one day decide to indulge in their inner humanist. But apparently, humanism went out with boho-chic. And so continues the vicious cycle of these ostentatious creatures of the retail 'elite' who continue to mill around the store thinking that they're top stuff just because they've starved themselves to be a size 6. The thing is, it's not as though these people are even stylists, let alone fashion designers. No matter how much they truly believe that they belong at Donatella Versace's side, thwarted with topless Italian boys and endless bottles of Moet, they are and always will be lowly shop assistants

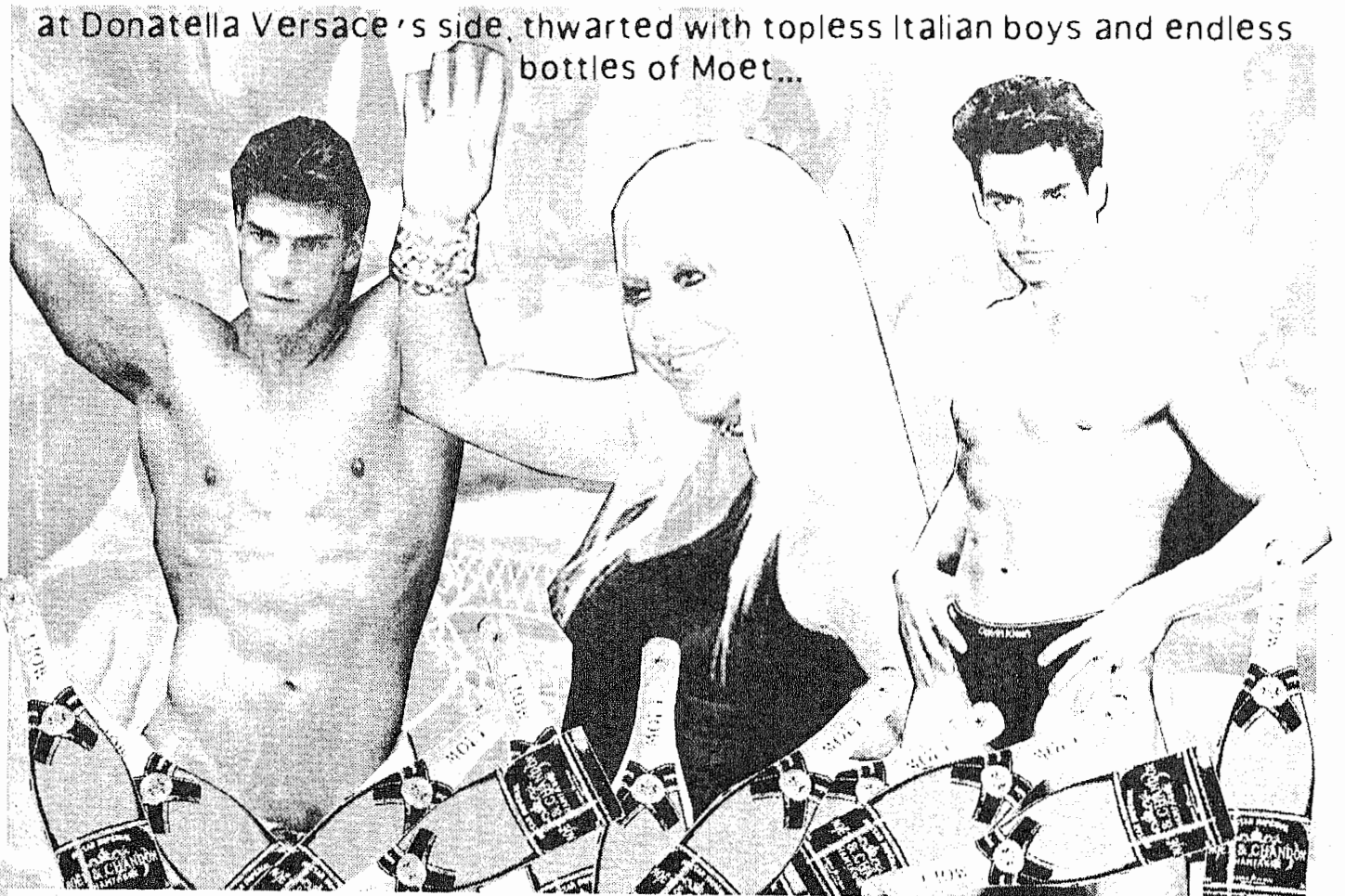
getting paid \$16 an hour to be complete assholes. And for those who believe that the air kissing and social frolicking of their little fashion fraternity constitutes for a cosmopolitan lifestyle akin to that of Sydney and Melbourne, I have some news: we live in Adelaide, and even in Adelaide, nice manners and general human decency never go astray.

But of course I know that not all fashion assistants are workers of the devil. In fact, most of them are absolutely lovely, scintillating girls who have a passion for their job and make it their duty to make sure that customers feel comfortable and appreciated in the retail environment. To these readers who have read the past 3 paragraphs and are ready to inundate my

pigeonhole with nasty letters, please don't. I can acknowledge that the bulk of assistants in the retail profession are indeed consummate and congenial professionals. It's just the vainglorious minority who ruin it for everyone else-kind of like those hardcore girls in high school who smoked behind the bike shed at lunch but managed to get the whole year level into trouble. Oh well. I'm sure that they'll wake up one day and realise that customers really dig a little bit o' tender assistance in the bustling environment that is the shop floor, but then again, for \$16 an hour, I probably wouldn't give a stuff either.

The Divine
Steph Mountzouris

at Donatella Versace's side, thwarted with topless Italian boys and endless bottles of Moet...



WHAT'S HOT

The ability to travel through time.

Stethoscopes. Must be casually worn around the neck at all times to give that illusive "I'm nurturing, and I'm going to help you" vibe. Med school students, strut your stuff.

Being technologically inept. Refusing to upgrade from your Commodore 64, denouncing mobile phones as the axes of evil...who needs a USB drive anyway?

WHAT'S NOT

Those tacky-as bags imprinted with the face of Marilyn Monroe, Audrey Hepburn or Elvis. Note to society: these bags do not raise one's socio-economic status. If you want to be pseudo-classy, just wear a pair of gold Jiffies. Sheesh.

Continually describing everything as being post-modern. "Wow, your bike helmet is like, totally po mo." Wow, no one like, believes you because you're like, totally holding a Supre bag.

Empathy. Compassion. Thoughtfulness. Positive emotions are for pussies.

**Debby doesn't do it for free!
The cheapest hour you will
ever spend with a hooker**

Sex workers speak for themselves through art and performance on International Whores' Day **this Wednesday, June 2**

In 1975, a group of sex workers staged a sit-in at a church in Lyon, France, to protest the discrimination against their peers. Street workers were being arrested in increasing numbers, sex workers were being harassed by police, and little interest was shown in solving the murders and other crimes committed against them. The protesters in the church challenged police to arrest anyone they could identify as a sex worker - a difficult task, making the point that most sex workers are ordinary women doing a particular job, indistinguishable in a crowd. From this inspirational action sprang the modern-day sex workers' rights movement and International Whores' Day.

In Australia in 2004, the 'other' IWD is being led by the Scarlet Alliance, the national forum for sex worker organizations, and in South Australia, the Sex Industry Network has taken charge. The exhibition *Debby Doesn't Do It For Free* opens **this Wednesday night, June 2, at 7pm** at the **Weimar Room** (27 Hindley Street). The exhibition will be opened by **Scarlet Alliance President, Janelle Fawkes** and SA Parliamentary Leader of the Australian Democrats and Spokesperson for Arts, Cultural Heritage and the Status of Women, **Sandra Kanck**. It's already been to the Sydney Mardi Gras and Zi Teng, the Hong Kong sex worker conference, and this is the last Australian show before the Debbys head off to the XV World AIDS Conference Cultural Event in Bangkok.

The exhibition peeks into the lives of sex workers, incorporating video, sound, textile and mixed media works such as the Bed of 364 Knickers, the Latex Lady and the House of Dicks. The Debbys (each of whom takes on a Debby pseudonym, in tribute to the standard industry practice of adopting a working name) will also perform at the opening on June 2.

The exhibition runs **daily until June 6, noon until 7pm** at the Weimar Room. For more information, call 0411 985 135 or 8334 1666.

Debby

doesn't do it for free

the cheapest hour you will ever spend with a hooker

sex worker cultural event

Peep into the sex industry
hear the stories sex
workers tell. Experience
one workers'
13 year history
the Lady of 1,000
condoms a bed of 364
knickers
as trash media and
the whores fight it
out for the high moral
ground.

Whore'n: a most innovative and resourceful business person. Highly skilled negotiator known to thrive in even the most discriminatory environment. When trust is gained can be proud and charming.

In celebration of sex worker rights and culture, SIN presents
'Debby doesn't do it for free'
A video, sound, textile and mixed media installation.
Exhibition opening on 2 June at 7pm by the
Hon Sandra Kanck, Leader of the Democrats.

As featured on Triple J and 'The Deep End'.

SIN
South Australia Sex Industry Network

BLYDE
Sex Worker Products

June 3 - 6, 12 noon - 7pm
at The Weimar Room
27 Hindley Street, Adelaide
Phone 0411 985 135 or 8334 1666

ROOM 237 by OZ

THIS SEASON, FROM THE PRODUCERS OF TWISTER AND VOLCANO AND EARTH-QUAKE COMES THE GREATEST DISASTER MOVIE EVER...

GENTLE MEN, I'M AFRAID OUR WORST FEARS WERE TRUE... THE UNIVERSE IS EXPLODING!!!

EVERYTHING BLOWS UP.
THE MOVIE

"DARING IN ITS METROSTENTIALISM" - CRITIC

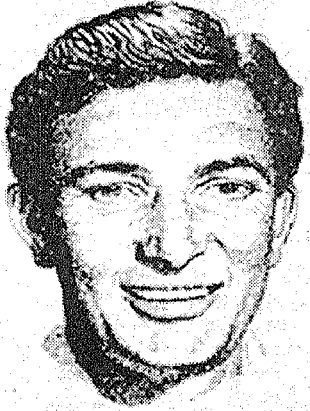
abuse: ozza667@hotmail.com

DAMN YOU, UNIVERSE!

IN THEATRES THIS FALL

See more art by child prodigy Oz and his comedic genius on page 27. Oh my, two Room 237s in the same edition! How our satirical cup overruneth.

Richie prefers the CREAM



Richie Benaud, outstanding Test all-rounder, says, "Vaseline[®] Hair Cream keeps my hair in place without frequent combing." Vaseline[®] Brand Hair Cream is *Superfine*—won't clog scalp pores. *Works evenly through hair*—you use so little each time. Ask for Vaseline[®] Hair Cream—the cream of them all!

TUBE OR JAR
3/9

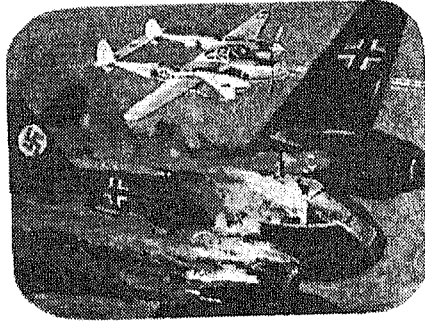


AIR-FRANCE JET
WORLD'S FASTEST JETLINER / WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

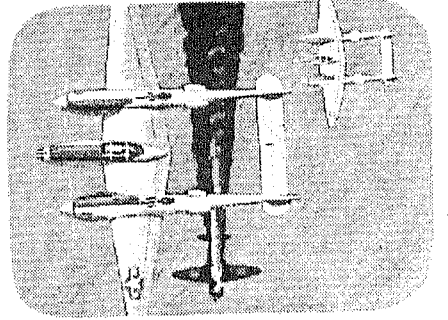
If you don't have a date with your perfect man tonight... then this is the next best way to spend the evening.

Brooke Shields
and
Timothy Dalton
Rent it ON VIDEO.

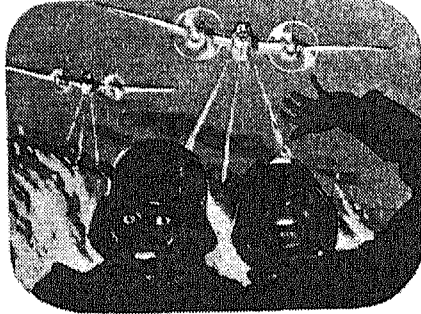
Der Gabelschwanz Teufel



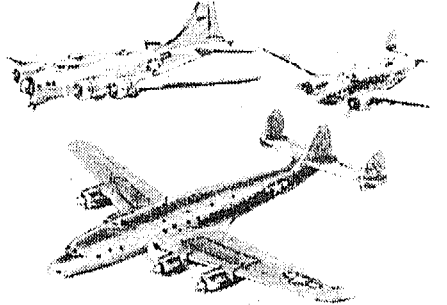
Der Gabelschwanz Teufel, "fork-tailed devil." Named by German pilots who have been lucky enough to escape its wrath, Americans know it as the Lockheed P-38 Lightning — one of the most efficient fighters the world has ever known.



Japs know it, too. In the Pacific, it is probable that more enemy aircraft have been destroyed by the Lockheed Lightning than by any other American fighter. The 49th group alone has a record of more than 537 planes downed in combat.



One of the most versatile of warplanes, Lightnings range far to protect heavy bombers—to photograph military positions. They can blast the enemy with machine guns and cannon, launch rockets, drop bombs or torpedoes, strafe and knock down attackers.



