

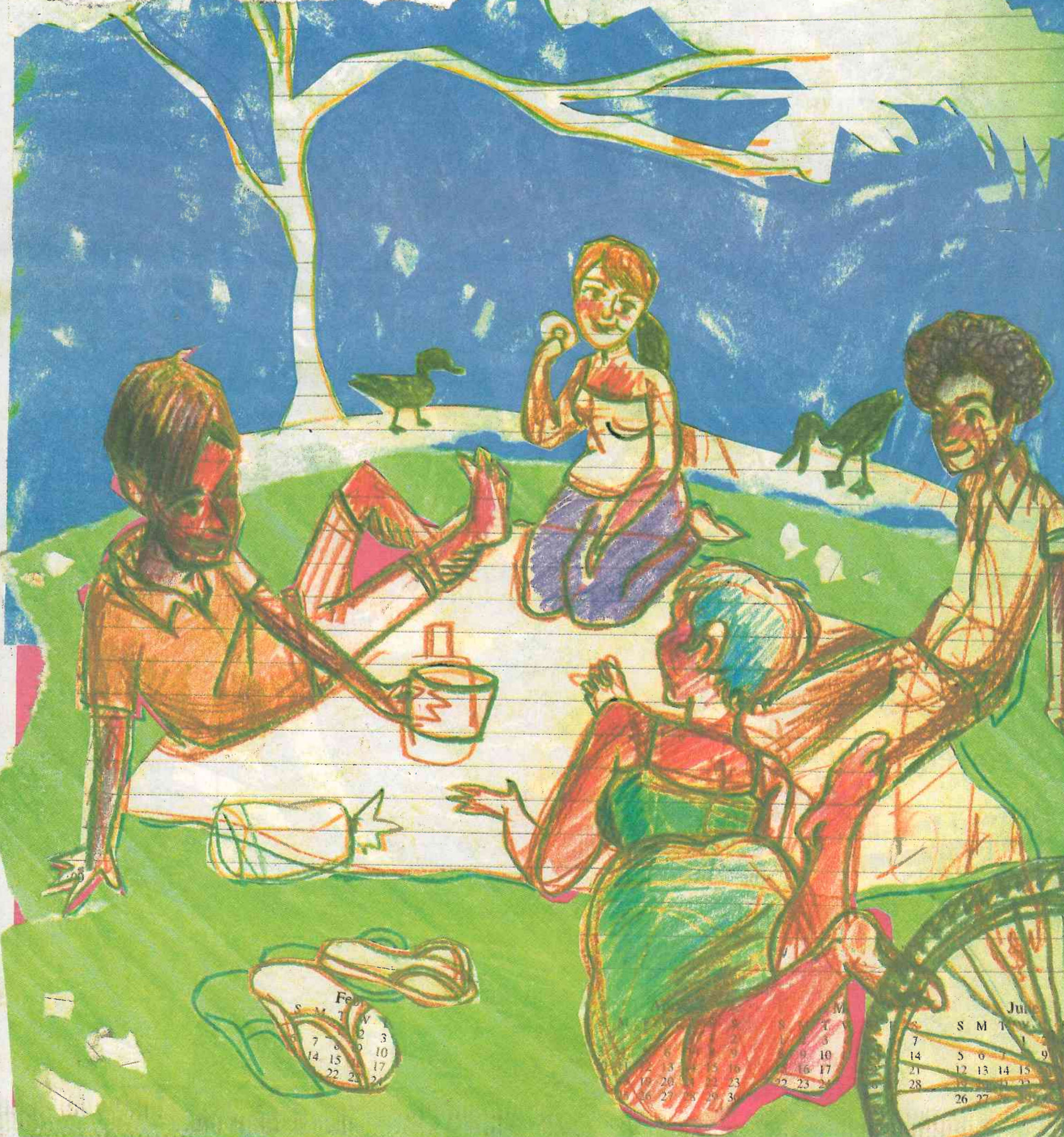
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Library Note : Year is incorrect on this issue. It should read 2006 not 2005.

I ♥ On Dit

Adelaide Uni Student Newspaper

Volume 74 Edition 1 27/2/2005



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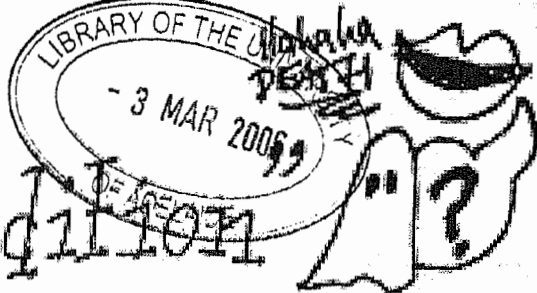
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overweight men

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On Dit "The Fresher Edition"

VOLUME 74 EDITION 1

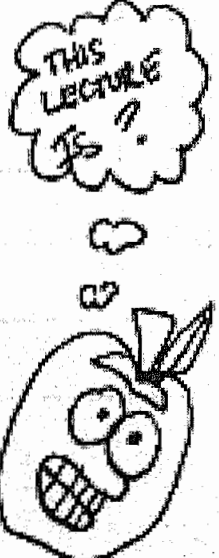
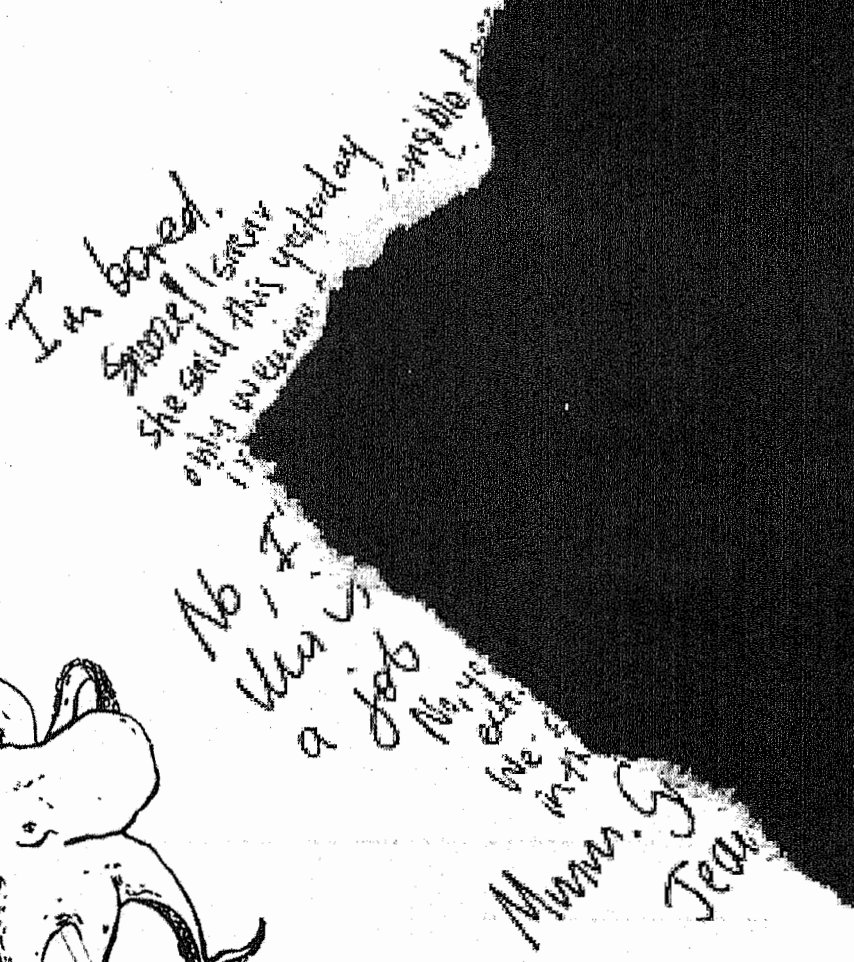
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On Dit is the publication of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Editors or the Students' Association of Adelaide Uni. So there.

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WANNA Write?

Don't be shy, come on down to our rather humid little office in the basement of the George Murray Building. It's not much, but it's home. We have about 100 free vegetarian pasties leftover from the kind peeps at Skullduggery, so feel free to relieve us of unwanted carbohydrates. Alternatively, e-mail your submissions to ondit@adelaide.edu.au or call us on (08) 8303 5404. We're in desperate need of your visual art contributions because Google Image Search got sued today, which ultimately spells doom for On Dit...unless we act fast.



