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On Dit

ADELAIDE UNI STUDENT RAG
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On Dit

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

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Confusi-On Dit

Wanna Write?

Come down to our friendly little office. We're down in the basement of the George Murray building, next to the boy's loo (to our chagrin). Otherwise you can get in contact with us via email at ondit@adelaide.edu.au or call us on 83035404.

Next Edition:

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Shanksh;

Woah Anna, Dave, Michael, Melissa the Kisser, Mikey, Stanley, Botanic picnic parties, RSVP Dating Site, Diet Coke, Potter for being so dreamy, Soobu the Media Monkey, David Butt, Belinda from the Elephant Walk, Jen Moody, Danika Krieg, Marika Lucas, and especially Bonnie from Cadillac. No thanks to Subway for removing American Mustard from their condiments options. You stink.



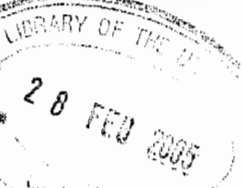
To market, to market, to buy a fat pig...

Coming at you brand new in 2005 is the On Dit Scavenger Hunt for WINNERS™! In a thinkly concealed attempt to guage just how many of you are reading our illustrious student rag, you'll have to track an intricate map of references and/or pictorial tidbits in exchange for a prize that may or may not be worth the paper this is printed on. Everyone loves a winner, so put your sleuthing hats on and get cracking! First person down to the On Dit office with their completed entry gets to take anything they like, except for the computers. You can take the printer though, it's a piece of shit.

Game Uno!

- any reference to Kurt Cobain
- a picture of an ex On Dit editor wearing lots of hats
- a Woody Allen quote
- proof of On Dit's age
- a spelling error (trust us, there'll be at least one)
- an example of sloppy layout
- the most disgusting picture you've ever seen
- an example of artistic homage

Race to the office before Fri 25 Mar for your chance to be On Dit's first **WINNER!** You'll never go dateless again!



FINAL

Adelaide, February 6, 2005

www.sundaymail.com.au

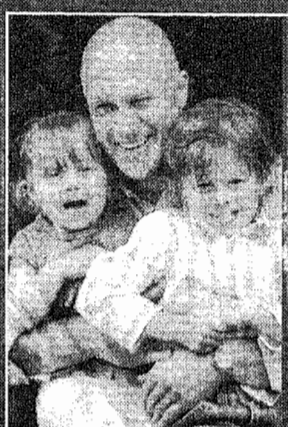
WEATHER Dry and sunny 31°C, Page 101

\$1.60

Lib's Smart Bomb

As if you didn't need more proof of football's ability to save the world, Nigel Smart has decided to run for the Liberals in the seat of Norwood. Says Smart, "It just seemed to be the next logical step."

cont. pg. 6

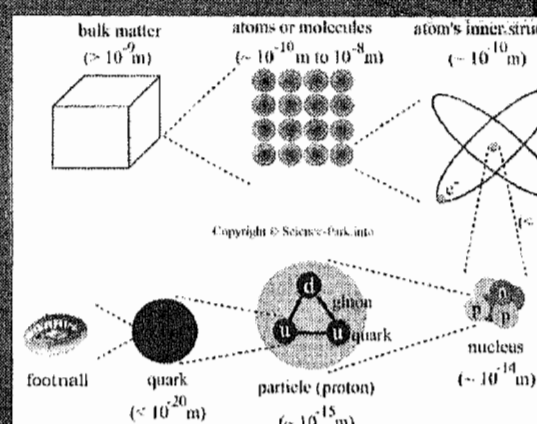


Is football the final clue?

Linked to politics, education and lifestyle, football informs our social values and presses technological advancement. Finally it's taken Dr Chad Stevens to read scientifically into the sport whose profundity has long been controlling our existence.

His research has helped to uncover the previously evasive building blocks of quarks, possibly finding the end point of the universe's spiraling patterns and discovering a the one universal law.

more on pg. 14



DETAINED: Cornelia Rau

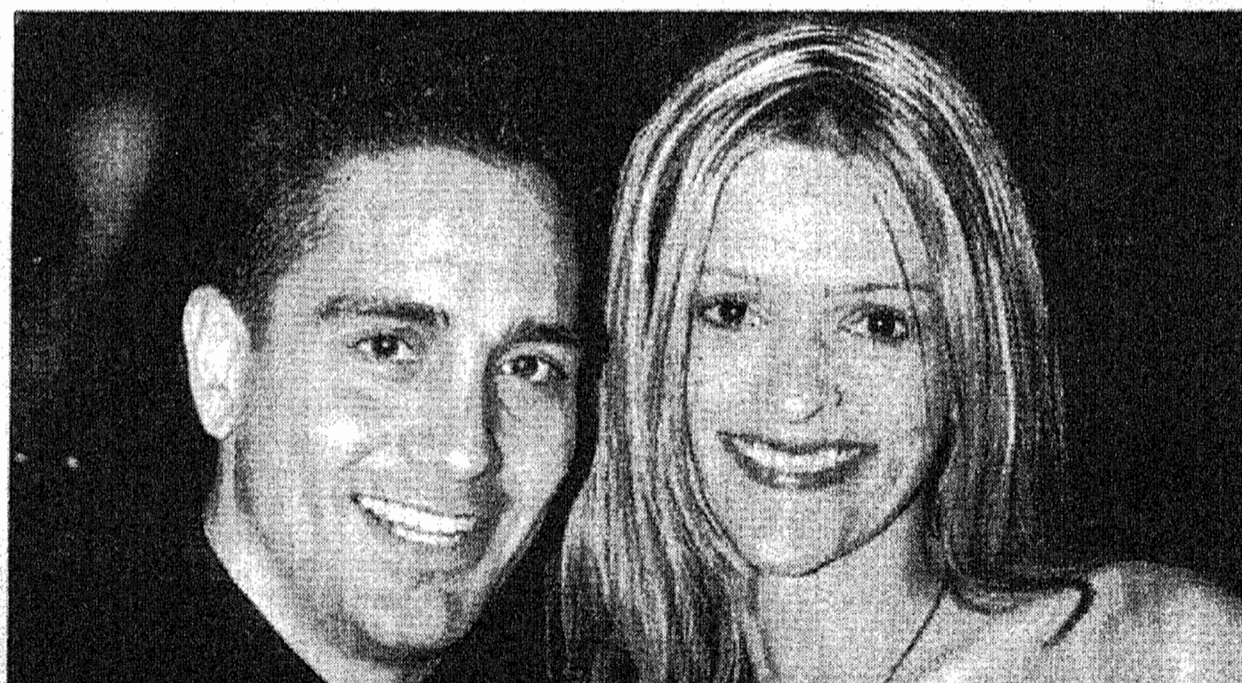
Screams led to Baxter rescue

Naked, screaming, suicidal and displaying "disturbing psychotic behaviour" and lacking any traits of middle-eastern appearance Cornelia Rau caught the eye of refugee advocates.

After being questioned about her behaviour Cornelia claims that despite being dubiously imprisoned and detained in Baxter over a period of 10 months hearing of Andrew McLeod's broken marriage was simply unbearable.

At the thought of the hardship wrought upon Rachael McLeod, an empathetic Ms Rau would lose control of her contious self "constantly screaming and running around naked". cont. pg. 9

Crow star's wife tells of break-up IT HURTS SO MUCH



THE wife of Adela Andrew McLeod the first time abo at the breakdown riage and its effect Rachael McLeod ache of the separ earlier this week missed their five Connor's first day "I know he had but it would have t made more of an e after being contact day Mail yesterda "It's obviously wanted. At leas together for 12 ye there'd be more) would be more am the kids' sake." Rachael admitte ficult seeing Andre ing with tennis Hewitt and his Cartwright.

Studying football does have its merits

Rather than merely playing the game, studying football has shown to increase shower etiquette, harden the fortitude of the liver and get dim students through higher education on the backs of old money scholarships.

continued pg. 3

BEAUMONTS FOUND IN BAXT

Three children missing for over thirty years have been found in Baxter Detention Centre. The Beaumont children were discovered last Tuesday in the centre where they have been working as janitors. The extraordinary discovery was made by Senator Amanda Vanstone while on a routine visit to the centre. Ms Vanstone says she was surprised to find the children, but is quick to point out that no apology will be made on behalf of the government.

"I don't think any apology is necessary," Ms Vanstone said yesterday. "They've been earning a decent wage haven't they?" There is likely to be an inquiry.



With all the glamour and razzmatazz of an upcoming royal wedding, you'd be forgiven for not noticing that real news stories have actually been occurring throughout the world. Thankfully, On Dit has compiled this handy World Update to keep you informed on the past week's events...

by Nick Parkin

Aceh

- While many had hoped that the recent tsunami disaster might have forced the warring sides of Aceh's separatist struggle to pursue peace, reports trickled out of the region last week that violence was continuing unabated. However, in what remains a promising sign, peace talks are still scheduled to take place in Finland in the coming weeks.

Thailand

- The Thais went to the polls earlier this month to elect their national parliament. In what was a landslide victory, incumbent Prime Minister Thaksin Shinawatra was easily re-elected, his party winning 375 out of a possible 500 seats. It appeared that Thaksin's strong economic credentials struck a chord with the Thai voters, who tended to cast aside his questionable record on human rights. This included a mass mistreatment of Muslim Thai protestors last year, as well as his notorious policy for 'execution without trial' of street-based drug dealers. Thaksin now becomes the first Thai PM to rule with an absolute majority in parliament.

Zimbabwe

- In more election news, Zimbabwe President Robert Mugabe recently announced that his country will go to the polls in late March. While he has promised a "free and fair" election, observers remain deeply unconvinced. Zimbabwe's most recent "free and fair" election was marred by political harassment, violence and fraud. Most believe that this latest poll is bound to follow a similar path, with Mugabe already announcing that no international observers will be allowed to view the election, and that opposition parties will be banned from holding rallies and advertising.

New York

- A man from New York, who was originally charged with holding up only one bank, now stands accused of an extra fourteen bank-robberies. He was linked to the other crimes after it was discovered that in each case, the bank-robber passed a note to the teller informing him that a "robri" was taking place. The man has since been nick-named the "Spelling Bee Bandit" by the New York media.

East Timor

- In a move that has confused and shocked many, East Timor's Prime Minister Xanana Gusmao recently announced that he would personally lobby the US Congress to lift an arms embargo which the US had placed on Indonesia. The gesture is aimed toward helping to improve East Timorese and Indonesian relations, however many are questioning the morality of the move, especially since it was the Indonesian military who were responsible for the atrocities in East Timor in 1999.

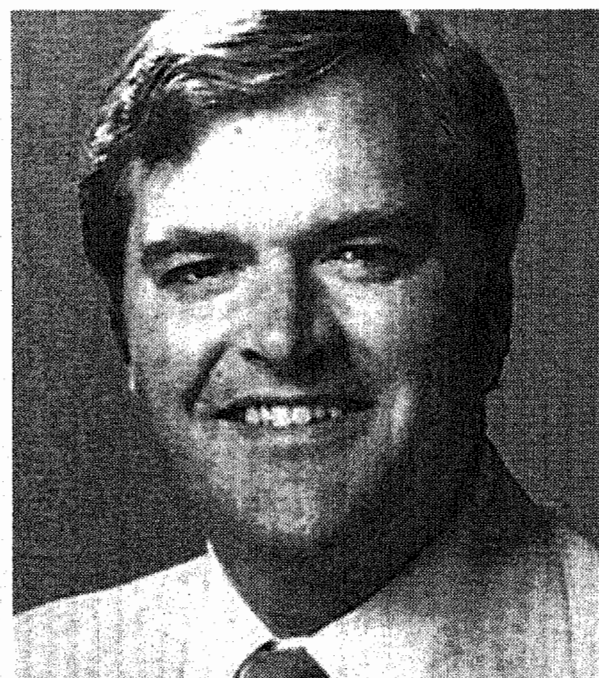
The Labor Crisis



Kevin Rudd -
Lacked the sufficient
experience to be appointed



Julia Gillard -
Lacked the correct
genitals to be appointed



Kim Beazley -
The ALP's safe and easy
all purpose contingency plan

After weeks and weeks of rumour and suggestion it seemed to be a foregone conclusion that Latham would vacate his post as Labor party chief. The ultimate reasoning, that his health was too poor, merely softened what was an inevitable blow. Had he not have stepped aside himself, Latham would have ultimately been purged regardless. The party's failure at the 2004 election had been too devastating for the faithful to bear.

What is worrying for anyone who wants to see the 14 year Liberal reign end is that there never seemed to be any serious self examination conducted by Labor. No one seemed to consider that there might be institutionalised problems within Labor that need addressing. Latham become a scapegoat for problems that were too painful to face.

It's frequently forgotten how poor a state Labor was in prior to Latham's appointment. As leader Simon Crean was languishing in the popularity polls and showing no sign of improvement. Crean's major failure was his inability to strongly distinguish himself from Howard in the public eye. The public merely saw him a soft version of John Howard, lacking the conviction and vision to lead. His weak stance on Iraq and his lack of vitality made him a lame duck.

The Latham leadership on the other hand was dynamic and bold, if at times reckless. He took major steps to present Labor as a legitimate alternate choice. He spoke out about Iraq and made a clear demarcation between his and Howard's stances on education, Medicare and foreign policy.

The possible candidates to fill the vacuum left by Latham's departure presented themselves quickly. Almost before Latham had finished his retirement speech, Kim Beazley vehemently announced his intention to run. Immediately after Beazley's proclamation came word that Julia Gillard was cutting short her Vietnam holiday to jet back to Canberra and that Kevin Rudd was scrambling across the country to assess his chances. After a whirlwind week, full of sound and fury, the clouds of hype dissipated and Beazley was the only man left standing.

Rudd presented like a good potential candidate. He's an articulate man with a clear vision and although he missed out this time he will more than likely present as an alternate leader at some time in the future. Gillard was also an interesting candidate but was to become a victim of the strongly ingrained, but seldom faced, sense of patriarchy within the Labor party.

The decision by the Labor caucus to reinstate Kim Beazley was both utterly depressing and the only course of action possible. He's certainly the only Labor MP with any chance of usurping the Liberal juggernaut at the 2007 election and for that reason the party has made the right choice, but the fact that he is the only candidate worthy of serious consideration surely must be of concern to all involved. The matter is that Beazley has tried and failed twice before.

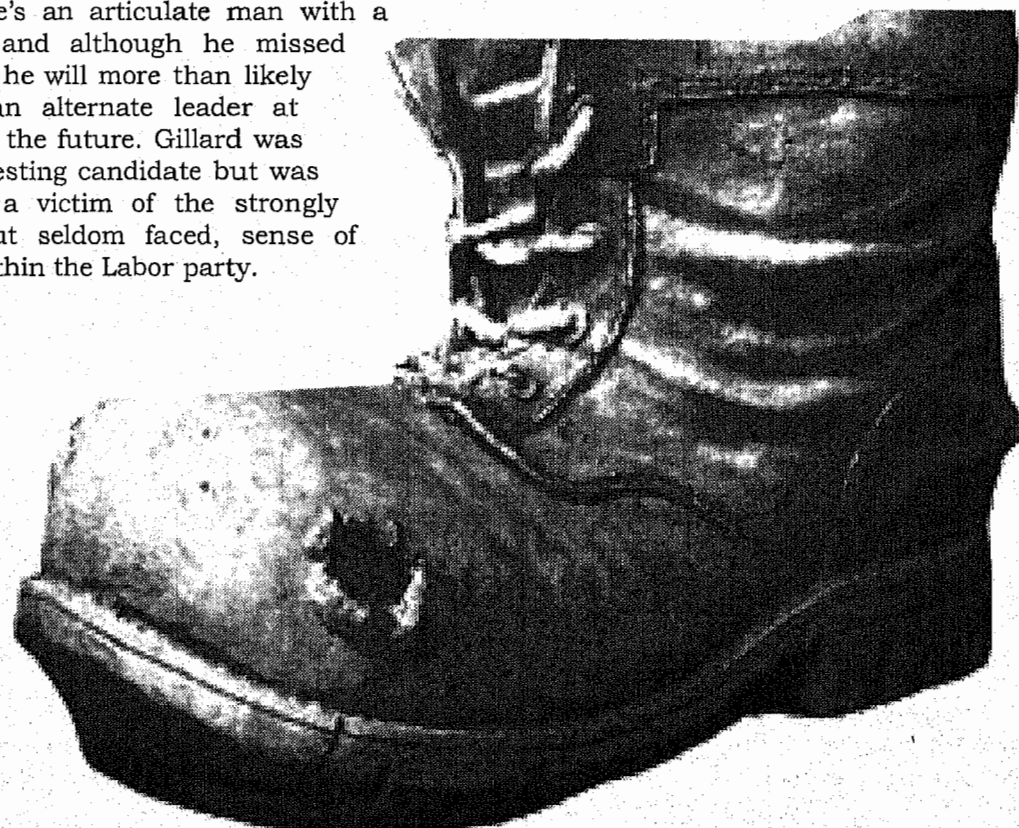
Perhaps fearing a repeat of the 'Learner Latham' type of criticisms that Labor received during the 2004 election campaign they returned to Beazley, the only real 'statesman' the party has.

Deputy leader Jenny Macklin seems to show no intent toward the leadership and, as such, is only functioning as a block to potential future leaders who need the experience as deputy before they can be legitimately offered as leaders. Had Rudd or Gillard spent some time as deputy they would have been far better candidates.

Beazley is renowned as one of the few 'nice guys' of politics and it has been said on more than one occasion that this is why he has failed in the past and why he is doomed to fail again in the future. Regardless of what one may think of Howard, his policies, his opinions or his ridiculous eyebrows and jockey-like stature it must be admitted the he is a genius of a politician. He's a ruthless manipulator of public opinion and seems to pay little regard to stepping over, or on, people to get what he wants. He has a history of telling half-truths and of using peoples most base prejudices to his own ends. Many have suggested that Beazley would be helpless against such an opponent because he's too willing to let his moralising get in the way of victory.

Beazley is the ALP's old comfortable shoe, a reliable contingency plan, warm, comforting and utterly inoffensive but also well worn and unsurprising. Labor has to make changes at the most basic levels of their operations or face having to consistently return to people who have proved themselves not up to the task.

Danny Wills



Goodness, look at the spin on that one!

Surfing the tide of media manipulation with Audrey Heffenager

In the fickle world of media, lack of a good headline can spell the death of a day's edition. The urge for sensationalism drives people to respond to words that pack a punch similar to the likes of Mohammed Ali pre neurological disease, or Exeter carafe wine. 'Driver Mounts Curb Outside Club' doesn't have quite the same ring as 'Dozens Run For Their Lives As Drunk Driver Plows Into Popular City Nightspot' (Savvy, Saturday Feb 5). The line between fact and hearsay grows increasingly blurred as factual news is forced to compete with dramatic emphasis. The genesis of a news item is much the same as dropping a pebble into a lake. The shock waves generated by a singularly uninteresting rock expand upwards and outwards at varying degrees before settling into a calm once again when said pebble has found it's way to the muddy depths of society's interest.

It seems that the universe has been dropping a lot of rocks of varying size lately and the media has been quick to surf the rising tide. It's a tried and tested argument, but is perhaps more pertinent today than ever - to what extent can we ever wholly believe what we are being told? Below are a few examples from the past few weeks that demonstrate manipulation specifically in SA radio broadcast media. Watch as the ripples gain speed and supercede the facts. Golden rule of journalism no. 1 - If you can't make the angle fit the story, better make the story fit the angle.

The Cornelia Rau Fiasco

What a bru ha ha this was. The embarrassment caused to the Immigration Dept (DIMIA) is enough to keep The Chaser in copy for years. Across the AM and FM bands, reaction to Rau's false detention has elicited generally the same response - DIMIA and its vilified head fucked up big time. While FM stations have focussed primarily on the unfairness of Rau's detention, the more highbrow AM band have expanded upon the issue by questioning mental health services in Australia. Talkback callers across the state have lined up in droves to criticise the government for failing to maintain a functional Missing Persons Database and thus identify Rau as an Australian citizen. PM John Howard's refusal to apologise (gasp) for the mistake combined with the government's decision to run a private inquiry has also gotten the public's knickers in a knot. Essentially, the greater concern isn't that a delusional Australian citizen babbling in German was detained but that she wasn't provided adequate mental health assessment by our blatantly xenophobic government. Perhaps most infuriating is that in the midst of the fracas, the ironic fact that we have been unashamedly falsely detaining people in Australia for more than a decade seems to have escaped everybody.



Terror! Mamdouh Habib

You'd have to have been living under a rock or in Baxter to have missed this one. Mamdouh Habib's release from US Military Prison Camp X-Ray earlier this month sparked heated debate amongst the talkback set. Opinions of guilt aside, controversy reigned primarily over whether or not Habib should be able to profit from giving interviews. Issues arose also over the Howard Government's determination to continue treating Habib as a security interest. While the snappier FM newscasts skirted briefly over the topic in just a few days, AM talkback callers went wild. Resting along a balanced line of left wing to right, mutual agreement appeared impossible. Protests over the Government's intentions were held to herald Habib's return, with Greens Senator Kerry Nettle using the opportunity to remind Howard yet again of his selective understanding of human rights. Habib's accusations of torture were heightened when he claimed an Australian Government Official had stood witness on two occasions. Federal Attorney General Phillip Ruddock responded immediately in the negative, claiming an investigation had proved otherwise. Of course, one might question the validity of any statement coming from Ruddock's mouth, but that's by the by. Thankfully, 60 Minutes stepped up the media frenzy by securing an exclusive, paid interview with the former terror suspect (and let us just pause for a minute to appreciate the absurdity of those words). The results were disappointing. Habib spent much of the interview avoiding reporter Tara Brown's most incriminating questions. Habib resolved to leave the matter of his presence in Afghanistan and the funding of his numerous trips to the region to a courthouse judge. Following Brown's interview, switchboards ran hot with people wanting to assert Habib's guilt. Of course, most of these were made to notorious right winger Bob Francis. In an interview with 5AA's Leon Byner (Feb 14), Ruddock stated that Habib's accusations were designed to taint any evidence held against him, adding that any member of our society has the potential for suspicion if there is reasonable evidence to suggest it. Overlooking the duh factor of this statement, Ruddock's comments do hold water. Mamdouh Habib has become a symbol of antagonism between the right and the left while the matter of his guilt or innocence floats out into the ether.



It's Comin' Up Mike Rann

Two weeks ago, it emerged that a young man engaged in a community service painting program at Woodcroft Primary School had allegedly indecently touched three Year Six girls. Initial reports detailed the man's offence as having inappropriately touched the girls on their hair and backs. Within hours, radio news bulletins were tracking the manhunt of the Lockleys resident while Deputy Premier Kevin Foley made some fast moves to declare the community program in suspension. Just a few days later, newscasters had the alleged offender "facing court over the sexual assault of three young girls". Little mention was made of the fact that the man's community service sentence was due to driving offences, nor that there are very clear legal distinctions between 'sexual' and 'indecent' assault. Vague definitions of hair and back touching, while perhaps indecent, doth not a sexual assault make. Nova and MIX FM should really know better. But perhaps the blunder had more to do with gathering publicity for the Rann Government's latest controversial policy change released to the media the same day - Rann proposes to lock up repeat paedophile offenders and literally throw away the key. The legislation has already been passed through the Lower House and is pending approval from the Upper as we speak.

LIES MAKE BABY JESUS CRY

"There's no way that a GST will ever be part of our policy. Never ever. It's dead. It was killed by the voters in the last election. Any suggestion that I left the door open is absolute nonsense. I didn't. I never will. The last election killed the GST. It's not part of our policy and it won't be part of our policy at any time in the future."

- John Howard, May 1995

brought to you courtesy of David Butt, founder of the Irony Party of Australia. Go to www.ironyparty.org and laugh yourself into a coma.

**On Dit (on dee):
French for "We Say"**

Hola peeps. You're holding in your hot little hands the very first edition of Adelaide University's student newspaper for 2005. Our illustrious rag has a grand history in Australia and is one of only two weekly student publications left in the country. Currently in its 73rd year, what On Dit lacks in gloss it makes up for in content and badass mamma jammin' style. When the Government cashes in on a majority in the senate in July, Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU) WILL come into effect. Whatever your political leanings, life at university is going to be radically different from the free and easy days enjoyed back in Howard and Costello's day. The potential death of campus culture is something every student is going to have to face. This probably won't matter very much, because you'll be working too much to counteract skyrocketing HECS fees anyway. Time for a beer in the Unibar? Man, you won't even have time to sleep you'll be working so much.

We're going to hear a lot about VSU this year. The SAUA and the Union no doubt plans to run a shitload of anti VSU events, not that it'll do them much good. Like I said, it's going to happen. I don't know what makes me more frustrated - the fact that the government won't listen to a thing students say, or the fact that there are so few students saying them. Howard and Nelson floated VSU in on the rising tide of student apathy, and we lay down and took it. This is where On Dit comes in. After VSU turns universities into factory farms for Liberal voters the nation over, it'll be more important than ever to have an outlet for YOUR views and opinions to be heard. The paper is distributed free every week during term time, and any

Adelaide Uni student is entitled to contribute. I would argue that On Dit is the only service provided by the SAUA that is relevant and accessible to all students. We print a broad range of articles from all manner of personalities and invite comment and debate on any topic that takes your fancy. We may not agree with you, but if you can string a sentence together we'll throw you to the wolves and see how they take it.

Just to prove you really can write anything in your paper, we're going to take this opportunity to criticise our employer. In the wake of the VSU onslaught, you'd think the Union would start being a little more careful with how it spends your money. Amazingly however, they seem to have gone a little plastic fantastic with the credit card since the start of the year. How a union facing potential evaporation can possibly justify the following is beyond me:

In an eerily similar scenario to that of the most recent Exorcist film, there are actually TWO copies of O'Guide 2005. The original copy of O'Guide 2005 contained some images that the Union deemed 'offensive' and hence they decided to pulp it and start over, essentially costing you, the students, an extra \$3000 on top of the previous \$3000 bill already paid. Of particular offence was a doctored ad lampooning the university's 'Life Impact' ad campaign. Rendered entirely without malice, the ad in question was a joke intended to poke some harmless fun at the university's, dare we say it, geeky advertising campaign (see to right). Further, it would seem that Telstra was a little irked at a pho-

tograph that appeared opposite their full page ad likening O'Camp to a nudist colony. On a less impressive note, resident Union lackey Josh Rainer got his knickers in a knot over an O'Tours ad being left out. While we accept the University and its Union might dislike certain elements of the original print, we have but to ask - Are we living in a freakin' police state? Since when have student publications been subject to the whims and demands of university fat cats? Worse still is that a number of your SAUA reps backed the decision, choosing to bend over for the Union rather than represent our right to keep the organisation accountable in print. Over the course of this year you'll hear many of them yell loudly about rejecting VSU. What is disturbing though is seeing how quickly the majority of them fall into line at the beck and call of the university's upper arm of power. As it stands now, O'Guide 2005 is one of the most conservative in recent years.

So there you have it. Write in. Use us. Abuse us. Whatever you do, just don't lose us. Let's see if On Dit can't make it to 100 and get a telegram from the Queen.