Lockheed builds other great planes for war. The B-17, the Navy PV, a new Army fighter and the majestic Constellation. Each contributes to victory, and each is contributing to the peace when Lockheed will again build planes for commerce and for you.

LOOK TO *Lockheed* FOR LEADERSHIP

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California



the improbable adventures of...

MAGNETBOY

by Sam Olechnowicz

LISTEN TO MORE ADVENTURES ON "the 9 spot", 9pm SATURDAYS ON STUDENT RADIO, 101.5fm! WOW!!

DUO TO POPULAR DEMAND
LESS TALK, MORE ACTION

LAST WEEK, MAGNETBOY COULD ONLY WATCH AS COUNT EVILOVIC SENT HIS ONE TRUE LOVE, MAGGIE, DOWN A WATERSLIDE FILLED WITH RAZORBLADES!!!

MAGGIE

I KNOW! THE RAZORBLADES MIGHT BE MADE OF IRON!

MEANWHILE, COUNT EVILOVIC IS ESCAPING!

WITH THE THREAT TO MAGGIE GONE, OUR HERO GIVES CHASE IN ORDER TO CATCH THE COUNT BEFORE HE PERFORMS MORE EVIL!!!

mwahahaha! aha! haha!

STOP, VILLAIN!

WHERE IS THE COUNT RUNNING TO? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!

OR MAYBE IN A FEW WEEKS...

MAGNETBOY USES HIS MAGNETIC POWERS TO FIND THE RAZORBLADES & REMOVE THEM! HOORAY!!

Q&A with ETGAR KERET

Etgar Keret is a young Israeli author who visited Australia earlier this year and was a guest speaker at Adelaide Writers' Week.

He is one of the leading exponents of literature and cinema in modern Israel and he has three short story collections, which have been published in eight different languages. Two of these are published in English; *The Bus Driver Who Wanted to be God* and his most recent release, *The Nimrod Flip-Out*. Keret also writes comedy for Israeli TV, has written several comic books and has published numerous articles on social and political topics, including a commentary on September 11 events for *Die Zeit*, and currently lectures in film at the University of Tel Aviv. I wasn't able to corner Keret when he was in Adelaide but emailed him some questions, which he replied to once he was back in Israel after a post-Writers' Week holiday in New Zealand.

(Ok, so they arrived a while ago, but I've only just got my ass into gear)

Rosie (on behalf of the *On Dit* literature team)

OD- At Writers' Week you described the process of writing for you as similar to a surfer catching a wave. I was wondering, when do you write? Do you just sit down and write when an idea comes to you, or do you have a specific time during the day/week when you write?

EK- I only write when I have an idea which won't let go (it has been more that three months since last time I've tried writing anything). Usually the ideas come when I shower, so when I'm working on something and I get stuck I can shower up to ten times as day. So, I don't know if I'm a good writer but I'm, for sure, one of the best smelling ones.

OD- Your stories often have really bizarre twists of events, often slightly surreal. I was wondering if your stories are based on or inspired by people you know that you then develop with your imagination, or are your stories purely fictional?

EK- My stories always begin from a real experience but what really happened is often just a platform for something much more extreme that happens in the story. Many of my characters are based on my friends and I even keep their names (Uzi is my best friend. Kneller is my agent and they both appear in my stories). My friends, I must admit, are a bit surreal so I can write them just the way they are and it will still feel very fictional.

OD- Throughout your work I am continually fascinated by the way your characters (young Israeli men and women) refer to their time in the army-it seems so normal for them, they appear to accept it, despite the fact that it can be a horrible time for them. Do most young Israelis accept their compulsory service, or are their feelings of anger or rebellion?

EK- In Israel the army service is standard and for many it is even considered a great time. Going to the army in Israel doesn't always associate with death, killing or a shitty sergeant. To many it is just a time of bonding, meeting girls and doing your social duties. Very few people try to avoid it and it is a very difficult and painful route for those who do. I had a horrible time in the army but most of my best friends really enjoyed it (I've already told you I have strange friends).

OD- You and your writing are often described as a leading voice of Israeli youth, etc. do you think older people (your parents?) read your work? Have you had any feedback from the older

demographic?

EK- Many of my readers are in their teens and twenties, but I have a lot of older readers too. My parents are huge fans, but they are not your typical pensioners (they both voted for the legalise Marijuana party last elections).

OD- Your work has been published in a number of different languages and you read two of your stories in English at Writers' Week- how do you feel about your work when it has been translated? Do you think it loses or gains anything in a particular language? Do you read your translated work in any languages other than English?

EK- When I read my English translations it always feels strange and not a hundred percent the way I meant it. They say that a translation is like "a kiss through a handkerchief" (which, as you know, is a very strange experience if you were ever weird enough to try it). I'm lucky to have Miriam Shlesinger and Sondra Silverstein, two amazing translators who make the process the best possible one, but it still feels strange.

Luckily I can't read in other languages so I don't have to go through with this in other languages. My mother claims, by the way, that my translation to Polish is much better than the original.

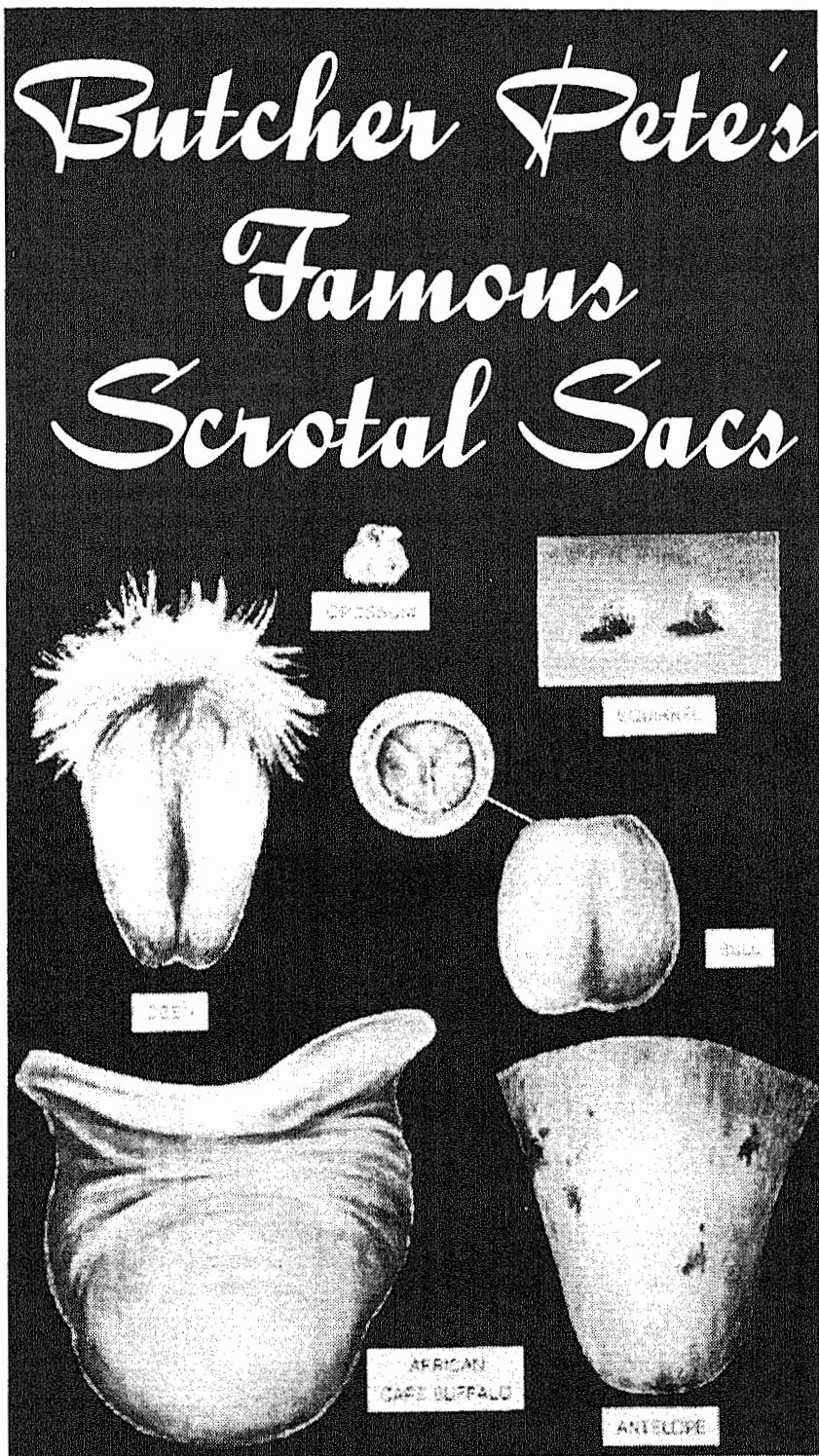
OD- You said you write partly to express what you find difficult to express in your life. I was wondering what your filmmaking is inspired by- do your films start as stories, or is it a different creative process altogether? What do films offer you that your writing doesn't?

EK- Mostly company. It is very lonely to be a writer and the fun thing (and also the frustrating one) is that you get to work with many people. If writing is like being with yourself, making a movie is like going to a party. And we all need a good party sometimes.

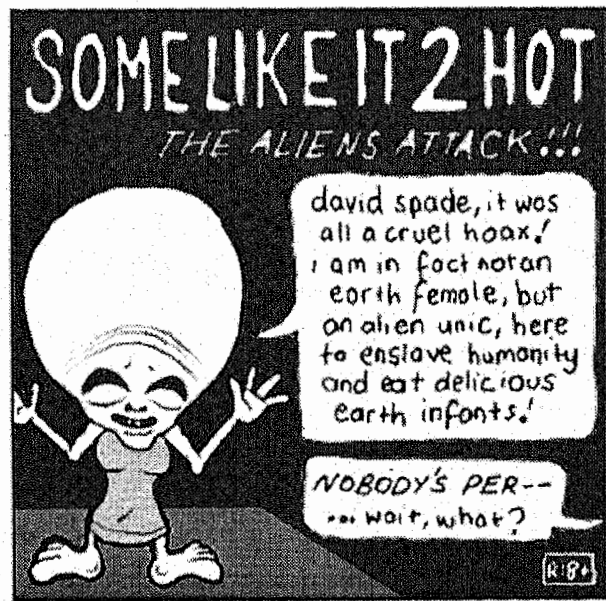
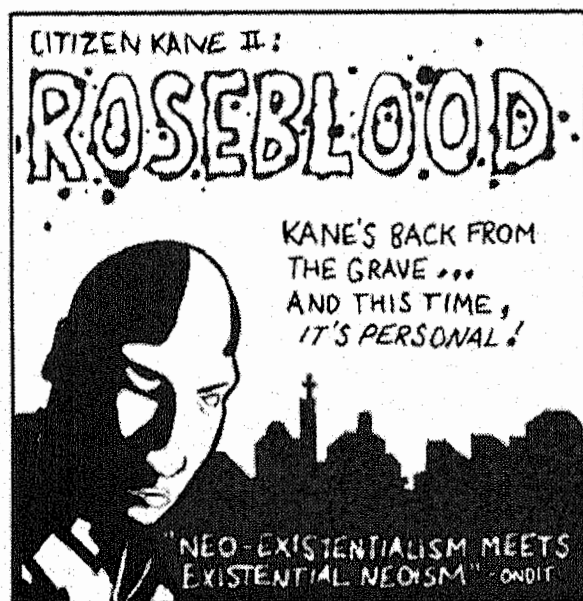
OD- Finally, what was your impression of Adelaide?

EK- I felt it was an amazing city and I actually changed my flights so I could stay there more than I'd originally planed. I had one bad experience when I entered a store in a main street and saw that it was selling some Nazi memorabilia over the counter with no questions or limitations (there are some places in the US where you can get it but it will usually be in the back room of a hell's angels garage). The fact that a ten year old, who can't buy beer or a porn magazine, can just step into this store and buy for fun an authentic Nazi armband or knife (which, being authentic, may have killed my grandparents) seemed very insensitive and didn't fit well with the other great experiences I had in Adelaide.

Rosie Lovell



ROOM 237 by OZ



abuse: ozza667@hotmail.com

François Truffaut (1932-1984)

Director/Writer/Actor
France

"To make a film is to improve upon life, to arrange it to suit oneself, to prolong the games of childhood, to construct something that is at once a new toy and a vase in which one can arrange in a permanent way the ideas one feels in the morning."

- François Truffaut

The romantic humanist of an incredibly romantic movement, François Truffaut became the most enduring and internationally successful filmmaker of the French New Wave. His movies are the product of a fanciful imagination that survived despite a lonely childhood and hours and hours spent in darkened cinemas worshipping the flickering images of Jean Renoir and Alfred Hitchcock. He has a certain unique love for life and the people that populate it. For Truffaut the most beautiful things in life are those which people seldom stop to appreciate – a woman's laugh or an unintentional brush of hands – moments and objects of pleasure that are only given to those with an unabashed willingness to receive them.