Disclaimer Central...

The themes and opinions expressed in the Orientation Guide 2006 are not necessarily those of the Students' Association, nor do we necessarily support them. The Students' Association apologises for any offense that the 2006 O'Guide may have caused.

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Freshers in the Sunshine
By Robin Tallow-Lord

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Gaming

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EDITORIAL

THURSDAY

21/04/11 Week 46

17

Nothing says back to school like White Fear.

The sight of bloated Engineering post-grad's hurling litres and litres of bile into rubbish bins will forever remind students of the academic excellence that is Adelaide Uni. Every year, a few chumps gleefully scull more milk than the human stomach can stomach and empty their oesophagi in the name of public masochism and good ol' fashioned fresher spirit. And this year, it's this happy sector of the student populace that we look to for guidance and hope.

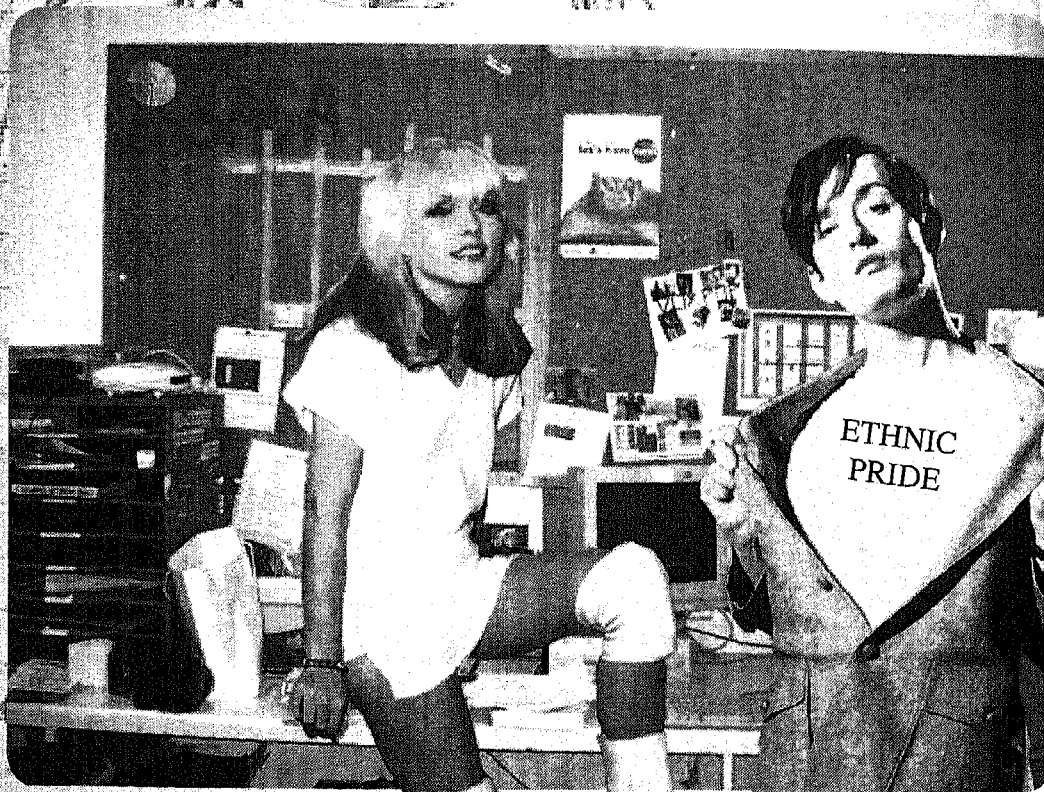
No, this is not another rant on the terrors of VSU because frankly, it's in and no amount of foot stomping and badge-making will change that. Thanks to our good friend mediocrity, what's really happening is that Uni culture is selling out. Unfortunately, *On Dit* is no exception to this. With no printing budget, each edition must survive on the grace and goodwill of that bastion of media industries, advertising. We don't particularly like this. Neither did Wayne and Garth, and they still managed to produce quality output whilst giving in to the Channel 4 svengali.

In a way, *White Fear* embodies the *modus operandi* we've followed when putting together the inaugural fresher edition of *On Dit* 2006. Aside from the odd spot of consumerism, we've taken the liberty of including some new sections to make up for the corporate whorishness of it all. Sport, Science, TV, Gaming and Fiction sections now grace the soy-inked, 98% recycled pages of *On Dit*. Think of your favourite student newspaper as a more sleep-deprived, under-fed Ra, dying on Thursday night, only to be reborn every Monday morning.

So next time you see someone borfing beer and brekkie into a bin, don't deem them as a mere by-product of cushy middle-class opulence. Give them a serviette and a hug, and let the milky goodness flow.

Adelaide Uni. Life Impact. Digestory Impact.

Janna and Steph



Another quiet afternoon in the On Dit office

THANKS

All our sterling sub-editors who've toiled to almost biblical proportions, especially Karlie, Sunni, Jaykin, Dazz, Jenn, Chris, Andrew and Claire who tackled the beast that is layout. Alexis our advertising svengali, Dan Murphy (fairy godmother extraordinaire), Dan J for the layout expertise, Clementeen for the love, JC and Stan's wisdom, Zero, Robin and her talents, Edie, Natashka and co., Steven, Brian, Laura (yeah you know her), PP, Naomi, D Bag, MTK, Chris Ware, Potter, Hannah and the Media Peeps, extra special thanks to Ashleigh. We love you all xoxo

July

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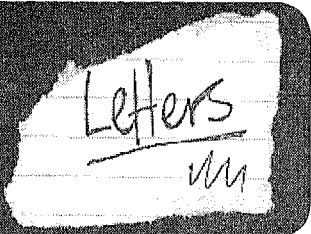
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e-mail ondit@adelaide.edu.au with your submissions. Or perish.

DAVID FOUGHT THE LAW AND THE... LAW WON

Dear Editor,

A brief letter to underlie the continuing Nazification of our society, under the guidance and auspices of our national government. I'm not going to make much political commentary here, but just point out some facts about the Howard government's (HG) decisions which are leading us down the path of a fully Fascist state.

1. Militarisation: The HG plans to maintain military spending at an INCREASE of 3% per annum of the government budget. The H.G. has recently mooted plans to increase the size of the army by 1500 personnel; at least a full battalion. More planned spending on heavy lifting transport planes, which only reinforces our commitments to wars of the US in other places, such as the Middle East, while not tactically useful to homeland defence, especially against terrorism. No word of what happens to medical, education and social security budget allocations as a result of increased defence spending.

2. David Hicks continues to be a "terrorist" political pariah in the eyes of the PM, Howard. There is NO evidence to support Hicks was ever a terrorist. If the British government don't rescue him, Hicks will unjustly remain behind bars in the US for life.

3. Detention centre concentration camps for "illegal" immigrants, such as Baxter, and other poor souls that the government wants to push out of Australia (who don't have a citizenship, but may have permanent residence status), remain functioning as rampantly as ever. Brianchild of the odious Phillip Ruddick.

4. Anti-terror bill recently passed includes the sedition clause. This really means if you say anything against the government, they will have full powers to prosecute you; lock you up or deport you if you don't have an Australian citizenship. There goes democracy and freedom of speech. Really what I'm writing now could be construed as "sedition" as I'm seditiously inciting the government, equating it to the monstrous fascist Nazi state under Adolf Hitler. I'm not exaggerating much here!

5. New IR Laws that will screw the average worker. This could kill the government in the next election hopefully, despite the tens of millions of taxpayer dollars the government has used to sex up their IR reforms trying to brainwash us, telling us how good it isn't. How many hospitals could have been fully funded, with money to spare for new first class equipment and skilled doctor and nurse training, with the money wasted on this ad campaign?

6. Finally the favourite bugbear of Uni students; V.S.U. This is really a way

of punishing Uni students which the government equates with left-leaning radicals anyway, turning Australian universities into soulless, dull, conformist places. Not much different to schools really. V.U. is sure to make overseas students reconsider studying in another country, where campus life is at least better funded and more fun.