Clementine, Daniel & Danny - 2005 Eds



Stanley George spent five years at The University of Adelaide, accruing a HECS debt the size of a small South American country's GDP. After two years working his malnourished ass off in student media, his beleaguered Students' Association could barely afford to pay him for running its newspaper for a further two years. The money he earned only just covered his massive gambling debts, to say nothing of the astonishing amount of money he still owes in back rent. Now that he's completed his paltry BA, Stan plans to elude the authorities by claiming refugee status somewhere in South East Asia. "The University of Adelaide made a huge impact on my life," says the barely literate 22 year old. "Taking my way through a BA made me the hard-nosed criminal I am today."

Life Impact

**Scouting
around for a
great deal?
(How about 10% off*)**

Show your uni student card when you shop with us
and we'll give you a 10% discount*

Clothing • Sleeping Bags • Boots • Travel Packs & Accessories
Tents • Climbing & Caving Gear • Rope Accessories

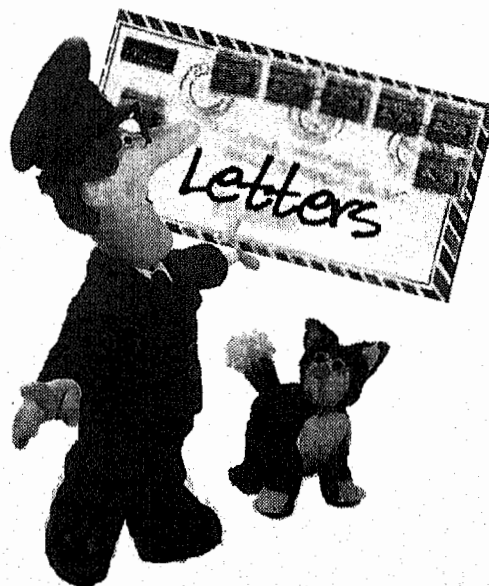
Great brands. Great value.

7 days: Monday-Thursday 9am-5.30pm

Friday 9am-9pm; Saturday 9am-5pm; Sunday 11am-5pm

*10% discount does not apply to Scout Uniforms, sale items, GPS, EPIRB's or kayaks.

Scout Outdoor Centre
192 Rundle Street (East End), Adelaide. Phone 8223 5544



This being the first edition, we're light on with the letters. Everyday with a letter is a little like Christmas, so drop us a line at ondit@adelaide.edu.au or brave the boy's toilet stench and visit us in the office with your scribbings. You must tell us your student number but you don't have to print your name. Below is an amusing example of a letter written by a sleep deprived editor at 3am before printing. What fun!

Dear Eds,

I find the vending machines at uni really irritating. You know the ones I mean - the ones emblazoned with coke advertising that live outside the new Unibooks. Everytime I buy a bottle of diet coke, it spits it out fat bum first. This really frustrates me, because it means there's less room to grip the bottle and pull it out. My fingers are kind of chubby, so I always manage to get them wedged against the plastic sides. Yesterday I got one of them stuck between the coin slot and the bottle, and now I have a big bruise on my index finger. It's bad enough that Coca Cola has managed to make me addicted to an aspartime infused liquid with the nutritional value of a lump of plastacine without physically attacking me at the same time. And what's with the chocolate? My friend tells me that it's always stale, and you know what stale chocolate looks like. In case you don't I'll tell you. It looks like dog crap that's dried in the sun is what it looks like. It's a bit much to ask someone to pay the equivalent of a peak hour bus fare for some stale dried out dog crap washed down with a fat bum bottom coke. You know what else shits me? People who talk to you when you're really busy. You know what it's like, you've been working for eight hours and all you want to do is sit by yourself for *two freakin minutes* but they can't even let you have that. It's like nobody cares, you know? Anyway, thanks for listening.

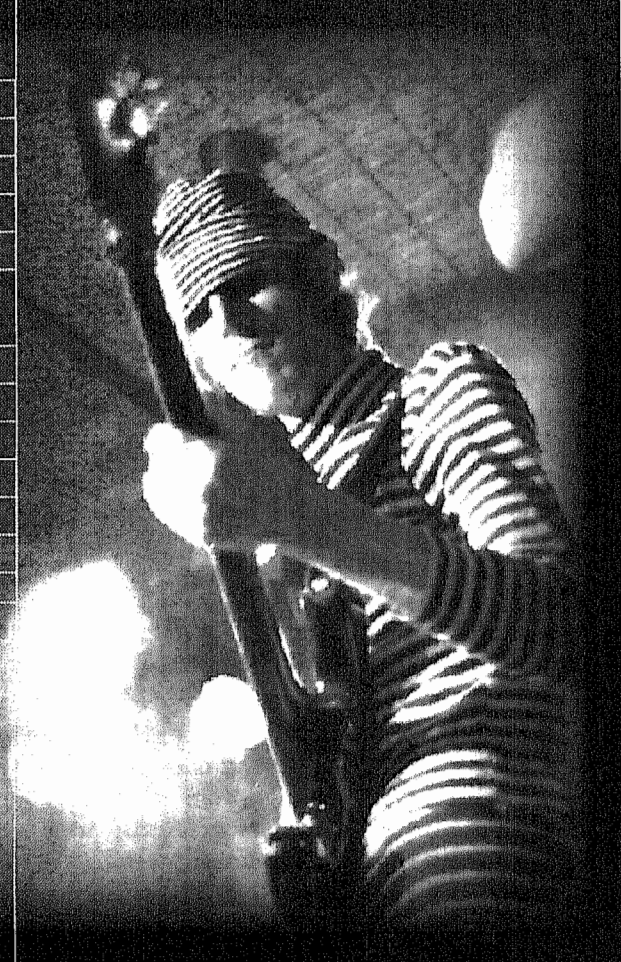
Taa'ayza'lia Smith

On-Campus Gig Guide

Feb 21 - 25 th	Orientation Week	Barr Smith Lawns	SAUA
Feb 21 - 23 th	Clubs O'Week	Hughes Plaza	Clubs
Feb 21 st	Comedy Night	UniBar	SAUA
Feb 22 nd	O'Hop	UniBar	SAUA
Feb 23 rd	Cinema on the Lawns	Barr Smith Lawns	UAC
Feb 24 th	Skullduggery	Cloisters	Med Students/ SAUA
Feb 25 th	Quiz Night	Union House	SAUA
Feb 26 th	O'Ball	Cloisters/UniBar	SAUA
Feb 28 th	Cinema - "Zoolander"	Union Cinema	UAC
March 7 th	Bike Tuning	Barr Smith Lawns	SAUA
March 10 th	Pizza Eating Comp & Band	Barr Smith Lawns	OSA/UAC
March 11 th	Shave for a CURE day	Barr Smith Lawns	UAC
March 14 th	Cinema screenings x 2	Union Cinema	UAC
March 14 - 18 th	Environment Week	Barr Smith Lawns	SAUA

Coming soon, the Union Activities Committee (UAC) are putting together a Creative Arts Network called U-CAN. Merging artists, musicians, craftsmen... and bringing culture back onto campus.

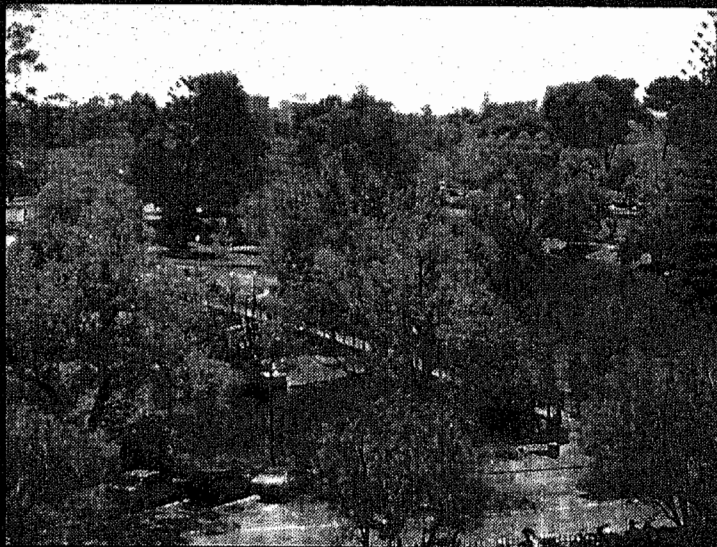
Also look out for the "Bring Back the Music" campaign putting live tunes back in our catering outlets. Email activities@adelaide.edu.au if you have a band and want to get involved. We're particularly seeking acoustic performers and people with sound engineering skills.



email activities@adelaide.edu.au for more info

Food and Beverage Services

Welcome back on campus from the F&B staff – we're looking forward to providing you with daily sustenance (as well as caffeine and beer) to get through that study! So what's NEW?



Rumours Café (level 6 of Union House) has a brand new fantastically delicious menu including more vegetarian and healthy choice options. This time of year is just perfect on the balcony overlooking the Torrens (??pictured above). Open from 8am to 8pm Monday to Friday.

Mayo Café (ground floor of Union House) COMING SOON, a made-to-order sandwich bar so you can

grab a freshly made sandwich or roll with your choice of fillings! And we have also introduced a salads-to-go option, with fresh delicious salads packed to grab and go. Try one today with your favourite dressing!

Union Bookshop Café – our latest greatest venue is located on the ground floor of the George Murray Building. Specializing in fresh fruit blends and squeezed juices, great coffee and yummy light meals, this is the ideal location to catch up with friends or do some study upstairs in the new Study Lounge. Unirecords can also be found here for that CD you've been wanting!

UniBar (level 6 of Union House) has undergone some upgrades! Go up and check out the new carpet, lighting and seating while enjoying an ice cold beverage.

And for students at **WAITE CAMPUS.....**

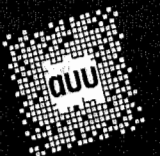
Lirra Lirra Café & Bar also has a new menu for 2005 and has re-introduced their daily specials. See the menu boards for details. Don't forget Happy Hour on Friday from 3 to 7pm with great drink prices and an assortment of complimentary nibbles around 5.30pm!

And of course **ROSEWORTHY CAMPUS....**

You'll find good country cooking here with hot meals, pies, pasties, sandwiches, confectionary, and a wide range of drinks. The Tavern can be found next to the Student Lounge and Union office and is open Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights from 8pm to close. Enjoy the jukebox and pool table while relaxing with a beer and friends. Check the Daily Specials board for Happy Hours specials.

Please note: Your student Services Fee does not subsidize AUU Commercial Operations

www.union.adelaide.edu.au



ORIENTATION WEEK 2005

It's once again time for students to trade in their concept of learning for the cheap but tangible thrill of beer, nudity and public regurgitation. For someone who spent most of his time in the bowels of the Barr Smith attempting to grasp the more profound and existential elements of life, I came to understand these joys a little differently from most. It happens in two forms.

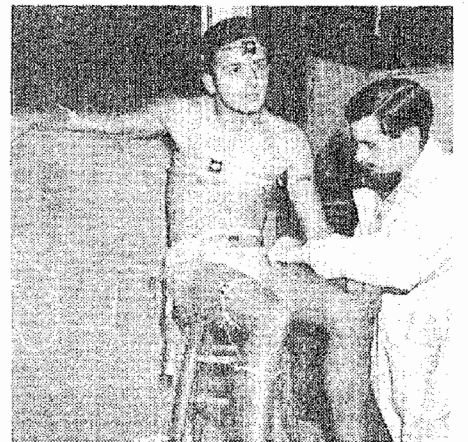
First the spectacle is utterly ridiculous and therefore irritable to those who appreciate the absurdity of everyday life and despise all those who attempt to preserve the superficial mundanity of it.

Secondly when armed with a critical attitude, it becomes a particularly fun game to privately mock inane types through sarcastic imitation. Of course it doesn't take long before imitation leads to habit and contraction. One day you wake up from the act and find yourself in front of a crowd eating a can of dog food with a beer chaser.

This year for all those who want to play along the directors have given you Circus Bizarre for the spectacle of seeing a large tattooed man hanging a car battery from his testicles. For those who like to participate there's the wheelie bin races, squid toss, computer and car smashing and plentiful opportunity to attempt to swallow the indigestible. And for those who like to cruise along the pleasantries of kegged popeye cruises. Of course it wouldn't be complete without the O'Week formal ball, long ago hijacked by amped punk bands, though some patrons still turn up in suit and gown.

Though the the car smashing and screaming bands have driven the milder types within the clubs association up to the Hughes Plaza there's no reason to fear to legions of drunken hoards and foolhardy contestants. It will grow on you whether you like it or not so tear out On Dit's Survival Guide and get amongst it!

From top to bottom: Before the inception of O'Week, students chose electric shock to free them from summer apoplexy; The queen frown upon the then fledging habit of O'Week nudity; Today's O'Week - metal bin race, the only thing between the contestants and the finish line is a psychotic with a baseball bat.

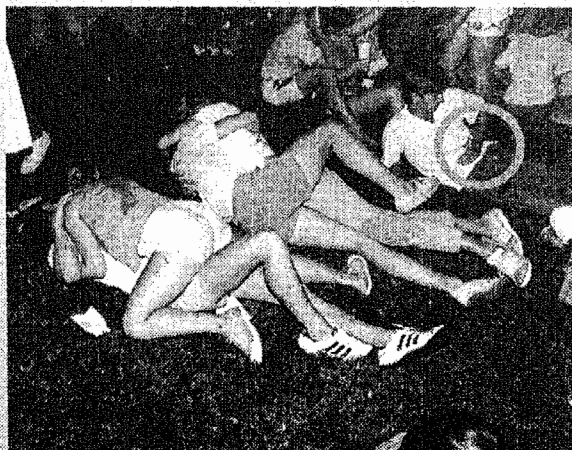


SKULLDUGGERY

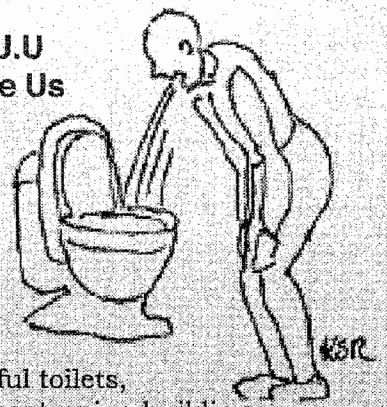
Skullduggery return to the O'Week program has been so anticipated less because of the event but more from the thrill of reintroducing what has been forbidden.

From its inception in 1896 where bonython hall was left ankle deep in beer, Skulldug slowly built to a peak of human degradation in 1997 when it was finally banned by the Union due to concerns over public liability and sexual assault.

This O'Week Skullduggery returns to its traditional Thursday night slot, controversially pushing out the mpore recent O'Week Pub Crawl tradition.



A.U.U
Use Us

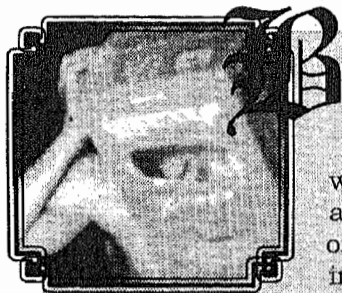


Plentiful toilets,
basement union building.

The A - Z of Adelaide University

(technically the University of Adelaide!)

Apoplexy, a form of self labotomy brought on by a summer of sleep deprivation, alcoholism and midday television. afflicting students term 1 and is often associated with the consequential conditions of apathy, aposty, aphasia, and abundant aliteration.



Boxman, an Adel Uni O'Week icon. Without warning prelim lectures would watch in silence as the announcement came of his presence. Gliding in on petaled path, the Boxman would pause briefly to recieve the adulation of his captive audience, entirely naked, cept for a box over his head, tremendous member swinging with his stride. Most records date his cessation around 1997.

International students, the six month variety are perfect temporary housemates. Bringing boundless Eurotrash frivolity to every situation and a rent-a-crowd to every party.

Joy MacIntee, everyone's favourite English professor, this crazy redhead will have you rolling in the aisles all year long. Joy, write for us wontcha?

Kookai, now that you are a law student you need to dress like one. At least carry around one of their sapphire like bags and if necessary sew the labels from faded or frayed merchandise onto your other generic garments.

Lov(in), from clinging to high school relationships, a wink across the lawns or sex in the Barr Smith library uni is the ??? for love and lovin'. As ?? said "with so many peoplpe and so much energy in such a confined space, the greatest oddity is that we're not just fucking all the time", Let's all get some stressful stress release.

Mayo kilo, the most visible in a myriad of conditions that can come from keeping your appetite on the ground floor of the Union building. also association with access to staff meal vouchers.

Nelson, Brendon, 1968 Rhode scholar who, amongst other achievements is famous for his theory of lateral logic. The theoretical consequences of which, allow one to filter students through a web of up front fees and increasing tuition costs whilst maintain Australia's egalitarian and 'classless' society.

O'Kane, Mary, former Adelaide University Vice-Chancellor who resigned in 2001 after realising that she did not own a mining company.

Potter, the rising star of the Adel uni scene, just overtaking the social monolith, Blake Wadlow, in recognisability.

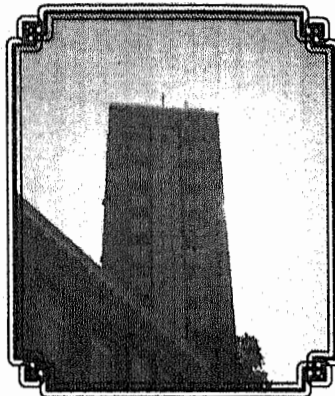


Quitting, becomes much easier once the desire for arbitrary achievement in high school is set against the broader context of a uselessly successful society. You'll never be stressed again!

Raelians, the world's largest atheist religious group, these guys believe that we were cloned by aliens and sent to earth while Jesus and Buddha await us in a galaxy far, far away. Ooookaaaay...

Shultz Building, and its more diminutive cousin, the Napier building stands as an unnecessary reminder

of innocousness of 70s architecture. The mint coloured obelisk can be seen from any point in the campus plagueing efforts to accentuate Adelaide Uni's sandstone appearance.



TER, have it discreetly tatoood so once you've seamlessly moved into a mid level corporate position or drunk the remnants of you're centrelink pay you can still remind others that at least once in your life you were moderately brilliant.

Uni Bar, once adorned with stained glass windows, stained walls and stained carpet with a "grow-to-love" rowing boat hung upside down from the ceiling. The Unibar has now has recieved a face lift reducing sll unsightly character, leaaving a steely sheen and textureless walls. No longer a place for nefarious activty concealed by dim light.



Vagina Monologues, Eve Ensler's play will be performed for the first time at Adelaide Uni this year. Go cunts, go!

Wank, from suited-up law stuentns to "Derrida and Representation" university is full of it. The only healthy kind is in toilet cuilces or on the back of cubilce doors.

Xerox culture, faximile versions of punk kids roaming the campus after wednesday night unibar gigs. They also make alot of zines with xerox machines.

Yoda, and other campus curiosities, where have they gone? The mental health system hasn't improved yet Yoda, the diminutive bottle lady and the cycling Beep-Beep man have difted on, disappating Adel Uni's reputation as a nexus for human oddities.

Zealots, student politicians, the evangelical union, mature age students. Sometimes education simply teaches you how to convince others that you're right.

Catacombs, a series of old tunnels upon which stands the hulking mass of Union Hall. Also the dank setting for the much mourned Catacombs Cafeteria, closed down due to an odouress sceptic tank problem. Apparently this tunnel system riddles its way through the campus, allowing for the ferret like transit of the light-hating psych students who reside in the bottom level of the Hughes building.

Dating Club, a revolution comes to town! Brand new to 2005, Dating Club is the brainchild of two ex phone sex workers who just wanted some free dinners occassionally. For a complete run down of this pash-on extravaganza, read On Dit next week...

Exeter, a frothy oubliette for student politicians, lecturers and sixth year Arts students.

Freshers, really only applicable to students in the first six months where they are considered inappropriate to date but extremely susceptible to the advances of student politicians.

George Duncan, Adelaide University lecturer who was thrown from the Torrens footbridge in a notorious murder case that stretched from the then gay-bashing vice squad to the 'family' crimes.

Hospital Studies, free meal and money! A lieral and figurative gravy train for student. The only job requirements are a sturdy constitution and ability to cope with awkward bodily intrusions.



ON
DIT

WELCOMES:
* ANARCHISTS
* NAZIS
* REFUGEES
* OTHER...

Wanna write? We're looking for contributors and writers to help stick it to the man in 2005 and ascend the dizzying heights of literary success
Music/Films/Books/Opinion/Wayward/Current Affairs
It could all be yours...

ondit@adelaide.edu.au - Get into it

STATE OF THE UNION

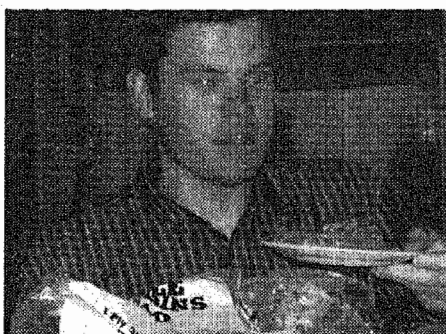
AUU President



Welcome everyone to Uni for 2005 and a special welcome to those of you starting University this year. Please open yourself up to the community of University beyond study. Alongside your orientation into the academic expectations of University - the Orientation events of the SAUA will introduce you to the fun activities and campus culture of University life. Other than Orientation, the start of 2005 has been a very busy time for the AUU and our affiliates as we prepare ourselves to give you high quality student support, services and entertainment in 2005. Amongst some of the updates on campus is the relocation of Unibooks to the one level ex-Wills Student Lounge and the Student Lounge to the three-tiered ex-Unibooks building. What was a costly place to have Unibooks due to the inefficiency of a store operating on three levels - is actually a rather wicked place to have a student lounge. Check out the café on the ground floor (the "Union Bookshop Café") and the couches upstairs. This year, we have also combined the union card with your University of Adelaide card. As well as on-campus discounts, your union card also gets you discounts at various shops around Adelaide including discounted parking on Rundle Street. 2005 is also the year to get informed about Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU). The legislation is proposed for some time after July 2005 and could tear away a major source of funding for student services around Australia. The government is pursuing the issue on the ideological basis of opposition to compulsory union membership - ignoring the fact that student unions are nothing akin to trade unions and are more like a town council you pay rates to in order to upkeep a community - which University most certainly is. Drop into the AUU Office or the SAUA in the Lady Symon Building for more information or contact me on 8303 6945 about this or anything else you want to know about the services provided to you by the AUU.

Jennifer Turner
Adelaide University Union
President

SAUA President



150 years ago there were a bunch of students that got together and drank some beer, talked about politics, put on a BBQ and drank some more beer. Today, not a lot has changed. Welcome to the Adelaide Uni and the best orientation in the country! We've been slaving away in the SAUA since late 2004 so that this week and this year will be the greatest ever. The Students Association of the University of Adelaide, (the publishers of this fine rag) or the SAUA have organised a massive orientation program this week, and events throughout the year.

However after 150 years the free beer may be about to end. Well, maybe not just the free beer, but our right to our own voice, to represent ourselves and to control our own affairs. The federal government will be attempting to abolish the automatic membership of student organizations later in the year. So 2005 will not see the SAUA going out and fighting for student rights in the way that it usually does, instead it will be fighting for it's very existence.

If you would like to get involved come down to the SAUA tent on the Barr Smith Lawns and sign up to our e-newsletter and find out what's going on. Otherwise sit back and enjoy reading the rest of the masses of information that you no doubt acquired in O-week and keep reading these columns. The various office bearers and myself will be bringing you the latest news on what's happening in the University, the community and most importantly on campus.

If you ever have ideas about things the Uni, Union or the SAUA should be doing, or have any problems about anything contact us here at the SAUA. That's what were here for.

David Pearson
SAUA President

Education Vice-President



A Warm welcome to all of you new students and a hearty welcome back to all others.

By the time you read this O' Week will be well under way and most of you will be finding this page slightly blurry! Make sure you party hard and enjoy yourself because soon the monotonous voice of study will be calling.

The first few weeks back at Uni are often the most confusing. Don't let it stress you out; you have about four weeks before you really have to decide for certain on your subjects. My suggestion is - enrol in more subjects than you need and withdraw when you have figured out which one you don't like.

If you are having any problems with enrolment, lecturers, tutors, departments or just want to get involved with the Department let me know. For the duration of O' Week you will find me down on the Barr Smith Lawns in the SAUA tent or serving beers up in the Unibar. After Orientation feel free to drop into the SAUA to have a chat or you can call me on 83035406 or email me - jessica.cronin@adelaide.edu.au - If you are having any trouble with Centrelink or just general financial troubles, let me know and I can assist you with organising a loan. Alternatively, you can contact the Education and Welfare Officers.

Be sure to look out for upcoming Education events such as Education Week, Lost Property Auctions and The Great Ed Debate featuring Federal and State Politicians. These events accompanying campaigns such as Students' and their Unions, VSU/USU/ASOL and its destruction of student representation, Auxiliary Fees, as well as, Centrelink and Sustainable Income.

I am assisted in my role by the wonderful Education Standing Committee - John Pezy, Reece Kinnane, Chris Kelly, Kyla Cassells, Russell Marks and Johanna Picton. They will all be around in Orientation Week and will be willing to help you with any queries.

Hope to see you all during Orientation and beyond.

Jess Cronin
SAUA Education Vice-President

Activities Officer



There's something really special about watching an airborne squid make its way over the Barr Smith Lawns. Its flight is simultaneously majestic and preposterous, not to mention being inherently funny. This is especially so when one strays into the crowd sending intoxicated students scrambling for cover.

Welcome to the craziness that is Orientation 2005! Events such as squid-tossing help make this University one of the best places to study in Australia. Your time at Adelaide Uni should not just be about merely getting a qualification. It should also be about the experience.

Unfortunately, too many students don't get involved in campus life and only end up coming onto campus to study. This is like reading *People* magazine for the periodicals, sure it's intellectual but where's the fun stuff?

Take a look at the world's elite academic institutions and you'll find that they all have vibrant and extremely active student communities. Yes extra-curricular activities can distract you, but at the same time it's hard to excel when you're not having fun.

This year your Activities department will focus on encouraging students to get involved. We'll be doing this by hosting events throughout the year and making sure that anyone who wants to know what events are happening does so.

One event you simply cannot miss is the 100th anniversary of PROSH. I hope everyone comes out to support a century's long tradition of student pranks, festivities and raising money for charity.

That's all for now, have a blast during Orientation and make sure you keep partying throughout the year!

If you want to be more involved in your student organizations, please contact me on matthew.walton@adelaide.edu.au

Cheers,

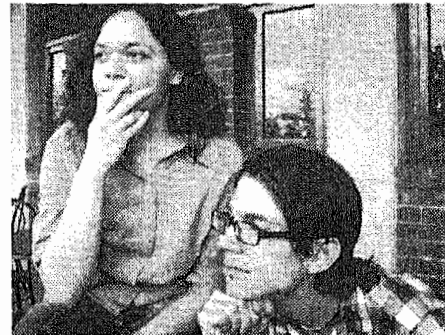
Matthew Walton
SAUA Activities Officer

Women's
Vice President

Environment
Officer

Sexuality
Officers

ATSI
Officer



Ahoy! Another year, another HECS receipt. Welcome back.