Born into an unloving and unhappy home in Paris in 1932, Truffaut soon began seeking an escape from his depressing surroundings. Finding it in the Parisian film houses he began going religiously from the age of seven. Despite a strong interest in intellectual pursuits he failed to make any impression as a student and left school at 14 to join the workforce. At 15 he founded a film club, bringing him to the attention of renowned critic Andre Bazin who became his mentor of sorts. Bazin both encouraged and financed Truffaut, seeing him through tough times which included arrest for non-payment of debts and public vilification for desertion of the French army. At 19 Truffaut was hired by Bazin as a writer for the legendary film publication *Cahiers du Cinema* which was home, at one stage or another, to all the great directors of the *nouveau vague* – Godard, Rohmer, Rivette, Chabrol. At *Cahiers* Truffaut wrote numerous essays and reviews and saw it as a very important period of development as it forced him to "rationalize his reasons for liking movies". In his now famous essay *A Certain Tendency in the French Cinema* Truffaut developed *auteur* theory. Criticizing directors who merely churned out films with little or no artistic intention, he stated that the only films worthwhile were those made by *auteurs*, who were the authors of their films in the way that novel authors are.

Almost a decade after he had

begun at *Cahiers* Truffaut filmed his first full length feature, *The 400 Blows*, and launched the most important movement in cinema history, the *nouveau vague*. *The 400 Blows* is Truffaut's autobiographical account of his juvenile years. We follow Jean-Pierre Leaud as Antoine Doinel, Truffaut's alter ego (a role Leaud would reprise almost countless times later), as he struggles at school, plays hooky, hangs out at the movies, gets into trouble and survives his hysterical parents. Truffaut has said that he has "always preferred the 'reflect of the life' to life itself" and in *The 400 Blows* we see this philosophy laid bare. The film is a romanticisation of his self-admittedly torturous childhood. It's life reflected in a fun-house mirror, some parts distorted grotesquely, and some handsomely, but very little of it is 'real'. *The 400 Blows* became incredibly successful both at home and abroad and won Truffaut the best director award at Cannes no less than a year after he had been banned from the festival for his critical harshness.

After *The 400 Blows* French cinema went through a period of renaissance. More of the *Cahiers* alumni began to release films, notably Godard with *Breathless* (filmed using a Truffaut script) and the brilliant and unique Alain Resnais released *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* and *Last Year at Marienbad* in quick succession. Although the film makers who prospered after Truffaut released *The 400 Blows* owe very little to Truffaut personally, they owe endless amounts to the attention that *The 400 Blows* brought to France and the exposure it gave them.

Wasting little time after his huge success Truffaut released *Shoot the Piano Player* in 1960. A free form collage of gangster cliches and crime tropes it's a silly but endlessly fun film with more than a couple of nods to the American *film noir* greats John Huston, Orson Welles and Howard Hawks.

Although *Shoot the Piano Player* did nothing to harm Truffaut's reputation it received nothing of the kudos of his next masterpiece, *Jules et Jim*. Based on a novel by Henri-Pierre Roche *Jules et Jim* is about love in one of its many torturous permutations. It seems that for Truffaut there is only one thing worse than not having the one you love, and that's having to share the one you love. Jules and Jim are two best friends both in love with the same woman, Catherine (Jeanne Moreau). Both are lover to her at different points, eventually working out an unusual and ultimately tragic compromise. Alternately riddled with

melancholy and *joie de vivre*, *Jules et Jim* is not just a classic of 60s European cinema, but of all cinema, for all time. Truffaut received the ultimate compliment when his idol Jean Renoir commented that he wished that he had made the film himself.

After the huge success of *Jules et Jim* Truffaut struggled a little. He was relatively unsuccessful with his revisiting of his Antoine Doinel character in *Antoine et Colette* and similarly with *Le Peau Douce*. In '66 he directed his only English language film, an adaptation of Ray Bradbury's classic sci-fi novel *Fahrenheit 451*. Generally considered a failure because of Truffaut's lack of dexterity in English, *451* is an endlessly intriguing film that suffers more from audiences expectations of the genre than any serious inherent flaws. The following year Truffaut released his famous book of interviews with idol Alfred Hitchcock, *Hitchcock/Truffaut*, which remains the book for Hitchcock lovers.

Truffaut's next big success was *Les Deux Anglaises* (*Anne and Muriel*), again starring Jean-Pierre Leaud. Leaud is Claude, a Frenchman on vacation in Wales with his mother who meets the Brown sisters, Anne and Muriel. Enamoured by both of them he spends tender afternoons, gazing at and fantasizing about them and over the course of the next two decades is lover to them both at different

stages of their lives. The theme of *Les Deux Anglaises* is a familiar one for Truffaut, that of the disparity between the fantasy and the reality. Claude is giddy in his fantasies of the girls, but seems paralyzed when forced to act, perhaps because of a fear that no reality can match what he has dreamt.

In the remaining years before succumbing to a brain tumor Truffaut played in Steven Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and made two more classics of his own, *The Last Metro*, starring Catherine Deneuve as the personification of French grace, and *Day For Night*, the seemingly obligatory 'movie about movies' that most directors make at the end of their careers.

In Truffaut's *Day For Night* Alphonse (Jean-Pierre Leaud) has a perpetual question for the other cast and crew of his 'movie within the movie'. He'll stop people intermittently and studiously ask them "Are women magic?" It's the kind of question Truffaut constantly seems to be asking the viewers of all his movies and it would seem that his answer is fairly clear. You get the feeling that Truffaut would say "yes, women are magic, but so are men sometimes, but movies always are."

If this sounds nice go and check out: *Jules et Jim*, *The 400 Blows*, *Shoot the Piano Player*, *Les Deux Anglaises (Anne and Muriel)*, *Day For Night*, *Le Peau Douce*, *Fahrenheit 451*, *The Last Metro*



The Day After Tomorrow

Directed By: Roland Emmerich

Starring: Dennis Quaid, Jake Gyllenhaal, Emmy Rossum, Dash Mihok, Jay O'Sanders, Sela Ward



"At the core of any 'disaster movie' there always has to be something factual, something real for the audience to grab onto," director Roland Emmerich has said of *The Day After Tomorrow* (M15+, 123 minutes). These are ironic words when spoken by the man who was also at the helm of *Independence Day* and *Godzilla*. Then again, they weren't exactly disaster movies - although they did contain Emmerich's flair for destruction, which surfaces again here. And while there are some references to factual, real-world events in *Tomorrow*, they never become anything more than superficial. The Kyoto Accord, which I do not pretend to be greatly knowledgeable about, is mentioned in the first few minutes. More significantly, some discussion takes place on the topic of global warming - climatologist Jack Hall (Dennis Quaid) believes that this global phenomenon could trigger a sudden shift in climates, and nobody in the White House is interested in listening to him. Of course, from watching the trailers, we already know that Jack will be more accurate in his predictions of a pending Ice Age than he realises, as massive hailstones rain down in Tokyo, snow falls in New Delhi, countless tornadoes rip through downtown Los Angeles, Scotland freezes over, and finally - in one of the most visually stunning disaster sequences ever to grace the cinemas - a tremendous tidal wave hits Manhattan.

This is where the entertainment is, in the action sequences that are imbued with a rather chilling realism (no pun intended), including a few other stunners that aren't given away in the trailers and won't be given away by me, either. Of course, a film filled with nothing but disaster sequences would be rather shallow, so the latter half of the film turns to some more personal stories, as Jack heads North towards Manhattan to rescue his slightly

estranged son Sam (*Donnie Darko*'s Jake Gyllenhaal, bringing a subtly comedic tone to the proceedings), trapped with a few students inside a public library. While the second half of the film subsequently fails to deliver the same thrills as the first half, it does uphold the suspense well enough. Emmerich's films have often benefited from the use not of action stars (Vin Diesel, anyone?) but of actual actors who take the fairly basic characters and breathe a little life into them. *Tomorrow* benefits from this, even if we've come to expect better things than this of Quaid, Gyllenhaal and two-time Emmy award-winner Sela Ward (as Jack's wife Lucy, who remains in the hospital at which she works, struggling to save patients).

Granted, these little human dramas, which reminded me somewhat of *Deep Impact* (a similarly themed movie with a slightly larger, more accomplished emphasis on the human drama), aren't the reason any layperson would go to see the film, nor are they the film's strength. The overly shallow political themes don't help the film either - despite being refreshingly less patriotic than *Independence Day* was, the support-your-fellow-man-and-protect-the-environment messages come off as overly condescending, particularly when addressed by the US Vice President at film's end. In spite of these misfires, the grandiose level of destruction on display is Emmerich's finest, at times even achieving a sort of eerie beauty. Films whose greatest strengths lie in their special effects are flooding the market to saturation point by now, but this one stands above most of them, which makes it worth the price of admission, even if it's not a film I'd make plans to see again.

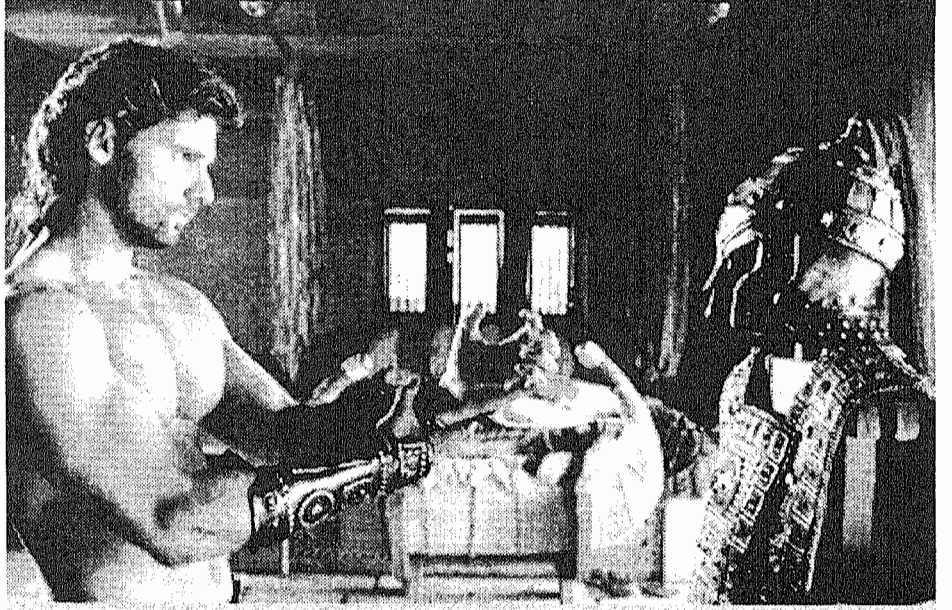
2 1/2 stars

Brian O'Neill

Troy

Directed by: Wolfgang Petersen

Starring: Brad Pitt, Eric Bana, Orlando Bloom, Rose Byrne, Peter O'Toole, Diane Kruger



"Your movie is more boring than church." Homer Simpson

Perhaps I should don my armour because I'm about to offend lovers of this big, dumb epic. It was probably decided that grand set pieces, shiny costumes, extravagant action sequences and a beautiful-looking cast would make *Troy* an easy to consume delight. A film of this length (165 mins) needs to be energetic and spectacular, with strong performances and involving dialogue. Alas, *Troy* struggles to deliver and is at best...average.

Directed by Wolfgang Petersen (*Das Boot*, *The Perfect Storm*), *Troy* is loosely based on Homer's *The Iliad*. In short, the story follows the war between Troy and Greece. Troy's Princes, Hector (Eric Bana) and Paris (Orlando Bloom) travel to Sparta on a peace mission. A romance sparks between Paris and Helen, the Queen of Sparta (Diane Kruger) and the lovers escape to Troy. Helen's husband, King Menelaus (Brendan Gleeson) joins forces with his politically-minded brother King Agamemnon (Brian Cox) to attack Troy. The Greek army's secret weapon is Achilles (Brad Pitt), a skilled warrior with his own motivations for going to war. *The Iliad* is a multi-layered story about men and the power of the Gods, but *Troy* opts for a simpler version.

The beginning of the film is laced with ridiculous dialogue: "Immortality...take it, it's yours!" is a corker and there's also a delightfully unexpected speech by Bana which resembles the quality heard at the Logies. It improves slightly as the story progresses.

Troy is brimming with large scale battle scenes but they lack

imagination. Watching faceless armies swing swords at each other quickly becomes tiresome. The one-on-one fights (Paris vs. Menelaus, Hector vs. Ajax, Hector vs. Achilles) are far more interesting. Achilles' fight scenes are well choreographed, showcasing a most intriguing fighting technique that resembles the dance style of capoeira.

The film could have been trimmed to two hours as there are too many fight scenes that don't influence the narrative. Interestingly, the ruse of the wooden horse is relegated to the final 20 minutes or so and much more could have been made of this famous and exciting twist in the story.

It has been said that Brad Pitt's acting is more wooden than the horse but I find Pitt makes Achilles somewhat of an enigma. He plays him with a casual intensity, creating a complex and layered character. Bana cuts a powerful figure in *Troy*, playing Hector with depth. Bloom has a rather thankless role as the pitiful Paris; he has gone backwards in developing his acting range. O'Toole is perhaps the film's standout performer - the scene in the tent where the King of Troy confronts Achilles delivers the emotion *Troy* desperately lacks.

When one looks at the film's budget (\$250 million), impressive cast and talented director - it's amazing that *Troy* is so average. *The Simpsons* speaks the truth on many fronts and Homer's critique is certainly fitting.