So hail our government and our Fuhrer, er sorry, leader John Howard. To avoid persecution, just look the part and sew the swastika to the sleeve of your favourite brown shirt. Don't forget the stiff-arm salute.

Yours Sincerely,
David Swaby

You seem like a fine candidate for Seditious sub-editor, David. Why not come into the On Dit office and chat revolution with us? We've still got heaps of complimentary Coke Zero from O'Week - ed's



BAND-AID

Dear Editors,

There used to be a vending machine greater than all the vending machines in the world. It was...Lord of the Vendos. It was a dispenser of first aid. It contained all medicinal goods from antacid to dental floss, and cruelly, four years ago, it was stripped from level four of the union building and band-aids were replaced with chicken twisties. It was once a bubbling hub of indigestion-riddled teens in need of small portioned antidotes. And now, it is gone. And I loathe the day it was taken from us. Please, please, please bring back the medicinal vendo. Perhaps those silly electronic advertising screens in the Uni Bar could be sold on e-bay for cash? Just a thought. Woot for pharmaceuticals on campus!

Tori Phillips

Skulduggery passer-by abuse #1

"What are you doing studying tonight? Wankers!"

and this is the thanks we get for telling in the wee hours of the morn making your goddamn newspaper? Dickstick

ARIES

Competitive, yes
One day soon you will learn that
winning is not all

Taurus

Contemplating first

Scratching your brow, "hmmmm, you say
No, I'm sore you're wrong

GEMINI

New year has brought you
socialising, fun to boot
Now work to do now

Libra

Judging all options,
indecisive to boot, but
Ah! life is art

Sagittarius

Burn, energy, burn
New horizons to conquer
Hyperactive fool

Capricorn

Astrol

Cancer

Feelings, feelings, Oh!
Forget them and remember:
You are alone now

Leo

Arrogant pig
Give someone else the spotlight
just for a moment

Virgo

All that fussing was
unnecessary, useless,
go tidy your room

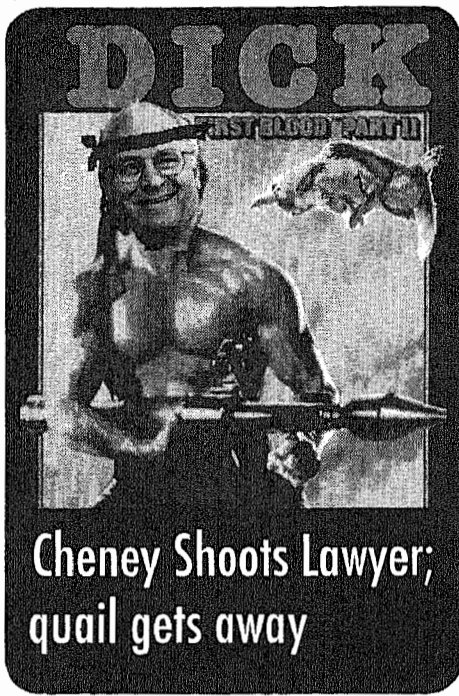


☁ Sleeping on the lawn
philosophising about
clouds and arthouse films

Aquarius

Too clever for this.
Go read a journal on plants
and save The Murray

The type to join clubs
you will excel in your class.
Snooze. You are boring!



US Vice President Dick Cheney has hit the headlines this week for accidentally shooting Harry Whittington, his companion on a quail hunting expedition on a ranch in Texas. Whittington, 78, is apparently doing well in hospital, after being sprayed in the chest and face with shotgun pellets. The prominent lawyer has also gained the distinction of being the first person to be shot by a Vice President since Alexander Hamilton, who was shot by Aaron Burr in a duel in 1804. A Texas sheriff's office, which was notified of the shooting by the Secret Service, has since cleared Cheney of doing anything illegal, apart from not having a \$7 stamp which would entitle him to legally hunt quail. Cheney's office has announced that Dick has put the cheque in the mail.

The statements of both Cheney and Whittington clearly indicate that the incident was a regrettable accident. This was never seriously in dispute, yet the

matter could still create trouble for the Bush Administration. The White House is having some difficulty explaining why it took nearly a whole day to inform the general public of the incident. Some critics have noted that it was foolish of the Vice President not to comment on the incident, whilst others have gone to so far as to accuse him of trying to cover up the whole affair. Whatever the truth may be, the fact that Cheney made no immediate statement may have caused him more political damage than shooting Whittington, or trying to shoot innocent quail, would ever have exposed him to.

Whilst certain politicians may be looking slightly uneasy, comedians are having a field day, and an online gambling site has posted odds on who is likely to be Cheney's next 'victim'. The reaction of the local quail population to the incident is not known.

Sophie Donoghue

Rescue efforts continue in the Philippines

The search for survivors continues in the wake of a mudslide which hit the village of Southern Leyte in the Philippines on February 17th. As many as 1,800 people are feared dead after the mudslide buried the entire village, leaving only three houses unscathed. Eleven neighbouring villages have been evacuated, as authorities fear that further landslides could easily occur.

The government of the Philippines has deployed the navy and coast guard to the village and the surrounding region, in order to help with the search for survivors beneath the mud, which is estimated to be thirty feet thick in some areas. Organisations such as the Red Cross have sent personnel and supplies to aid the rescue effort, as well as provide relief to the survivors.

Rescue efforts have led to the discovery of 57 survivors, but hope of finding more decreases with each passing day. On Friday evening rescuers were receiving frantic text messages from children trapped in their school. Despite desperate efforts to reach the 206 children and 40 teachers buried under tons of rock and mud, none were found. No messages have been received from them for days.

The number of bodies recovered varies with different reports, although the number can be estimated at around 50. Although worsening weather is hampering rescue efforts, the nation's President Gloria Arroyo has declared that efforts will not cease until the last body is found.

Sophie Donoghue

Newsbytes



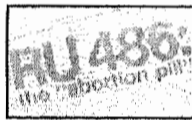
Two members of the Bali 9 have been sentenced to death by firing squad. Even if their appeals for clemency fail, Andrew Chan and Myuran Sukumaran may have a long wait ahead of them, as the last drug trafficker executed in Indonesia was held for ten years on death row.



The Iraqi government has suspended trade with the Australian Wheat Board until the investigation into allegations that the organisation paid bribes to the Hussein regime is resolved.



16 people have been killed in Nigeria as violence continues in the furor concerning cartoons of the prophet Muhammed. A Pakistani militant has offered a \$1 million reward to anyone who kills the Danish cartoonists responsible for the images, which were published last September.



The House of Representatives has passed a bill which denies Health Minister Tony Abbott the power to veto applications from companies who wish to import the controversial drug RU-486 - or from doctors who want to prescribe it. The vote came after days of highly emotional and personal debate.



Elections in Nepal have been condemned as a complete sham, amid claims that the nation's monarch, King Gyanendra, used them as a means to further his own power. These are the first democratic elections in Nepal since 1999, and follow last year's coup, in which the King used the military to gain control of the country.



1,800 people attended a memorial service for media mogul Kerry Packer, who died late last year. The service, which was held at the Sydney Opera House,

drew such notables as Russell Crowe and John Howard, who delivered a tribute to Mr Packer.



An Australian pharmaceuticals company has announced that its efforts to produce a vaccine for the human strain of the bird flu virus are yielding promising results. Testing of a possible vaccine began in October 2005, with further studies to be done. The news comes as the first possible death from bird flu occurred in India.



Archaeologists have discovered a new tomb in the Valley of the Kings, the first to be unearthed since Howard Carter found Tutankhamun's in 1922. The tomb is believed to be about 3000 years old.

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Media Watch Editor:
Ola Bednarczuk
olabalooza@hotmail.com

Media Watch

...in which the writer goes on an *On Dit* journey to a time of debutante balls, cigar-smoking on the lawns, and letters in which people ask "what all the rumpus was about."



Yes, we've all read countless editorials concerning the furor over certain offensive cartoons being published or not being published in the press (personally if I were to speak out about an offensive cartoon it would be about something like *Fred Basset*)... What with recent major media stories seeming over-discussed and over-analysed, what better way to start off a brand new year of Media Watch at *On Dit* than to turn Media Watch's eye back on itself and, by way of introduction, to go back to where it all began – 1932, *On Dit's* first year of publication.