We've been furiously working in the SAUA office, preparing you an awesome orientation.

Come down and get some funky button badges or 'The Vagina Monologues' t-shirt from the SAUA stall during O' week. They're guaranteed to make your Nan smile.

There are plenty of pamphlets on the SAUA stall offering information on rape and sexual assault, sexual health, drinking, international women's day and abortion. If you need some help/advice on women's matters come down and see me.

Sign up for 'The Vagina Monologues' at the SAUA stall. Doesn't matter if you're experienced or whether it's your first time, we want you to come down and audition on Wednesday 16th March, 4pm in the women's room.

There will be a pope eye cruise for women at 2pm on Wednesday 23rd Feb. Here's a secret, women's pop eye cruises are notoriously forgotten, so there's all the more beer for those who come aboard. This year promises to be bigger and better than ever as we sail the Torrens listening to Tori Amos, Beth Orton and all the other music your older sister used to listen to.

We'll be having a women's art space in the cloisters on O'week Thursday 24 at 11am. There will be a huge canvas, as well as paints and brushes for any of you creative types out there. The end result will hopefully make a lovely addition to the women's room walls.

We will be setting up the women's room as a women's safe-space during Skullduggery on Thursday 24th Feb for women who are intoxicated, feel vulnerable, or just want to chill out for a while. There will be chai and coffee, and some snacks available.

There is a call for volunteers to woman the room from 7:30pm - Midnight.

To get involved in the women's department's activities or help out during O'week you can call me on 83035406/ 0421 554 687 or email me on melissa.purcell@adelaide.edu.au

Mel Purcell
SAUA Women's Officer

Environmentalism shouldn't just stop at home, when you put your recycling in the right bins, it should continue to be practiced in your workplace, place of study and anywhere else that you can be environmental. This is important because the environment needs you and this is why the environment department has been around for so long! The environment department exists for two main reasons: the first is to provide a better environmental atmosphere on campus and the second is to educate and strengthen the environmental movement on campus and to encourage students to get involved in the wider communities environmental campaigns. This year the departments main focus will be to bring environmental issues to you, the students. issues like cleaning up the river Murray, increased bike riding, protecting the Parkin old growth Forrest in Tasmania, lobbying the government to sign the Kyoto protocol, providing more recycling facilities on campus and any other environmental issues that any one else may be passionate about. During O'week we will be at the SAUA stall giving out free environmental information and selling our lovely green environment department T-shirts! So if you want to find out how to become more environmental and what else the SAUA environment department is doing this year then come and see us during O'week!

Milijana Stojadinovic
SAUA Environment Officer

Sexuality n. 1. Sexual character; possession of sex. 2. The recognition or emphasis of sexual matters.

Adelaide Uni is a bit like an expectant virgin at the moment; it awaits it's loss of innocence with bated breath. Orientation is a bit like foreplay. The inevitable flow of new and returning students is akin to a tide of seminal or vaginal fluid. As the sexuality officers of the Students Association, Kavvy and Lavinia are like walking prophylactics.

Perhaps this metaphor has gone as far as it should. We've been elected to provide information and resources about sexual health, preference and rights. In a climate where sexually transmitted diseases and sexual assault are on the rise, where people are marginalised because of their sexual preference and *Sex and the City* has gone off air, we're here to serve (but not service) you, the students.

In Orientation Week, you'll find us hosting the lunch with our first Rainbow Picnic for the year, with many more to follow. We'll be having Sexuality Week in first term and have a year's worth of shenanigans and advocacy planned.

So come and have some fairy bread and beer (*mmmmm*) with us on Thursday on the Barr-Smith lawns. We're both good looking and one of us is single.

Lavinia Emmet-Grey & David Kavanagh
SAUA Sexuality Officers

Greetings and salutations,
Welcome to yet another year. My name is Joel Bayliss and I am the new ATSI Officer. When I started here a couple of year's back I said to myself, "I'm here to study, I am not getting into student politics. The more I think about it the more it becomes clear to me that representing a group of people or being represented by someone is important. Hence why I decided to run.

Firstly may I thank those of you who voted on the change of the consitution last year? The change of the constitution allowed there to be an **official** ATSI Officer. Someone to represent the Aboriginal & Torres Strait Islander students of this university.

Secondly may I thank the three interim ATSI Officers? My fore fathers if you will. Darren Kuertzer, Sam Nona and Cody Morris. Without their tireless work we would not have an officer today. On the ATSI side of things we have just over 35 new students this year. Add to that around the previous years students and we have just over 110 students studying at this university.

Well enough from me. If you are interested in any ATSI stuff, feel free to email me

Joel.bayliss@adelaide.edu.au

Cheers

Joel Bayliss
SAUA Aboriginal & Torres Strait Islander Officer



Tsk tsk! The problem with you young Liberals today...

- Nerissa and her little trumpet mouth off.

Our parents as students: a generation of hippies, socialists and revolutionaries.

They are the Baby Boomers. Spawned from the optimism of the post-war era, when men who'd been away for five years decided to celebrate their return with some good-old procreation for the nation.

They grew up in the fifties - a decade when leather lace-ups on your feet and lemonade with roast on Sundays constituted prosperity. This was a time when people were happy with what they had simply because there wasn't much more to have.

Then came the sixties and seventies. Their coming of age happened on the cusp of a social revolution, but it wasn't inevitable, they fought for it. They fought against injustices maintained by the older generation, they protested against the Vietnam War, apartheid, indigenous disadvantage, they preached about peace and love and the brotherhood of man.

They had Gough too: I quote pollster Irving Saulwick: "...30 years ago when Whitlam was storming the battlements, there was a sense that all things were possible; that people could afford to be generous, the government munificent."

They went to university when it was about an education, not just a piece of paper that proves one's worth. They viewed it as such too, they were the type of students who'd sit on the uni lawns and discuss their newly learned ideas. They'd argue, they'd debate, but most importantly they'd think.

They were idealistic, hopeful and passionate. They were our youth!

And now? They're the 4wdriving, boat shoe-wearing, boat people-fearing, John Howard-voting middle class suburbanites that control this country. I don't know about you, but it seems to me like the Baby Boomers have forgotten their roots.

But perhaps we shouldn't find it all that surprising. I mean, the seventies did end in 1980, one can hardly survive on flower power

and gumdrop dreams forever. They got jobs. Then careers. And as long as they were getting a paycheck every week, they decided to use it. The little brats came along aswell, (they may be the fruit of your loins, but they seem to me more like the unfortunate consequences of a few fleeting brainless moments of gratification). And you can hardly blame a parent for succumbing to the pressure and buying their children a Playstation in exchange for some quiet time. And while you're at it, a big TV and stereo system would go quite nicely too. And a second car to rush the little angels off to soccer practice. And later another car for teenage independence, and a new laptop for the student. Materialism really just sneaks up on you. One minute you're sitting in a potato sack and knitted beanie discussing socialism, the next you're a three car driving, four bedroom home-owning, cable-TV subscribing cog of capitalism. Suddenly, in what seemed like the blink of an eye, they'd just forgotten all those ideals they'd preached about so many moons ago. They weren't fighting the system anymore, they were the system. And so they settled down into their comfortable, picket fence suburban lifestyle and dealt with it.

Admittedly, it's a sad truth that idealism fades, and we shouldn't begrudge our parents, it seems it's a fate that every generation is doomed to live out. Some might call this apathy, but it's not. It's just settling for a lower standard of happiness. People downsize their dreams as easily as they upsize their Whopper Value Meal.

But there's a trend going on that's even sadder than this. A 50-year old capitalist I can accept, but a 20-year old one is almost more than I can bear. I'm talking about all those young Liberals out there. And no, I don't just mean those official Young Lib members who enjoy the odd mingle at Liberal party functions and preach about strong economic management around election time. No, being Liberal is much more subtle than that. You

don't have to be worried about interest rates or hordes of boat people on the horizon. You don't have to like John Howard, Tony Abbott, Peter Costello or believe in Liberal party policies. Hell, you don't even have to vote Liberal to be a Liberal! Being Liberal isn't about what box you tick at election time (or your placement of numbers, depending on how much time you have), it's an attitude.

Allow me to explain...

There's a saying that goes "If you're not a communist at 20, you don't have a heart and if you're still a communist at 50, you don't have a brain" (or something, send complaints for this fuzzy recollection to ondit@adelaide.edu.au), and I guess that's what this little rant is all about.

Being young is about testing the status quo, rebelling against the previous generation - simply, it's about idealism. Now, I don't mean to sound like your Grandma, but kids these days just lack that certain something that makes the young generation the future. And that is an aspiration for change. Kids these days accept this country as it is and deal with it. They accept the Howard government and their particular breed of capitalism as ok. In this world Johnny's in the Lodge, the boat people are in Baxter and God is in his heaven - everything in its right place.

I don't know what's worse: being too apathetic to want change, or not thinking that there's even need for it?

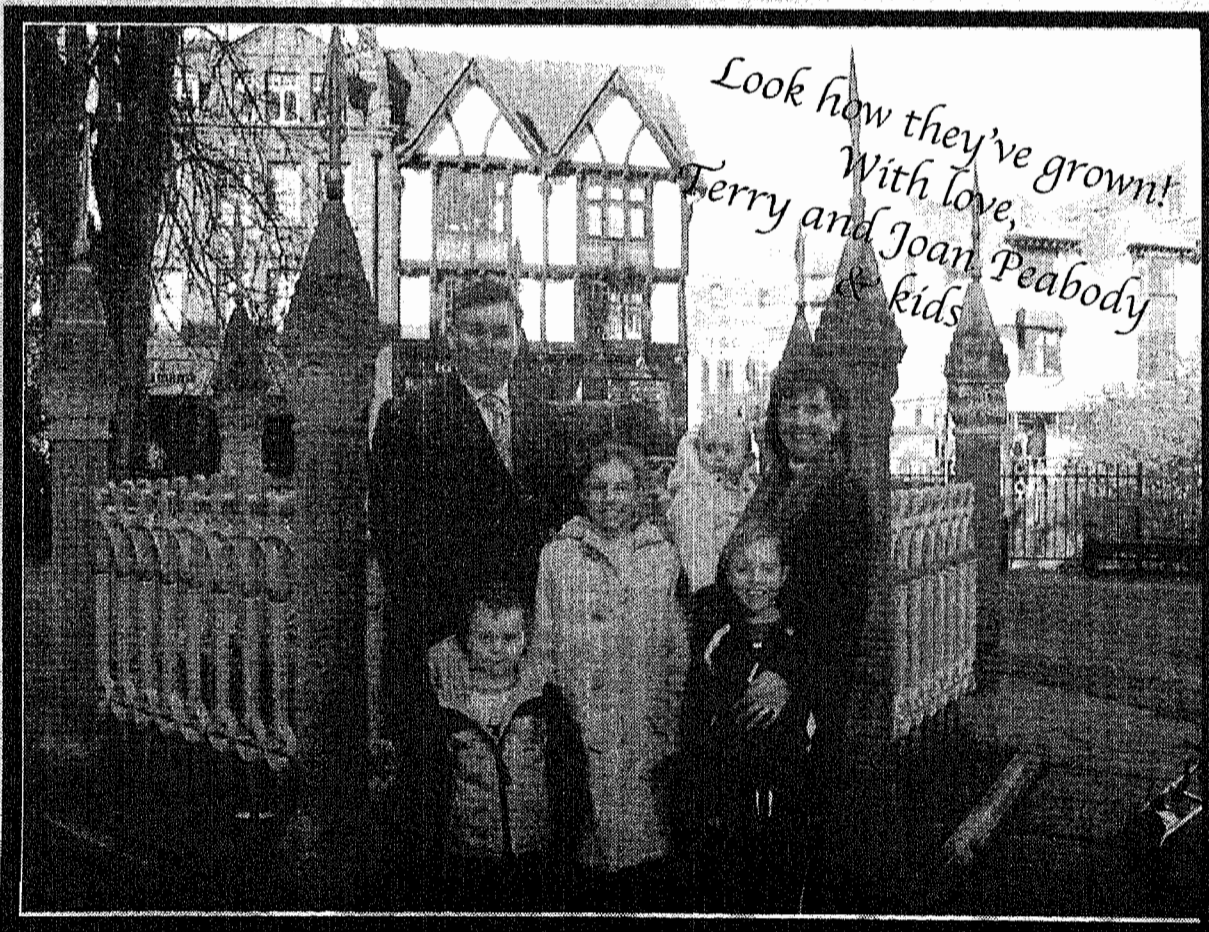
What happened to the idealism of youth? What happened to fighting for the rights of those unable to fight for themselves? What happened to caring about the welfare of the less fortunate? What happened to believing that an egalitarian society was possible? Was faith in a common good killed long before the wall fell...?

Has exposure to the world desensitised us - given us old heads on young shoulders?

When did 'a strong economy' become our primary objective, surpassing all other concerns? Why are GDP and economic growth valued as highly as they are? Less and less we feel the influence of religious doctrine (perhaps for the better), but it seems in its place we find a new canon, that of consumerism and materialism. We are told that every person competing for their own welfare (trying to reconcile their unlimited wants with their limited resources, and all that) will create the best environment for economic growth; that income tax cuts are needed for incentive to work; that we should allow insecurity to create efficiency in the workforce. We are told that this will increase GDP; and living standards; that we'll all live happily ever after...

This is how we justify our excessive materialism, this is how we rationalise it to ourselves: believe it or not our selfishness is for the good of the community; and altruism is biologically unnatural anyway. But I believe there comes a point when all the plasma screen TVs, DVD box sets, Ralph Lauren Polo shirts, ringtones and Botox injections should satisfy us. And when this moment comes, we'll look around and realise that our health system needs fixing, our public schools need more funding, the mentally and physically ill need more help, and our present set of values needs one hell of a rethink.

Let's just hope this moment comes soon and our generation doesn't miss its window of idealism...



*Look how they've grown!
With love,
Terry and Joan Peabody
& kids*

When Liberals breed...

O O O O O O O O H... Fashion!

This article was supposed to summarise the state of Adelaiddian style over the Uni holidays, but unfortunately the universe saw otherwise. If I were a good fashion sub-editor, I would be praising all of you for daring to wear lemon with mint, thongs with dresses and gasp placing a Bonds singlet with just any old ra-ra skirt. Hypothetically, I should be enlightening the masses regarding which new 'it' breed denim mini to sport, or which uber cool brand to trade in for your soul, or how to steal the spotlight with carefully placed taffeta and a pinch of narcissism for good measure. Hell, I could even be promoting some two-bit wannabe store claiming urbanity and hip-ness but falling just short of truly derivative and c-grade. But as I marched over to my dormant laptop, I figured that the awful truth had to be told. The current aesthetic panorama is shaping up to be a murky cocktail of insipidness and banality to rival even the most riveting microeconomics exam. Basically, none of you know how to dress and

you looked like absolute wankers all summer long.

And don't go thinking that the above statement is in any way harsh and offensive to you proletarians because there are many reasons as to why it was declared. Exhibit A: Havaianas thongs. If there's one sight that's as abundant as oxygen, it's the spectacle of an army of unkempt feet clad in thongs. And not just any old thongs-it's Havaianas or nothing. Really, is it plausible that the Havaianas rubber is any different from that of the \$2 variety unearthed at Go-Lo? When asking your average fashionista the said question, you'll most definitely endure the "They just feel so soft against my feet" shtick. Honestly, it's like when you used to feign a headache to get out of school. Just like magic, the immediate onset of a throbbing sensation in the temples would push you out of NIDA's department for teen's that hate school into the reality of a self-induced migraine. Note to society: Havaianas are cheap, mass

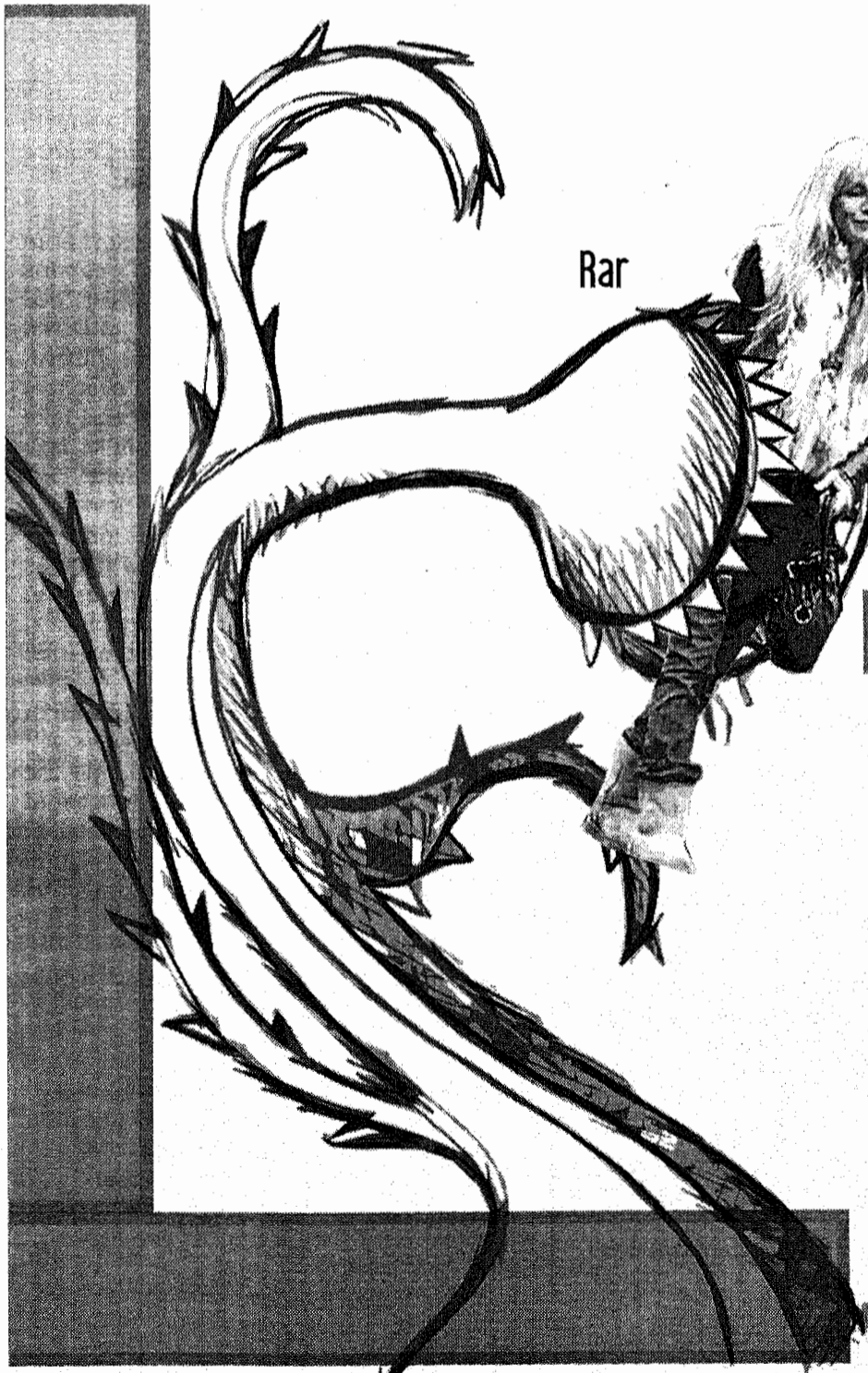
produced thongs masquerading as cool. Whoever decided to make rubber quality the main Havaianas selling point should be awarded the title 'Most manipulative in marketing ordinary thongs to image-obsessed scenesters'. They are over-exposed, over-qualified and over-priced, and should never be seen. Ever. Again.

Our friend, the Capitalist market mechanism, ensures that many varieties of style co-exist within the fabric of contemporary society at any given time. Fashion magazines have a funny way of attaching a look or a certain product to a celebrity, preferably one in the 'it' stage of his/her career. This summer, fashion en masse was all about a certain Miss Sienna Miller, bride-to-be of Jude Law and high priestess of the boho-vintage movement. Chain stores around the country must personally thank her for generating millions of dollars in revenue gained from the sale of Cowboy boots, floppy hats and kaftans. Don't say you haven't experienced a gaggle of girls walking down Rundle street trying to look original by pairing those damn boots with mini dresses and aviator sunglasses...a Saturday afternoon in town is literally one walking, talking Sportsgirl advertisement.

What really gets my knickers in a knot is the fact that these vultures are doing 'urban boho' in the mind frame that it's super creative and, like, no one else would have thought to wear a prairie dress over jeans. *Sigh* If receiving jealous stares from potential nemeses on the street by looking textbook cool can guarantee a modern-day femme an iota of self esteem, I guess modern-day femininity is well and truly screwed.

Now, I could rant about the erroneous nature of the aesthetic all day, but nothing is ever going to change. It's the inevitable truth that Truckers hats will still be scorching in 10 years time. We all know that Adelaide is no swinging London, and truth be told, every youth in their right mind has aspirations of leaving in search of greener pastures. But letting the foul stench of mediocrity spoil the utopian dreams of those who dare to be different and truly express themselves through their attire is a fate worse than starring in Footballer's Wives. It's not about those Marc Jacobs gumboots you ate gruel for 8 months to afford, or your Von Dutch-clad ass, or even the Mimco bag you convinced yourself was pretty when in actual fact your friend wanted it and you just had to get it before she looked fabulous clutching it. It's a celebration of beauty in all shapes and forms, the uniqueness in a coy smile or the delectable manner in which a dream boy/girl shuffles down the street in skinny leg jeans. In 2005, get back to what you feel is right as opposed to worshipping what Cosmo's editors are paid to sell to you. But please, in the name of all that is good and sacred in the world, ditch the Havaianas first.

Stephanie Mountzouris



What's Hot

Fashion á la Kevin Federline. Baggy shorts, wife beaters, ghetto sneakers...the look of the future rests on Mr. Britney Spears' pimped-out shoulders.

Filthy buskers having 2am fights in Rundle Mall over precious stolen territory. So deliciously 1992.

Best friends who hold hands whilst walking down the street. True love is rare, true friendship, rarer *tear*

What's Not

Any media form dedicated to the impending nuptials of Lleyton Hewitt and Bec Cartwright. Never trust a couple with matching cleft chins.

Linkin Park feat. Jay-Z. 'Nuff said.

Owning a live journal. Semi-cute declaration of teen drama at best, plain tacky at worst.

Pandora's Box

A how to for all the fakers out there
by Lavinia Emmett-Grey



I had sex recently with a miscreant (not very good sex, but sex nonetheless...it was either sex or prank calling more Young Liberals to tell them their tax returns were dodgy and I was running out of credit). It seemed like a good idea at the time. The next morning, he was covered in hickeys, scratches and bruises. What can I say? I hate men. But a female who had been in hearing distance of our carnal gymnastics the night before exclaimed the next day "Whoever the girl was, she was soooooo faking it."

I suddenly wanted to hang my head in shame, not because I was particularly bothered about the sex, but because I was so mortified that people would think I was incapable of faking adequately. For some time I have considered myself some kind of Faking Queen, a title I am not willing to relinquish without a fight.

But why would you take such pride in faking orgasms? I hear the Germaine Greer toting feminists cry. I'm gonna lay it on the line for you kids; I've never had an assisted orgasm (except with my friendly Pearlescent Rabbit, but that's a story for another time). Not from a girl, not from a boy. And not for want of trying. But I guess it's like a Picasso. You may want to own Starry Night, but it's a bit hard to come by, so you end up with a print from K-Mart hanging from your wall. After some time, I've just accustomed myself to the fact and so instead, I've decided to embrace my abilities to fake the most spectacular orgasms, leaving my accomplice feeling like some kind of pagan sex god. I figure, short of donating my spleen to an AIDS-ridden orphan in insert third world country here, this is the best kind of humanitarian duty I can perform. To the less sexually capable, polo top wearing, Birkenstock shod Pembroke kids out there...maybe you should just blow your phat trust funds on the Tsunami victims to make yourselves feel better.

Faking orgasms are not unusual in the animal

kingdom; the first record of it was amongst female Atlantic salmon and brown trout in 1954. The Swedish scientists (of course they were Swedish. Dirty Swedes.) found that of the 117 spawnings they observed, 69 were fake. During a normal spawning, the female digs a gravel pit for the eggs. When she prepares to mate, she crouches down to protect the nest, opens her mouth and starts to quiver intensely. The male then swims alongside the female, assumes the same position, opens his mouth and starts to quiver as well. After a few seconds, the female releases her eggs and the male fertilizes them. But the researchers found that sometimes the female fakes it and doesn't release her eggs when the male releases his sperm. One scientist said the sperm have to be directly over the eggs or the fertilization rate is very low. He thinks the female fakes it if the male isn't in exactly the right position.

Just like with humans, you fake a little quiver and the guy keeps going.

Actually, that's a little harsh. It really is quite an art form to fake a decent orgasm. Meg Ryan in *When Harry Met Sally* was just, well, crap. You begin with gentle sighing, like you've just hurried up a flight of stairs. Throw in a little whimper now and then; use them like anchovies in a pasta sauce - don't be too generous or it'll ruin the flavour. If you're on a bed, perhaps start to thrash around a little, like you're listening to the debut solo single of a Backstreet Boy. You're tormented by these sensations, remember? Clutch at things: the sheets, the car seat, the legs of the kitchen table. If you feel, as I do lately, that you hate everyone, clutch at your assailant's hair. You can pull out a great chunk, maybe even leave them with an unattractive bald patch and say it was all in the name of passion.

Your cries and sighs should by now be increasing in intensity, frequency and volume. Curl your toes - it's actually one

of the scientifically proven indicators of an approaching orgasm. Clench and unclench your thighs. The crescendo is the tricky part. For boys, I suggest you cum prepared (like a good boy Scout) and use a condom. After you shout, tremble and curse your way through the most mind-blowing, earth-shattering faux orgasm of your young life, you must dispose of the lack of evidence post haste. The alternative is to have sex in a position where your partner can't see what you're doing as you throw warm yoghurt on them at the appropriate moment. Ladies have it way easier; practice your Kegel's exercises and when your moment of epiphany arrives, flutter those pelvic floor muscles like Jennifer Lopez's fox fur eyelashes she wore to the 2004 Oscars (sorry, just a tad obsessed with J.Lo's accessorising). Not only does it help with your faking abilities, it'll be handy when incontinence sets in a few years from now.

I can still hear the disgusted cries from sexual liberationists. Well, perhaps those cries of disgust are just as contrived as my cries of elation and arousal. We've all done it. According to the 2000 Orgasm Survey, 72% of women have faked at least once in their current or most recent relationship, and 55% of men say they can tell when their partner's faking. 14% of men (and only 6% of women) who have faked it said that the reason behind their acting was that they didn't want to explain why they hadn't climaxed. 73% of women say that they can tell if their partner fakes it. And 61% of men admit that, yes, she probably can differentiate between a real one and a phoney. Since a good actress can simulate a climax, right down to the vaginal contractions, only 55% of men say that they can tell. However, only 23% of women confirm that their partner is aware of the difference between a real orgasm and a fake one.