2 stars

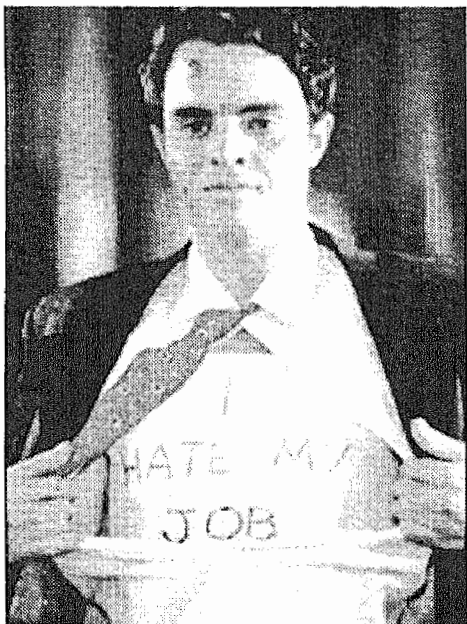
Simone Bannister

Hey eds,

Danny said I needed to resend my film review of Troy. It's just a thought but... perhaps we should put it in an edition of On Dit before the film finishes its season.

Cheers,
Simone

On Dit chats to Damon Gameau, hunk of *The Tracker*, and recent release *Thunderstruck*



Damon Gameau is one of the most charismatic young Australian actors to grace the screen in the past decade. Coming to fame in Rolf de Heer's hard hitting flick *The Tracker*, he was lucky to get the break as he told de Heer to fuck off when he called to offer him the part. But Gameau has been shrouded in brilliant reviews and has just landed his first lead as Sonny in *Thunderstruck*. You must live under a rock if you haven't heard about this buddy road trip that pays homage to cult rock outfit AC/DC. Gameau was kind enough to have a chat about AC/DC and the Australian film industry.

I started off by asking him about what types of films he preferred to work on, something hard hitting with a small audience or the more mainstream higher profile parts.

"I got a bit snobby after *The Tracker*, I could almost pick and choose from scripts, so I was, like, comedy, mmm, nah. But I was doing the research and I was like hang on, there are people out there who are just as passionate about AC/DC as they are about Aboriginal culture. So who am I to judge their love of this band that is their life. So I did everything I could to know everything about that band and do a service, so they don't watch it and go oh, fuck, that's not right, you have to get the fans to relate...so you have to know all the chords, you have to know the songs so we really look like we know what we're doing."

There was an obvious passion for AC/DC and the rock n roll scene, Gameau explains their how they worked with the music.

"The music was always cranking before we went on set. We had our own room to just get into the energy of it and so the audience feels that, it comes through...We got to do that end concert scene at Bon's grave. His family came

out, all these fans came out so it was a really special day. We had this great moment with all of us around his grave and it made the film very special...In a wanky way it felt like he was there, you know, we were all there playing and everything went so well. It kind of felt like someone was looking after us and watching over us making sure it all went well, everything just clicked."

Most of this Aussie road trip flick was really shot on the road, I asked him how that was and if he got sick of the other boys.

"We drove from Adelaide to Darwin and back five times. I know that feeling when your just stuck in a car and you've got cabin fever and you just feel like shit because your driving, so a lot of that stuff was easy to do. We were trapped in a van and it was forty degrees outside and we were stuck in the car with the boys farting and burping and you're getting sick of their shit, you know, that all comes through."

This free trade agreement that was just signed is going to completely rape our entire entertainment industry...they would rather get ten versions of CSI than make something locally, just because they know it'll work and that's very sad. No wonder actors are out of work, we've got all these crap reality shows, I just hope people get sick of them...

Gameau's very switched on and soon started discussing politics and the poor state of our entertainment industry:

"This free trade agreement that was just signed is going to completely rape our entire entertainment industry...they would rather get ten versions of CSI than make something locally, just because they know it'll work and that's very sad. No wonder actors are out of work, we've got all these crap reality shows, I just hope people get sick of them...We need to regenerate local product and encourage more writers and encourage great scripts, that's what we need in this country's more beautiful stories that work and that's why our product doesn't work you know. You can have all the talent in the world but if you don't have a good script you're screwed, you can't act well in a bad script."

Jo Norton

InterMission

Director: John Crowley

Cast: Colin Farrell, Colm Meaney, Shirley Henderson, Kelly Macdonald, Cillian Murphy



InterMission has a buzz-cut, film school project feel about it. There's obviously talent here – director John Crowley knows his wayround the barren, colourless streets of suburban Dublin and the story's blackly dysfunctional inhabitants get dialogue from Mark O'Rowe's script that's filled with a messed up, coarse sort of street elegance. I saw *InterMission* just after seeing *Evelyn*, another current-run Irish film that might seem, on some levels, to be linked. Both feature Irish stars who've been successful as Hollywood action heroes (respectively Colin Farrell and Pierce Brosnan), both revolve around tales set in rock-and-a-hard-place Ireland and both have incredibly talented actors strewn about the place recklessly. But it's there that the similarities drop off pretty quickly. Viewing Brosnan create legal history in order to save his institution-bound children is something like watching James Bond on Mogadon – fine if you're up for a mud wading session, but less so if you want some entertainment. *InterMission* is more like watching Bond on speed, as if he had a habit of using headbutting as a conflict resolution tool. This is Farrell doing his best Brad Pitt-bull impression – often rough as guts, as per *Fight Club*, but with little of the underlying charm that made Tyler Durden so strangely compelling.

Have a peek at our little story. Lehigh (Farrell) literally hits on women for money - Jerry (Meaney) is a cop hitting and shooting above his weight - Deidre (Macdonald) wants better treatment than her ex, John, was giving, even if it's from a balding, married man – John (Murphy) kidnaps Deidre

to win her affections back, despite having just called her a hoor (read "whore") and a "blaggard" (He has to ring a friend to confirm the meaning of that one before using it!) – Sally (Henderson) is hiding from herself under a moustache after some pretty shitty treatment from her ex – and Oscar, the plainest, least secure, of the bunch seems to be getting more action than the rest of them put together. Basically, that's the film, thumbnail sketch style. This gives you a taste of how the characters' lives intersect, even giving us a pseudo-Hollywood ending of sorts as the proceedings are brought to a close. The dark, depressive, in-your-face mood shifts giving us some resolution, Gaelic-style (ie It's all better, until you go home to the drunk father/husband/boyfriend). Still, there's a shift from the opening sense of disbelief that people's lives can be so...shite. It gradually dawns that they're not so different from us – they've just got thicker accents, less sun, more sandless beaches, fewer jobs, more marital break-down, worse mental health – but a fabulous variety of stouts, beers, and other assorted blarney-inducing concoctions – so it can't be all that bad! So, if you want a ride (tho' not in the Celtic vernacular sense of the word), pull up a stool and see what these clever students have put together. You might end up with a sore head after this session, but at least you won't remember too many details for long.

3 stars

David Wilkins

Do you find yourself leafing through the *On Dit* film pages thinking to yourself "This guy is a hack! Four stars for Paycheck!?! You hack!?! Well may I just say to you, "Hey, fuck you buddy, I'm trying my best here, I'd like to see you do better." No, really, I would. Send an email to onditfilm@hotmail.com or come down to the office to register your interest.

Please write for us...

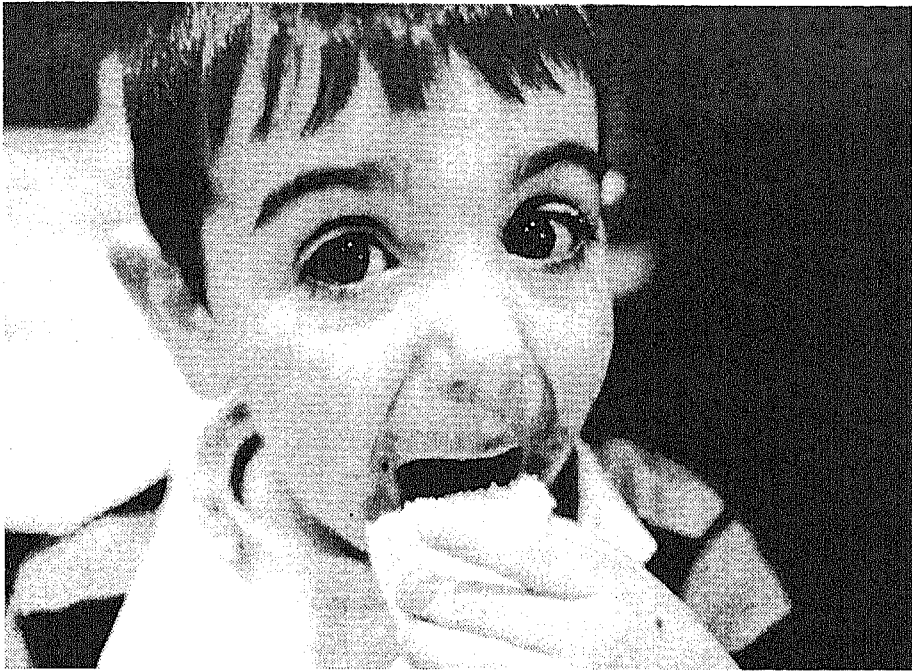
I get so awfully lonely down here.

Danny (Film Guy)



Super Size Me

Director: Morgan Spurlock



The sterile confines of one of the many McDonalds restaurants around town are usually a preferred refuge on a Saturday night for university students after we have finished pickling our livers at our favourite pub or club. Yet the alcohol induced massacre of a Big Mac meal is possibly just as bad for our livers as any other drinking session. Filmmaker Morgan Spurlock shows exactly what fast food could do to our livers by making McDonalds his staple diet for 30 days. *Super Size Me* follows Spurlock throughout the entire month he spent eating every single thing on the McDonalds menu and the impact on his health that the diet caused.

The political documentary genre has been made famous by Michael Moore with *Bowling for Columbine* and his debut hit *Roger & Me*. Making satire out of the wondrous deeds of our favourite multi-nationals is an intricate skill of directors like Spurlock and Moore. This is clearly a film Moore could've made if he didn't already look like the 'fat Ronald' character created for promo posters of the movie. Yet, like Moore, Spurlock also exploits the subjects of his film as badly as McDonald's do their fat and pimply faced customers. In street interviews Spurlock picks the most ignorant and intellectually challenged subjects he can find. These interviews provide comic relief and only really only try to serve as some sort of absolution for America being the fattest nation on Earth through the sheer ignorance of its citizens.

The inspiration behind Spurlock's stunt was a failed lawsuit by the parents of two girls who sued McDonald's in the belief that the fast-food giant was responsible for the obesity and poor health of their daughters. The idea that poor health was caused by McDonald's failing to disclose the ingredients and effects of its products was thrown out of court. Yet the consequences of Spurlock's month long binge were all too clear at the end of the experiment. He had gained nearly 15 kilograms and his cholesterol had jumped 65 points. Despite this, *Super Size Me* is not just about pointing out to viewers that eating McDonald's for every meal for

a month is bad for our health. A closer look at McDonald's poses the idea that brand association and commercial lobby groups are responsible for 'taking care' of both the consumer and the US government respectively. Children being brought up with an association to the Golden Arches through the McDonalds-Coke-Disney triumvirate and generous political donations by their nominated lobby groups will ensure that the perpetual cycle of obesity and over-consumption will continue for many generations.

Spurlock offers no hope of getting any skinnier for the modern consumer. He brings the attack on fast-food beyond the confines of McDonald's restaurants and into the canteens of American schoolchildren. Spurlock depicts American school cafeterias as fast-food restaurants doing just as much damage to the health of America's youth as McDonald's and other brand name fast food. These over-weight and under-exercised children are seemingly as dependent on fast-food as is a drug addict to his opiate of choice.

One of the more humorous questions the film poses to the viewer is: When will it be acceptable to heckle fat people? A fat nation is the symptom of a culture of over consumption and lack of exercise and it is ultimately the responsibility of consumers to control their weight and wellbeing. As smokers are shunned to cold corners and side-alleys will fat and unhealthy people one day be isolated from more health conscious consumers who take pride in maintaining their health and a balanced diet? *Super Size Me* is not about attacking McDonald's as the embodiment of everything which makes American fat and unhealthy. This is merely convenient through McDonald's domination of the fast-food industry. The film is about making people more conscious of their lifestyles and possibly reducing obesity as the second biggest cause of preventable death behind smoking.

5 stars

Peter Leahy

A few random facts from the *Super Size Me* Website

- McDonald's feeds more than 46 million people a day - more than the entire population of Spain
- French fries are the most eaten vegetable in America
- Americans eat more than 1,000,000 animals an hour
- Left unabated, obesity will surpass smoking as the leading cause of preventable death in America
- The average child sees 10,000 TV advertisements per year
- Willard Scott was the first Ronald McDonald - he was fired for being too fat
- The World Health Organization has declared obesity a global epidemic
- Before most children can speak they can recognize McDonald's
- 40% of American meals are eaten outside the home

Wondrous Oblivion

Director: Paul Morrison

Cast: Delroy Lindo, Emily Woof and Sam Smith

1960 - somewhere unfashionably scruffy in South London. The German Jewish Wisemans, are finding that their adopted home still lacks the hospitality they'd hoped for. But having long borne racist assaults in their homeland, the relatively petty prejudices of the local population seem a little more manageable. 11 year old David Wiseman (Sam Smith) is an eager cricket fan keen to find a place in the school team, which isn't going to happen fast given his penchant for being hopeless. Wonder of wonders, who should shift into the house next door but a cricket-mad Jamaican family more than happy to have him share their backyard practice net, particularly Dennis (Delroy Lindo of *Get Shorty*), the father, and Judy (Leonie Elliot), his young daughter. His anxious mother, Ruth (Emily Woof) bars David, from doing this for some time, showing the Wisemans to exhibit the same prejudices they've been bearing for years. Still, as often is the case in life, the children end up opening the door to contact.