The very first edition of *On Dit* appeared on April 15th, 1932. It seems the social event of that particular week was the Women's Union Freshers' tea party, during which all the ladies were "elegant and polite" and spent the evening listening to speakers and singing the traditional University students' song 'Gaudeamus' "in impossibly high keys" (is it too late to bring this back for O'Week 2006?). Letters to the Editor show that the most pressing issue of the week was the lack of a clock in the Barr Smith Library and thus students being unable to "detect the lazy foot of time." The only available approximation: "When Miss Hone has warmed both feet sufficiently before the foot warmer, and is ready to depart, one knows it is time for an English lecture."

Although the first edition was accused of not sufficiently representing student activities, there is no doubt that *On Dit* has always provided students with a medium to voice their opinions and their grievances. In the April 29, 1932 edition of *On Dit*, a particularly distressed student is angry enough to bemoan the "too frequent appearance of untidy men about our seat of learning... such people are a blot and an eyesore about our otherwise majestic University." "Members of the superior sex," he writes, "have you ever seen the backs of your own heads? I am sure you haven't, because if you had I would not have cause to complain." He then goes on to suggest that the University employ a barber on-campus for those too busy or just plain lazy to go and get their hair cut!

In a subsequent edition, a female student proclaiming to be a "frequent attendant at the Dance Club" speaks out against the "poor standard of dancing there." "Why is

it that the average shop girl can dance ten times better than the average University student?... It still seems to be the idea of University students that it is correct to dance wholly on the toes and to take steps so short that no swing is possible." I hear ya sister!

The most amazing and (I assume unintentionally) hilarious letter to the Editor appears in the September 16th, 1932 edition of *On Dit*. This one pretty much speaks for itself:

"Why is it that our University is steadily becoming a social club for female drones? A talk with some of the refectory lawn belles soon supplies the answer. Women enter for one subject, and are then entitled to all the privileges of an undergrad, which they enjoy to the full – all except the privilege of working, naturally. They crowd out the Lady Symon and refectory, not only with their own bored persons, but with all their friends as well. In fact they regard it as a cheap club where they may entertain. How much better for these creatures, and for the place in general, if they were to find something to do, apart from lying languidly in chairs around the lawn. Of course many are looking for a suitable fiancé, and the varsity with its excellent social arrangements serves them in very good stead... They are making a very bad name for the varsity in outside circles, and a bad name for themselves in the varsity itself, and I trust that *On Dit* will be with me in raising a cry of protest."

Ah *On Dit*, providing a voice for students and raising cries of protest since 1932. Basil Jackson, in the August 12th, 1932 edition of the paper, sums it up perfectly: "[*On Dit*] gives us an interesting and informative summary of what it (sic) doing at the 'Varsity, and it furnishes, also, much food for thought and opportunity for cheerful bickering. I hope that the present level of amusing recrimination will continue." So do I... may the amusing recrimination continue well into 2006!

Ola Bednarczuk

Adelaide Uni Media Association FRESHIE TIME!!!

Want free beer? Cute people?
A TV show?

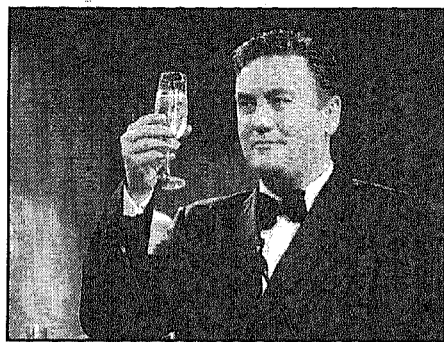
You need Adelaide Uni Media Association!!! It's only \$6 to join up for the whole year, and it gets you access to all our hot hot events, including the epic pub crawls and the spectacular keg parties that bringeth joy to all those who attend.

Join up during Orientation Week to get some media lovin'; otherwise you just join at our events. Be there.

March 2 – Free Keg Party for AUMA Members @ The Elephant from 5pm onwards. Come sup on the sweet nectar of the brewery. It's also Fuse Festival night so there will be industry types to schmooze with and good looking musos to rub your body parts against.

March 16 – SAUA Activities presents the Media Pub Crawl! It will be one of those nights you wish you could pickle in a big jar of vinegar and keep in your attic for nostalgia. Mmm. Pickle. Kicks off at 5pm at the Unibar, find us, hold us, love us, and pay us money too. We love you kids.

Kiss kiss. Hug hug. Squeeze. Oooh. Little to the left. Love the AUMA.



Media Whore of the Week

Eddie McGuire

Eddie's whoredom occurs on two levels: his ability to seemingly be involved in every media event/TV show/head honcho position there is; and his daily presence in the press for an entire week in the lead up to the announcement of his post as chief executive of Channel 9... even though there wasn't actually anything new to report about him for the duration of that week.

Ola

Special Achievement Award to Saving Slow News Days

Pete Doherty



No doubt by the time this goes to print there will have appeared at least two more stories in the press about ex-Libertines and Babyshambles singer Pete Doherty. Although his actual music career is secondary; he is better known for dating/corrupting Kate Moss, for his cocaine addiction, countless arrests and escapes from rehab, bust-ups with band members and failing to show up to performances. Pete is a goldmine for journalists, and he even outdoes Courtney Love as easy fodder for journalists needing a quick story. Congratulations Pete!

Ola

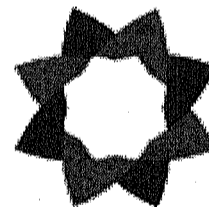
Long Bay Prison escapee Robert Cole lost approximately 14kg to squeeze himself outta jail. Magic? No. Metamucil, as revealed by a sharp Channel 10 crew zooming in on his rather large supply and inspirational jockey poster taped to the wall. Cole was later found in a shopping mall sporting a drawn on moustache and beard. He would never have been caught had he used a Posca.

Pelle

Product Placement of the Summer:



Metamucil



Student Board Member Required

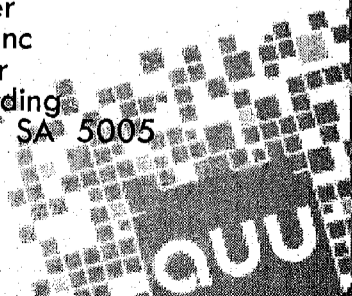
Student Care Inc is a not-for-profit-organisation providing confidential and professional advocacy, counselling and welfare support to University of Adelaide students.

There is presently a vacancy on the Board of Student Care Inc for an enrolled student of the University of Adelaide.

If you have enrolled at the University of Adelaide for 2006 and believe you can contribute to helping Student Care meet its objectives, please submit your written application to the following by no later than Monday 6th March 2006:

The Chair
Joshua Rayner
Student Care Inc
Ground Floor
Lady Symon Building
University of Adelaide SA 5005

your life
on campus



The New University Reality!



Statistics, Analogies,
Hypocrisy & Dichotomies

Have an urge to inform your fellow students about current issues in the news? Think that we at *On Dit* have got it all wrong (again)? Write a coherent, non-abusive piece and send it to: A J Turner aondit@gmail.com as a Rich Text Format (RTF) attachment. Go on, Get involved, you know you want to!

Editor: Andrew Turner
aca@ondit.gmail.com

Welcome to Adelaide University 2006. Congratulations, you are attending Uni in ground-breaking times: instead of students paying a learning tax to fund student unions, VSU has been introduced to give students real choice; if students want a service, they will pay for it.

A number of things will be going through your mind now. One might be 'this bozo thinks VSU is a good thing'; or 'at last some balance has been brought to left-wing student politics'. Both thoughts are wrong for several reasons, I will here focus on one: choice. VSU is wrong, but a need for student choice is right. What I offered you above is sometimes called a false dilemma, but I prefer 'false dichotomy'. A false dichotomy occurs when you are offered only two choices, when more might be available; e.g., 'you are either for me or against me'. Your answer to this charge should be that other options are available, and you want to explore them before deciding. I prefer 'dichotomy' because this assumes that the two options offered are radically different. Being offered a black or white coffee is significantly different to being offered black coffee or a poke in the eye, for example.