In fact, I would go so far as to suggest that in a world where we go to war over fake weapons of mass destruction, where we elect our representatives on the basis of fake children overboard and fake interest rate management, where beauty consists of fake silicon or saline breasts, fake collagen lips, fake tans and fake personalities, that to fake an orgasm is less a sin and more of a political statement. Our world is one obsessed with aesthetics, face value and illusions. We judge books only by their cover these days. So as long as it looks like an orgasm, sounds like an orgasm and to those with exceptional olfactory capabilities, smells like an orgasm, then surely...it must be an orgasm.

So to all sexual prodigies out there, go forth with my never-fail lines:

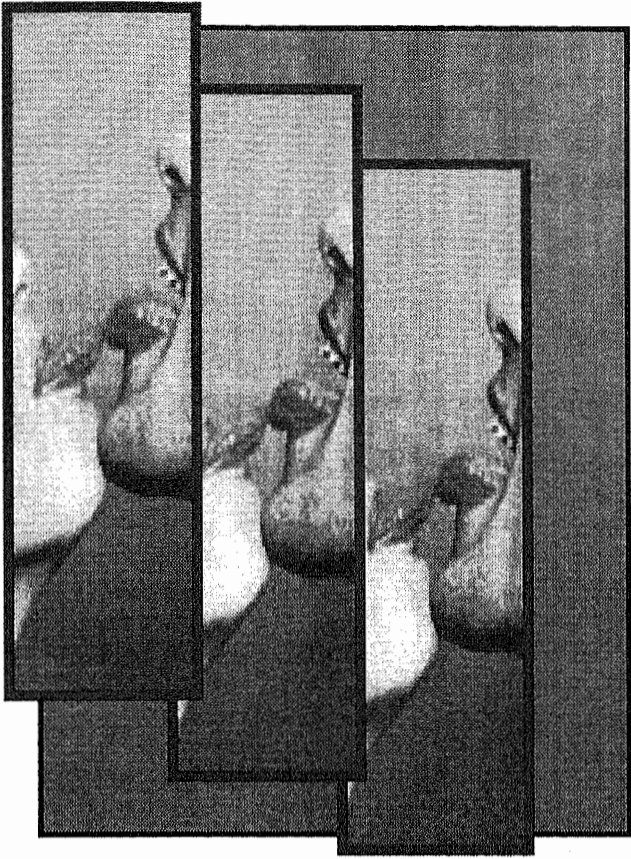
1. Fuck me, please, I want you inside me (which may be less useful for heterosexual males and lesbians out there, but you know, strap ons are the new black).

2. Oh God, I'm cumming, I'm cumming, OH GOD!

Because nothing says "orgasm" like blasphemy.

No good at acting? Run out of warm yoghurt? Just don't fancy faking it when you could be having it? Pop on over to the next page for an alternative view on the whole 'And then it just hit me like a wave!' kind of thing.

Fake an orgasm? Ewww...I'd rather lick someone's tongue for five whole minutes! by Clementine Ford



I recently flew to Canberra to spend the weekend with a certain raffish young sub continental I'd met through work. As the majority of our dalliances had been executed through letters and phone calls, I was somewhat nervous at the idea of a whole three days in his company. We decided to rip off Annie Hall and just get the deed done post haste so we could abandon all awkwardness from the start. Still, I fretted. After all, a well written letter is a lot different to pashing on with a practical stranger, and one never need ask if their ass looks big in this pen shade. Thankfully, the gentleman (we'll call him Douglas for amusement's sake) lives right near a bar so managed to stumble through the first five minutes before flirtatious ease sprinkled the air. After ingesting enough cask wine to fuel a small Cessnor, we skipped home to make out on his balcony like a couple of naughty schoolchildren before proceeding to make the kind of pathetic, fuzzy lub that generally accompanies extreme drunkenness. About halfway through, we decided that sleep was a far more attractive option and unceremoniously passed out.

Now, the point isn't that I flew halfway across the country to do what I could do at the Exeter for approx \$200 less and it isn't so I could have a neat story to tell. The point is that the experience demonstrated again to me exactly what sex should be about. See, when Douglas and I woke up the next day nursing hangovers and knotty hair, all we could do was laugh. We laughed because our initial attempts to boof were so laughable. There was no embarrassment or awkward conversation. Douglas didn't make any swift excuses to leave (which would have been really funny, it being his house and all). We got up, went to a bookstore and laughed some more about things non sex related. He cooked me the most delicious dahl I've ever eaten, we drank a couple of bottles of much nicer wine and on a cold Canberra day we went back to bed to have another, much more successful shot at it.

Irvine Welsh writes in *The Acid House* that laughter and sex are the barometers of a relationship. It makes sense. Laughter is designed to make people feel good. Sex, as a biological imperative, has been designed to feel good so that we'll all produce little sprogllets that will in turn laugh one day and eventually procreate. Intense laughter produces the same endorphins as those released during sex. Apart from the biological proof, one need only look at the act of sex to realise it's goddamn

hilarious. Naked limbs are flailing everywhere, you're trying desperately not to elbow someone in the nose while adjusting positions and have you ever stopped to listen to the noises being made? And yet the act of sex is clearly one of the most intimate things you can do with someone. Sex is one of those things that can swing naturally between joviality and quiet intensity before erupting into nervetastic tingly pleasure. What's the point in faking any of that?

I'm not saying that sex is all about the orgasms. Sure, you say, except that men always get to have one. In fact, one of the greatest sexual fallacies is that men are practically guaranteed an orgasm by virtue of having a penis. In his book *The New Male Sexuality*, Bernie Zilbergeld draws an important distinction between the act of ejaculation and the act of orgasm in a male. A random straw poll amongst some males in my acquaintance confirms this fact - blowing your load won't necessarily knock you off your feet. As for actually getting there in the first place, a recent survey revealed that only 26% of 100 men interviewed reported always having an orgasm. More statistical fun reveals that only 30% of women have orgasms during intercourse, but a whopping 58% fake it. Considering 18 - 29 year olds on average have sex around 112 times per year, there's a lot of creative embellishment going on.


When I was little, my sister and I used to try and outgross each other by touching tongues and seeing who could last the longest without spluttering sister spit all over the place. I used to think it was disgusting just because she was my sister, but I got the same feeling when I showed the game to a boyfriend once. Don't believe me? Try it right now. It feels strange and intrusive and moist for all the wrong reasons. It's the best analogy I can think of for sex. Getting naked with somebody and wriggling around is objectively as crazy and icky as limply touching tongues with someone. Without the urge to swing between frivolity and desire, sex kind of becomes as appealing

as a cold, clammy tongue. Why would you play Tongue Standoff when you could pash on? Why would you fake enjoyment when you could actually be having it?

It may sound trite, but the best accessory you can bring to the boudoir is confidence. Sex may not be only about having an orgasm, but it certainly isn't about faking one. The only way to have really good sex is to be confident enough in yourself and your sexuality to communicate what you want, and respectful enough of your partner to listen to their desires. It's like Buffy's Xander says to Willow when she's using lame hypotheticals to describe her relationship with Oz - "If you're old enough to be doing it, you should be able to say it". Sex can be all manner of things - intimate, playful, intense, brief, enthusiastic, casual, committed, break-up, make-up, adventurous, familiar, loving, fucking, noisy, quiet, plentiful, occasional, group, solo, homosexual, heterosexual, satisfying, lacking, memorable, forgettable and so on and so on and so on!

Sex won't always be mind blowing but one thing it should never be is fake. If it's crap then so be it. We've all had it. We'll all probably have a lot more of it in the future. But no one's going to get any better at it if people continue to dwell in deception. Don't underestimate the learning curve that masturbation gives you either. As Woody Allen says, "It's sex with someone you love." If you can't get yourself off, how can you expect another person to? The average masturbating woman takes 4 minutes to reach orgasm. You've got to admit, as a training exercise it's pretty fucking good.

Finally, remember the laughter quotient. Sex is something that should be fun. If you've summoned up enough courage to take off all your clothes in front of someone else (why that's practically in public) then you should be able to tell them if they spin your wheels. If the prospect is still too nerve racking, just imaging pressing flacid tongues together until you break into uncontrollable laughter. And it's really, really hard to fake that.



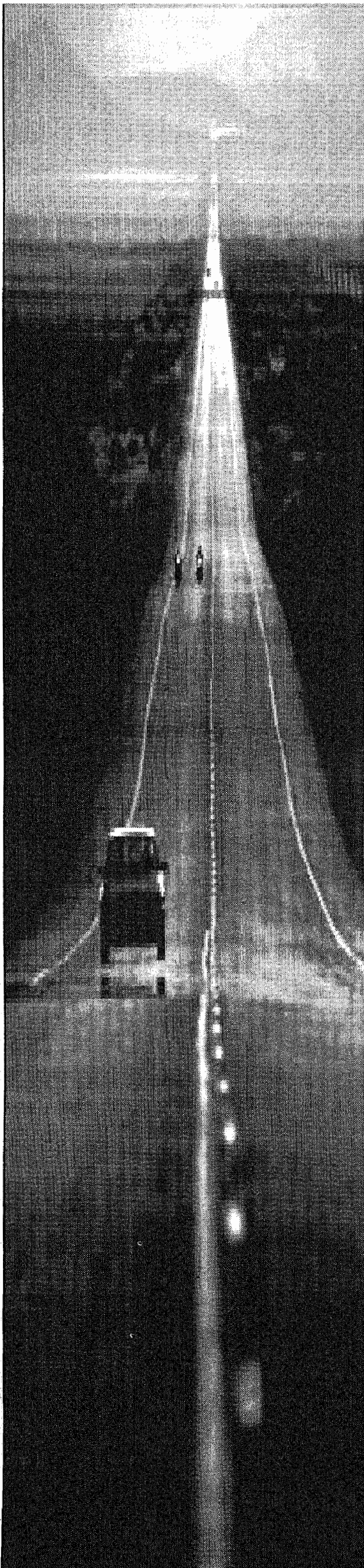
Got something to say?

**Get on your soapbox
you lazy mug and
shout all about it!**

- Political
- Ethical
- Vitriolic
- Random

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Highway 80, Eastbound.

Ogallala, Nebraska, USA. 4:32am.

"License and registration, sir. Please step out of the vehicle."

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Nebraska Highway Patrol. For tonight's adventure please add one part Highway Patrol Officer, three parts deathly tired road trippers, a dash of false bravado, and one seven metre long, three metre tall truck. For a bit of extra spice, ensure that you aren't actually licensed to drive the truck. If you manage to convince the officer that it's alright and that he should let you go, you win! If not, you lose. The consolation prize is a criminal record and a giant fine, brought to you by the fine state of Nebraska.

This didn't bother me too much though, for one good reason: I didn't actually realise I was unlicensed until after this particular run-in with the law. An international driver's license is a complicated thing, and I simply didn't see the part that said I couldn't drive anything other than small private passenger vehicles. Luckily for me, the Ogallalan Officer didn't see it either. He cautioned me about driving fatigue and told me to get some rest. If he'd realised I'm just a bad driver, instead of a sleepy one, he probably wouldn't have been so quick to let me go.

The Ogallalan Incident was a fine start to Day Three of my Trans-Continental American Trucking Road Trip Extravaganza. I still don't really know how I ended up driving a truck across America, but I think it started out with one of us knowing someone who worked on a film with a director who knew of another director whose friend had finished his film shoot in LA and needed his rental truck returned to where he had originally rented it. Either way, the day after I arrived in the US of A there was a truck in the driveway and a destination on the far side of the continent, with only three people and four days to get it there.

With the Muppets singing 'There Ain't No Road Too Long', we rolled out of that driveway and onto the three thousand (and then some) miles of the Interstate 80. We also rolled into early morning rush hour traffic, but that isn't nearly as romantic.

The funny thing about three thousand miles is that it is considerably longer than thirteen miles. That is less funny when you spend an hour inching along a highway and only go thirteen miles. It becomes more funny, however, when you spend those thirteen miles drawing on the windscreen with broccoli dipped in hummus. It then rapidly descends back into the land of the Not-So-Funny when that hummus starts to bake in the sun.

Silly games aside, we made decent progress that day. We sped past the organic supermarkets, solar houses, and wind farms of San Francisco and hit the Sierra Nevadas, California's answer to Mt Lofty. Everything's bigger in America, and that's certainly true for their mountain ranges. Through ice, snow, wind and 10,000 vertical feet we arrived in Nevada only to find that our top speed was now under thirty miles an hour. We were firm believers in the old adage "If it ain't broke, don't fix it" and the less well known variation, "Even if it is broke, still don't fix it". We motored on through Nevada at thirty, but when our top speed dropped to ten we stopped at Winnemucca, a collection of casinos in the middle of the desert.

If there's a good place to be stranded, Winnemucca is certainly not it. Every half an hour one of us would 'figure out' the poker machines and be sure that they knew how to win. We'd pump a machine full of quarters and watch them all drain away, then do it all

over again as soon as we got bored of waiting in the lobby. We decided to abandon hope that the frozen fuel lines would just fix themselves, so we called a mechanic avoiding a potential gambling addiction when the truck was fixed. The trio was mobile once more.

Being half a day behind schedule, we stocked up on red bull and powered on through the night leaving Nevada, Utah, and Wyoming in our wake. We stopped only for absolute necessities, such as bathroom breaks and fireworks shops. We breakfasted in Colorado and didn't stop until Chicago, Illinois. We had a deep dish pizza lunch there, and our parking problem was solved with a little abstract thought. We parked the truck in a loading zone with its hazards on, and while one of us ate, the other two 'unloaded' the truck by taking the same box into the nearby office building and then back again. Only the doorman knew what we were up to, and so it was that we sped out of Chicago well fed and suspicion free.

We filled our scenery quota of quaint little houses on prairies in Indiana and Michigan, and we got the red state blues in Ohio when we had hundreds of miles to contemplate the state that won Bush the presidency. The trip almost ended in tragedy on a lonely stretch of highway in Pennsylvania when a sudden burst of air, coupled with a complete loss of acceleration, let us know that something had gone very wrong with our engine. Stranded in the darkness, we were moments away from drawing straws to see who we'd eat first when we realised that we'd actually broken down opposite the repair depot of our rental company. If we'd broken down anywhere on the hundreds of miles of highway in any direction, we would have had to be towed to this exact spot to be repaired. We jumped over the fence that separated it from the road, and within half an hour we were on our way again.

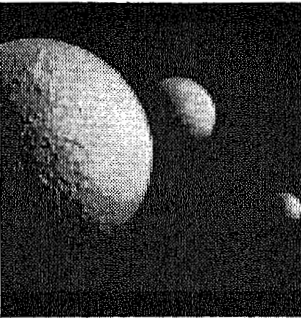
Fate, it seemed, wanted us to be in New York. Coincidentally, we wanted to be there as well so it proved to be quite an agreeable arrangement. We rolled into the city that never sleeps early the next morning with Sinatra singing, traffic beeping, and taxi drivers swearing. Our truck had taken us through 3000 miles of mountains and valleys and plains and casinos and cities and drive-thrus. Clinging to consciousness with energy drinks and bags of pistachios (toffee-coated, chocolate-covered ones) we'd somehow made it across the country.

In a way, the journey was somewhat like your own life journey. Obstacles must be overcome, hard times must be passed, and only by your determination and effort can you get through to your goal. Of course, in another more accurate way, it was nothing like your life journey at all. It was only four days long, it was mostly spent inside a truck, and it ended in a garage instead of a coffin.

In conclusion, road trips are fun; sometimes it's better to pee in the bushes than in a servo toilet. Fireworks are fun but should not be lit inside truck cabins and America, if nothing else, is a damn fine place to drive across.


Rowan Dignam

Ever been deported from Japan? Ever lost your ticket in the Malaysian Airport on Christmas Eve? Found Jesus in a toilet in Amsterdam? Been caught in a subtropical typhoon with nothing on but a sateeny green nightie? We want to know about it! Send your travel stories to ondit@adelaide.edu.au or bring them down to the office to be in the running to win the Best Travel Story of the Year comp! Prize to be announced next week. It's so exciting...



Our Curious Cosmos!

Welcome to a new series of exploration, of discovery and of knowledge. My name is Wade Shiell, and over the next year I'd like to take you on a journey through time and space and give you a taste of just some of the wonders and marvels the Universe has to offer. This term we start our voyage with a discussion of our Solar System; its history, composition, population, features and fate. I hope you will enjoy reading about our curious Cosmos. First up: **P is for Protoplanetary Disc: The Origin of the Solar System.**

Supernovae and the Collapse of the Giant Molecular Cloud

Like all good adventure stories, we'll start this one at the most logical place: the beginning. Our tale commences in a cold, dark, quiet corner of the Milky Way galaxy, between 4.5 and 5 billion years ago. The Universe itself has been in existence for ten billion years, and already millions of stars have lived and died. In this quiet little niche, a giant (by our standards) cloud of gas and dust, mainly composed of molecular hydrogen, is suddenly rocked by the explosive death of a giant star. This cataclysmic outburst, a supernova, causes several parts of the cloud to become compressed by a series of pressure waves, causing a density difference throughout its bulk. Some regions, now containing more matter than others, begin to collapse under their own internal gravitational attraction, and begin drawing in some of the clouds' tenuous gassy bulk as they contract.

As this process, taking hundreds of millions of years, continues, two things happen. One, the core of several of the gaseous clumps, becoming more and more dense, slowly heat up, forming what is slowly becoming an infant, or proto star. Two, each contracting region begins spinning faster as its mass becomes more and more centrally concentrated (this is due to processes concerned with the Conservation of Angular Momentum, which we won't worry about here).

Now let us consider just one of the dusty cosmic kernels, the clump of hydrogen and other minor impurities which is ultimately to become our own Sun and family of planets. Time passes, and the protostar at the heart of the fledgling Solar System continues to heat up. The attendant shroud of gas and dust goes on shrinking, until it finally settles into a giant saucer shaped region called a protoplanetary disc, collinear with the orbital plane of the central embryonic Sun.



Accretion and the Birth of the Sun

At this point in time, two processes began which ultimately led to the formation of the Sun and planets. Getting hotter and hotter, the central protostar goes on shrinking and accumulating more stellar material, until finally its core temperature reaches 15 million degrees, enabling thermonuclear fusion to

take place. The hydrogen nuclei combine to form helium nuclei, sending temperatures soaring, and with a great flash of light and heat, 4.5 billion years ago our infant Sun is born. Whilst this has been happening, minor density variations throughout the rest of the protostellar disc has caused matter to clump in small grains the size of snowflakes. These grains, being plentiful, begin colliding with each other, forming ever larger objects known as planetesimals. Varying in size from several millimetres to several kilometres, the planetesimals begin to collide, and so the process continues, until at last we have several hundred objects, several hundred kilometres in size, accreting more and more material, ceaselessly orbiting the fiery new stellar furnace.



Differentiation and the Planets of Today

The birth of the Sun causes a dramatic increase in the flux of energy passing through the Solar System, and this in turn results in a large increase in temperature in the inner regions. Volatile chemicals such as water and methane, no longer able to exist in the hot proximity of the Sun are driven to the outer reaches of the Solar System, where once again they condense as ice. Devoid of lighter elements and gases, the area formerly occupied by the protoplanetary disc close to the Sun now becomes the domain of heavy materials, metals and similar substances which were introduced into the original cloud by the supernova explosion and countless others before it.

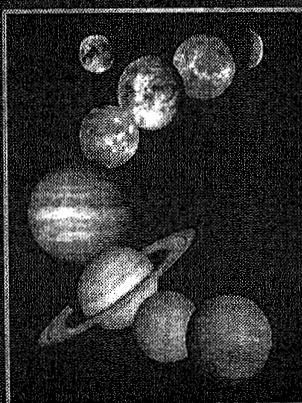
We now have a highly differentiated region of space, rich in heavy elements close to the centre of the disc, rich in lighter elements further out, with many large planet-like bodies violently careening about the sky. So whence the planets we know now? This brings us to

the last chapter of our story (so far!). From countless tiny grains of dust, to hundreds of continent-sized megaliths, the number of objects in our prepubescent Solar System continues to drop. With ever decreasing frequency, the largest bodies collide with each other, until finally their count numbers less than ten. Four of these behemoths (Mercury, Venus, Earth and Mars) settle into stable elliptical orbits near the Sun, while the rest move further out. These remaining bodies, being in the outer neighbourhood of the Solar System still rich with gas and light elements, suck up the remaining detritus and steadily continue to grow in size. Finally, when nary a drop of water or grain of dust remains left to scavenge, four giants of Gas and Ice emerged (Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune) and begin a sojourn around the Sun which continues to this day.



And the Rest...

Though the most prominent members of the System have been accounted for, still more exist. Gaseous material not trapped by the Sun nor consumed by the giant Outer Planets accumulated far beyond the orbit of distant Neptune to form the Oort Cloud, birthplace of the comets which grace our skies from time to time. Asteroids and meteors formed from the remaining rocky material roaming amongst the planets, sometimes growing so large as to be dubbed planets themselves (as in the case of tiny Pluto). Signs reading 'Danger: Solar System Under Construction' can still be found. Though rare, cosmic impacts occasionally take place, majestically demonstrated in 1994 when the comet Shoemaker-Levy 9 collided with Jupiter, releasing thousands of mega tonnes of explosive energy.



Now you know the genesis of the Sun, the Planets, and all the little bits in between. Over the next few weeks you'll discover more about what they are, what they're made from, and what will happen to them in the future.

Stay tuned for more fun with science!

Dear Diary

It's like no one understands the importance of singing about real relationships. I'm singing what I feel, and who cares what people say, it can still be true love even if it only lasts for five months. It's true, at one point I *was* lost without Blair, but I found it bizarre how his expression never changed. Now I look at how far I've come, and I frankly think Blair's lost without *me*.

But Mark's different. I mean - deep breath - I think I'm still in love with him! You don't think it's true that before him my family and friends were my life? Now all I can think about is tennis balls. So what if I wouldn't make a sex video with him? Wasn't it enough that I was frolicking on the beach in a mermaid-like dress? I hope he wept when he saw that. I bet Paris doesn't roll around in the sand. Even if she does, I bet she's not wearing a mermaid-like dress.

When Mark approached me about making a sex video, I tried to tell him: "Mark, look, I'm a good girl. I'm nice. I'm not a sex symbol. I mean, I know I have a perfect body, perfect teeth, perfect skin, and I like rolling around in the sand, but I'm a serious musician! That's why I like to wear dresses that only show a hint of cleavage and no leg. He told me a sex video would help cement our love, and he might even win a grand slam. "Poo-Bear," I said, "I'm sure Rick and Paris thought their video wouldn't have unforeseen consequences, but look what happened to her, poor dear. *One Night in Delta* doesn't have the same ring as *One Night in Paris*, now does it?" He seemed to think about that for a very long time - too long - but I thought I'd convinced him. How naive! Well - innocent eyes no longer.

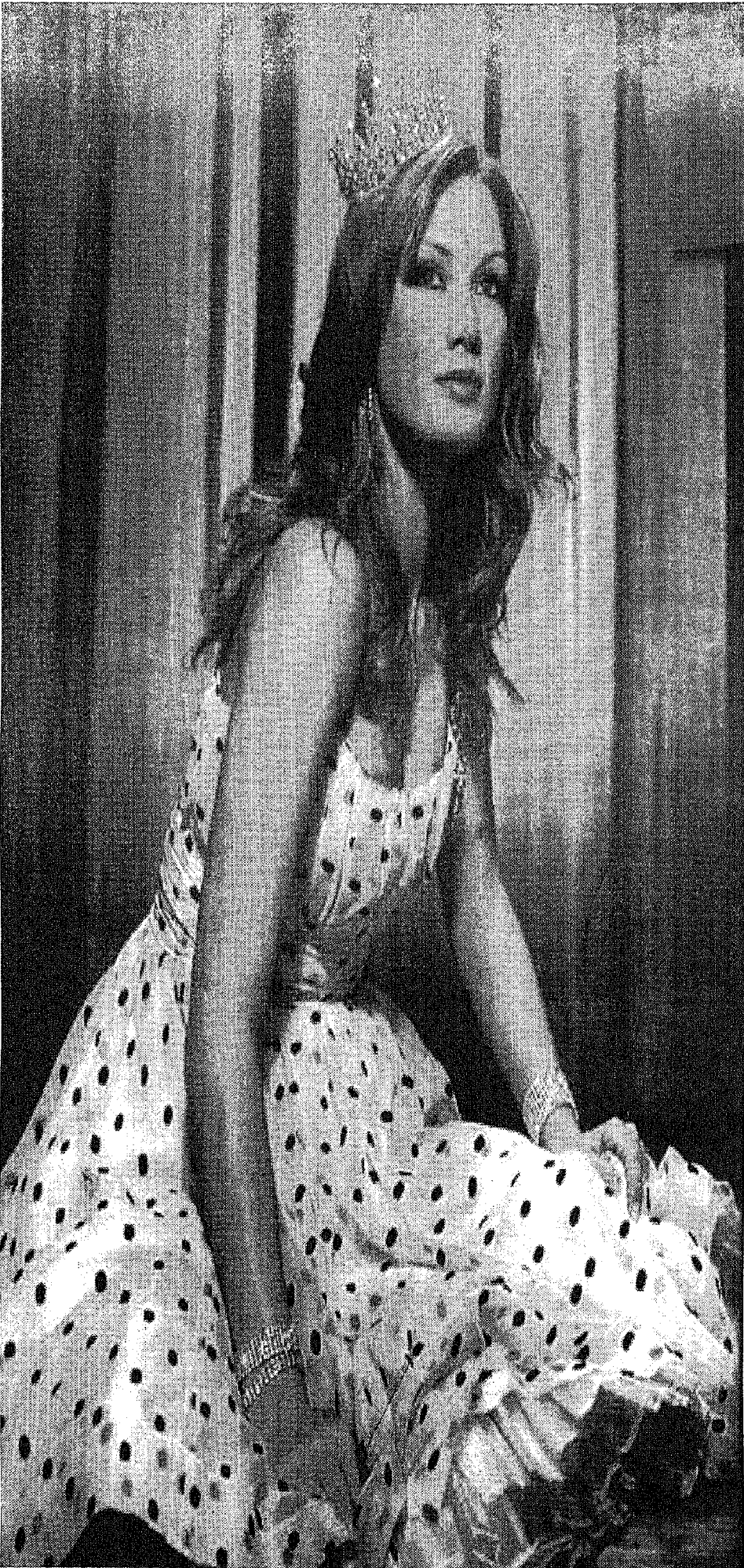
That night, he was even happy to look at my new lingerie collection modelled by a few close friends. Who says men aren't interested in fashion? It's a shame I couldn't model those beautiful bras for him, but I have a rule about cleavage: if a valley is too deep, it can be hard to find your way out. And people should get lost in your eyes. There's a nice song lyric, let me just write that down...

Anyway, I'm just so confused right now, and the only one who understands is Brian. Brian McFadden. Delta McFadden. Or shall I be a woman of the world and keep my maiden name? We enjoy all of the same things: publicising our love lives, singing, black and white video clips... He's so much better for me than Mark will ever be. Maybe Mark will realise his mistake when mine and Brian McFadden's love grows into a beautiful garden (oh dear, I've already used those lyrics on Mark). I truly have no bitterness. I have a rule about that as well: adorable smiles and fluttering eyelashes eliminate bitter thoughts. They really do. Thank God for good orthodontists. If everyone had smiles like mine, there would be no wars, I swear. That's why I use it so often.