Paul Morrison's film effectively unfolds a tale of searching-for-identity and "otherness" set in an era not

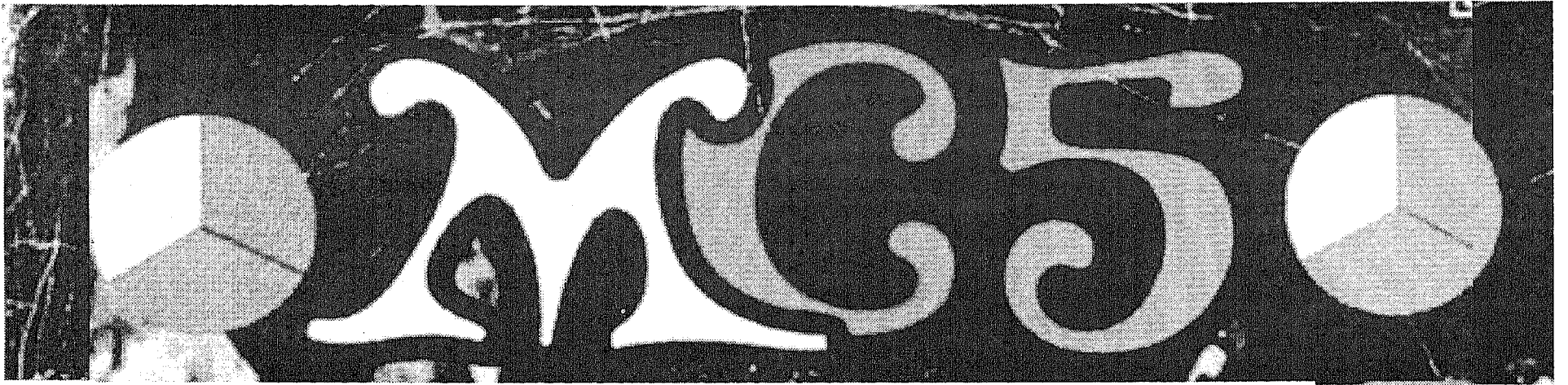
dissimilar to present-day Australia. 45 years on, refugee and migrant related issues are still at the forefront of our thinking, at times bringing darkly ugly, almost primal reactions from within ourselves. When countries like Australia, Britain and the US, with their often confused morality, lock up the victims of despots, man, woman and child, there's an indication we haven't moved on far from the moral climate portrayed in this film. A tad scary, methinks... But I digress! The director's drawn some believable characters together into an engaging yarn that, in general, works well. Sam Smith's David holds the camera's attention well, while Emily Woof's Ruth seems to steadily blossom as towering (195cm!!) Lindo's Dennis looks on. If Morrison had had the guts to stay clear of the occasional dose of sentiment and a rather dodgy, "all join hands" ending, we'd have a solidly pleasant film. As it is, we're left with an earnestly solid, pleasant film.

3 stars

David Wilkins

3/





The Motor City Five, or MC5, are the absolute pinnacle of cool rock. Every 'in' fucking experimental rock and blues band from Interpol to Black Rebel Motorcycle Club past The Black Keys owes a motherload of dues to this band. Sonic Youth half named themselves as homage to one of their guitarists, Fred 'Sonic' Smith. The list of influence The MC5 has to their name is boundless. I even once saw Rachel from *Friends* wearing their shirt - as yet I can guarantee that a very slim percentage of those grooving at Bang!

on a Saturday night might know about them.

The MC5 started amongst mid-sixties political turmoil in Detroit. Five young frustrated dudes met each other through their political (they were tied up with the 'White Panthers') and musical leanings to form a very unique band. Inspired equally by ~~both~~ old blues and rock artists and the free form jazz artists like Coltrane and Sun Ra, mixed with teenage lust and heavy politics, the MC5 became the loudest, craziest band of their generation. After never obtaining great

commercial success, yet being highly visible and always the centre of controversy, the Feds considered them political enemies of the state and targeted them large style. This resulted in half the band being imprisoned on spliff charges and being put into jail for double figures, and their subsequent breaking up - until now.

In a prospect that has had me weak at the knees for weeks, they (the surviving members, at least) are coming to Adelaide. And even more exciting news, filling in the gaps for the

dead members (ha - morbid) is Mark Arm (*Mudhoney*) and Evan Dando (*Lemonheads*) each on vocals and Deniz Tek from *Radio Birdman* on guitar! It's a garage rocker's wet dream!

So I will be orgasming to seismographic proportions on **Tuesday 27 July** at Heaven II when this show comes to town. And if you consider yourself any kind of music guru, or just want to see where it all started, you'll be there too. Now if I only had a date...

Jimmy Trash



Editorial

Now on page 33!

Some time ago, I found myself living with a weird Canadian stoner. She was one of those relaxed Cultural Studies majors with a penchant for the strange and beautiful. You know the kind – vegetarian, smokes rollies, reads a lot of Kerouac, wears a lot of vintage clothing – that sort of girl.

One night we found ourselves rolling a spliff out of a page from the Bible because it was too cold to go out and fetch papers. More because it was the thinnest paper we could find than out of any disrespect for the Good Book. It was a page from Leviticus, if memory serves, around Verse 20.

By Verse 23 we had begun discussing how overrated The Strokes were. By Verse 25 I, starting to feel a bit toasted, I put it to my housemate that Radiohead, and not The Strokes, were the saviours of rock and roll (an embarrassingly ignorant thought, I know, but at the time I was younger and even more stoned than I am now, so you'll have to forgive me).

My housemate - whose name was Catherine – patiently heard me out, then proceeded to inform me that it was her duty to introduce me to a French Canadian band by the name of Godspeed You! Black Emperor. She described their sound as something like epic, orchestral, crescendo-driven rock, and suggested I listen to them before I make such wild assertions about Radiohead's staid, post-angst *ennui*.

Much later, in a different house, a different housemate shoplifted a copy of their third album *Raise Your Skinny Fists Like Antennas to Heaven* from a certain franchise bookstore that had also originated in Canada. The first six minutes and thirteen seconds of the first disk of this double album is perhaps the most achingly beautiful thing I have ever heard. It starts with the innocent sound of trumpets playing tentative minor chords, building and fading amongst violins. Midway through it breaks into a crashing rhythm with the dual-drummer twelve-piece in full flight, soaring through a relentless storm of major chords and driving guitar on its way to the kind of crescendo that no single word can describe at six in the morning when this paper is about to go to print. 'Sublime' comes close. 'Terrifying' is almost as close.

Anyway, as the courier waits to take the copy to the printer for the last time this Semester, here is a flower, stolen from google, hastily blown up to a full page, and printed with a combination of yellow, magenta and registration black ink.

At best, a rough equivalent.

Enjoy

Stanley



Lazy Susan[®]

MUSIC

Singer Paul Andrews talks about his band's latest album, the power of pop music and his upcoming Adelaide show this week at the Jade Monkey.

Sydney based four-piece group Lazy Susan play unashamed, guitar pop. They're heading down to Adelaide as part of the latest installment of the Patterns in Static shows at the Jade Monkey in support of their latest album, *Never Better*.

Having existed for around five years, vocalist and guitarist Paul Andrews fills me in on how they formed: "Duncan who plays bass and Pete (who co-writes & plays second guitar); we all went to school together from the ages of 12, and from about 17 we started playing in bands together. After a couple of years of not playing together, we all came back to it again. The funny thing is that Duncan used to be the singer, and I used to be the drummer, until we realised he couldn't sing and I couldn't play the drums!"

After rectifying these early problems, the band settled into the current line-up with drummer Mike Wilcox joining, though Paul is still not putting his first instrument aside just yet. "I'm kinda fooling myself into thinking I can play drums again lately, I've been playing drums with Sydney band the Reservations, it's the most fun instrument to play, far more fun than guitar or anything like that!"

Listening to the brassy hits of album opener 'Sometimes' with its sing along chorus, it is clear the band is formed within a love for pop music and the lineage of great pop music. I asked Paul who did he and the band listen to and admire growing up in those all important sponge-like formative years?

"One of my first memories is of me wearing my PJ's watching Queen on Countdown, the clips to Bohemian Rhapsody and things like that. And we all grew up watching Countdown on Sundays, going to school on Mondays and then talking about what we'd seen. And that just really infused in us a love of pop music, in all its' shapes and sizes.

"I mean 'pop music' is such a broad church you know? It's the kind of classic stuff, like the Stones, Dylan and stuff like that, but its even a dear love of the throwaway pap pop, the one-hit wonders of this world. I love 'plastic pop' as much as I love pop that has a real art and thought and intelligence and love to it. People forget that pop music is "popular music". By definition, anything that sells like 20, or 50 000 albums, that is 'pop'. That can even include some kind of 'post-rock' arty-farty band from the US like Tortoise or something, that might be construed as being outside of pop, but if enough people get into it then it's popular music."

Tied in with this, Paul is well aware that the wide reaching nature of pop engenders a capacity for incredibly subversive and powerfully political force

for change. "Yeh, not that *we* will ever be considered a subversive band! But that is the power of pop music. There was that great series on SBS recently about the ten songs that changed the world, and that highlighted it as well. It's so incredible that some person in a room can sit behind a guitar or piano and write a song, record it in a couple of days and literally affect potentially billions of people and I find that such an incredibly exciting idea. *No wonder* there are so many people who get so into pop music, that there are movies like *Hi-Fidelity*, showing grown men who are living their lives through albums and songs and picking lyrics apart in the most fastidious way, because of the power these three and a half minutes of music and words can exert on people." Clearly passionate about the subject, he continued: "I mean I *love* the fact that just a line in a song can make you cry, or make you want to punch the air in happiness or want to just kiss somebody. I love all that, the incredible power...that's why I'm in it basically, because there is a desire to do that and be a part of it." I raise the point that pop however, has always gone through stages, and in our current climate of the so-called "rock revival" there seems to be another backlash emerging, where "pop" has become this dirty word, and any mention of the word gets immediate derisive eye-rolling and conjures images of manufactured princesses like Britney and Christina. Are Lazy Susan conscious of those negative connotations? Paul sighs knowingly. "You do have times when you say "I play in a guitar pop band" and somehow people immediately think "oh, well it's just a bit of fluff then", like there's no real thought or intelligence behind it, and it frustrates me because there's a 50 year plus long history of the greatest pop music in the world, which can be incredibly artistic and incredibly thoughtful and requires great talent and skill to put together."

On writing a timeless pop song, Paul describes it as "like chasing the Holy Grail- you'll probably never ever get there, or I'll never ever get there, but there's a desire to always try and create this song to make people feel something close to what you're feeling."

Paul may be modest about both his and his band's songwriting skills, but even he knows of the impact a well written and moving song can have on another human being. "We got this great email today to our website from a guy in Sydney, a guy I've never met in my life, saying "I love *Never Better*, it hasn't left my CD since I bought it and if you guys ever want to come round to meet me and my wife and have a mushroom or two, you're more than welcome to!"

Listening to tracks from *Never Better* like 'Wrong', with lines like "I'll stick with how she clears my mind up/ I love her like a Beatles haircut", it was no surprise to learn that Paul is a massive fan of the Fab Four. I was moments away from leading into the infamous game of "Lennon or McCartney?" (also known as the "Pacino or De Niro?" game), but I was curtailed at the last moment when Paul revealed just who his favourite pop idol (and Beatle) was. "For me, the guy who sums it all up was George Harrison. He got me into pop music when I was 14, from listening to

the Beatles and then discovering his solo career, and his songs always spoke to me. He was the first person who touched me musically and I've never forgotten that. One of the greatest pleasures ever in my life, though it was unfortunate too, was being asked to go on Richard Kingsmill's *J Files* on George Harrison when he died and choose my two favourite songs of his, and talk about what he meant to my life."

Apart from possessing a love for classic artists like Harrison, Dylan, and Joni Mitchell, Paul also digs contemporary keepers of the flame "like Belle and Sebastian- I love their song-writing, also Josh Rouse, who I've recently gotten into, and Gillian Welsh. I get into songwriters that really give themselves to the song" he adds, revealing he couldn't help but be taken in with the new *Streets* album.

"Pete and I write completely separately, and bring it to the band, and then it morphs in the bands hands. A classic case was a song off our first album. I played what was essentially this sensitive love song for the band and they all hated it! They thought it was too soft, too whiny, until Mike suggested "how bout we do it this way?" and he did it double time with a really heavy backbeat, and suddenly turned it 180 degrees into 2 minute rocker. That's how we work, the songs totally change in the bands hands."

"There is a craft to songwriting. Some people can really turn that craft on its head, and others take the best bits out of that craft and mould and shape them and in the end pay tribute to that craft -we're very much students of the craft and I'm certainly not reinventing the wheel, but that doesn't make me less creative than somebody that farts into a microphone just because they think that nobody has ever done that before." In some ways its harder to write a three and a half minute love song these days, because everything *has* been done before. It's very easy to say "I love you, you love me", but trying to find a relatively new way to strike people in the old tried chestnut love song is quite a stretch, and if you can do that then I take my hat off to you."

Much of the lush sound of the album can be attributed to producer Phil McKellar. Said Paul of working with the Triple J *Live at the Wireless* producer: "It was great. An interesting choice for us because he's traditionally better known for working with harder music, bands like Grinspoon, Spiderbait, Sunk Loto... that harder kind of guitar style. But there's also this other side to him that people may not know and that's that he has this incredible pop music knowledge. He would always bring in a compilation CD of 50's and 60's artists and play a few songs before each day in the studio, to create the vibe. They were always obscure, cheesy kind of things but very melodic with soft strings... it was a great little tradition whilst we were recording the album."