One of the things that I will be doing with what little power as sub-editor I have is to encourage readers to critically engage with the news. Identify what you are being asked to believe and assess the evidence supporting that conclusion. In *The Republic*, Plato distinguishes between knowing a fact, and knowing an opinion about a fact. If we only know the opinion, our knowledge of the fact, if true, is more a matter of luck than skill. We should assess everything using reason, not opinion. But opinion is only one of many furphies that we need to be aware of. There are tricks of reasoning to be avoided. I gave an example above with the false dichotomy. Always identify what you are being asked to believe, and the reasons given for you to believe it. In our current example that is Voluntary Student Unionism.

You are being asked to believe that VSU is good for students. There are many reasons offered but the one I will address here is the claim that VSU gives students choice. You are being asked to believe that VSU is good for students because it promotes student choice. But this, it seems to me, is blatantly false. VSU actually removes choice.

Such a bold claim needs justification. VSU is the application of a user pays system to Student Union Services. Under the old regime, all students paid a student services fee which contributed to the running of Student Unions. Under this regime, students voted in elections for officers of the Student Union. All students had a say, albeit one not exploited by most students, in the running of the Student

Union. Students *had a choice* about how *their* union was run; even the choice not to vote is a choice after all

I'm going to draw an analogy to tweak your intuitions. Think of a service provided to users, say the provision of telephone services. How much say does the user have in the running of the Telco? Under a user pays system, the consumer only chooses which service he prefers. The consumer has no say about how the Telco itself is run.

One response is to say that consumer control is expressed through the allocation of funds; market forces compel the Telco to provide the services the users actually want. The actual running of the Telco is largely irrelevant to the consumer, since the consumer is only interested in the services provided by the Telco. This seems reasonable, but is highly questionable when applied to Student Unions.

Firstly students *already* had this consumer choice under the old regime. The services provided by the Student Union were subjected to market forces. Secondly, on top of this choice, students had a say in how the Student Union itself was run; combine these two elements and you get two levels of choice for your dollar. If Student Unions are transformed into mere service providers, then this choice of how the union itself is run gets removed. The introduction of VSU removes one level of choice, and it follows that VSU removes student choice.

Ah, you say, but Telcos are not dictatorships, they are companies with shareholders. So the Telco has to provide the services required by the user *and* meet the desires of its shareholders. To be a complete (not partial) analogy, students are like shareholders. Telstra shareholders still use Telstra phone services, for example. But is this really what VSU offers students? There's no provision for students to purchase shares in the Student Union. Students can join a Student Union but this is more like joining a store's loyalty scheme. This reduces the services provided by Student Unions to consumer services. VSU reduces the student to a consumer, so the original analogy was correct, the new improved analogy is more of a distortion and only hijacks the debate.

Before we leave the subject, many opponents of VSU and other imposition of costs onto students, argue that those who passed the legislation benefited from a free education, so *have no right* to destroy free education. This is a charge of hypocrisy. Think what you would say to a bloke who, cigarette in hand, asked you to stop smoking because passive smoking has been shown to increase the chances of some smoking related illnesses in passive smokers by up to 50%. You point out that the smoker hasn't a leg to stand on

since he is smoking. But your point does not deal with the smokers claim, it only points out that the claim is inconsistent with the actions of the person making the claim. So when you point out to the smoker their inconsistency, expect to receive the following admonishment; passive smoking increases the chances of developing one of these illnesses by up to 50%, and *actually smoking* increases the chance of catching these diseases by over 50%. So by you smoking, you are guaranteeing that they catch the disease. If you smoke, their chances of getting it go to over 100%, and 100% is 100%. If you stop smoking, then the smoker can fool themselves that they *only have a chance* of developing cancer. Instead, they *will* die from cancer, because you charged them with hypocrisy rather than put your cigarette out! You bastard!

Just because the current crop of Ministers received a free education, it does not prove that they are wrong to introduce charges now. Circumstances have changed and so on. The onus is on them to show that circumstances *have* changed. Until then, charging them with hypocrisy does not deal with their argument, it ignores their arguments and attacks the person (what is called an *ad hominem* attack). This is faulty reasoning and should only be done with care. Oh, and all the maths and economic students preparing to point out the flaw in my calculations of probability above, don't bother. Anyone likely to actually forward the proposal cited is likely to make the same mistake, so my characterisation was a correct *description* of the reasoning of those involved, *not* a correct description of the working of the probabilities¹.

As I've tried to highlight here, there are bad arguments on both sides of this debate. The focus on choice is misleading, but opposing VSU because of the hypocrisy of those who passed it through Parliament misses the point. What we need are good arguments and that is what I hope to bring to you in this years volume of *On Dit*.

Andrew Turner

(Footnotes)

¹ For those interested the reasoning should go like this: if the chances of catching lung cancer, for example, are, for the sake of this example, 30% if you smoke, and 15% if you do not smoke, then passive smoking will only increase the 15% probability by 50%. This raises the probability of a non-smoker who passively smokes to 22.5%. Either add the extra 7.5% to the smoker's probability of developing lung cancer, giving us 37.5% because he is passively smoking your cigarette; or add the entire 22.5% giving the smoker a 52.5% probability of developing lung cancer because he is smoking and passively smoking; or add 50% of the smoker's original probability, giving him a combined probability of 45% just for the hell of it. Any calculation still leaves room for the smoker to delude themselves that they have a chance of living. I look forward to the letters pointing out the errors in this reasoning. I like to learn from my mistakes, so make as many as possible.

What the F***?

John Howard (Reported on ABC News 25/1); The demotion of Nationals in the Cabinet Shuffle is done, so we should just move on (substitute any act that the Government has done since 1996, and been criticised for).

John Howard (on 7.30 Report, ABC, 25/1); We should alter the way we teach history, because many Australians have a poor grasp of Australian history.

Israel has refused to rule out assassinating the leader of Hamas unless Hamas rejects violence!

Australian Wheat Board:

Like the proverbial kid caught with his hands in the cookie jar

If you are remotely interested in politics, have some form of listening or reading capacity, or have gone outside in the last couple of months, then you may have heard of the dilemma that has been presented to our Federal Government in the form of the (allegedly) corrupt actions of the Australian Wheat Board (henceforth AWB). Like the proverbial kid caught with his hands in the cookie jar, or the cheating husband caught with his hands in the... I'm getting distracted. AWB is being investigated on the claims it provided kickbacks to the Iraqi Government preceding the liberation/invasion/smackdown of said government's country by the 'Wild West'; Australia, the US and Britain, as well as an assortment of other countries included for their legendary military prowess. These kickbacks were supposedly provided somewhat disingenuously through a 'Jordanian trucking company' which Saddam Hussein organised in 1999.¹

AWB is, in its own words, "Australia's leading agribusiness and one of the world's leading largest wheat marketing and management companies."² Impressive, no? AWB represents the interests of Australian wheat growers overseas, essentially by acting as a middleman and making it easier for Aussie farmers to sell their produce and to act as a consortium rather than disorganised individuals. Consortiums such as this are necessary in order for Australia to coordinate transactions made between countries and negotiate details such as sale price and shipping costs. In our modern *lassiez faire* global economy one would expect that consortiums such as the AWB would take steps to remain competitive in an increasingly spirited global market.

Does this logically lead to one expecting that AWB would cross the line between aggressive bargaining and allegedly unethical practice? In the words of Andrew Lindberg, ex managing director of AWB **"we had to, we had to, we had no choice."**³ Although we may scoff at this seemingly inane attempt to deflect blame (I sure did) when examined in context to his job, it makes sense. Lindberg was the executive of a company. His job, put simply, was to attain profit and enrich the lives of shareholders and members of the consortium. This is the sole purpose of business in the modern world. Economic rationalism, a theory to which the current federal government adheres, dictates that "commercial activity ... represents a sphere of activity in which moral considerations, beyond the rule of business probity dictated by enlightened self-interest, have no role to play."⁴ In other words, business does what it has to in order to make profit, because theoretically it is in society's best interests. This economic liberalism is a part of the society we live in; and yet we complain when the logical result of amoral trading

follows through? When Lindberg says that they had to pay kickbacks to the Iraqi government, he means that they had to because to not do so would go against every single business principle that our liberal economy adheres to; the pursuit of profit with the aim that self interested businesses will provide the best result for the society that they operate in.