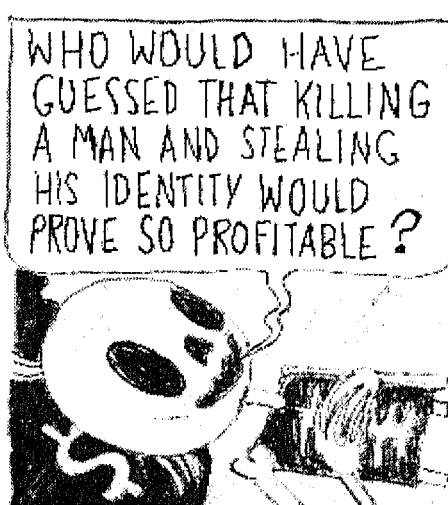
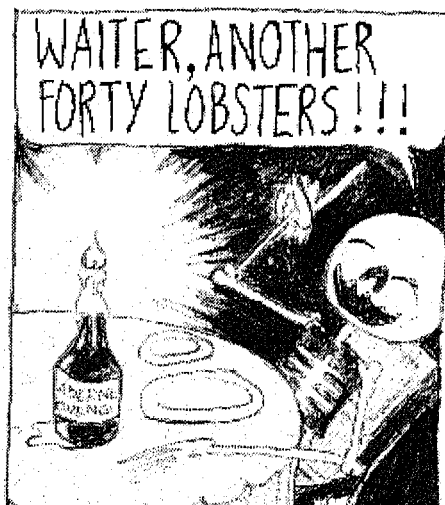
On a happier note, I did finally manage to get rid of that pesky fan that kept following me around. I think I can safely say that I don't think that girl will be bothering me again. You know, it's really true what they say - it's always the quiet ones that disappear mysteriously in the woods..

Toodles!

Love Delta xxx



skulduggery by oz



SURVIVAL GUIDE

O'WEEK 2005



MONDAY

All Day: Rock climbing wall

10.00 FREE Breakfast

10.00 Aerobics demonstration

10.00 Official Opening of O'Week 2005

10.00 Celebrity Dunking Pool

12:00 Beer O'Clock (FREE BEER!)

12:15 Jim Beam Live Band

12:30 Free Lunch

1:00 Musical Chairs

1:30 White Fear

2:00 Popeye Cruise

2:00 Capoeira display

2:30 Popeye Cruise

2:30 Boat Race

3.00 Tricycle Races

4.00 Unibar Idol

6:30 Comedy Night, \$5 for students. Featuring Justin Hamilton & Charlie Pickering. (Unibar)

TUESDAY

All Day: mini golf & bouncy castle.

10.00 FREE Breakfast

11.00 Mini golf putting competition

12:00 Beer O'Clock (FREE BEER!)

12:15 Jim Beam Live Band

12:30 Free Lunch

1:00 Superhero Tug of War

1:30 Brown Fear

2:00 Popeye Cruise

2:00 Circus Bizarre

2:30 Boat Races

2:30 Popeye Cruise

3.00 Perfect match dating with On Dit

4.00 Unibar Idol

7.00 O'Hop FREE dance party in Unibar, come dressed as your favourite super hero for a free beer! (Unibar)

WEDNESDAY

All Day: mechanical bull & bouncy castle.

10.00 FREE Breakfast

11.00 Mechanical Bull ride off

12:00 Beer O'Clock (FREE BEER!)

12:15 Jim Beam Live Band

12:30 Free Lunch

1:30 Pro Wrestling demonstration

2:00 Women's Dept Popeye Cruise

2:00 Iron Gut challenge

2:30 Boat Races

2:30 Popeye Cruise

3.00 Ultimate Frisbee Demonstration

4.00 Unibar Idol

Sunset: Cinema on the Lawns (Barr Smith Lawns)

THURSDAY

All Day: bouncy castle.

10.00 FREE Breakfast

11.00 Theatre Sports

11.00 Women's Dept Art Demonstration

12:00 Beer O'Clock (FREE BEER!)

12:15 Jim Beam Live Band

12:30 Sexuality Dept picnic lunch

1.00 Chips and Gravy Competition

1:30 O'Cup

2.00 Chips & gravy eating competition

3.00 Crazy Computer Smash

4.00 Unibar Idol Grand Final

8:00 Skulduggery (Cloisters)

FRIDAY

10.00 FREE Breakfast

11.00 Environment Dept recycling competition

12:00 Beer O'Clock (FREE BEER!)

12:15 Jim Beam Live Band

12:30 Free Lunch

1.00 CAR SMASHING

1:30 Squid throwing bonanza

2.00 Four Colour Fear

2:00 Superhero sack races

2:30 Boat Races Grand Final

3.00 Backyard sports (Cricket, table tennis and LOADS more)

6:30 Quiz night

O'Hop



Come as your fav
superhero and
recieve a free drink

Prizes for the best
superhero costume

Tuesday 22nd Feb

Arrive @ 7:30 and dance the night
away in the infamous Bat-Cave
(aka the Unibar)

O'PASS


Want to be treated like a star?
Well you can be with your very own O'Pass!

For only \$45.00 you will become O'Week's hottest
property with your very own VIP style pass with
lanyard which will guarantee you express entry into all
the must see events during o'week!
Buy yours to attend the best week of the year in style!

- ★ O'BALL
- ★ SKULLDUGGERY
- ★ COMEDY NIGHT
- ★ STUBBY HOLDER
- ★ EXPRESS ENTRY

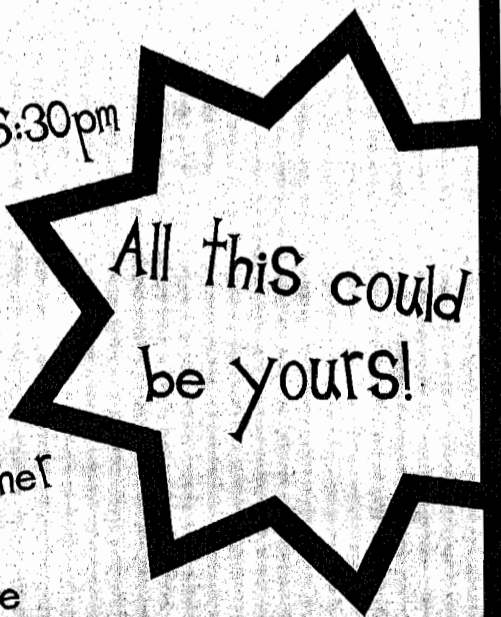
\$54.00 TOTAL VALUE FOR \$45.00

Quiz Night

Friday Feb 24  6:30pm
Equinox, Union Bldg

FREE PIZZA

You (Might) Win:
\$300 Party Voucher
DVD Player
Nokia Mobile Phone
3X ADSL Modem



Cinema on the Lawns

Barr Smith Lawns
Wednesday
Feb 23 Sunset

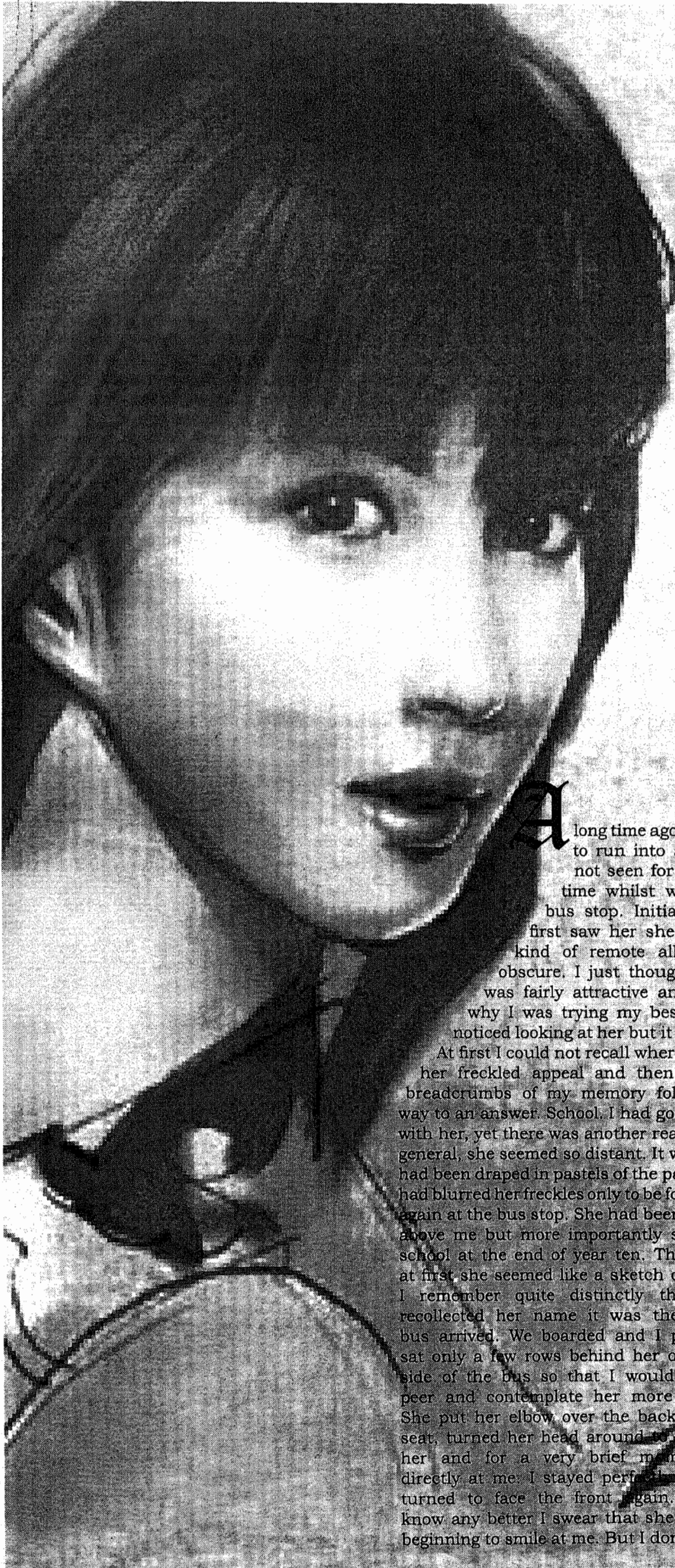
Featuring:

MYSTERY MEN

**THE INCREDIBLE
HULK**



The Girl at the Bus Stop



A long time ago I happened to run into a girl I had not seen for quite some time whilst waiting at a bus stop. Initially, when I first saw her she gave some kind of remote allure of the obscure. I just thought that she was fairly attractive and that was why I was trying my best not to be noticed looking at her but it wasn't that. At first I could not recall where I had seen her freckled appeal and then slowly the breadcrumbs of my memory followed their way to an answer. School. I had gone to school with her, yet there was another reason why, in general, she seemed so distant. It was as if she had been draped in pastels of the past; memory had blurred her freckles only to be formed whole again at the bus stop. She had been in the year above me but more importantly she had left school at the end of year ten. That was why at first she seemed like a sketch of the mind. I remember quite distinctly that when I recollected her name it was then that the bus arrived. We boarded and I purposefully sat only a few rows behind her on the other side of the bus so that I would be able to peer and contemplate her more accurately. She put her elbow over the back of the bus seat, turned her head around to look behind her and for a very brief moment looked directly at me. I stayed perfectly still as she turned to face the front again. If I didn't know any better I swear that she was almost beginning to smile at me. But I don't so I can't.

She had short, blonde hair pulled back into a pony tail. It seemed kind of fitting as I remembered that she was a slight tomboy. I remember that I would hear things about her in the school yard. That during her year 10 exams, which she didn't care about, she would walk back to her house with a few other kids and participate in recreational amphetamines and marijuana. Of course being the type of kid I was I would be repelled and drawn to this kind of behavior. It was that accumulation of all your parents' drug education quickly weathering away against half-innocent curiosity and the ever-escaping intangible schoolyard coolness. I was staring out the window watching cars and people pass by at public transport slowness with the odd stop here and there. I thought that I shouldn't look at her too much; I was always told that it's rather rude. When I looked back in the bus she had moved; she had moved closer to me and she was looking at me. Then she began to speak. She asked if she knew me from some where. Of course my reply wasn't exactly responsive. I splurged something about school. Her face was animated with energy to my reply. We started talking and I asked her what she was doing since she left school and I told her what I was up to since I had left. Usually, in dealing with conversations involving the opposite sex you get more information, or the type of information guys are seeking, not from the words. For sure, the dialogue was fairly standard for two people who barely knew each other trying to establish a continuous flow of familiarity. However, I think I understood more about her from the way she moved her hands when she talked. Or the way when eye contact was made she would hold it for a second then quickly look to her left. Eye contact is a strange thing. She was one of those girls who are referred to as 'still water' some one who if you got to know well would always keep something from you just to make sure you didn't have it all but memory changes many things. During the pauses in her speech and the movements of her arms slivers of memory forged in a more mature understanding found their way to my mind. She did not seem comfortable with her childhood perhaps she found some ease in teenage rebellion and marijuana. I supposed that she saw youth as a painful veneer to be disposed of; much similar to young men wanting to discard of the awkwardness of virginity. But virginity is only a part of youth; she seemed to want to throw youth in all its constituents into the great gaping jaw of adulthood. And to me, for that, she was all the more a child. We continued talking happily all the way to town where we both hopped off. I asked her where she was going and it turned out that she was headed the same direction I was. I felt pretty good as we walked the short distance to Rundle Street. When we hit the curb we faced each other. Smiling with her freckles, she said 'see ya Dave. Nice to see you again'. She had started to turn away to walk down Rundle Street before I could say anything. I sheepishly waved my hand goodbye unable to find the words, back then I wasn't too good with words, or girls for that matter. I thought she was pretty cool. Fifteen days later she was dead. Suicide-overdose. Eye contact is a strange thing.

"Lucky Dip"

David Rofe

Alfresco in the Gardens

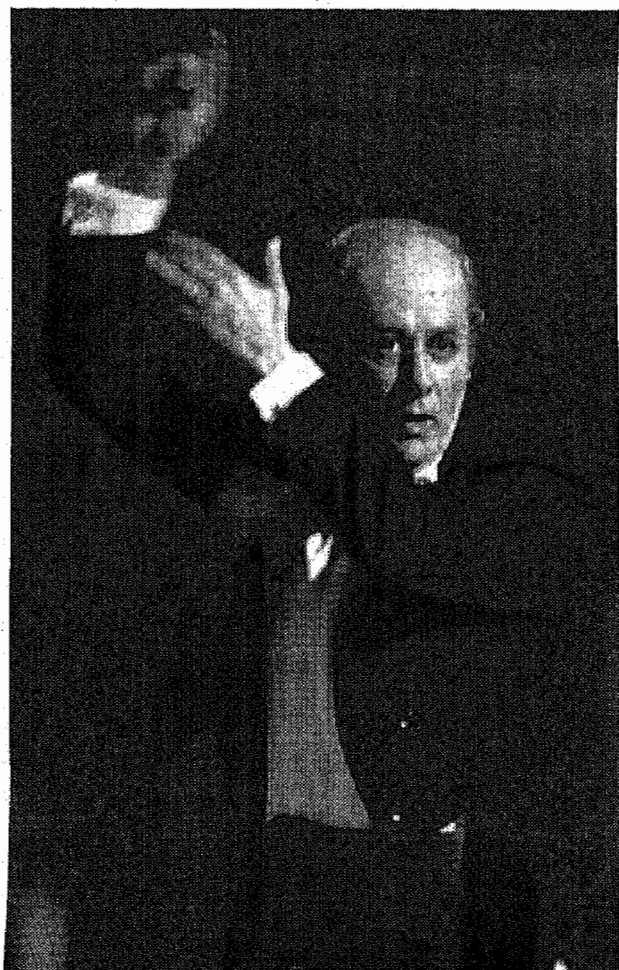
ASO Alfresco
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Mt Lofty Botanic Garden
February 5

The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra's *Alfresco* concerts were held on consecutive nights this year, featuring local singer Catherine Lambert and ASO viola player Martin Butler as conductor. The concerts usually draw large crowds because of the laid-back picnic atmosphere and popular music – and this year's Mt Lofty concert was no exception. Anyone arriving late struggled to find a patch of grass to set up camp!

The program featured silver-screen favourites and hits from the '60s, as well as some 'light classics' – the overture from Bellini's *Norma* and Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*. A number of Bacharach songs were performed, and Mike Kenny's arrangement of *Close to You* was a definite crowd-pleaser. Some interesting musical decisions had been made, notably using a solo trumpet rather than a clarinet in *Rhapsody in Blue*, another Kenny arrangement. One would wonder why the ASO chose to play an arrangement rather than the original. The final piece on the program was an arrangement of Hardiman's *Lord of the Dance*, which didn't seem to be an appropriate or popular choice to close with.

Thank goodness for Catherine Lambert. While the orchestra looked as if they would much rather be at home catching a TV drama, Lambert did her very best to put a bit of sparkle into the evening with her passionate performances and jokes in between. Alas, her efforts were in vain – without a proper compère the night was always going to be a hard slog. The *Alfresco* concerts always pull good crowds, and rightly so – the idea is a good one. However, these concerts could be improved immeasurably by adding a clever compère and choosing popular music which is appropriate to the talent of the players.

Edward Joyner



Spicing Things Up

Goose
Governor Hindmarsh Hotel
January 15

It's been six long years since the release of Goose's first album, and the songs from it have stayed on the band's playlists ever since. So how do they go about adding something new to their gigs? New songs and guest artists.

The welcome addition of John McDermott, Shannon Barnett and Goose's original keyboard player, Dave McEvoy, and the premieres of some tracks from the soon-to-be-released second album made this gig stand apart from the most recent outings at the Governor Hindmarsh. McEvoy's playing was more influenced by jazz than what we are used to hearing from the fifteen-piece group, but this was countered by the funky new charts that will presumably be featured on the new disc. The band's alto saxophonist seems to a large extent to be responsible for the trend towards funk, and the audience seemed to appreciate the change in direction signalled by these charts.

The discovery of the evening though, was Shannon Barnett, whose trombone was surely made for her to improvise on. Her all-too-brief contributions were possibly the best solos that have been heard at Goose's gigs in recent years. Hailing from Melbourne, she was invited to perform here with the band because, as frontman Dave Palmer told the audience, 'we thought you should hear her'. He couldn't have been more correct.

As a whole, the group showed the depth of its talent by featuring players who hadn't had as many chances to show off at Goose's gig last September (their most recent in Adelaide). Paul White on keyboard and Nick Panousakis on guitar made the most of their chances with some very slick work.

Certainly it was great to see Goose keeping it fresh by trying new things. As its popularity in the eastern states grows, and as we await the release of the new album, fans of funk can only look forward to what is to come.

Benedict Coxon



Bon Voyage

Travelling Baroque
Musica da Camera with Jane Downer
Radford Auditorium, Art Gallery of South
Australia
February 5

Now named the Radford Auditorium, the small building at the back of the Art Gallery seems to be increasing in popularity as a concert venue. While it has a certain intimacy about it, its size becomes a problem when a concert is well-attended.

This was shown when Adelaide Baroque presented its first offering for 2005, entitled 'Travelling Baroque'. The combination of those stalwarts of baroque music in Adelaide, Musica da Camera, and Jane Downer, guest oboist from the United Kingdom, proved to be a wise choice. Extra seats were brought from the Art Gallery Café and placed either side of the stage area, such was the demand from Adelaide concert-goers.

The large audience was not disappointed. Undoubtedly, the highlights were the selection of arias from cantatas by Bach. Downer worked with soprano Tessa Miller to produce the sort of soaring phrases that remind an audience why Bach is as admired as he is.

Lynton Rivers was nothing short of virtuosic in Telemann's *Sonata in C major* and Miller used Mancini's *Quanto dolce è quell' ardore* to show her wonderful ability to communicate with an audience, regardless of which language she sings in. The Italian work was also a pleasure to hear because it was a rare chance to hear a performance of an entire cantata.

Lesley Lewis and Zoë Barry provided a solid base for the ensemble throughout the concert – particularly with the ground bass in Marais' *Chaconne from Suite in C major*. Another rarity, this piece provided a perfect contrast from the Italian and German influences that were dominant in most of the program.

The audience was appreciative of Musica da Camera's charming performance, and it was not until an encore had been played (Bach, of course) that the afternoon's proceedings came to an end. The performers must have gone to Canberra the following weekend to present the same program filled with confidence. Their Adelaide audience should now be equally enthused about the rest of Adelaide Baroque's season.

Benedict Coxon

Classic Production Retains Sparkle

The Mikado
Opera Australia
Festival Theatre
January 13-29

No matter how old it is, or how many times it has been resurrected, a good production is a good production. Created in 1985 by Christopher Renshaw, Opera Australia's production of the Gilbert and Sullivan classic, *The Mikado*, serves as a perfect example of this. Its design cleverly combines Japanese elements (e.g. kimonos) with references to the England of the time in which the operetta was written (e.g. bowlers hats and spats), and it was a wonderful way to commemorate the centenary of the work's premiere.

Add to this a formidable selection of stars of Australian musical theatre and a solid effort from a young supporting cast and one has an enjoyable evening at the theatre to look forward to. The stand-out of the evening was none

other than National Living Treasure Anthony Warlow in the role of Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner of Titipu. He turned what might have been merely a pleasant performance into real entertainment. His comic skills were his best weapon, with a range of accents and voices, and his fine singing capped off a marvellous star-turn.

Running a close second was Douglas McNicol as Poo Bah, the Lord High Everything Else. His masterful comic timing and suitably ridiculous speech drew the first laughs of the evening, and he only got better as the show went along. David Hobson, as Nanki-Poo, did his best to counter some atrocious amplification, but the poor placement of his microphone made it sound less like he was singing and more like someone was playing a gramophone offstage. Judi Connelli made the most of her fairly lean part of Katisha, looking particularly fearsome.

Alongside these experienced campaigners there was some young Adelaide talent on show.

Jessica Dean was a charming Yum-Yum, and showed that she is destined for bigger things. Johanna Allen and Eleanor Blythman rounded out the trio of the 'three little maids' admirably and Joshua Hillary was equally at home with the ensemble singing as he was with his solo parts.

The Adelaide Art Orchestra, under the baton of Timothy Sexton, set a cracking pace that added to the frivolity of the evening, and the members of the young chorus seemed to enjoy themselves. Their enjoyment was matched by that of the audience, with some audience-members singing along with the stars of the show. And to think that Adelaide came so close to missing out on a summer musical!

Benedict Coxon



Shaun Micallef Returns to Adelaide

After a ten-year absence from the stage, Shaun Micallef is set to return to Adelaide in partnership with Glynn Nicholas this March. After completing a law degree at the University of Adelaide and a brief stint as a solicitor, Micallef turned his attention to writing and acting on television and the big screen. When asked about his return to the stage, his excitement was obvious. 'It's quite significant, it's like an anniversary - it's been ten years since I left (Adelaide), and really, ten years since I performed in front of a live audience', he said.

The Pleasure of Their Company is billed in a typically ridiculous fashion, an indication of what looks to be a hilarious show: 'Never-seen-before comedy skits, disgusting Pate Biscuit stories, impressions, showbiz gossip and Milo Kerrigan's soaring vocal harmonies...these are all under consideration pending legal advice.' Micallef describes the show as 'about one third Glynn Nicholas, one third me, and one third both of

us', and describes how he and Nicholas use their differing styles to great effect. 'He does a lot of physical stuff... I prefer to be slightly more cold, aloof and abrasive.' Nicholas enjoyed success with his production of *Certified Male* in 2003, and is now considering touring internationally.

Micallef cites his time performing and writing at university as a crucial stage in his development, and laments the trend of actors going straight to television without spending time on stage. "They don't know what they're missing! It's such a great thrill." He has had numerous television successes, notably *Full Frontal*, *The Micallef P(r)ogram(me)* and *Jimeoin*. His latest collaboration with long-time colleague Nicholas, promises to be a highlight of Adelaide's theatrical year, and is a not-to-be-missed event for lovers of live comedy.

The Pleasure of Their Company will be playing at the Arts Theatre at 8pm on March 9, 10, 12, 15-19 and at 5pm on March 13 & 20. Student tickets are \$37 and are available from BASS, Venuetix or via www.ache.com.au.

Edward Joyner



Midsummer Arts

Central School of Art

The sensuous curves of the human form, a tool box full of fresh material and an easel rapped in blank white paper. For any budding artist, the very idea of these elements starts to captivate the imagination, invoking a rich velvet world that only the artist can enter.

As an art obsessed novice, I crave such creative exploration and demand access to such a realm. For me and many others I'm sure, the prospects of a summer class at the Central School of Art seemed to offer some what of a path into this creative dimension. So like my fellow students I made my way down to The Parade through the heat, to be truly captivated and invigorated by the courses on offer.

From first setting foot inside the studio, images of a dreamy traditional art school, perhaps Italian, raced around inside my head. The studio walls were bare and white, and held great anticipation for the new works that would soon decorate them. All the room needed was a hand full of students, a master instructor and a nude Aphrodite, and I would have been transported back in time.

Soon the room was filled, and my excitement grew, but I was all but put back into the past. With each session and instruction I could see just how fresh and exciting traditional concepts of drawing really are and what potential they still hold for us. They work as a frame or

foundation on which more creative expression can be built. I felt as if door after door had been opened up to me and my work through this short course. It was swift and intense, and I felt a great freedom through it.

The courses, from my point of view, allowed students to take great strides towards further artistic expression and development. From empty white paper or canvas, class instructors allowed for systematic extraction from thoughts within, to create works full of layered ideas and interesting experimentation.

The direction from the instructors was razor sharp, introducing seemingly simple techniques that created outstanding and professional effects. All ideas and concepts spoken of by the instructors could easily be taken on and home to one's studio. At the end of each session my imagination was bulging with new images and thoughts for future works.

The school was a hive of activity, each room filled to the brim with students and excitement. While working, others would wander past and have a peek at your labours. Nothing but kind eyes past each work, as all knew they were in the same situation, as a learner, as a student. All came from different walks of life and this diversity added to the atmosphere of the summer school.

The gaggle of characters that filled the halls of the school was fascinating; from first timers to professional artists. All had something to offer to each other, and having a chance to see others in the mist of creating was exceeding helpful to one's own practices.

The building at the Central School of Art seemed untouched by time, but all the art it is creating is truly for our time. The accompanying exhibiting in the school's gallery also gave an extra hint of excitement to the overall experience. Especially when soon to exhibit artists wondered around the gallery and gazed at the other works. The interplay between artists is important and you really get a taste of that at the Central School of Art. Over all I felt a great sense of community within the school environment and this captivated my imagination as much as the prospects of life models.

Words and illustrations Leo Greenfield

Get in On Dit's snake-skin Versace pants at ondit.adelaide.edu.au.

Islamic Art

Islamic Art - Art Gallery of South Australia at the forefront

An Australian first in Islamic Art opened at the Art Gallery of South Australia on Wednesday 9 February. Today an entire gallery has been dedicated to the vibrant beauty of Islamic art. This timely exhibition will display the core of the Gallery's renowned Islamic collection, which is the largest in Australia.