For their upcoming show at the intimate Jade Monkey this coming Saturday, Paul says that audiences can expect a more amped up approach than the softer Lazy Susan sound you encounter on *Never Better*. "We are completely different to that, we're a lot louder and more boisterous live, simply because I can't help myself and get into more! I mean, we're not Metallica, but we're definitely up a few notches!"

For all you lovers of pure, unashamed, vocal driven guitar pop, be advised.

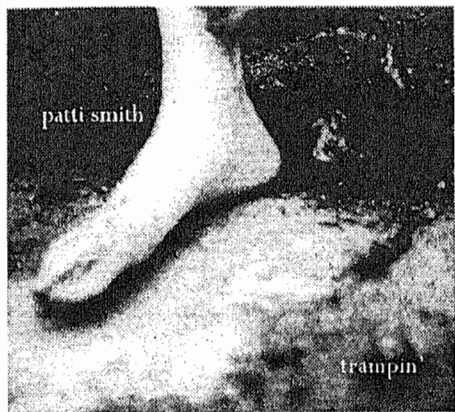
dan V

34



Crotch-tastic: Lazy Susan play Saturday June 5th @ the Jade Monkey with locals Paper Tiger and DJ Matt Hillside after midnight.

Album Reviews®



Patti Smith
Trampin'
Druse Music

Trampin' is Patti Smith's ninth studio album in an erratic and volatile twenty-year career. The album is more sedate and straight forward than 2000's *Gung Ho*, yet moodier and angrier. Patti's trademark unwavering political views are delivered with the zest that is expected; yet her abstract poetry has departed for a much simpler style than her 1970's work.

The opening track 'Jubilee' is most certainly jubilant – the song conjures images of 1971 political/glam rock, a longhaired, headbanded girl smoking pot and twirling in an exulted spirit. It's cool. Her adoration of Bob Dylan is ever-present as always, and songs such as 'Trespassers' and 'Cash' slow down all the way to his (Dylan's) powerful melodic drawl, equal parts saccharine and astringent.

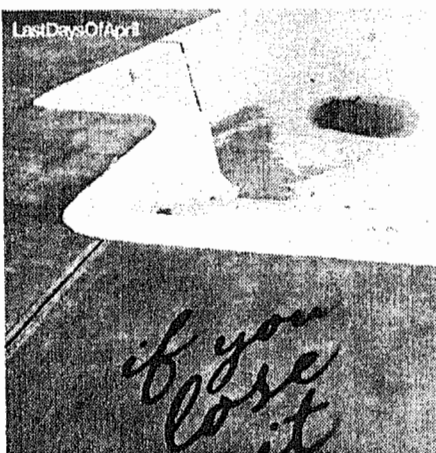
Trampin' is testament to Patti's strong will – her music always smacks of her own person, her own internal sound. The only thing that changes between her albums is the events and people she sings about. She doesn't get older, because her music is timeless. However this makes it hard to own more than just her most choice albums if you are serious about good music but not necessarily Patti herself. It's hard to say that any are better than others in her repertoire, so put it this way; if she wasn't already Patti Smith then this album would be on high rotation, most stations. *Mojo Magazine* would herald the group in their *Mojo Rising* section, and Richard Kingsmill would claim them to be "The next big thing in avant-garage-cum-political rock" (that arrogant fuckhead).

Highlights of *Trampin'* are 'Cartwheels', a beautiful, hypnotising ballad featuring Patti at her lyrical best, and using her most velvety vocals. Original Patti Smith Group member Lenny Kaye plays whirring, repetitive guitar licks that just take the song to beautiful lunar places. 'Radio Baghdad' is the best song of the album, a crazy psych-rock piece that never ends, reminiscent of earlier Patti Smith Group, although this is just like what I mentioned

earlier – the best song on this album reminds me of the entire 1977 'Radio Ethiopia' album.

However *Trampin'* is a better buy than her 'best of', perhaps, because in a way it is a culmination of all of her best work, in new compositions. And if you ever have liked chick rock (real chick rock, not Avril Lavigne) then check out Patti, any album.

Jimmy Trash



Last Days Of April
If You Lose It
Bad Taste Records

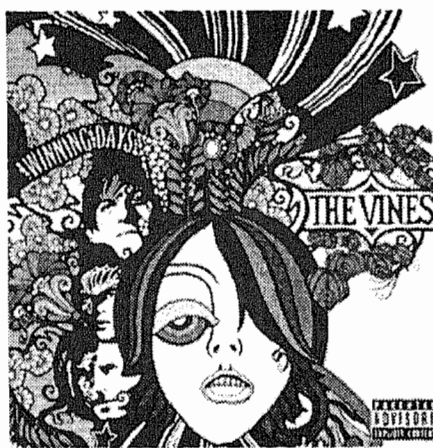
Straight out of Sweden this is one for the neutral bin. Neither blatantly brilliant nor astoundingly awful, Last Days of April sound like they've made the trip south and are now padding up for Switzerland. These guys won't make too many enemies nor friends with this.

Basically the whole album rolls by with little more than a whimper, albeit a pleasant, breezy whimper. One strummy tune rolls into the next, and I was generally blissfully unaware when such transitions took place. Most perplexing is that, having had a brief acquaintance with some of the four-piece's earlier work, this seems to be a noticeable step backwards. Vocally this isn't anything mesmerising, which it really needs to be with not a great deal else going on. The musical arrangements have been stripped down and while there is a certain ethereal charm to *If You Lose It*, it is comparatively emotionless. Neutral.

In fairness the album does manage to lift itself above ground on a few occasions - the bookends, 'It's On Everything' and the breathy 'Fast, So Fast' are worth a listen, while the highlight is also the record's boppiest number, 'Do For Two'.

Who knows, maybe it'll grow on me during the dreary winter nights ahead...

Lachy C



The Vines
Winning Days
EMI

Having finally listened to this album for myself, I can't believe all the vitriolic reviews of it I've read over the past few months. I reckon I must've been given a totally different CD because this album is not only good, it's great. It's brilliant. It's everything The Vines' second effort should be. I think a lot of people were clearly hoping for another *Highly Evolved* with this album, but the poppy, two-minute instant pleasers which made up the majority of that album are absent here, which is, in my humble opinion, exactly as it should be. I mean, it's a good place to start but no way to develop musically - just witness The Strokes' "Room On Fire", the most disappointing batch of last year's recycled rejects I have

ever had the misfortune of hearing, and no credit to the promise that band showed with *Is This It*.

Craig Nicholls is so odd. On the one hand he's the biggest wanker I've ever had the pleasure not to meet, and yet he writes stuff like this. The whole album is infused with a sense of beauty most songwriters only dream of. The songs are intricate, flowing, and more complex than those on *Highly Evolved*, and much more satisfying in their detailed melodies and lyrics. Songs like "Amnesia" and "Winning Days", with their delicate harmonies and melancholy lyrics, are truly inspiring, and others such as "TV Pro" and "F.T.W." give a great kick up the pants with their bass-heavy and insistent riffs. Nicholls is proving himself to be a songwriter of real class, and displays much more maturity in this category than he ever does anywhere else.

So here's my Great Rock and Roll Prediction: provided Nicholls keeps heading down the right track, The Vines' third album will have critics falling all over themselves eating humble pie. It will be a masterpiece. Hey, they're definitely capable of it. Otherwise he'll find himself strung up by piano wire while the critics bay for his blood. In the words of Lt. General Sir Hogmany Melchett, "Boo sucks to you, Frenchies!"

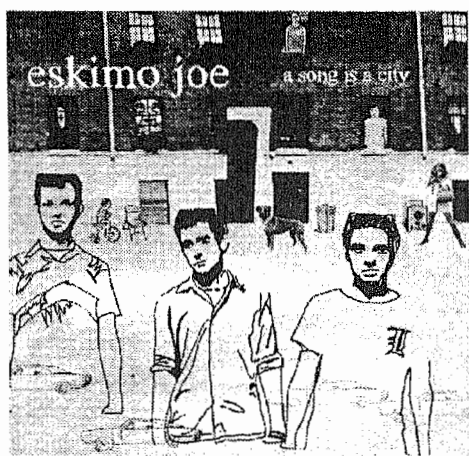
dentarthurdent



Music News.

Cat Power plays The Gov.

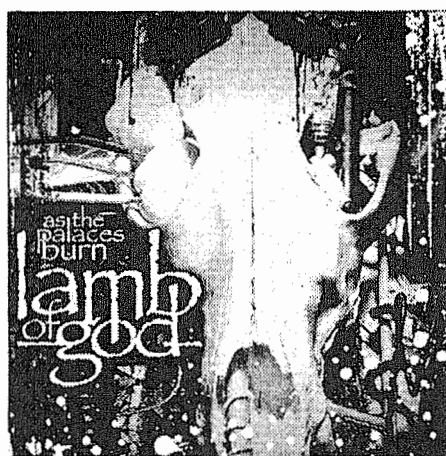
Finally Adelaide has been spared the East coast snub by a quality international performer. After a sold out East Coast tour last year Cat Power (Chan Marshall) has returned to play a solo show at the appropriately intimate Governor Hindmarsh venue on Thursday June 17. It's a been years since her last infamous Gov show, where after an on stage meltdown she disappeared mid set, typical of her erratic performance record. Don't worry, it's worth the risk. She is one of the few performers who can truly take the label 'haunting'. Through her soft smokey noir voice comes a kind of child like fragility and bewilderment with the world. The kind of sullen eyed girl that you can't help but wish you could 'save', the kind of music that sits somewhere between dawn and the long night and is bound to be crippling live. Rumoured to be a seated event (ie less tickets) the show will definitely sell out, so get 'em early.



Eskimo Joe
A Song Is A City
FMR

Forget 'The Sweater Song.' Even from the very first chord, it's immediately apparent that this three piece from Fremantle have grown up since their breakthrough single, way back in 1998. It's probably taken a little too long to release this, their second LP, but extensive touring is a more than acceptable excuse, particularly when such a schedule has borne such maturity for such a young band. Picking up where *Girl* left off, Eskimo Joe have crafted an album that smacks of sophistication and consistency, without sacrificing the catchy hooks and punchy singles that made *Girl* such a winner. The big difference here is a more stable album, in the vein of You Am I's *Hourly Daily*, in that the songs work together to create a picture of life in the suburbs of Oz. And yes, I'm aware that comparing Eskimo Joe to You Am I is a big call, but it's probably not too far off the mark. 'Come Down' opens the show, dispelling any ideas of this album being another garage rock fest, instead setting the tone of refinement and clever arrangements. Expect less filler and a whole pile of maturity. But when the first single, 'From The Sea' hits, it's a case of amazement. This is such a top song, with the constant bounce of a metronome providing an innovative foundation for swelling guitars and a chorus that you can't help but sing along to. The same goes for 'Life Is Better With You,' 'Seven Veils' and 'I'm S Tired' - songs that improves with every listen. As a whole, the album is more laidback and much more of a grower, but when there's moments that remind you of the likes of the Manic Street Preachers, Wilco and even Elvis Costello, whilst remaining true to their own sound, there's little room for complaints. Listen to this a few times and you'll probably agree that this is one of the finest home grown releases of 2004.

Matty



Lamb of God
As the Palaces Burn
Prosthetic/ Epic

Lamb of God hail from Virginia and play technical thrash-bred metal. Interestingly, they don't seem as intent on stuffing their songs full of endless riffs like so many others before them. Their brand of noise is more simple and concise.

With Strapping Young Lad main man Devin Townsend handling production duties, the sound is suitably thick and solid. Like a requisite steel kick to the head, the super tight playing, shredded vocals, stop start dynamics and Meshuggah-esque odd time signatures are rendered in vicious detail.

These things combined should all make for a great metal album. Unfortunately, they're not enough. It all boils down to the fact that there is not much light and shade on this album. '11th Hour' is one of the more melodic examples, and 'Vigil' is the only track to hint at a softer side to the band, though it is soon buried under generic screams, and so on it continues for the album's duration.

Listening to *As the Palaces Burn*, there's a strange feeling that we've heard it all before, and possibly done with more individualism and personality. Metal is intrinsically a conservative music form, relying as it does on low-end riffing, extreme dynamics, and garbled vocalisms. The minor Nu-Metal 'revolution' of a few years ago kept a new generation of snotty nosed angst kids momentarily amused, until someone realised that hip-hop sounds are best handled by their rightful owners. Now, even the pioneers of that dubiously dubbed scene are trying to distance themselves from the dying genre, like rats deserting a sinking ship.

Nevertheless, the room for innovation in metal is by no means exhausted, it's just happening underneath the radar. It seems the best metal music is made in niche fields where unfettered cross pollination with other styles occurs - such as when '70's prog-rock meets death metal (Cynic, Opeth), when spacey, ambient and even psychedelic touches are laid over doomy metal (Tiamat, Sigh), or when black metal appropriates baroque-in-a-blender sounds to create something altogether new and powerful.

I'm aware that it's not up to Lamb of God to inject the scene with this kind of invigoration; they just want

to play what they like to hear and that's fine. But it's one thing to simply 'keep it real', and another to 'keep it real good'. Next to these fresh sounds and interpretations, 'bread and butter' metal bands like Lamb of God will find it increasingly difficult to be recognised in this fertile environment.