The Federal Government has been vehement in its denial of any knowledge of the alleged kickbacks⁵. Unfortunately for the Government, it is becoming increasingly apparent that if they had not known anything about this situation, it must have been incompetent. *The Weekend Australian* recently revealed that the Federal Government had been informed at least five times that AWB was paying kickbacks to the pre-war Iraqi government⁶. In a government renowned and reviled for its hard-nosed business acumen and handling of the economy, **the likelihood of Howard and co. not knowing at least something dodgy was occurring is extremely slim.** At the very least, the government did little to investigate the claims; it is likely that this Government (and I include the Opposition, and the Democrats, and the Greens, and the independents, and the Neo Totalitarianismdemocum mofascist party in that terminology...) would have understood to some extent that the culture of kickbacks and bribes has totally permeated the big business world, particularly when dealing with developing or third world countries. Look at the recent scandals involving BHP⁷, the scandal involving Rhine Ruir Pty Ltd... companies that have been accused of kickbacks and bribery in Iraq⁸. So when Kim Beazley has a go at the Government, keep in mind that if he had no idea about the existence of this culture then he exists in a sunshine soaked dream world. When Alex Downer gets on the radio or television and denies any knowledge whatsoever of the kickbacks, it's likely that he's either extremely naïve (which I doubt) or talking the proverbial. If our politicians truly did not know or refused to believe that these things have happened (particularly in the face of repeated evidence) then the mere notion they are holding office is a terrifying one indeed. Heaven forbid that they are telling us what we want to hear, which would be the equivalent of treating us all like five year olds.

Of course, other regions have taken the opportunity to stick the boot in for their own interest, first and foremost being America and Asia. Republican senator Norman Coleman, as well as several Democrat senators including Tom Harkin, representative of the wheat producing state of Iowa⁹, have demanded that Australian wheat growers are penalised for the AWB's alleged transgressions.

Senator Coleman claims the Australian Government pressured him to drop an investigation into the kickback situation¹⁰. Downer's rather unusual response was that Coleman was the "sworn enemy" of Australian wheat growers¹¹, which earned him points in my 'book of awesome'. He should have just said 'Got Halliburton?' Of course, this entire expression of 'outrage' from the Americans is most likely backed and spurred by the wheat industry, who are "urging the US Senate to conduct its own investigation into AWB's payment of kickbacks to the former Iraqi regime"¹². There have also been several calls from US wheat power brokers to ban or restrict AWB from US export credit programs¹³. Obviously this pressure has absolutely nothing to do with the fact that these two groups are rivals in the global wheat market. The Hong Kong daily *The Standard* also made a point which was significantly less hypocritical than America's, claiming that "Australia...is not living up to its potential in Asia." and "Australians are quite willing to lambaste Asian administrators over their apparently lax anti-corruption policies, they don't walk the talk in their own country"¹⁴.

"But Michael! In your infinite wisdom, tell us why this is important!" I hear you cry eagerly, bloodshot eyes scanning ahead with anticipation for the answer. Well, dear reader, in terms of this corruption being something new or outstanding in the millennia old practice of business, it isn't. The most important service this little exposure of corruption (or shall we say amoral practice) could provide is a glimpse of what actually happens in international business day after day, for good or evil, better or worse. More instances of this (and there will always be more) may open society's eyes to the reality of big business and help them to decide whether they like it or not; and more importantly, if there is any realistic alternative, or if the benefits of change outweigh the negatives.

As a society, we have long considered ourselves the 'good guys' in a world where polarisation on the grounds of race, religion and geographical position is common. So when we step on the rake of reality and get smacked in the face, it can be difficult for people who have not had exposure to said business practices to handle. For a politician, being associated with the amoral makes you decidedly unpopular. This is the reality; if AWB did not provide kickbacks to the Iraqi government, then the business tender would most likely not have been awarded to them. Working men and women towards the bottom of the corporate ladder would have lost their jobs, incomes and livelihood; it sure as hell wouldn't have been the upper

echelons or the executives, who continue to deny any knowledge or complicity in the entire fiasco¹⁵. So how would the extra money that AWB allegedly gave the Iraqi leadership been spent? It may have gone towards bullets and guns for Iraqi soldiers, or it may have gone towards feeding the children of household staff of Baath party members, or it may have gone towards financing death squads to eliminate Saddam's rivals. Who knows?

Is it fair that society reaps the benefits of business supposedly behaving unscrupulously and then whinge and complain when their society doesn't measure up to their hypocritical standards? By refusing to change or put pressure on corporations and governments to more stringently monitor details of deals that are made internationally, do we essentially become complicit by inaction? Maybe nobody cares. However, any person who does not care enough to push for transparency and public disclosure of business practise in the global marketplace is neither in a position to make commentary nor to undertake responsibility for proclaiming the virtue of their country's moral and ethical standing overseas self-righteously. Either condemn it, and in doing so condemn all such businesses conducting such practice, or condone it, and weather all the negative moral and ethical finger pointing from other countries who are, without a doubt, just as complicit. The fact I leave you with is that this situation exists. Whether the situation is acceptable or not, fixed or retained, I leave to you.

Michael Adams

(Footnotes)

¹ Overington, Caroline. 'Aid to the Enemy' in Weekend Australian January 21-22 2006 Inquirer page 1

² <http://www.awb.com.au/growers/>

³ Overington, Caroline. 'Aid to the Enemy' in Weekend Australian January 21-22 2006 Inquirer page 1

⁴ Quiggin, J. (1997), 'Economic rationalism', Crossings, 2(1), 3-12.

⁵ Overington, Caroline. 'Active choice to see no evil' in Weekend Australian February 4-5 2006, page 1

⁶ Overington, Caroline. 'Active choice to see no evil' in Weekend Australian February 4-5 2006, page 1

⁷ Overington, Caroline. 'Active BHP chiefs face charges on Iraq deal' in Weekend Australian February 4-5 2006, page 1

⁸ Pash, Robin. 'Iraqi Kickbacks close to bribery' Advertiser January 24, 2006 page 2

⁹ Harvey, Adam. Phillip Coorey. 'US Threat' in Advertiser February 2 2006 page 1

¹⁰ Harvey, Adam. Phillip Coorey. 'US Threat' in Advertiser February 2 2006 page 1

¹¹ Landers, Kim. 'US Farmers demand probe into AWB kickbacks', 06/02/06, ABC News. <http://www.abc.net.au/news/news/newsitems/200602/s1562982.htm>

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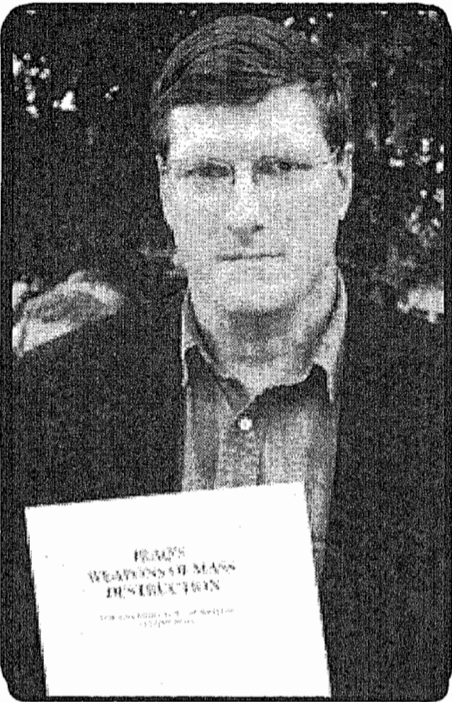
¹³ Call to ban AWB from US export program, The Age, 27/01/2006 <http://www.theage.com.au/news/World/Call-to-ban-AWB-from-US-export-program/2006/01/27/1138066948547.html>

¹⁴ Pascoe, Michael. 'Australia's Ethics questioned in Asia' Crikey.com <http://www.crikey.com.au/articles/2006/01/17-1527-1971>

¹⁵ 7.30 Report - 09/02/2006: AWB boss quits

Scott Ritter: Former UNSCOM Weapons Inspector

Interviewed by Russel Marks & Timmothy
Wetherell, November 2005



With former UNSCOM weapons inspector Scott Ritter in town to flog his new book, *Iraq Confidential*, preparation met opportunity and *On Dit's* indefatigable reporting duo found themselves in the back of a rather well-loved and much-used beige station wagon being driven by Mike Khizam, a very nice man from the South Australian chapter of NO-WAR. Ritter, whose bulky, all-American frame was perhaps slightly comical within the confines of aforementioned station wagon, was fielding questions on his way (literally) from his interview at Radio Adelaide to another one at ABC studios. Ritter created controversy when he was interviewed extensively by the leftie US writer William Rivers Pitt in 2002, claiming then that Iraq had no 'weapons of mass destruction' and that the forthcoming unilateral 'war' would be disastrous. (The interview was published in book form as *War on Iraq*.) So, almost three years since Bush declared 'game on', Ritter presents his views about the past, present and future of US policy vis-à-vis Iraq.