The rotating display will be housed in Gallery 19 in the Asian wing of the Art Gallery of South Australia's permanent collection. The walls of the Gallery are awash in vibrant blue, the colour of divinity in Medieval Persia. The romantic colour enhances the metallic quality of the exquisite ceramics on display, invoking images of an ancient and fascinating society.

Along with these fine pieces of Islamic ceramics are ceremonial knives from India, a lavish fire place of intricate tiles and an luminous pages from a Medieval Qur-an etched in gold. These exquisite pages from the Qur-an were crafted using the finest of materials in the 1700s during the Mughal Period. The work is so delicate and demonstrates the importance of calligraphy in Islamic traditions, the skill of handwriting was considered the ultimate art in Islam.

The Portrait of Dara Shikoh as a young man (c. 1628 - 1630, Delhi, gouche on paper) is another intriguing and captivating piece of this exotic collection. Shikoh was the son of the great Mughal emperor, Shah Jahar who famously built the Taj Mahal. This miniature painting shows the luxury of this era as well as the beauty of the young man. His costume is dripping in pearls and jewels at his side is his dazzling sword, curiously he is watched by two cherubs that are remarkably reminiscent of Christian angelic characters. This relates to the Islamic belief in angelic beings.

This elegant showcase highlights the sophistication of artisan working from the 9th to the 19th Century, in Iran, Turkey, Syria, Morocco and India. Not only does it give us an opportunity to witness such an extensive array of Islamic art, but the display offers to educate and give insight into a vibrant culture and religion. The display answers a "...call from the Australian public for more information on Asian cultures, religion and arts" says James Bennett, head curator of Asian art at the Gallery.

The opening of an Islamic gallery demonstrates a move by the Art Gallery of South Australia to improve and develop its Asian collection. Confirming the timely importance of understanding the diversity of Islamic culture and history. "Now more than ever, it is, vitally important for Australian collecting institutions to embrace the arts and culture of the Islamic world so that through understanding the art of other societies, we can help to stem ignorance, hatred and insularity in our own country" says Gallery Director Christopher Menz.

The Art Gallery of South Australia's permanent Islamic art collection is the first public display of its kind in Australia and reflects the need for further peaceful cultural exchange between Australia and Islamic cultures the world over.

Alice Lindstrom off to NIDA

For many the National Institute of the Dramatic Arts (NIDA) is the holy grail of Universities and the gateway to fame and fortune in theatre or film. With gigantic names like Cate Blanchett, Nicole Kidman, Baz Luhrmann and famed designer Catherine Martin as old scholars its no wonder a place at NIDA is so sought after.

With rigorous applications processes and additions, access into NIDA is by no means an easy task. Each year many hopefuls from around Australia and the world try for a place at the famed school. NIDA auditions and interviews are cut-throat and only the most talented and exceptional make it all the way. Fabled to take a least two or three attempts to gain access past Adelaide of University Student, Alice Lindstrom has recently made her NIDA dreams come true with her first attempt.

Only a month or so after completing a Bachelor of Arts, with a medal for Philosophy, Alice decided it was time to take the plunge into the art world and apply for a position at NIDA in design. After her graduation from Arts she raced to prepare her application that involved designing a scale set model and interpretation of a play into and costume and makeup designs. "I thought it was a complete impossibility, handing in a late application. I didn't even think I would get

to the interview stage" says Alice. But she did and was short listed immediately.

Alice had always had a love for the arts, topping the State for PES Visual Art in 2001, and designing sets, costumes and makeup for her year 12 drama production. With only eight positions available Alice had the agonising wait, while interviews took place around the country. For Alice the interview process was an incredibly exciting and emotional experience. "I came out of the interview crying and laughing...the Head of Design (who interviewed Alice) was amazingly positive".

By Christmas Alice knew she was in and on her way to Sydney for the first time. Alice was accepted in a Bachelor of Dramatic Art in Design. The course goes for three years and began on the 31st of January. The Course ranges from subjects involving both the dramatic and visual arts with workshops and theatrical subjects. Alice will be working with fashion, film and theatre designers and be taught by the same lecturers that qualified these responsible for *Moulin Rouge* (2001) and *William Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet* (1997).

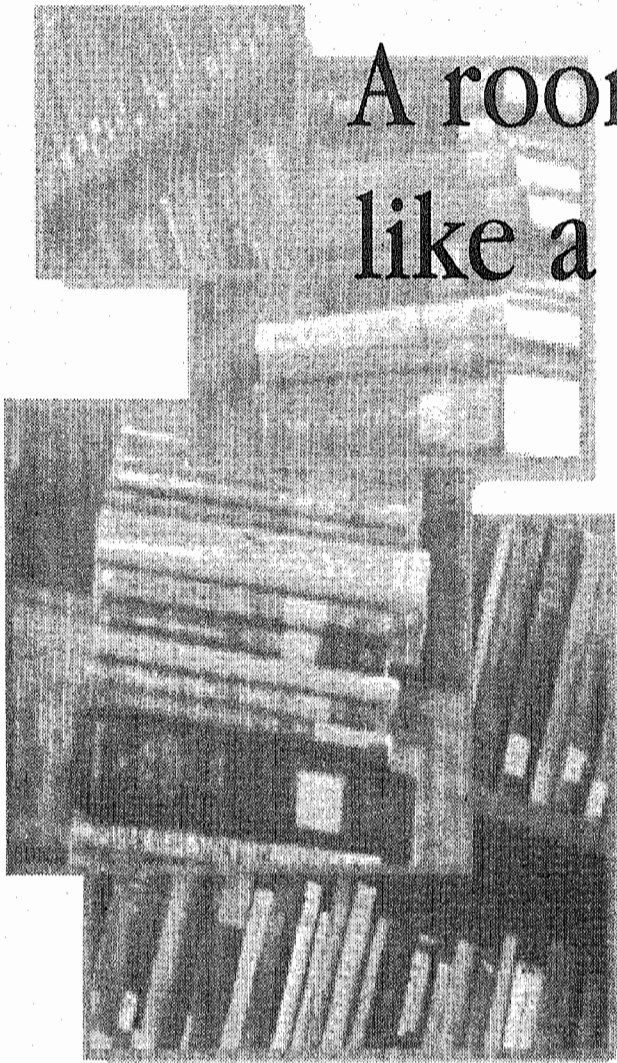
NIDA has produced many fine and inspirational actors and designers that today lead the *Australian Invasion* in Hollywood. We wish Alice all the best in her exciting new adventure in the arts, as we are sure to hear more of Alice Lindstrom.

A room without books is like a body without a soul.

Marcus T. Cicero

Rome, 106-43 BC

Welcome to the brand spankingly revamped 2005 literature section! For too long, On Dit have neglected the seductive fwup! fwup! of a book's pages in favour of the, some would say, flashier attraction of music (pwa!) and film (eek!). We say, no more! Our esteemed Literature Sub-Ed Carly has big plans for this year. There'll be competitions, frivolity and free books galore for all you wordsmiths out there just dying to get your grubby little mits on. So sit back and enjoy, because hey, even if you don't want to read books, reading about them is the next best thing...



How to read cheaply without getting your photo on the security wall at Borders!

Chances are you're spending indecent sums of money on textbooks and readers right now, so unless you win this week's competition there'll be no new books for you. Given this, the first 'Best Bookshops' list for the year is dedicated to my current pick of Adelaide's second-hand bookshops. (If you know of other good ones, let me know, especially on the other side of the city)

1. Bookends, Market Bazaar off Synagogue Place

Formerly of Unley Rd in Unley, let me pause for a moment and remember the glory that was Bookends. The creaking shelves twice my height, laden with literary treasure. The grand old leather-topped reading table. The weekly folk music sessions after closing. Sadly, practicality reigns and Bookends has moved to the more communal though no less atmospheric Market Bazaar. Hopefully, the spirit of Bookends will endure: namely, loads of paperback classics, nonfiction from Aviation to Zeitgeists, and friendly staff who'll give you store credit for your old English texts. Make sure to tell them you're a student for 10% off.

2. O'Connell's Bookshop, 62 Hindley St, City

I like O'Connell's because it creates a sort of oasis in the no-man's-land between East and West ends, when wandering from one to the other it's so pleasant to pause at the glass front of O'Connell's, peruse the wares, then walk inside and spend a few quiet minutes away from the city bustle. The thing about O'Connell's is that they've always got something that you want. It's not the lucky dip kind of bookshop, but the pre-loved equivalent to Borders; if you go inside, you're seconds from book lust. It also frequently has collectible classics. I make it a rule not to go in there when I'm feeling fragile: leaving a hardcover 1960's *Catcher in the Rye* on the shelf takes emotional fortitude.

3. Strike-Me-Lucky, 2 Strathalbyn Rd, Aldgate

So you're driving through Aldgate when something catches your eye: a billboard-sized painting of a grinning man, with a three-metre speech bubble saying, "Strike Me Lucky-- A Secondhand Bookshop!"

I've only been to this bookshop a couple of times but its facade is so silly and wonderful that I thought it deserved a mention. It's a decent-sized bookshop and it's been around for years, so they must be doing something right. Across the road is the Aldgate Pump hotel, which serves great beer and potato wedges, so there's your next free Saturday afternoon planned.

4. Robby's, Long St, Queenstown

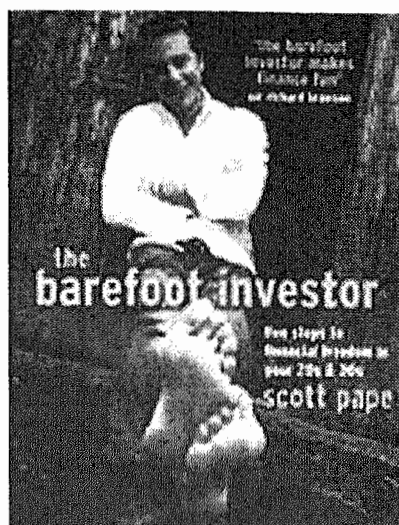
At the end of Port Road is a river, a lot of pubs, some car dealerships-- and Robby's, the nuttiest place under an Adelaide roof. Robby is an old man who has spent his whole life collecting every kind of object you can imagine and packing it into this big shed-building thing out front of his house. The place is divided into crazy indoor alleyways, lined with teetering cupboards full of brass doorhandles, old radios, lengths of accordion hose and three hundred kinds of screwdriver. If you can find the back corner, there's a whole room full of books which are all ten cents each. Just drop a ball of string in your pocket, tie the end to Robby's front door, and delve in.

5. Ascot Bookshop, 1151 South Rd & 73 Jetty Rd

The Ascot Bookshop is a bit posh. The first time I went there the clerk-lady followed me around like I was going to steal something. The books will cost you gold rather than silver. But it's a really truly old-fashioned bookshop, especially the one in St Marys, where there's a tall mahogany-panelled service window with a lady who sits and stamps books all day and glares at you over her spectacles. Ascot has more near-new books than other places, lots of shiny modern fiction rather than dusty piles of 20c hardcovers. Go there if you want to buy presents - the books are in such good condition and there's lots to choose from.

Those of you interested in pilfering some free books

in exchange for a review should hit us up at:
litondit@airnet.com.au
Word.



The Barefoot Investor
Scott Pape
Pluto Press Aust. RRP \$24.95

Scott Pape is the Jamie Oliver of finance. Let's just come right out and say that. He's 26, he's got scruffy hair and a cheeky grin, his talk is full of youthful colloquialisms; he's The Barefoot Investor. Thankyou PR department.

Moving on to the actual substance of this publication, Scott Pape is a financial advisor who has worked out how to be 'financially secure in your 20's and 30's'. He has a popular radio show, advising desperate young callers how to heal their money troubles, and now he's written a book about it all.

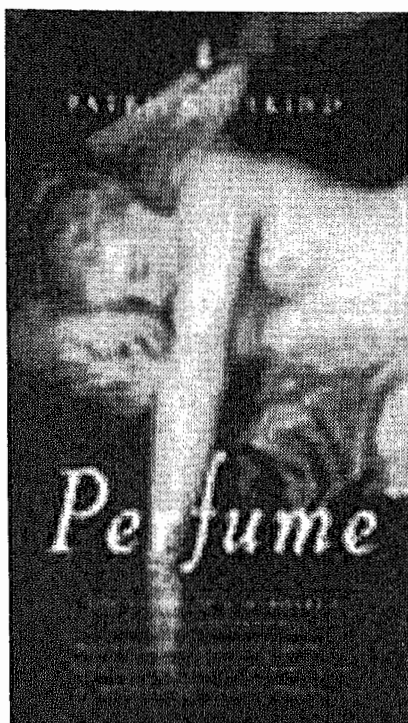
The advice in the book is pretty good-- as Pape admits, it's the sort of thing we've all heard before, but put together in a way that's practical and relevant to the twenty-something lifestyle. The 'Barefoot Plan' allows for beer budgeting, share house living, and student poverty. He challenges the financial methods of the past as useless to a generation where starting as lunch-boy and retiring with a gold watch will never happen.

The thing I liked the most about this book was the simple fact that it got me thinking about my financial situation, which is something I avoid doing because it hurts. But while reading *The Barefoot Investor* with all its peppy you-can-do-it attitude and achievable goals, I started to feel positive about my relationship with money and our future together. I grabbed a pen and paper and wrote out a budget.

The financial present and future of our generation is shaky and uncertain-- I don't want to depend upon an employer or the government for financial security, especially for my old age but even for my younger decades. Reading *The Barefoot Investor* reminded me of this, and gave me a good kick up the backside to start looking at my options and setting a few things in motion.

The only really annoying thing about this book is that the whole 'see how young and cool I am' thing was just taken overboard. Every page, if not every paragraph, contains some kind of pop reference like 'if you think finance is more boring than a Ben Affleck flick' or 'faster than Courtney Love can flash her undies' et cetera, et cetera, ad infinitum. Everything is also described as 'sexy', as in, 'now I'll show you a really sexy way to pay your bills'. Sorry Scott, but paying bills is never sexy, not even done barefoot.

But like I said, the substance of the book is pretty good. If you avoid thinking about money but secretly know you ought to; if you're pretending to be your housemate whenever the debt collectors call; or even if you'd just like to clue up on real-world finance in case you ever graduate, it's a worthwhile read.



BOOKS THAT WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE:

PERFUME BY PATRICK SÜSKIND
FIRST PUBLISHED GERMANY 1985
PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH BY KNOPF IN 1986
(TRANS JOHN E. WOOD)
VINTAGE EDITION 2001

"In eighteenth century France there lived a man who was one of the most gifted and abominable personages in an era that knew no lack of gifted and abominable personages. His name was Jean-Baptiste Grenouille..."

These words open one of the most haunting, lyrical and brilliant novels of the twentieth century, and I've no intention of ruining the slow reveal by giving up the plot. In fact, I advise you to shun the publisher's blurb and just begin the old-fashioned way. That said, this isn't going to

be a very long review-- more of a push in the right direction.

Perfume has been the darling of bestseller lists and critics who describe it with words like 'powerful' and 'mesmerising', and for once they're not exaggerating: this is a really cleverly written book. It's grimly realistic yet redolent of fairytales. It's lusciously sensual and darkly disturbing. Süskind is a narrative genius, and in *Perfume* he has created a story that you won't be able to put down-- I promise.

P.S.-- Some *Perfume* trivia: Apparently, Marilyn Manson's EP 'Smells like Children' was named after this book, and Kurt Cobain carried a copy with him everywhere-- it was even by his side when he died.

It's new, it's crazy, it's...
LAZY LITERATURE!
 Why watch the movie when you can read the book in three seconds flat?

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, BY CHARLES DICKENS:
EBENEZER SCROOGE
 Bah, humbug. You'll work thirty-eight hours on Christmas Day, keep the heat at five degrees, and like it.

GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY
 Ebenezer Scrooge, three ghosts of Christmas will come and tell you you're mean.

THREE GHOSTS OF CHRISTMAS
 You're mean.

EBENEZER SCROOGE
 At last, I have seen the light. Let's dance in the streets. Have some money.

THE END

So you think the canon gets a little verbose sometimes. Think you could do better? Send in your condensed fiction for your chance to experience the dizzying heights of literary success. You may not get signed by Penguin, but if you can save just one English 1 student from yawning through *Things Fall Apart*, there'll be a spot saved just for you in Heaven's Great Library of Love. Send your entries to litondit@airnet.com.au and remember - summarising fiction isn't cheating unless you read the last page first.

Entries close March 15

CN

Superior Person's Vocabulary Builder

Contretemps

contretemps \KAHN-truh-tahn\. *noun*, plural **contretemps** \-tahn\.

An inopportune or embarrassing situation or event; a hitch. *Contretemps* comes from French, from *contre*, "against" (from Latin *contra*) + *temps*, "time" (from Latin *tempus*).



Mrs. Emily Post, all the etiquette in the world but not immune from *contretemps*

Mrs. Post was the center of a notable **contretemps** when she spilled a spoonful of berries at a dinner of the Gourmet Society here in 1938. --from "Emily Post is Dead at 86; Writer was Arbiter of Etiquette," New York Times, September 27, 1960

Learn Something Literary: DADA

[most of this is sourced from Wikipedia, the online encyclopedia, because I was too lazy to write it]

Dadaism or *Dada* was/is a post-World War I cultural movement in visual art as well as literature (mainly poetry), theatre and graphic design. The movement was, among other things, a protest against the barbarism of the War and what Dadaists believed was an oppressive intellectual rigidity in both art and everyday society; its works were characterised by a deliberate irrationality and the rejection of the prevailing standards of art. It influenced later movements, including Surrealism.

Dada is usually said to have been conceived in a club called the Cabaret Voltaire in Zurich in 1916 (by some accounts on October 6), and there were active Dadaists in New York such as Marcel Duchamp and the Liberian art student, Beatrice Wood, who had left France at the onset of World War I. At around the same time there had been a Dadaist movement in Berlin. Slightly later there were also Dadaist uncommunities in Hanover, Cologne, and Paris. In 1920, Max Ernst, Hans Arp and social activist Alfred Grunwald set up the Cologne Dada group.

The French avant-garde kept abreast of Dada activities in Zürich due to the regular communications from Tristan Tzara, one of the key players in the Dada movement, who exchanged letters, poems, and magazines with Guillaume Apollinaire, André Breton, Max Jacob, and other French writers, critics and artists.

(Interestingly, at the same time that the Zürich Dadaists were busy making noise and spectacle at the Cabaret Voltaire, Vladimir Lenin was writing his revolutionary plans for Russia in a nearby apartment. It is known that he was unappreciative of the artistic revolutionary activity occurring next to him. Tom Stoppard used

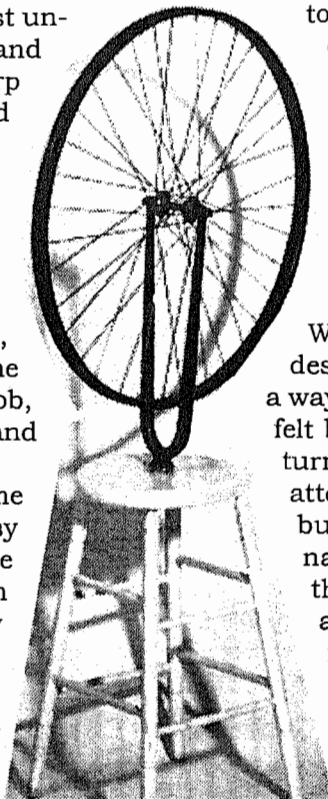
this coincidence as a premise for his play *Travesties*, which includes Tzara, Lenin, and James Joyce as characters.)

The origins of the name "Dada" are unclear. Some believe that it is a nonsensical word. Some believe it originates from Tristan Tzara and Marcel Janco's frequent use of the words "da, da", meaning "yes, yes" in Romanian. Others believe that a group of artists assembled in Zürich in 1916, wanting to form a movement, chose a name at random by stabbing a French-German dictionary, and picking the name that the point landed upon. "Dada" in French is a child's word for "hobby-horse". French also has the colloquialism "c'est mon dada" meaning "it's my hobby".

According to its proponents, Dada was not art; it was anti-art. For everything that art stood for, Dada was to represent the opposite. Where art was concerned with aesthetics, Dada ignored them. If art is to have at least an implicit or latent message, Dada strives

to have no meaning--interpretation of Dada is dependent entirely on the viewer. If art is to appeal to sensibilities, Dada offends. Perhaps it is then ironic that Dada is an influential movement in Modern art. Dada became a commentary on art and the world, thus becoming art itself.

The basis of Dada is nonsense. With the order of the world destroyed by World War I, Dada was a way to express the confusion that was felt by many people as their world was turned upside down. There is not an attempt to find meaning in disorder, but rather to accept disorder as the nature of the world. Many embraced this disorder through Dada, using it as a means to express their distaste for the aesthetics of the previous order and the carnage it reaped.



CN

Dada Poetry a la Tristan Tzara

Dada Manifesto on Feeble and Bitter Love

preamble = sardanapalus
 one = suitcase
 woman = women
 trousers = water
 if = moustache
 2 = three
 stick = perhaps
 after = sightreading
 irritant = emerald
 vice = screw
 october = periscope
 nerve = [picture of a hand pointing right]
 or all this together in any old savoury, soapy, brusque or definitive order drawn by lot - is alive.
 It is thus that over and above the vigilant spirit of the clergyman built at the corner of every road, be it

animal, vegetable, imaginable or organic,
 everything is the same as everything that is not the same.
 Even if I didn't believe it, it's the truth of the fact that i've put it on paper- because it's a lie that I have FIXED like a butterfly on a hat.
 Lies circulate - welcome
 Mister Oppurtune and Mister Convenient: I arrest them - they're turning into the truth.
 Thus DADA takes on a job of the two-wheeled cops and of undercover morality.
 Everyone(at a certain moment)was sound in mind and body
 Repeat this 30 times.
 I consider myself very likeable.

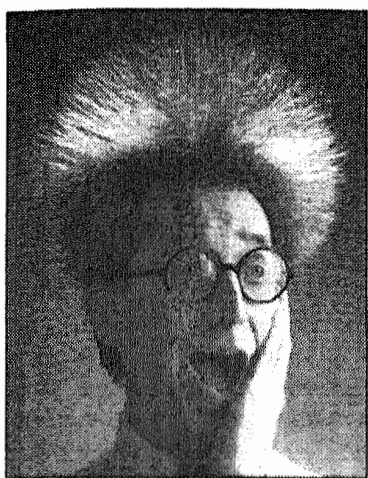
XIII
 DADA is a virgin microbe
 DADA is against the high cost of living
 DADA limited complany for the exploitation of ideas
 DADA has 391 different attitudes and colours according to the sex of the president
 It changes - affirms - says the opposite at the same time - no importance - shouts - goes fishing.
 Dada is the chameleon of rapid and self-interested change.
 Dada is against the future. Dada is dead. Dada is absurd. Long live Dada
 Dada is not a literary school, howl



Believing life to be a ridiculous and absurd joke told by a slobbering lunatic, and governed only by the laws of chaos and entropy, Tristian Tzara decided that the best form of protest would be to never smile in any of his

Sophie Plagakis tiptoes through.....

The Films You May Have Missed in the Holidays



The Phantom of the Opera

Easily my favourite film of these holidays! I saw it three times and, although I'm an Andrew Lloyd Webber fan, there's something in this for everyone. Gents, there's more cleavage in this than in your fave lesbian porn flick. The breasts even glow in some scenes. And gals, the male leads are mighty fine, especially the left side of the Phantom... ahh... swoon - suddenly every female's ultimate sexual fantasy involves a mask and a cape... I took my younger brothers to see this; they loved it and easily followed this timeless story of obsessive love, despite it not having much dialogue. The music is fantastic, spine-tingling, I had goosebumps the entire way through, and the visuals are spectacular, fluorescent breasts and all. You haven't lived til you've seen this! And for those of you who love film pay-outs, you gotta check out <http://www.livejournal.com/community/m15m/6231.html>!

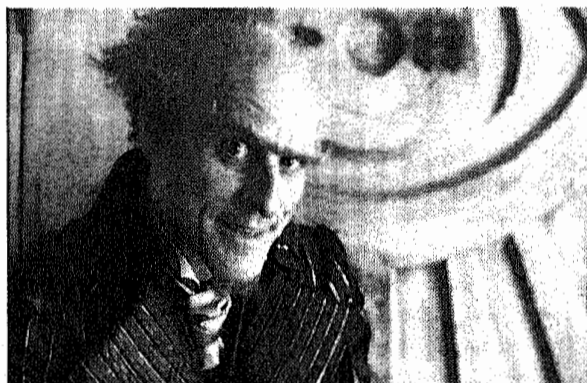
Team America

"Now Team, back to HQ for debriefing and cocktails!" Ok, just thinking about this film gets me laughing! Maybe this was my favourite film... With these South Park geniuses getting more and more political as time goes on, their material only gets better. Through its ridiculous, over-the-top comedy, *Team America* tackles the issues that plague our world political scene (namely, the USA taking over) in a way that is so much more effective and original than any other films we've seen recently (the Michael Moore pay-out is very fitting). The fact that they use puppets only makes it more successful. My mum went to see this with my brothers and she didn't get it, so maybe it's not for everyone, but I really recommend it. Who can forget or not laugh at the graphic puppet sex, the inspiring speech about "pussies, dicks and assholes", Matt Damon and the other FAGs, Gary's extreme makeover and all the other golden moments that made this movie! And the puppets were eerily believable - their long stares, their dancing (which sadly looks like mine on a good day), their devastated expressions as their cities lay demolished around them... See it! *America... Fuck yeah!*



Lemony Snicket's Series of Unfortunate Events

Has anyone else read these books? I like the idea of a kids' book finally not having a happy ending, it's edgy, it's raw, it's not boring and clichéd. I've read them and the film is very different. The overall mood is kept, but the storyline is changed. But, for some reason, unlike other book-to-film ventures where diehard fans of the original get pissed off at the changes made, this format worked and it was really easy to enjoy the film separately from the books, if that makes sense. Jim Carrey plays the creepy and evil Count Olaf to perfection, the Aussie chick playing Violet and her asymmetrical hairdo was great, and I see a rising sex symbol in the Liam kid who played Claus (he has the whole Hayden Christensen/Darth Vader 'I'm really angry so watch me pout and act like a man' thing going on). Many say that Sunny, the baby sister, and the hilarious subtitles for her babytalk steal the show though. In short - loved it, long live the Home-Along-style kids-taking-revenge-on-adults storyline!