On the surface, *As the Palaces Burn* contains just enough of the elements a good metal album requires, but it's for precisely that reason that I'm so ambivalent about its long-term worth. One for the speed freaks only I'm afraid.

dan V



Ratatat
Ratatat
XL Recordings

New York duo Ratatat are comprised of Mike Stroud and Evan Mast and are currently in with the "in". Their debut album is out on XL, home to the White Stripes and Basement Jaxx. They count Interpol and Ben Kweller as friends. In fact, Mike has graced stages as a hired gun playing guitar for Kweller and Dashboard Confessional. After teaming up with Evan, the pair soon opened for current New York luminaries Interpol and the Rapture. Though I've found no evidence to substantiate this, I'd wager that Karen O dances/ cooks/ has sex to their music.

So what's it all sound like then? Well, for those of you expecting chiming dance-punk, prepare to be surprised, for Ratatat play instrumental music. That's right, this means there are no words in it. Whilst other post-punk revivalists/ plagiarists plunder the stripped back, bare essentials approach and the tempos are sped up, Ratatat slow things down to more hip-hop head nodding territory and add layer upon layer of fuzzy melody to their playful tunes.

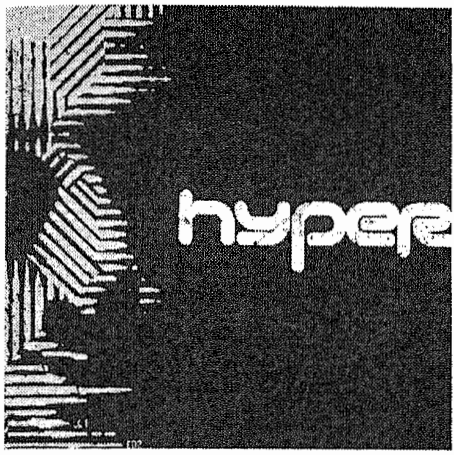
Sure, you could dance to most of it; they attribute a lot of their sound to both early 80's rap and present day hip-hop, but it doesn't translate as obviously as you'd think (though they do have an MC friend Young Churf provide some field sampled intros to tracks for that street-cred). Rather, the thick layers of warm synth drones and fuzzed out guitar swells sees them come over like a bunch of casio-core kids vibing on the majestic and grandiose harmonies of Queen or Thin Lizzy, particularly on opener 'Seventeen Years' and 'El Pico'.

The baroque dissonance of 'Desert Eagle' offers some explanation for the multiple Beethoven references Ratatat have been subjected to, though it has as much in common with the SID tunes of old Commodore 64 game composers as it does to the tortured genius of old Ludwig van. In fact, the whole album could very easily sub for arcade music. It's not all just playful fluff though. 'Breaking Away' features an emotive ending that could easily be turned into a fist-in-the-air arena anthem in the hands of a Nickleback, but it sounds quite beautiful here. Throw in some Aphex Twin (particularly the more infantile melodic Twin sound) and some of the IDM glitch-pop school with elements of MBV pitch swoops and sensual synth swooning to the mix and you should have the general idea of the Ratatat pastiche.

Track three ('Crips') bops along with a jovial bass line that is equal parts sophisto-disco and dirty funk, though neither really mirror audibly the infamous hardcore street gang which gives the track its title. You can hear that Mike and Evan haven't just slapped these sounds down without giving them some care and consideration, but such minor anomalies like this make me wonder, are they letting us in on their joke, or are we the intended targets? Surely, they don't expect us to take their 80's trappings (the grandiose and unashamed excesses that fill the sonic spaces) too seriously. That fun, post-modern bent to their music is no doubt part of the intended appeal, but it may also prove to be part of the problem; many simply won't have time for them. The moody prog kids already have Mogwai to listen to, and Ratatat don't quite match the other New York buzz bands or acts like Franz Ferdinand at the moment in the energy or lyrical hooks stakes. As for the urban kids, I doubt they will ever encounter Ratatat when they already have Nelly, Jay-Z and Missy E to satisfy them.

That said, the Ratatat sound is one that I have a particular affinity for, and it really does get stuck in your head after repeated listens, but over the course of eleven tracks and forty-five minutes it can become tiring. With less melodic repetition and more tonal variety, Ratatat would be a much better band, and this would be a better album. At the moment, they're very cool, but listening to them is like taking part in a guilty pleasure that is too much to handle in large doses, akin to eating too much gourmet chocolate in one sitting (oh no, another food metaphor- I'm in the wrong line of work). Still, it's nice to have a treat between musical meals sometimes, and Ratatat are the equivalent of a Milky Way chocolate bar; cheap, small and cute, sweet and satisfactory; but not enough on its own to fully sate your appetite.

dan V



Hyper
Wired
 Ministry of Sound/ EMI

Instead of bringing out an endless number of volumes of their established compilation series, Ministry of Sound have started releasing one off mix CDs. *Wired*, mixed by nu-breaks DJ, Hyper and is full of chunky beats and electro tinged breaks. Disk One gets off to a roaring start with Mobilegazer's 'My House' and peaks with the Lee Coombs remix of Plump DJs 'Pray For You' featuring Gary Numan and Planet Funk's 'Who Said (Stuck in The UK)'. Hyper takes the tempo down a bit on Disk Two with Dan F's 'Line of Sight' and Marsciusier Vs Andy Page feat George Clinton on 'Elementalelectrofunk'. Hyper's clever remix of the Sugababes 'In The Middle' not only shows his open-mindedness as a DJ, but also the Sugababes remarkable straddle between the underground dance and pop scenes. *Wired* is a well paced and well mixed double CD of nu-breaks, and is not only a testament to the abilities of Hyper, but also hints at the refreshing new direction that Ministry of Sound is heading in.

Glitz Mullet



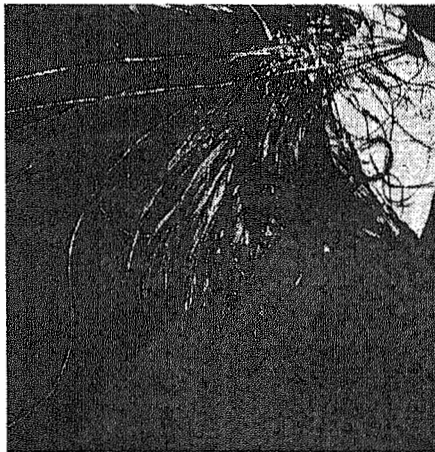
Nas
Illmatic - 10th Anniversary
Platinum Edition
 Columbia Records

In 1994 hip hop music was quite simply much more exciting than it is today. Snoop Dogg was riding high with his classic Doggystyle, along with his west coast pals Dr. Dre and Tupac. Notorious B.I.G and the two New York youngsters Jay Z and this man Nas were holding the torch high for the east coast. This, Nas' debut LP *Illmatic* is one of the best hip hop records ever made. The record kicks off in dazzling form and never really

fails to let up, the second track 'N.Y State of Mind' has stabbing beats and lyrical rhythm not often seen since. 'Life's a Bitch' has a chilled more modern R&B feel, but again Nas shows his lyrical timing and speed, but its the chorus hook where he proves even hip hop can incorporate a great pop chorus.

The beauty of this record is that even after ten years it is not dated and sounds just as good and relevant today as it did in 1994. This album is basically about the hardship of living in the streets of New York and making that a positive and finding a way out by expressing yourself. You may say to yourself how cliché... Well unlike a lot of fake money making rappers in the charts today, Nas actually made music that will be remembered as great and you can tell he meant every word that came out of his mouth on this record. You'd be a fool not to buy *Illmatic* if you consider yourself a hip hop fan.

Alex Moran



The Icarus Line
Penance Soiree
 FMR, V2 Records

This album was actually recorded way down in the sewers. I've got nothing to back that up but it must've been. Its so f*%#@n filthy dirty, delivered with a harsh growling bassline, sexed-up drawling vocals and the unmistakable aura of sweaty, exhausted bodies.

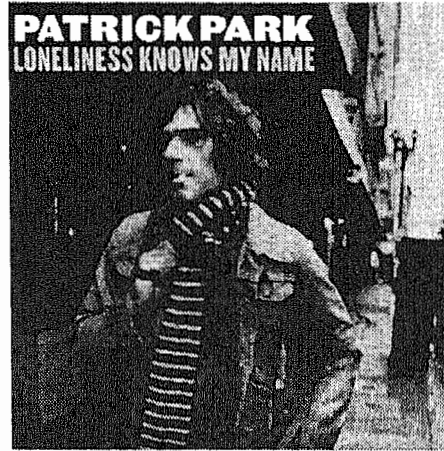
Icarus Line have always had the attitude, with their manic live gigs much more renowned than their previous recorded output of one album and one EP, but with *Penance Soiree* they demonstrate they can more than hold their own when pitted against the swarm of other dirty rockers in the big wide world. It appears they've taken a more serious approach musically, whilst gleefully maintaining their trademark massive swirl of feedback that demands this music be played loud.

The album has a good mix of both accessible and musically far-fetched moments, often within the same song which has the effect of making *Penance Soiree* much easier to listen to in the long run, and in a way, more accessible (if that makes sense).

One look at the tracklisting (well maybe two- it's bloody hard to read), thankfully confirms Icarus Line have once again come up with some original song titles, which also thankfully give rise to interesting,

although not terribly complex, lyrics and concepts. Songs such as 'Kiss Like Lizards', 'Virgin Velcro' and 'Spike Island' are also appropriately delivered by Joe Cardamone, who has beefed up his vocal abilities for *Penance Soiree*, alternating from intoxicated ranting to a sensual bluesy swagger. During the excellent romp of a finale 'Party The Baby Off' he on numerous occasions implores the listener to "Take off all your clothes", while making it sound all too tempting to adhere to these words of wisdom. Yep, a great album- one of my top few so far this year.

Lachy



Patrick Park
Loneliness Knows My Name
 Hollywood Records/FMR/
 Downward Road Recordings

Patrick Park. His name spells alliteration. Little wonder considering his parentage consisted of a poet and a muso. And their talent seems to have rubbed off evenly and strongly. After drifting through many careers in LA he was finally stumbled upon in 1999 and his passion for music was channelled into something more than a boredom relief in the factory back rooms. Basement audio tracks, touring with Irish band The Thrills and an EP later, Park's debut album is a natural progression from a somewhat haphazard yet imminent start.

Loneliness Knows My Name is by no means a happy go lucky album. The poetic lyrics conjure beautiful and grotesque images that ricochet through the mind and linger on. The dark nature of anti-love is powerfully explored, with carefully balanced words and sounds, and further notable alliteration. Penned with great insight, his work is rife with a real sense of intimacy and heartfelt emotion, singing out to you from right within. And his brutal honesty may be somewhat confronting but is also endearing.

The music itself is country folk style, with its own little twists. Sintars, mandolins and the wood winds all feature greatly, and with such ease you hardly know they exist. Despite the gloomy lyrics it's actually quite upbeat throughout. His talent for guitar especially shines through, finger plucked strings vibrating into melodies that cut right through you, and carry the melody well. His rich tenor voice in combination with the other musical aspects only

heightens the experience. The final sound is somewhat like Ryan Adams or Tim Easton, a great detour from... the grunge and punk bands he was formerly affiliated to. Similarly the inset also contains moody images of a poised Park in sepia and/or tones of grey only add to the overall image of the album (and remind me more of the Ryan Adams' gallery I've flicked through) offset by desolate images.

All the tracks are of fairly equal quality, but there are a few standouts, if only for the lyrics. *Thunderbolt* is quite wistful, taken from his previous EP and a great opening track whilst the tracks, *Honest Skrew*, *Nothing's Wrong*, *You're Smile's a Drug* and *Something Pretty* all shine in their own right. *Silver Girl* too is notable, an almost Celtic sounding undertow suitably bearing the idea and haunting words behind the piece.

Park gives a eloquent performance, stained in introspect, tinted by the common American sound yet still unique, and puts on the line an honest and open drive. So early in his career, this album is quite a feat. "Even in the dark, loneliness knows my name" And yet somehow you bring us in towards you.

jenn

The baroque
 dissonance of
 'Desert Eagle'
 offers some
 explanation for the
 multiple Beethoven
 references Rataat
 have been subjected
 to, though it has as
 much in common
 with the SID tunes
 of old Commodore
 64 game composers
 as it does to the
 tortured genius of
 old Ludwig van.

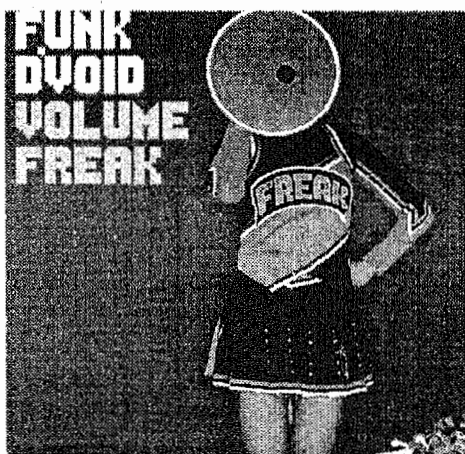
- dan V



Jamelia
Thank You
Parlophone/EMI

After having moderate success in 2000 before taking time out to have a baby, UK RnB star, Jamelia, returns with *Thank You*. Opening with the monster hit 'Superstar', and followed by her reply to an abusive ex-boyfriend on the title track; 'Thank You' gets it off to a very strong start. At times the record is quite quirky ('Cutie' and 'B.I.T.C.H.') and guest appearances from Bubba Sparxxx and the So Solid Crew's Asher D help to strengthen the album. Jamelia even collaborates with Coldplay's Chris Martin on the excellent 'See it in a Boy's Eyes', a partnership which he instigated after being impressed with her talent. Despite sharing the production duties between at least eight producers, *Thank You* remains a cohesive album and retains a distinctive UK sound. At times *Thank You* is pretty standard RnB, and some of the subject matter and song titles seem to lack a little originality ('Dirty Dirty' and 'DJ'). Although nothing comes close to the catchiness of 'Superstar', *Thank You* is a fantastic RnB/ pop album and shows that Jamelia is a talent to rival her US peers.