Why do you think the US foreign policy was so intent on getting rid of Saddam Hussein from 1990-1991?

The initiator was that the continued survival of Saddam Hussein posed more of a political threat to GHW Bush, than he posed a threat to the security of the USA. Yes, the trigger moment was the invasion of Kuwait, but the international community authorised military force to liberate Kuwait, not to get rid of Saddam Hussein. It was America that made the unilateral decision to move into regime change, and I think that's because, as the President sought to sell the war to the American public, he invoked the Hitler analogy.

In October 1990, [GHW Bush] compared Saddam Hussein to Adolf Hitler, and he spoke of the necessity of Nuremburg-like retribution, which means, in the American political dynamic, you can't now back away from that. You've trapped yourself. When the war ended, and Saddam Hussein continued to survive, the President had a domestic political problem that made regime change a necessity.

But we're not really talking "regime change". If you look at the Bush administration, they failed to support the Shi'a uprising in the south and the Kurdish uprising in the north. It's more *name-change*. They wanted to keep a Sunni-Ba'athist centralist secular entity in place, and that meant anybody *other than* Saddam Hussein, because it was Saddam Hussein who had been singled out, not the Ba'athist party.

Why exactly do you think it was Saddam Hussein, singular? You've made the point elsewhere that almost anybody else, from the same party, whatever, could have replaced him.

It's about the simplistic manner in which politicians prepare a public for war. The Bush administration was its own worst enemy, given that in March 1990 they sent a delegation to Iraq to deal with Saddam, and that delegation, led by Senator Robert Dole of Kansas, a Republican, embraced Saddam and called him a "true friend of the American people". So now, after Saddam invades Kuwait in October, how does the President explain that we have 700,000 troops going off to fight a "true friend of the American people"? Well, you have to change the mindset. Politicians don't trust constituencies to be able to deal with heavily nuanced complicated thought processes, so you go straight to black-and-white, good-versus-evil. Saddam is the personification of evil, the Middle East equivalent of Adolf Hitler, and that requires Nuremburg-like retribution. It was Saddam being singled out, rather than having to talk about the complexities of Iraqi society.

If you had the power, after 11 September 2001, to make US foreign policy, how would you have dealt with Iraq?

First of all, there's no linkage between Iraq and September 11. I would not have embraced the terminology of "global war against terror". I would've

viewed September 11 as what it was: a horrific *crime*. I would've spoken about bringing those who committed this crime to account, to justice, but within the framework of the rule of law. In that way, I would've built an international coalition that was about supporting the rule of law.

Once you invoke the terminology of terror, what is a terrorist? Here's the problem: what is terror? what is a terrorist? There's no singular definition. When we talk about the rule of law, everybody signed the UN Charter. That is the framework of law, international law, that holds the world together.

The other thing you'd do is by speaking of the rule of law, and recognising what happened on September 11th was a crime, now, you do what any criminologist does. Solving crime isn't just about sending the cops out to arrest people. You have sociologists and criminologists say 'why do people commit crime?' Then you put into place policies that deal with the root cause of crime.

What I would've done after September 11 is ask the question: Why did they attack us? Why did this crime take place? In addition to hunting down the perpetrators of this crime, I would've sought to re-evaluate how the US interacts with the rest of the world to find what these trigger points are, and see if there's a way to mediate against further occurrences of criminal action. Not giving in, not surrendering, but *sound policy*. Part of this would've been: 'How do we deal with Iraq?'

Obvious regime change is not something that's condoned by international law. One of the first things I would've done is to seek to resolve the issue of weapons inspections, to get weapons inspectors back in to see if there was a possibility to successfully determine that Iraq was disarmed and, if so, to lift international sanctions and to lift Iraq back into the fold of the international community. Again, not as capitulation, but there must be alternatives other than war to deal with complicated international security and international relations scenarios. Iraq is a complicated scenario. There's nothing simple about it. We only make it more complicated, and I think the war in Iraq shows this, by seeking to solve everything through the unilateral application of military force.

You participated in the first Gulf War. Did you agree with the aftermath of that, leaving Saddam Hussein in power?

Our job wasn't to occupy Baghdad. I think everybody understands that that was not the objective. However, I participated in a cell that targeted Saddam. We didn't call it assassination; we called it 'targeting senior national command and control'.

Was assassination the objective?

Of course it was: we were trying to kill Saddam Hussein. But you don't call it that. If you take a look at the war plan, it was about identifying the centre of gravity of the Iraqi regime, and destroying it. The

centre of gravity was the Republican Guard. I was all in favour of destroying the Republican Guard through firepower and manoeuvre. We actually set the scene for that decisive conflict, and then the war ended. The Republican Guard stayed intact.

I was frustrated that we allowed the Republican Guard to slip away, because the Republican Guard is the entity that was used by Saddam Hussein to not only stabilise central command and control in the Baghdad area, but also to crush the Kurdish revolt in the north and the Shi'a revolt in the south. But my frustration, over time, was tempered by the fact that it showed the inherent inconsistency and contradiction of what the US was doing vis-à-vis Iraq.

Where you tell the warriors to go out and accomplish a mission, and you're never honest about what that mission is that you want them to accomplish. So I became a little less supportive of how the war was waged and how it was prosecuted, upon reflection, than I was at the time. I was an enthusiastic participant in the first Gulf War.

So, hypothetically, if a regime change had occurred after the first Gulf War, we would've had the same result as we're having now, in terms of an insurgency forming, and a vacuum of power?

There'd be no doubt that we'd have a vacuum of power. I don't know about the insurgency, because the regime change scenarios that we postulated in 1991 did not involve physical occupation of Iraq by American troops: so, who were the insurgents going to fight? I think that by removing Saddam Hussein and the Ba'athist regime, you're also removing the glue that held Iraq together for the last thirty years. If you don't identify in advance what you're going to put in to replace Saddam, and whatever you put in to replace Saddam isn't formulated with due consideration for the realities of Iraq, you will be faced with the exact same scenario that we're confronting today: a total collapse of central authority; Iraq breaking down into feudal feuding states; and this insipience of a war.

So you'd disagree with journalist Dr Robert Fisk [author of 'The Great War for Civilisation', published 2005] who can't see civil war developing?

I have nothing but the highest respect for Robert Fisk and his work but on this point I will disagree. I believe that there is civil war taking place today in Iraq. I would agree that American policies are exacerbating the situation, but I don't think it's the intent of the United States to create the conditions for civil war. It's just reflective of the fact that we don't have sound policy, we haven't thought things through. We're being reactive instead of proactive. My assessment is that if American troops leave Iraq, Iraq will immediately devolve into a massive conflagration...and what else do you call that but civil war?

Do you believe the 1991 war was a morally acceptable war?

No war is morally acceptable. War

is horrific; war is about humans killing humans. There's no such thing as a morally acceptable war. I would say that it was a legal war that was fought within the framework of international law, because it had a Chapter 7 Resolution passed by the Security Council of the United Nations authorising the use of military force. Whether or not someone could say that that process was legitimate or imposed is a different debate, a different discussion. But there's no such thing as a morally acceptable war. If we say a war is morally acceptable, then we accept the fact that nations can go forward without constraint and terminate that which they disagree with. I don't know if that made sense, I'm just not a big fan of war. I'm not a pacifist, and I will fight in wars again if called upon to do so, but let's just recognise right upfront that war is basically immoral, because it's about terminating human life.