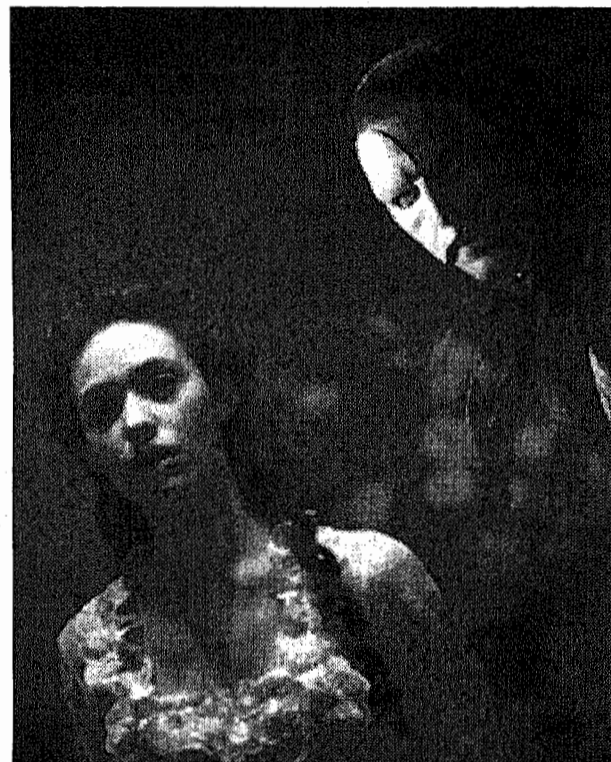
Ocean's Twelve

As far as I'm concerned, watching a film starring both Brad Pitt and George Clooney is the closest I'll ever get to heaven. This film's meant to be a light hearted, fun piece of fluff, and it is. I enjoyed it, I mean who wouldn't, bringing me back to the George-and-Brad factor. A few people I know didn't like it at all, maybe they expected more from it? Babe factor, dry humour, stunning locations and Julia Roberts looking like shit made it for me (the bitch has kissed both my boys, grrrr).



Meet the Fockers

This was probably one of the most anticipated films these holidays and didn't disappoint diehard fans of the first one as much as sequels usually do. Personally, I didn't mind it as some light-hearted entertainment for a Sunday afternoon. I loved Dustin Hoffman - he is soooo cute! And the seniors' sex class with the grannies practising 'reverse cowgirl' position on their husbands because "it's good for their osteoporosis" never fails to make me laugh!



The Incredibles

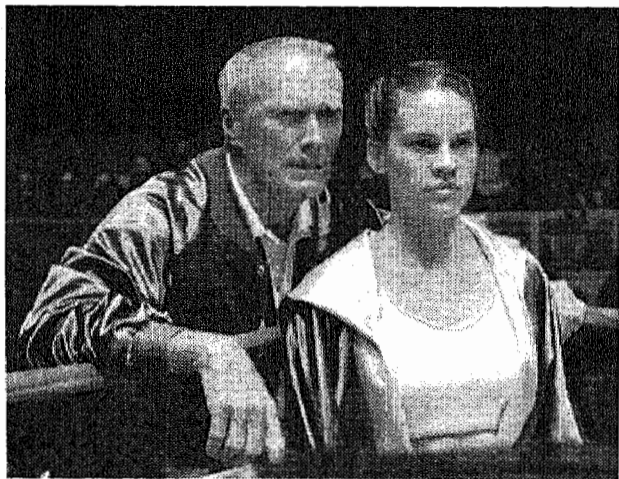
Can I admit something here, at the risk of being scalped by *Finding Nemo* fans? I'm not a big fan of the new Disney stuff. Maybe it's getting a little too adult-friendly for my liking. I'm still stuck on *The Little Mermaid*, *Aladdin*, *Beauty and the Beast*. I love the classics. *The Incredibles* ain't bad, but it ain't my favourite by a long shot. Decent storyline, fairly endearing characters. Some of the little kids who've seen it were bored in the beginning because the action takes a while to heat up. Most of the uni students who've seen it, that I know of, really enjoyed it. And the wankers who review for The Advertiser gave it four stars. So maybe I didn't view it as kindly as it deserves because I saw it against my will. Fans of new Disney, go beserk.



Million Dollar Baby

Director: Clint Eastwood

Starring: Clint Eastwood, Hillary Swank & Morgan Freeman



Clint Eastwood is quite probably the greatest director that you never knew made films. Everyone has been acquainted with his grizzled visage and steely eyes over the last four decades from his legendary turn as 'the man with no name' in Sergio Leone's *Dollars Trilogy* to his work as Dirty Harry and his more recent appearances in his own films - *True Crime*, *Unforgiven*, *The Bridges of Madison County*. The unfortunately titled *Million Dollar Baby* is Eastwood's 26th film as director and, undoubtedly, one of his finest.

Eastwood is Frank Dunn, a man who has spent his entire life either in the gym or in the church. He spends the of morning of each day at mass and the afternoons and evenings by the ring in his gym. He's had a distinguished career in the business. He was a small time fighter himself who then became renown as one of the greatest 'cut men' in the business and finally a sturdy, noble and efficient

teacher. Unfortunately the unshakable faith that Dunn has in boxing doesn't extend to the church. Although he is faithful in attendance at mass he can't help but question his priest. He wrestles with the illogical concept of the holy trinity and is perplexed by the singularity of Christianity's sense of morality.

One night after a fight Dunn is visited by his protégé and told that he will be dropped as manager, the reason being Dunn's reluctance to take him to the title fight. Left disappointed and scorned, Dunn faces the prospect of living out the rest of his life and never hold a championship belt, either as fighter or trainer. He spends his time at his gym, quietly despairing and cursing his fate. To make matters worse there is a new addition to his gym, a tenacious but technically incompetent woman named Maggie (Hillary Swank) who is constantly begging him to be her trainer. He tells her that at 31 she's too old and no chance to ever win a title, that he "doesn't train girls" and that "girly tough isn't tough enough". Finally, realising that this is his final shot at any kind of lasting success, he takes one final roll of the dice and agrees to take her on. She proves to be a determined learner and hard worker and destroys all competition put in front of her, pummelling them in the first round. Eventually she gets her chance at the title and then the film shifts a gear and changes pace, flying into territory that no conventional boxing movies have dared go.

To surmise or discuss the film's final act would be to dilute its impact, suffice to say it's once the boxing ends that the film really distinguishes itself.

Clint Eastwood's style is described as being simple and classic. He's Hollywood's diamond ring. His first true masterpiece, *Unforgiven*, was devoted to the two directors that gave him his best roles - Sergio Leone and Don Siegel - two film makers who's styles could be no more removed from each other. Eastwood's style

is much more like Siegel's but he also learnt the value of exaggeration and flourish from Leone, Eastwood is sparing in his use of flash but choses to use it at the most appropriate of moments.

Hillary Swank is marvellous as Maggie Fitzgerald the boxer. She plays her as simple but noble and never as caricature. Her Maggie is very much like a John Steinbeck character in nature - Honest, noble and wise beyond her education and, although of a limited vocabulary, she speaks with a certain 'hick eloquence'. Swank has already received an Oscar for *Boys Don't Cry* and deserves another for her performance here. The boxing movie is perhaps the genre most rife with cliché, most difficult to pull off in a believable, original way. Swank succeeds beyond all reasonable expectation. Eastwood too gives a stellar performance.

In his movies (bar perhaps *The Bridges of Madison County*) he has not been required so much 'to act' as just 'to be' 'Clint Eastwood'. Here in *Million Dollar Baby* he is able to shed the persona he has built up from his days in Westerns and as Dirty Harry and truly act.

There is a scene late in the picture where he is at church speaking to his priest about a serious moral dilemma and begins to break down, slowly at first and then wholly and completely, leaving himself emotionally naked. It's a beautiful moment made even more potent by it's deconstruction of the Clint Eastwood myth.

This picture has been nominated for seven Oscars including best picture, actor, actress, director and screenplay and deserves serious consideration. *Million Dollar Baby* is streets ahead of any picture released last year and, with the possible exception of *The Aviator*, everything so far this year as well.

Danny Wills

Sideways

Director: Alexander Payne (*Election*)

Writers: Alexander Payne and Jim Taylor

Starring: Paul Giamatti (*American Splendor*), Thomas Haden Church (TV'S *Ned and Stacy*), Virginia Madsen (*Candyman* - wooh!), Sandra Oh (*Under the Tuscan Sun*)

Co-written by director Payne and his long-time collaborator Taylor, *Sideways* is the story of two former college roommates Miles (Giamatti) and Jack (Church) taking off to California wine country for Jack's pre-wedding last hurrah. Miles, a depressed divorcee, sees the week as an escape from his mundane existence and a chance to educate the crass Jack in the world of wine. However, burnt-out actor Jack has other ideas. It's his "last taste of freedom" and all he wants to do is get his "bone smooched", much to the distaste of Miles. On their beautifully scenic trip, the two pair up with local connoisseurs, Maya (Madsen) and Stephanie (Oh, that's her name - I'm not exclaiming anything). From here the men begin to look at what their lives have become and undertake separate journeys of self-discovery, all the while maintaining a bond only the truest of friends can.

Giamatti, as usual, is fantastic. He is one of the finest character actors around (if you haven't seen *American Splendor* yet, DO IT!). He brings a depth to the uptight Pinot-loving Miles that allows you to empathise with his struggle to move forward in life. Church is a

cack, unwilling to accept his impending marital responsibility, he has enough euphemisms for the act of sexual relations to have many a teenage boy's vocabulary chock-full for years. Madsen, long whined by critics as being highly underrated, finally gets the chance to shine in a high profile film. She subtly portrays Miles' love interest Maya as caring but cautious, having also been wounded by a failed marriage. The scene in which the two discuss their reasons for loving wine, I have to admit, got me a little choked up (but it doesn't take much these days, I'm afraid). It's one of the most fabulously intimate scenes I've witnessed on celluloid, without anyone getting their kit off.

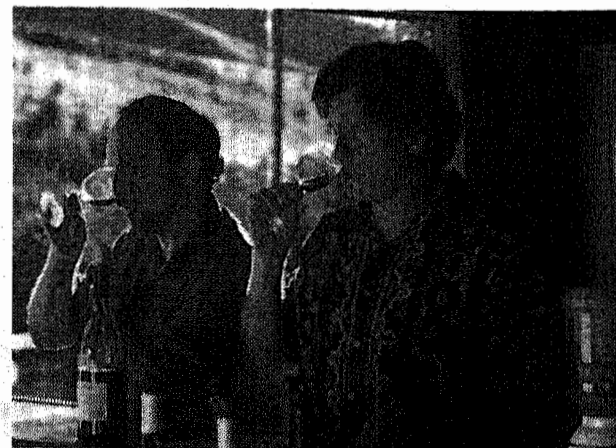
There are some other corker scenes (get it, get it?) that you'll be telling your pals about long after you've left the theatre. Highlights include the pair attacking a group of impatient golfers; and when you see Jack run into their hotel room clutching his nads, expect the ensuing scene to have you laughing your arse off for a good couple of minutes (hey, that's all you need).

Despite my enjoyment of this movie, I still find myself looking for more. However, this is not a negative. I think that it is partly due to the fact that there are so many emotional layers to the story that it takes a while to work through them all, even if this means having to do it after the fact. Yet, in hindsight, that's exactly what I want from a film that doesn't include oodles of guns and/or nudity. It is also partly due to the Academy hype that's abounding in recent weeks. It's this hype that can make or break a movie for a person (damn you Oscar!).

So people, I give you this advise: Go forth and watch, but think not of the Academy nor it's alluring golden sheen, for the power is strong, yet *Sideways* is no *Titanic* (thank shit for that). Understand it as a charming and understated character study and not a big-budget epic adventure the Academy feels it must dish out the little gilded man to as reward for spending so much money on an insane production.

At the risk of sounding like a pretentious wanker (I heard that!), 'Sideways' for me is like a wine tasting, the more time I give to the many different flavours in the film, the more surprised and rewarded I become. And even though some of them may seem ridiculous together, in the end, they all come together in a fine and satisfying blend. Savour *Sideways*. But I am not drinking any fucking Merlot!!!

Lauren Young



The Adelaide Film Festival Feb 18 - March 3

Image is everything...

Welcome back from holidays, everyone! While you're settling into your routine again, don't forget to check out the program for this year's Film Festival. The AFF happens every two years and, although this is only the second one ever, the program looks fantastic. You don't have to be a film buff to enjoy this, there is literally something for everyone and if you're tired of seeing the same sorts of movies all the time, this is your chance to try something a little different!

Over the next two weeks they'll show over 200 feature films/docos/shorts/etc from over 43 different countries. Over 100 films will be Australian premieres, many will be world premieres, and of the 70 Aussie films on show, 19 are South Australian. This will be a movie freak's paradise thanks to the variety on offer and the chance of meeting and chatting with many directors and actors at their film screenings (keep your eyes on this space for *On Dit's* exclusive interview with Samuel Johnson from *The Secret Life of Us!*).

If you can't get your hands on a brochure, definitely visit www.adelaidefilmfestival.org to have a look at everything on offer. Tickets can be bought online; by calling 8231 3422; or by visiting the AFF Office at Greater Union in Hindley St or the Mercury Cinema. Unless you're looking to buy a Gold Pass or passes for 5 or 10 movies, a ticket will usually cost

around \$14 - and it'll be well worth it. The AFF events will all be held in the city, either at Greater Union, Mercury Cinema, Her Majesty's Theatre, or the Town Hall.

Some of the programs I found most interesting:

- As well as their normal program, the AFF has several 'program strands' that focus on a specific style of film or theme. Some of the strands this year are: South American Film, The Screen Goddess (starting with Marilyn Monroe movies), Architecture on Film (check out the films *Lagos/Koolhaas*, *Chain* and others if interested in relationship between changing societies and environments - sounds fascinating) and Globalisation (this one sounds great with the idea being that it's 'taking up the baton' from *Fahrenheit 9/11* - check out *Blue Collar White Christmas*, *A Decent Factory* and *Riot On!*)

- *Land Mines - A Love Story*: In the ruined city of Kabul, Shah, a former Mujaheddin soldier, noticed a pretty Tajik girl who had only one leg, and began to court her. This is a doc from Dennis O'Rourke, this year's recipient of the Don Dunstan Award, who is known for his provocative social commentaries. It should be amazing, and you can meet him afterwards. Showing Mon 21 Feb @ 7.30, Greater Union, and on Thurs 24 Feb @ 12.45, Mercury.

- *Look Both Ways*: Over the course of a weekend, four people try to cope with life-changing news. Australian feature starring

William McInnes and Justine Clark. Shown at the opening of the festival on the 18th, but you can still catch it on March 3 @ noon, Greater Union.

- *Celluloid and Tinsel* (or 100 films you must see before you die): This one's recommended for the ultimate movie buff as Trevor Stuart, in a live performance, takes you through his definitive list of cinematic masterpieces you must see before you die. March 1&2, 8pm, Mercury, \$15.

- *Fake*: How do you explain this one? It's a celebration of complete creativity, by Adelaide filmmakers. It's all fake. Fake ads, fake features, fake docos, each squeezed into 3min segments, and the audience will have to vote on the biggest fake of all! Sounds great! Feb 26 @ 6.45, Greater Union

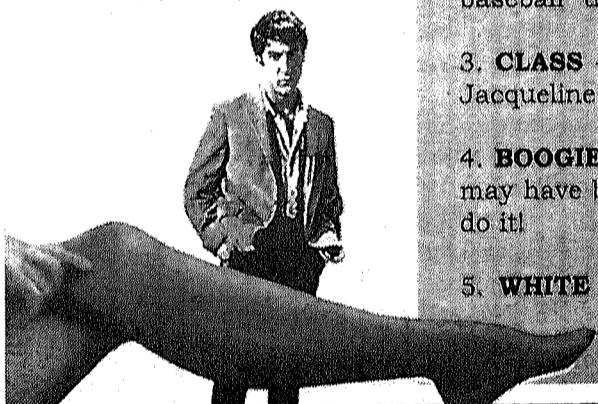
- *Enduring Love*: Read the Ian McEwan book? This is the Aussie premiere of Roger Mitchell's film version. Could be interesting... Feb 26, 7pm, GU.

- You can also attend forums and workshops to meet the filmmakers, hear talks on topics like *Inside Iranian Cinema* - whatever tickles your fancy really. They're holding an Oscars' Night, and *The Horror Sleepover* (this would've been great, but it's over. Did anyone go?), and so much more! Check it out! See something! Hell, if you wanna, send in a review for us! Don't miss out!

Sophie Plagakis

Lauren's Top 5 Films Where Young Men Bone Older Women

1. **AMERICAN PIE** - What can I say? The phrase "milf" must be in the Oxford by now
2. **BULL DURHAM** - Susan Sarandon giving Tim Robbins baseball "tips". nice work young Timbo!
3. **CLASS** - Come on! Andrew McCarthy and the smoky Jacqueline Bissett?! Puh-lease!
4. **BOOGIE NIGHTS** - Dirk Diggler and Amber Waves. It may have been his job, but - phwoar - somebody had to do it!
5. **WHITE PALACE** - Again with the Sarandon charm. This time with the stoned sexiness that is James Spader.



'QUOTH THE RAVEN' COMPETITION

"8 year olds, Dude."

If you know what film this quote is from, let us know! Come down to the office this Wed 2pm to WIN one of TWO Media 5 passes to that Adelaide Film Festival! Oh baby.

Cult Blast From the Past!



Director / Writer: Kevin Smith (*Chasing Amy*)
Starring: Brian O'Halloran (*Mallrats*), Jeff Anderson (*Dogma*), Jason Mewes (*Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*).

Ah, *Clerks*. What better blast from the past to start out the year with than Kevin Smith's semi-autobiographical slacker phenomenon? Actually, that should have been rhetorical. Anyhoo, this insanely low-budge quote-fest just gets better and better with age.

Check this for minimalist plot: Dante Hicks gets called into work at the Quick Stop convenience store on his day off. That full stop

was meant to be there: that's it. The rest is left up to the endlessly quotable script delivered by non-professionals through the most realistic yet insane characters imagined. I'm guessing you understand I absolutely fucking love this movie...and who wouldn't?

The character of Randal (Anderson) is actually based on Smith himself, the director having worked for years at the very Quick Stop store seen in the film. The video shop clerk's endless carefree yet totally sarcastic speeches make him an idol for anyone who's been pushed around at work - his video ordering speech going down in history as one of the poorest taste yet f'ing fabulously hysterical scenes ever realised. Jay (Mewes), basically playing himself - an off-the-wall drug dealer - gets some of the greatest crack-ups, if not purely for the fact that he's so bloody real. Look out for the audio commentary on the Collector's Edition DVD where Mewes is crashed out drunk on the hotel floor where

the commentary is taking place, only to regain consciousness sporadically throughout to spout various gems. The rest of the characters are mostly played by various production staff, so the acting is not exactly Oscar-worthy, but that doesn't matter a smidge. As it's the genius script and gritty black and white look of the film that carries it on it's laugh-your-arse-off journey through a day in the life of a clerk.

With lines like "Remind me if he tries to buy anything off me I'm gonna shit in the muthafucker's bag" and "Every time I kiss you I'm gonna taste 36 other guys" there is no doubt in my mind that this is a classic that will carry throughout the ages. And the number '37' will always hold a special place in any viewer's heart. Smith may have bombed with some of his more recent films, but he had the right idea in '94. Go back to your roots, Kev, the force is strong with this one!

****1/2

Lauren Young

The Morning After Girls

When I call Sacha from TMAG at 4:30pm, he's eating toast for breakfast.

"Bread isn't very good for you though, I read somewhere, I haven't eaten it for a while, but this is a bit exotic at the moment... really depends on how much I've got in my bank account."

I steer the conversation to their line-up and especially their move from Melbourne to Sydney.

"It was a really hard move to be honest, I mean it's a lot more of an expensive city to live in. Martin and I, the other guitarist, decided to move up to Sydney because we purely just wanted a change and we wanted the other members to move up with us but unfortunately they wouldn't, but we knew some other players who could fill their shoes. So it's worked out really well and the press actually seem to like us up here. The music scene is a lot smaller here, but at the same time it's nowhere near as pretentious either, there seems to be a lot less cynicism involved."

That said, the more cynical members of the press might find something to talk about in the new EP, where the catchier single stands out almost to the point of being deliberately stuck on. But Sacha maintains that the band don't write for radio:

"We don't have anything on our heads when we're writing and we certainly don't write for the radio stations, we write for ourselves. When it comes to the stage of us writing for radio stations and thinking about that in that kinda frame of mind, I would not like to be playing music anymore. To be honest I think people who do write like that, sure... good on 'em, but that's not what we're about, never have been and never will be. We wrote 'High Skies' and 'Straight Through You', that song

that we had on the radio a couple of years ago, and they sound completely different. We wrote them in the same month."

Some critics have described the last EP as being too samey, this new EP is quite diverse in what it offers, both sonically and from a songwriting perspective. I ask whether it was



TMAG's intention to mix it up a little more? "No, we had a whole bunch of songs and that's just how it sort of turned out. I guess when we're making a piece of music, like an album or an EP, we look at it as a body of work; as an experience from start to finish. We don't look at it as a track by track thing. If you listen to

the start to finish of any of our releases we kind of create a journey as such I guess, so that's what's really important to us. ...and surprisingly enough 'Chasing the Sun' is going to be the second single. Apparently we've had a lot of feedback from media."

Mark Gardner sings on 'Fall Before Walking', what was it like working with the legendary singer of Ride? "Yeah he's great. I saw him play a couple times in Melbourne, and we were recording at the time, and I sort of walked up to him and said that while he's in town we've got a studio if he wants to lay a couple songs down of his own. He was really into it so he came down and we recorded a few of his tracks and played on all of his stuff, and then he really wanted to do some vocals on our stuff. He's a really nice guy, a typical London lad without the chauvinism."

The South by South West festival, in Austin Texas, attracts a stupid amount of bands from around the world, I asked Sacha how they became a part of the line up: "They invited us which is great. I mean thousands and thousands of bands apply every year, it was nice to get invited actually."

There's a heap of bands playing, what do you hope to gain out of your experience? "I really want to meet Delta Goddrem to be honest." added Sacha. "Now that she's single?" I asked. "Well no, well she's not, she's taken again... with that other R&B singer, I can't remember his name-- I just saw a shot of them on the front of one of those women's magazines in the supermarket the other day. It would be kinda amusing to hang out with her for a couple of minutes; I actually have no interest in what she's got to say, but, you know... it's Delta."

BV

THE PANICS



Last Saturday night The Panics graced the stage at The Gov. They're a quintet from Western Australia who debuted in the charts in 2002 with their self titled EP, and since have worked hard for recognition with the further release of another self titled EP in '02 and then the single 'Kid You're A Dreamer' in 2003. As with any WA band, they initially found it hard to break the system, but with the release of their debut album, *A House In A Street In The Town I'm From*, came finally much praise and recognition. Since then their dream of only having to play music as their job has become a much more achievable aspiration.

They're reminiscent of The Beatles with a softer, laid back sound, but mostly with the same powerful messages. This was reflected in the choice of Beatles music being played between the bands. Lots of beautifully crafted guitar solos that intertwined with the lyrics well, and several long instrumentals, a skill

well highlighted in the final song of the evening.

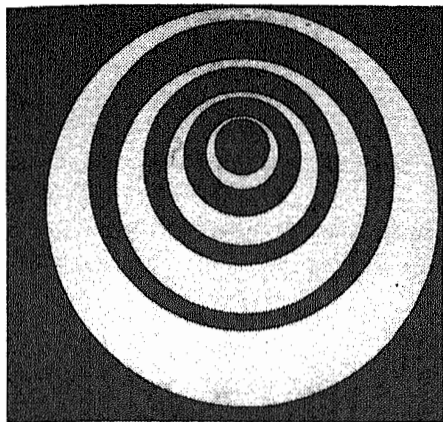
After their fellow WA bands, The Fakers and The Bank Holidays (which you should check out) set the scene, Jay, Drew, Julian, Paul and Myles took to the stage. The set they played was clean and tight, and they appeared laid back and to be enjoying the performance. The lead guitarist, Drew, was striking in his second nature ability with his instrument, and Julian's ability to both play the piano and roll a smoke at the same time, was much to several people's amusement. They started out with the slower numbers, such as 'Kid You're A Dreamer', and 'More Than You Wanted To Know', and moved onto favorites such as 'Crack In The Wall'. The penultimate song was 'Twin Sisters', a song they released that you couldn't buy. All the while they struggled with tuning, but eventually it settled.

They finished up with 'Fire On A Hill', which

finally bought in the previously missing remarkable element of the performance, and it's beautiful constant build up was well received. However, despite several enthusiastic calls for an encore, everyone was left a little disappointed after finishing on such a high note.

Afterwards I was talking to numerous band members, and discovered that despite the disappointment of the crowd, Myles (the drummer) had split his hand open during the performance. After the poor turnout to their last gig at Enigma, they were impressed with the turnout and reception of the crowd, and are looking forward to returning to Adelaide once again in the near future.

jenn



The Morning After Girls
The Morning After Girls 2
 Universal Music Australia

The Morning After Girls 2 is the second EP from the Sydney four piece of the same name. The first track 'Chasing Us Under' opens with sweeping cello, feedback and hauntingly layered echoes before it subsides into a clean guitar melody with delay. What follows is a subtle progression of thick sounds that offer a nice mix of textures and a pleasant listen, though hardly original. For me the sound of TMAG is all too familiar. Influences from the Velvet Underground, Jesus and Mary Chain, Underground Lovers and even some Cobain-esque vocals 'pop' up often enough to interrupt good song structure and a well mixed work.

This clash of influence and creativity is like someone who has good opinions but talks in clichés. The feedback on 'Always Mine' comes across as superfluous, while the stretchy notes of Pixies derived guitar lines is another example of Alt.rock's signature characteristics.

I found more enjoyment in listening to the extended and experimental aspects of this EP than its standard Pop Rock songs. They are like the Darth Vader of the next big thing, in the sense that there's obvious good in them but they just can't break free from something inhibiting that.

A good bonus for fans and media freaks are the two video clips for 'Hi-Skies' and 'Hidden Spaces' (from their previous EP). While they are a little pixellated, they give some visual insight in the absence of liner notes.

BV



Mercury Rev
The Strange Migration
 Festival Mushroom Records

Mercury Rev are such a cool band. 'All Is A Dream' and 'Deserter's Songs' are lucid, beautifully constructed works. However, this latest release doesn't strike through to the heart like the previous albums do. All the hallmarks are there: the child-like singing, the Theremin, the magical landscapes, fantastical lyrics and the orchestral colours. It almost sounds like they're impersonating themselves, the result lame and unworthy of their potential.

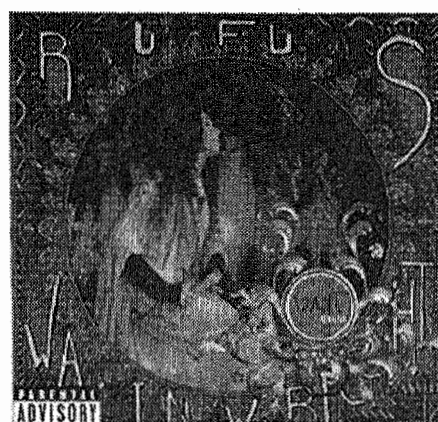
The first single 'In A Funny Way' almost works. The jazz drumkits are treated to big room sounds reminiscent of the sixties while the tambourine chugs away like the wheels of a steam train. This track was the theme for the film *Laurel Canyon*, an overeager attempt at hippy chic, which more or less sums things up. The lyrical content, like the film, is predictable, cheesy and always, always rhymes...arghhh.

The overdone mixing adds to the mess. There's too much reverb, some terrible vocal takes and everything is so caught up in a wash that attempts to iron out these imperfections, but instead highlights them.

Bad phasing is added to an already awful song 'Moving On', probably the record's worst. It sounds like a New-Age choir produced by Phil Collins. Combine this with the lyrics, "...You gotta start moving o, it'll be better in the sun" and you're left with the most painful after-taste that'll leave you questioning the longevity of this band.