Glitz Mullet



Funk D'Void
Volume Freak
Soma

My first mistake was picking up this CD from the On Dit office. The mere presence of the word 'funk' on its cover was enough to disguise it as appealing. The miscalculation didn't end there. From the artist title, Funk D'Void, we can safely assume that it is intended to be read as Funk The Void. However, after subjecting myself to the CD's entire contents, I realised that it should be read 'Funk Devoid'. Ironically, this

CD proclaims its own lack of funk element or as fellow student Carolyn put to me, it is 'Funkless'. They were almost too honest, this album is in every way deficient of any genuine subtlety, groove, and beauty that the best of funk boasts.

What is present here is an aural display of programmed computerised sounds that as completed tracks, come across as relying on the synthetic, rhythmically unvaried, compositionally infantile and predictable. Not once within the space of these 11 tracks does the tempo range beyond 135bpm or below 125bpm. Not once do you hear a memorable musical or lyrical line. You could argue that because I'm not a genuine connoisseur of this genre that my credibility in reviewing and criticising it is questionable. The truth is, if this kind of music had anything to offer other than an impenetrable waft of nausea and a sudden inclination to knife the speakers of every dickheads 'fully sick' sub-woofer, I would be a little more gracious and accepting of it. Nothing on this album surprises me. Like a desperate bloke attempting to get laid, the beat just keeps on persisting: doof-tss-doof-tss-doof-tss-doof-tss. EVERY SINGLE TRACK included a beat similar to this, and accompanying it were an array of swirly and 'pretty' electronic noises, both arbitrarily placed and unrelated to each other.

I could never justify praising this type of music, therefore I will not. However, I am certain that there are hundreds of 'experts' willing to attempt to bring my musically narrow mind around. This CD, amongst countless others, is good for nothing but popping E's to and getting all empathetic with everything animate and inanimate. The only positive element I could point out is the typically exceptional production quality. There is little point in trying to uncover any musical value, it just isn't there.

Tony M.



Kinobe
Wide Open
Jive/ Pepper Records

Julius Waters and Mark Blackburn, who collectively answer to the name Kinobe, return to the fray with *Wide Open*, following on from 2001's *VerseBridgeChorus*. So have they created something special that manages

to emerge triumphantly from the exhausted swirling pack of music that is dance/chillout? Well, my humble opinion is no. While they can be commended for experimenting with different styles throughout the album rather than serving up something that sounds like a bunch of differing takes on the same song, it all comes across as a little disjointed and half-baked, especially after half-time.

Several of the tracks scattered throughout *Wide Open* seem to take forever to get started before the realisation that that's all there is to them, leaving the feeling that while there are a few pretty good ideas here, the songs are neither interesting nor strong enough to command anything more than background music status. Conversely, 'Whirling Around', featuring a 50s BBC presenter telling a children's story is instantly annoying and felt the brunt of my skip button on several occasions.

Other tracks, however, are worth a look-in. Former Belle and Sebastian trooper Isobel Campbell makes an ethereal appearance on 'I Am One', while the first few songs are moderately successful in showcasing Kinobe's French influences (the album was recorded in a country retreat in Toulouse). But then again, nothing here is able to match it with anything on Air's *Moon Safari*, or much else Air has given us since for that matter.

'Mescaline and Moonlight' provides the skankin' centrepiece of the album, built around hearty chants of 'MESCALERO', referring to the Mescalero Apache Indian tribe, and Terry Callier's powerful vocals. It's unfortunate that *Wide Open* then reverts to tired dance cliché for the second half of the album after a pretty good start.

Lachy



Gomez
Split The Difference
Virgin/EMI Records

Gomez have come a long way since their first LP, *Bring It On*, was released in 1998. Compared with their impressive back catalogue, their latest album *Split the Difference* illustrates Gomez's rockier tendencies, which are again interwoven with the group's unique rootsy sounds and alternating vocalists. And it's a winner. The album marks a shift from the darker sounds of their 2002 release, *In Our*

Gun, reminding me more of the style and sound of 99's *Liquid Skin*, though with a greater emphasis on the guitars and drums. Not to say that the band has taken a backward step- quite the opposite. Their experience and song writing talent has never been more evident than in this album, which is consistently engaging throughout its entirety. The first track, 'Do One' is a good indication of the direction Gomez have taken with this album- a combination of distorted and fuzzy guitars set against rough vocals, it leaves a lasting impression and immediately sets the album apart from anything that Gomez have produced in the last few years.

Their first single from the album, 'Silence' also follows this stylistic vein, though in my opinion there are other better tracks to be heard, such as 'We don't Know Where We're Going', which grabbed me instantly with its awesomely catchy guitar riff, strummed tensely alongside more rough vocals. 'Sweet Virginia' is another standout, this time a gentle ballad accompanied by a string section which beautifully utilises the cello in a way reminiscent of the brilliant 'We haven't turned around', from *Liquid Skin* (which still stands as my personal favourite in Gomez's repertoire). There is also an element of playfulness that shines through in tracks such as 'Catch Me Up' and 'Extra Special Guy', which helps to further diversify the sound of the album. Overall, *Split the Difference* comes across as the work of a band confident of their style and re-found direction, which may be why Gomez is currently playing a string of sold out shows across the UK. Add this one to your collection and then cross your fingers that Gomez will cross the seas to play here in Oz.

DaveG

Gomez will be touring the East coast during the winter months but predictably will not venture onto Adelaide's lonely and longing shores.

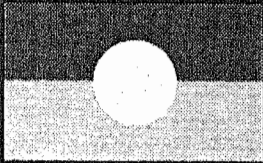
THIRTY EIGHT

Clubs and Classifieds™

Stan: I love you, Jimmy.
JC: Well, er, I love you too, Stan.
Stan: You don't mean that!
JC: That's right. You're a cunnarse.
Stan: What's a cunnarse?
JC: It's the little piece of skin betwixt the cunt and arse.
Stan: That's funny. We should use that.
JC: Shut up.



Reconciliation Week BBQ



Cloisters, Monday May 31
 12pm - 2pm
 Performance by Paitya & CASM
 Kangaroo snags * Beef snags
 Veggie Patties * Tea & Coffee
All for FREE!

Introduction to the Practice of Statistics Fourth Edition Including CD ROM
 David S Moore & George P McCabe
 Brand New \$130 (never used)
 Sell \$70 cash
 see Vicki Union Reception Ground Floor, lady symon building, or call 8303 5401

Calling all bike riders:
Critical Mass is Back!
 Help reclaim our roads by meeting at the top of the stairs near security with a your wheels at noon on Friday June 4.

HAND DRUMMING CLASSES

Gain the Ability to Play Numerous Rhythms and Improvise Freely.
 Beginner to Intermediate Level.
 Some Drums Provided.
 Experienced Teacher, with Book and Instructional CD Included.

When:
 Wednesday Evenings, 6 - 7:30pm.
 2004 dates: Term 3: 28th July - 15th Sept. Term 4: 6th Oct. - 3rd Nov.

Where:
 Shultz Building; 3rd Floor, Room 302.

Cost:
 Term 3 (8 weeks) \$115*
 Term 4 (5 weeks) \$80*
 * Includes Initial Purchase of \$20 for Book and CD.
 * Payable Upfront or by Installments.

Deposit: To Secure Your Place and Drum if Needed;

\$50: Term 3, by 1st July.*
 Term 4, by 1st September. *Payable by Cheque or Money Order.

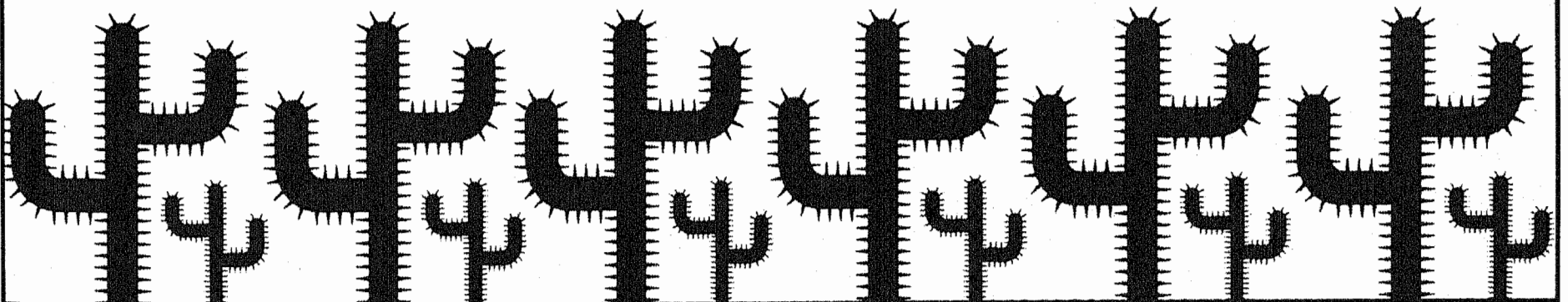
Contact: Nicholas Payne :
 (08)5563354 or 0421159739.

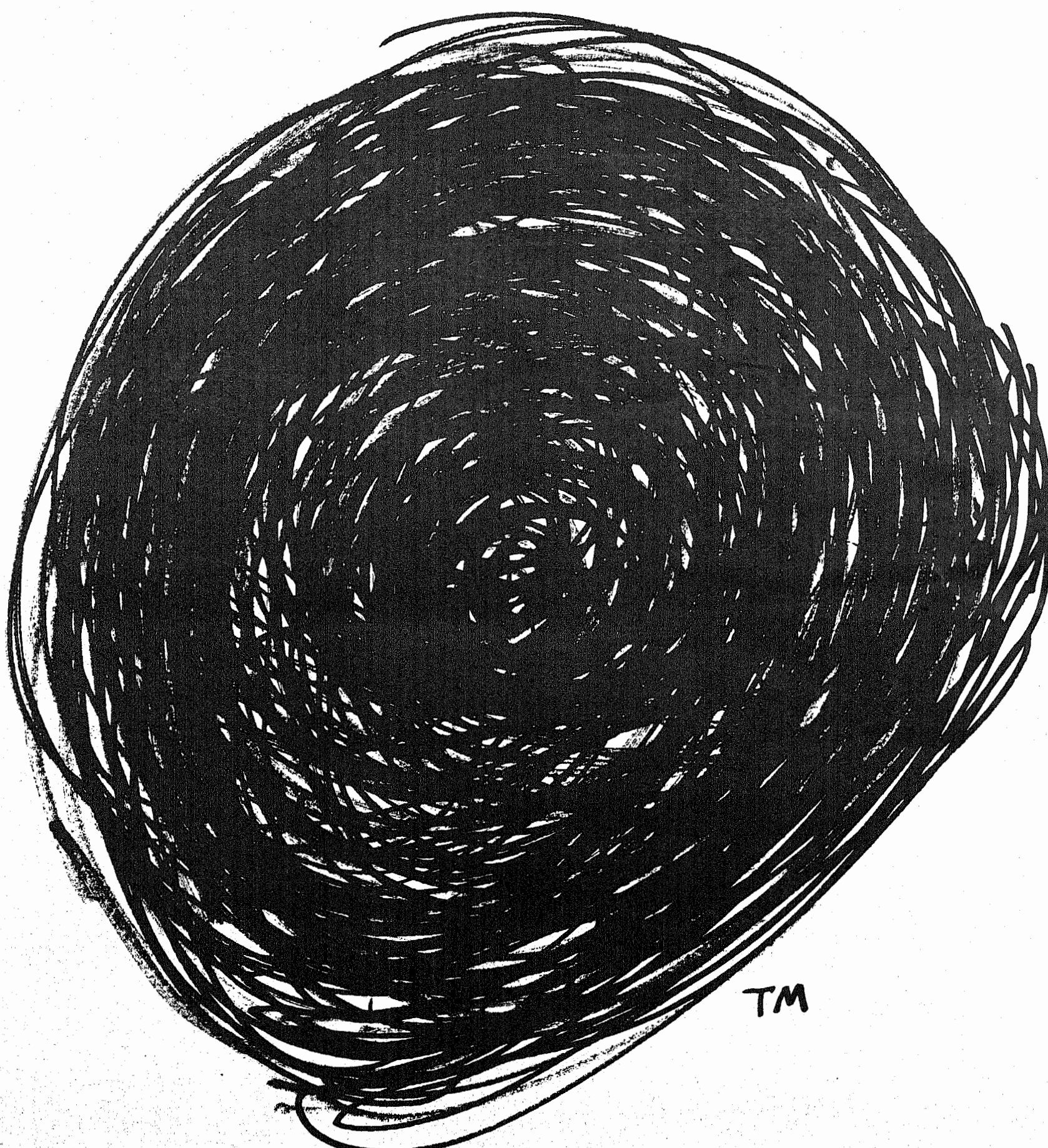
The SAUA, UAC and AUU Present:

END OF SEMESTER FIESTA

Friday June 4 - Unibar - 4pm til late

• Karaoke • DJs • Door prizes • Drink specials ...and much more!





TM