Sorry, but I couldn't lie for them. If you are a fan, take my word that this release may spoil what you know and love so far.

BV



Rufus Wainwright
Want Two
 Geffen Records

Rufus Wainwright has an enviable musical pedigree. Being the son of folk legends Kate McGarrigle and Loudon Wainwright III, as you'd expect, he has more talent and confidence than he knows what to do with. All of this ability and more is on display on this sensational ramshackle of a record.

Wainwright is best known for his angelic voice, which has taken him places in Hollywood. It's for this quality that he's increasingly being mentioned in the same sentence as Jeff Buckley and it's true that this is about as close as we'll get to another Buckley in the flesh. Wainwright even has an ode to the late singer songwriter here in the beautiful *Memphis Skyline*.

In truth though, the two are very different artists. Wainwright's music owes as much opera and stage as it does to rock and pop. The full weird spectrum of his

influences is evident here in fourteen very different tracks, most of which tell tragic tales of longing and heartbreak.

He recently described 'Want Two' as a hangover record from 2003's 'Want One', a crashing back down to earth, after he'd finally grown up and become a man. Whatever the case, 'Want Two' is a true epic. Orchestras, ensembles and a stack of guests have been brought in to bring his ballads and arrangements to life.

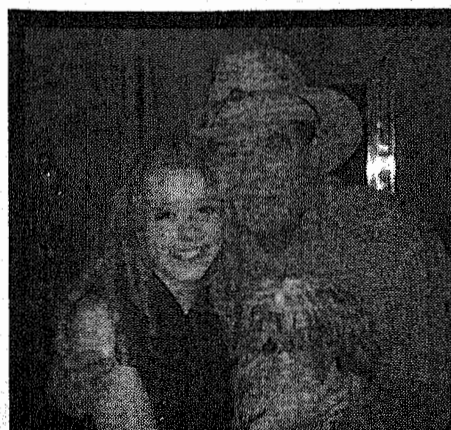
Understandably, Wainwright's vision and charisma are also his greatest weaknesses. Often he pushes for too much with his voice. He just needs to relax and let it happen as he begins to do with great results towards the end of the disc.

Regardless, this guy's music is so interesting that, unless he makes you want to throw up, you're likely to be hooked very quickly.

But you might throw up. I'm sure many will find 'Want Two' pretentious and wanky. So if baroque pop doesn't sound like you, stay well away. But if like me, you are a bit pretentious and wanky, then you'll find this.... delightful.

You'll also score yourself a bonus DVD. Unfortunately it's a pretty average live recording, but it's worth a look just to see Wainwright's take on 'Hallelujah', as heard on *Shrek*.

Banjo



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WOMAD Interview: On Dit Chats to the Globe-Trotting Not Drowning, Waving

This week I had the opportunity to chat with Russell from 7-piece rock outfit Not Drowning, Waving about the mega cool event that is WOMADelaide.

Not Drowning, Waving are no strangers to the wonderful festival of world music that is WOMAD. They've visited our fair shores sometime in the before past. Unfortunately though, it's been quite a few years. Too long a time for Russell to recall: "I couldn't even tell you how many. David Bridie has been doing his solo stuff and couple of us were playing with My Friend The Chocolate Cake, so the band kinda fizzled out. We got together for a benefit last year and got back together and started talking, and WOMAD was always a favourite show to do."

Unlike many bands Not Drowning, Waving don't mind entertaining definitions of their sound: "I guess we come under the rock category more than anything else," says Russell with a refreshing modesty "the reason we do the WOMAD thing is because we've always had a strong connection with Papua New Guinea, since we recorded an album there in '89. So that's where the world music element comes in. There's 7 Not Drowning, Waving members and the 3 PNG musicians coming to WOMAD."

Russell is also quite enthusiastic about the festival atmosphere of WOMAD. Although there are no particular bands he's keen to see, he's still enthusiastic about the unpredictability and characteristic originality of WOMAD. "I've sort of lost track over the years, but that's the great thing about WOMAD, you get lots of amazing surprises."

Not wanting to bore themselves post-WOMAD, Not Drowning, Waving are planning to continue their globetrotting ways, at least for a while anyway.

"We like the theory of the festival thing. There's a great pacific festival in Vanuatu, and the band still hasn't played in places like Darwin."

As the interview winds up and Russell makes his polite goodbyes he manages to wedge in one last endorsement for Not Drowning, Waving's festival of choice: "it's just a great event, and compared to the Big Day Out, you have a whole weekend, so it's great value for money" and of course he's right. You'd have to be crazy to miss this year's WOMAD.

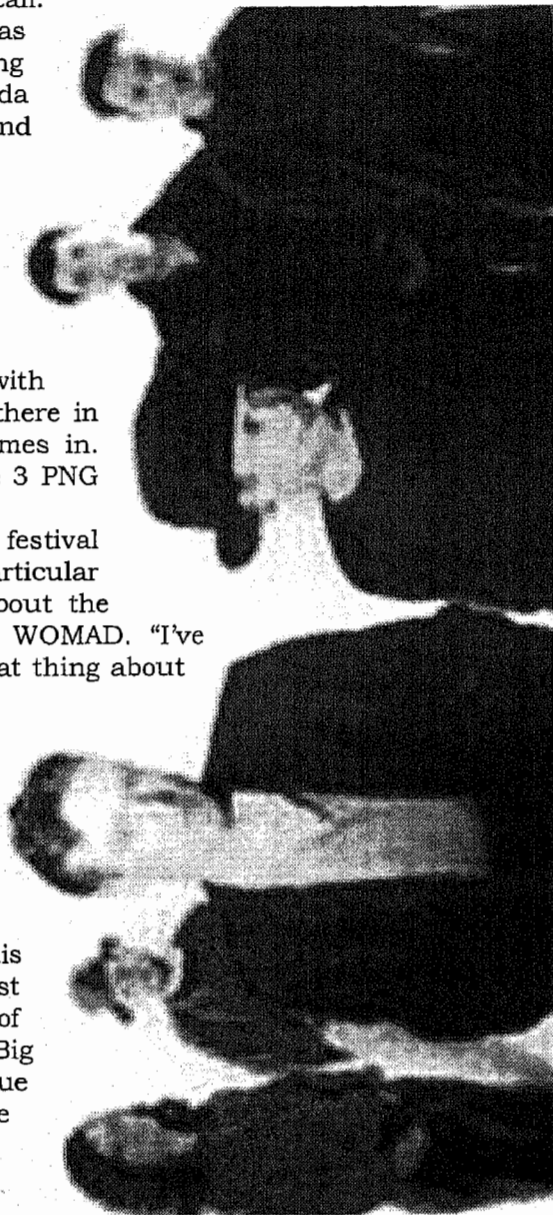
Heather B. McGinn

The Rest

FADbar, 30 Waymouth St.
Friday, January 28, dusk.

I've come to trust that the entertainment at FAD is always good, so when the bar staff there promised me a band that could play funk without glitches, I had pretty high expectations for The Rest. I can happily report that they were not only met, but also exceeded by this super talented bunch of lads. Why you ask? Only because they're the hippest thing happening on the scene! I knew I was in for an evening of aural pleasure when keys player and vocalist Michael Dixon played gospel chord progressions for sound check. It was a sultry summer's eve, and FAD was lit by candlelight flickering against red and blue walls. The crowd were social, relaxed and ready to boogie. Dixon introduced the remaining band members in sequence; Ricky Bamford on guitar, Tim Bennett on bass and Craig Lauritson on kit. The first tune "Why Did You Do It?" revealed the musical stylings of each performer in turn with stunning improvised solos. The boys play a unique

brand of soul infused blues and rock that you won't find anywhere else. I was impressed by the togetherness of the group, being what musos like to call "tight". Communication and good musicianship were utilised to make each tune that much groovier. Stand out songs included "Song for Georgia", a touching track with a story behind it that makes me cry and "Soggy Politix", a song dedicated to John Howard, with clever satirical lyrics. Dixon has a voice of velvet that makes the ladies swoon. Bassist Tim Bennett displayed his dance moves, and the crowd couldn't get enough of it! Guitarist Ricky Bamford played his way from the blues to reggae and all the way back again without tiring (he has the muscles for it, according to fans). Craig Lauritson is one of those enviable drummers that make their ultra complex and hot solos look effortless. This music is better than dark chocolate with black coffee. I am convinced that The Rest are top of the pecking order of local funk bands, and I



Local Release

the dairy brothers



The Dairy Brothers Full Cream Ahead

If you a) have no sense of humour, or b) are a hard core vegan, stop reading now. For the rest of you, meet the Dairy Brothers. These lovely young men first caught my attention at a Peter Combe tribute show last year. Their somewhat porn soundtrack treatment of Combe's "It's So Hot" thrilled the crowd, and I've kept my eye on them ever since. The band is made up of J-Wah! on guitars and vocals, Tom Bettany on keyboard bass and vocals, The Late Joel Milkowski on vocals and keyboards and Vibro on drums and station wagon. As you may have guessed, The Dairy Bros are quite taken with the food of life, and it is the theme of most of their songs and costumes. These boys have a grasp of many genres, including 80's rock 'n' roll. Song #5 "Stuck in a Rock Song" provoked a reaction from our beautiful editor Clementine, who demanded to know who was listening to Bon Jovi in the office. But these guys are talented as well as funny, showing off mega solos on all instruments, perfect vocal harmonies and complicated arrangements. Sure, some of the lyrics are unsavoury, for example in "Cow" Milkowski wails "and when you grab that cow for one last squeeze, I'm screaming at you baby, baby won't you milk me?", but some show a sensitive side, such as "Never Gonna Be A Star" which laments about the hardships facing someone who lives as a head in a jar. But essentially this album provides a bloody good laugh and makes me dance like a six year old at jazz ballet. Super cool! Catch these guys at the Gov on March 12 for a night of music, milk and mirth. Don't forget your jugs!

Heather B. McGinn makes a great milk maid.

have fallen in love with these beautiful people. Let me do some shameless plugs! FADbar is extending their loving arms to you, University of Adelaide students, and offering you \$3.50 pints of Little Creatures refreshing brew until the end of March. Just be brave and show your student I.D., no matter how embarrassing the photo is. Also, catch The Rest, including the added goodness of saxophone, trombone and homemade percussion, on February 26 for their CD launch at Jive, Be quick, tickets are selling like cheap beer at FAD.

Heather B. McGinn wants to be a groupie for The Rest

Two Tribes Competition!

In anticipation of the upcoming Two Tribes festival at the Adelaide Showgrounds on March the 12th Heaven is running an email competition for a 'Tribal Pack' which includes CDs, T-shirts, passes and posters. To be in the running simply email your answers to the following questions to heaven@heaven.com.au:

Q1. Who has won the Dance Music Associations Best National Event for the past two consecutive years?

Q2. What Two Tribes artist are you most looking forward to seeing at the Adelaide showgrounds on March 12th?

Q3. What is your favourite music style?

Project 2

28 Feb - 8 Mar

Project 1 sold out as one of the most interesting Fringe shows of 2004. Sitting in an upper floor of the Schultz building the audience was treated audio experimentation as the falling sun cast shadows across the room and the eerie cityscape of barren rooftops.

Featuring interactive light and sound projections, and some of Adelaide Uni's most talent musicians Project 2 is now set to provide another experience in the svelte surroundings of Apothacry 1878 winebar, with experimental performances designed to fascinate and surprise rather than simply shock.

For more info go to www.red-door.com.au

Student Radio 101.5fm

Monday Tuesday Saturday

Starts Tuesday March 1

9 pm

Saturday Night Roller Disco
with Hector and Jesus

Local Noise
Student Radio's live music show

Flava In Ya Ear
with da boyz

10 pm

Pyjamarama
with Family Jules and Unkie Nick's

Danism
with Dan J and Dan V

Senseless, Mindless Acts of Radio
with Andrew, Daniel and Calvin

11 pm

The Beat Goes On
with Jakin and Liam

Top Gun: The Musical
with Ben and Adam

Can I Play With Madness
with Bree and Andy

12 pm

Open Mic
random students on-air

Aerosoul
with Lazy B, Matt D, Mark C and David J

Morons
with The Crazy Philosophy PhD Students



"Student Radio you say?
My, how quaint!"

O'Camp Vox Pop

Ever a reliable meter of our changing social values, O'Camp was once again accomplice to all manner of depravity. As Tony Abbot speaks of anti-abortion legislation and Triple J sounds more and more like an announcement for Paradise Community Church, O'Campers were licking jam off asses, giving unorthodox hickies, naked acrobatics (naked everything for that matter), and creating a type of bodily fluid infused tequila shot that is simply too dispicable to immortalise in print. They generally paraded the kind of decadence and hedonism that rarely surfaces in the increasingly conservative outside world. There seems to be almost an inverse relationship between conservative social values and O'Camp acting as a valve for repressed youth.

The punks were reviled as crudites, expressionist art rallied against the restriction of traditional styles. Who knows perhaps we're seeing the start of a new radicalism. With that in mind On Dit thought it wise to ask a few Campers about their hopes and dreams in the strange days of university to come. The response to question two in particular left us a little less more dejected than we had expected.

1. What do you image university to be like?
2. What do you think of the uni's new parent/teacher interview policy?
3. How do you think you'll chage over the next year?
4. What was the best thing about O'Camp?

Samantha, Michelle & Nom

1. M - Less time devoted to study... like O'Camp.
N - Mmm, it's fun?
2. S - It goes against this idea of looking after yourself.
N - Whatever, I won't do too badly out of it.
3. S - More confident in being random and weird.
N - More drinking.
M - I'll become more organised.
4. S - Having someone eat jam off your ass.
N - Being paddled.
M - When we ran naked through the disco.

Sarah & Jack

1. *S - Like camp, wild, with no cliques.
J - A much freer version of school.*
2. *S - I could probably get by without it but it doesn't really bother me.
J - I guess it's good that it's there.*
3. *S - I'm not going to change.
J - Don't a lot of students drop out?*
4. *S - The people and the beach.
J - and the beer...*

Sam & Emma

1. *S - Relaxed not stressful.
E - Seems to revolve around the Unibar.*
2. *S - I wouldn't mind, but we are adults now.
E - That's horse crap.*
3. *S - Being in the city will be a change.
E - Branch out more, meet new friends.*
4. *S - Meeting new people.
E - The rampant alcoholism.*

Yoshi & Tomno

1. *Y - Party is crazy.
T - Dance party is crazy... some girls are naked.*
4. *Y - Drinking milk and throwing up.
T - Yes, yes drinking milk and throwing up.*

Special international student questions:
How is Adelaide different from Japan?

- Y - Japan open all night, Adelaide, in convenient.*
T - Not so much entertainment.

Would you prefer to be whipped or spanked?
Y - I don't prefer but... spank.
T - If we have to choose it, yes, spank.

Füd

The Daniel O'Connell
165 Tynte Street, North Adelaide

from Subject No. 1

The Dan is one of the nicer pubs to be found within walking distance of town, nestled nicely off O'Connell Street but still convenient if you are on a bike (or want to walk up an appetite). Its wooden interior and vintage memorabilia are charming without seeming kitschy, and I've found few pieces of alcohol-related propaganda that I enjoy perusing more than the enchanting series of posters detailing the brewing process of Guinness on the wall just inside the main entrance.

Though the Pepper Tree restaurant out back reaches beyond the budgets of most students, counter meals are served from the same kitchen and are of a very high quality. The Beef and Guinness pie, in particular, is a specialty and comes served with a generous helping of mashed potato which is perfect to mop up the thick gravy with. The sweetness of the onion jam that garnishes the pie itself perfectly complements the slightly tart chunks of beef and it's hard to resist washing the meal down with a cold beverage (and with the meal costing \$8, even I can justify a pint or two).

Luckily, the Dan has a number of fine Australian and international brews on tap, which also make it a nice place to go for a quiet evening (though you may occasionally need to abandon the front bar once the bands start in the evening because it's hard to ignore them). If the only booth is free, it's wise to do anything necessary to secure it as none of the other chairs are backed, but all in all, there are few more enjoyable places to go near town for a good quality counter meal.

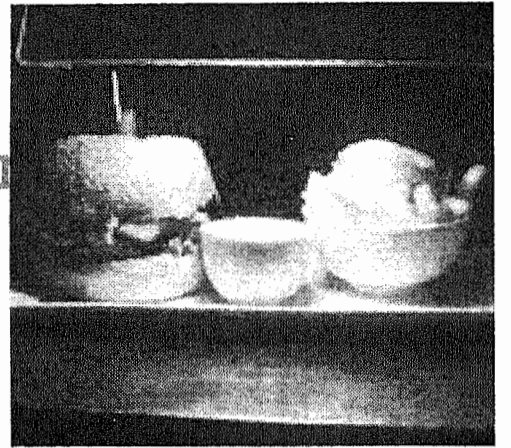
4/5

place

nutrition

from Subject No. 2

Set in amongst the pleasant surroundings of Tynte Street, the Daniel O'Connell offers an atmosphere of hard wood with loads of



vener and cute Irish paraphernalia, but not to the extent that it becomes displeasing and uncomfortable. Although the Peppertree restaurant out back (set around an ancient-looking pepper tree) is very nice indeed, it's too expensive for you, so don't go there, you hear? Instead, direct yourself to the front bar. Sure there's no pepper tree, but otherwise it's just as nice, ok? Don't worry about being too fussy because those of you accustomed to cheesy Irish pubs like PJ O'Brien's will be pleasantly surprised.

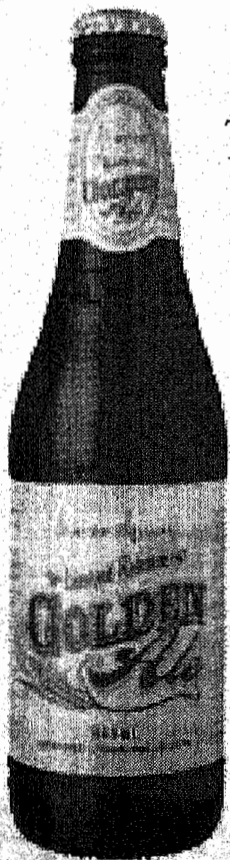
All items on the counter meal menu are below \$15, so you can enjoy the surroundings whilst slumming it on a student budget. On a Wednesday night, \$10.90 will buy you a pint of pale, a generously sized burger and a portion of chips with tartare sauce if you smile at the bartender. A toasted sesame seed bun encompassing a large, herb-infused beef pattie topped with bacon, egg, onions, tomato, beetroot and cheese greet you (and call me greedy, but a slice of pineapple would be nice too), and though the chip portion was small, this is more than compensated for by the burgers immense size.

My tartare sauce was somewhat bland, didn't seem to be made with the love that was put into the rest of the meal, leading me to the horrible conclusion that perhaps they didn't make it at all, but bought it. Plus, they didn't even ask me if I wanted gravy, or tomato sauce- what? And what if you don't like tartare sauce on your chips, huh? Tough! Have your chips plain.

But seriously, the Dan was a very pleasant eating experience and if the only thing I can think complaining about was the watery tartare sauce, which is more than made up for by the colossal-sized burger, the pint of pale to wash it down with, then I'm a very demanding customer indeed. 4/5

und Trinken

James Squire Golden Ale
Malt Shovel Brewery



This limited release brew lives up to its name with an orange/golden colour, though the ephemeral head is somewhat disappointing. Despite the four malts used during the brewing process, neither aroma nor flavour is particularly strong and while the faintest trace of peach is detectable it doesn't linger on the palate. Intended to be a light ale, it is closer to a lager with a little extra body, but that still makes for a good drinking beer. An enjoyable beer to sit back with on a hot day, this should be made to last a little longer than the bland lagers that one is likely to find on the market. 5/10

stomach

Satisfaction!

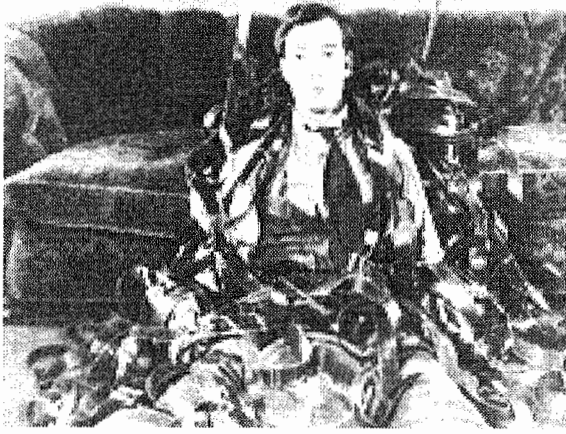
small intestine

colon
(large intestine)

rectum

anus

Adelaide University Film Society



Term 1 Programme:

Week 1 (03/03):

Duck Soup (1933) + *Die Abenteuer des Prinzen Achmed* (1926) + short: *Alf, Bill & Fred* (1968)

Week 2 (10/03):

Akira (1988) + short: *Duck Dodgers in the 24 1/2 Century* (1953)

Week 3 (17/03):

Picnic At Hanging Rock (1975) + short: *All About Weightlessness: The Astronaut's Dilemma* (1955)

Week 4 (24/03):

Peeping Tom (1960) + short: *Alice Cans The Cannibals* (1925)

Week 5 (31/03):

Il Bacio Di Tosca (1964) + short: *Betty Boop and Grampy* (1935)

Week 6 (07/04):

Night of the Hunter (1955) + short: *Caveman Inki* (1950)



Love Films? Join the Adelaide Uni Film Society and see FREE films every Thursday of term for FREE - For the ENTIRE YEAR!! \$8 at the O' week table in Hughes Plaza. Weekly door prizes! Regular freebies & preview offers!

Unless otherwise specified, all films are screened in the Union Cinema,

Level 5 of the Union Building, at 7 p.m. on Thursday evenings during term.

If you'd like to be involved in the society a little more closely, check us out on www.aufs.org (see the committee page) and rock up to the AGM offering yourself!

AGM

1.00pm Monday 14th of March 2005
Margaret Murray Room
Union Building

Adelaide University Touch Club AGM

Make sure you sign up for membership (ONLY \$5) to obtain your FREE BEER from us after the first training and enter the draw to win a Touch Ball of your very own. Adelaide Uni Touch club is part of one of the fastest growing sports in Australia, with teams entered in social to elite Mens, Womens and Mixed competitions. It is great fun and with just a tiny bit of fitness it ensures that you achieve the 'Healty Body, Healty Mind' optimum to maximise your uni studies.

See us at the Sports Association Tent in Hughes Plaza, or check us out on the web at www.autouch.org.au



Got A Classified?

The precious inside back page of *On Dit* is open to all of you well meaning, non profiteering kiddies out there for free each week. To promote your club, sell your shitbox car, get cast your experimental super 8 short or recruit a third for your wierd, smutty sex games get in touch with us at ondit@adelaide.edu.au before the Wednesday of each week with the text you want featured.

Notice of the Adelaide University Scuba Diving Club Annual General Meeting

In accordance with the requirements of section 6.1 and 7.1 of the Club constitution, the Committee has resolved that an Annual General Meeting (AGM) be held at the West Beach Clubrooms on Tuesday March 1 2005 at 7.00pm.

Nominations are called for the following positions:

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Newsletter Editor
Plus four (4) general positions which shall include:
Boating Officer
Equipment Officer
and

Two (2) General Committee positions

Nominations and voting will take place at the AGM.

A Free BBQ will follow the AGM





26th February... O'BALL '05

Adelaide University Cloisters, Victoria Drive

Main Stage

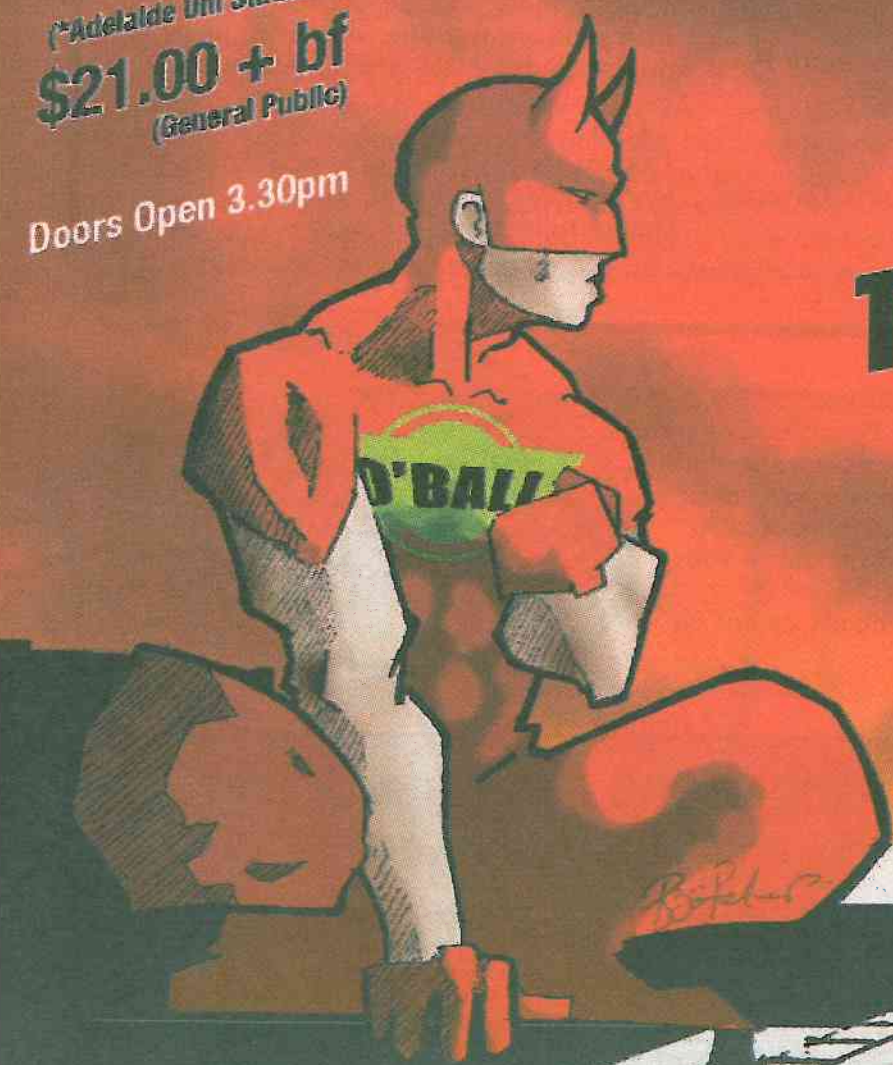
TICKETS

\$18.00

(*Adelaide Uni Students)

\$21.00 + bf
(General Public)

Doors Open 3.30pm



ESKIMO JOE
GERLING - EVERMORE
THE HOT LIES - THE COPS
THE PANDA BAND
FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY
TOKYO STORY

UniBar

URTHBOY + OZI BATTLA (the herd) & ELGUSTO
MIRROBLINE - STYLE HIGH CLUB
RED MONIKA - A TRIBE IS FORMING

Licensed all ages show.
Bring ID to drink!

Patrons Available at O'Ball
O'Ball events are available exclusively to the
Students' Association of the University of Adelaide.
No Top, Curious

Sponsored by