Would you actually pull 'coalition' troops out of Iraq right now?

Yes. But I wouldn't leave it at that. Let me use an analogy. Iraq is a nation on fire. The fuel that feeds that fire is the presence of 'coalition' troops, Americans in particular. The only way you're going to put this fire out is to separate the fuel from the flame. So you've got to get the troops out. But unlike Vietnam, where American troops left Viet Nam, the Vietnam War didn't follow America home. If we pull out of Iraq, this war will follow us home. It will follow us to Europe; it will follow us to Australia; it will follow us to the United States. So you can't just cut and run.

You've got to replace the unilateral application of military force, which is what I call the current policy, with the multilateral application of diplomacy, that may include some military aspects to it, but it's not America alone. You need to find a way to contain and mitigate the inevitable violence that will occur in Iraq the moment you pull the troops out.

Let me again use a fire analogy. I understand you have big brush fires here in Australia. One of the reasons you have such big brush fires is that you've allowed fuel to build up; we don't allow lightning strikes to burn off naturally, etc. One of the ways in which people deal with brush fires is to light prescribed fires, to burn off fuel. So I think the best way we can mitigate and contain the civil war is to recognise the inevitability of it – fire, it will happen – but to try to contain it through a prescribed fire that seeks to address those issues that are relevant to the security of the United States and its allies. This means that we need to shape the civil war to minimise the influence of the pro-Iranian Shi'a political elite that govern Iraq today, which is not reflective of the will of the Iraqi people, but rather imposed by the Iranian government. We need to burn off the Islamist fanatics, and we need to encourage the growth of secular Sunni and moderate Shi'a. These are the sorts of policies that need to take place. Unfortunately they're going to be messy, they're complicated, and politically, it's a very difficult sell.

You've stated that it's absurd to even think about bringing

democracy to Iraq, which has emerged as the major justification for the 'war' after the fact. You've also said that the US doesn't really want 'democracy' in Iraq, given that the US would be hostile to the prospects of a popular Shi'a, Kurdish or Sunni administration. What's really going on, behind the rhetoric of "bringing democracy to Iraq"?

The Bush administration is desperate to redefine the presence of US troops in Iraq. The war was sold on the basis of weapons of mass destruction. The Bush administration knew there were no WMD. They knew they wouldn't find any WMD. But they also believed the war would go a lot better than it did: that a pro-US government would be imposed, that everything would be hunky-dory, and that the American people would never question the failure to find WMD because things would have been going so well.

It's only because things went so bad that people are now re-examining the original justification for war, which requires the administration to invent new justifications. 'Democracy' and 'freedom' are thematics that sell well to the American people. We have the language, the terminology, of democracy, but we don't have the reality of democracy in Iraq. I'd say the Bush administration is perverting democracy by using these terminologies to describe what's going on in Iraq.

In Iraq right now, we're not getting the freedom of expression of the will of the people. I'm not saying that democracy can't exist in Iraq, but if it's going to exist it has to come from within. You can't impose democracy, and particularly not at the tip of a bayonet.

The Bush administration just can't be honest with the American people, because the political costs will be too high. So they'll continue to re-invent justifications for the continued presence of American troops.

Talking about when you were first a weapons inspector in Iraq, you said that the Israeli government was prepared to cooperate with the inspections, but the US government wasn't. Why was that the case?

I think the Israeli government has a more immediate appreciation for the real threat posed by Iraq. Remember I said that, from the American perspective, this is more about domestic American politics than it is about a genuine national security threat. Israel, on the other hand, viewed Iraq as a genuine national security threat, and was seeking viable means to mitigate this threat. By 1994, the Israeli government recognised the UN weapons inspectors were doing a good job, that they were serious about implementing this mandate. When they re-examined what was going on vis-à-vis Iraq, they determined that disarming Iraq was a good policy objective. They also took a realistic look at Saddam Hussein, knowing that if you removed Saddam you'd have genuine chaos and anarchy that would pose a genuine threat to Israel. They felt that Saddam Hussein was containable, that he wasn't an irrational player. One of the key aspects of containment was to

eliminate his WMDs, so Israel was very interested in genuinely supporting the disarmament program in Iraq, whereas the United States only viewed disarmament as useful insofar as it facilitated a program of regime change.

Have you modified your views on Richard Butler since he emerged as a vocal opponent of the Iraq war during 2003?

You can't undo history. I will always be critical of Richard Butler's tenure as Executive Chairman [of UNSCOM]. I have my perceptions of his tenure based upon first-hand experience, but in all fairness, Richard Butler should be called upon to provide his version of events. When he has done so, they have been inconsistent with the facts that I am aware of. If there's a new body of material, then Butler should put it out there to better explain what he did and why he did it.

I have no personal animosity against Richard Butler. I think he's a heck of a guy. I'd drink beer with Richard Butler any day of the year. If Richard Butler ever called me for help, I'd drop everything and run off to help him, because he's not a bad man. But he was a bad leader when he was at UNSCOM. That's my perception, and I will continue to articulate it in that manner until such time as Richard Butler can demonstrate otherwise.

I am glad Richard Butler spoke out against the war. It shows that he is a man with a moral conscience, and a man who ultimately wants to do the right thing. Richard Butler is someone who has a distinguished career in disarmament, and he's someone who can play a vital role in the anti-war movement today. I just have mixed feelings about Richard Butler that tend towards forgiveness and acceptance, but don't ask me to rewrite history.

How is it that you can talk so candidly to the media about all these issues?

We have a Constitution, that has a First Amendment that gives me the freedom of speech. That doesn't mean that I can speak freely about everything. When I was on active service I signed a non-disclosure agreement, and I abide by every aspect of that. I don't talk about anything covered by the non-disclosure agreement. Because I was a professional intelligence officer, I'm fully aware of what information constitutes a threat to the national security of the United States. Everything I say is politically threatening to people, but it does not threaten the national security of the United States of America. I was a Marine Corps officer. I went to war to defend my country. I know what is right and what is wrong. What I say is politically inconvenient, but I have every right to say it under the rule of law, and I will continue to speak out in that manner. If somebody can demonstrate that anything I'm saying or writing does threaten the legitimate national security interest of the United States, I will cease and desist immediately, because I'm not here to harm my country. I'm here to help my country by speaking out, by speaking truth to power. Sometimes that truth is inconvenient to people; so be it.

"You can't impose democracy, and particularly not at the tip of a bayonet."

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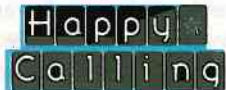
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For your chance to WIN your share of \$100,000 free talk time or a trip to Asia with \$888 in spending money purchase any new Price Buster or Daybreak Phone card/voucher.

Phone 1300 300 212 and follow the prompts. Competition commences: 29/01/06 and ends 30/04/06. Your card must be activated during this period to eligible to win. Total prize pool: \$106,288. Minor prize draw PIN allocations as follows: 45000 x \$2, 1000 x \$8, 50 x \$88. Trip to Asia, worth \$3000 + \$888 spending money, drawn 4pm, 3rd May 2006 at the promoter's address: CardCall 183 Varsity Parade, Varsity Lakes, QLD 4227. Winners will be notified by telephone, listed on the CardCall website and listed in The Advertiser (SA) 5th May. Authorisation/PERMIT NO. NSW:TPL 06/00587, ACT:TP06/00296, NT:NT06/185, SA:T06/380. Please visit www.cardcall.com.au for full terms & conditions

Australia's NO 1 Phonecard



**"HE'S GOT A HEAD LIKE
A DROPPED MEAT PIE"**

(TALK LIKE AN AUSSIE WITH AN OPTUS PRE-PAID STARTER PACK FOR \$29.95.)

Includes \$30 to recharge which gives you \$120 credit when you choose the Turbocharge plan.*

Put simply, he's no Brad Pitt!



Important information: \$30 included credit is subject to expiry. Please see selected rate plan for more information. While stocks last. *Turbocharge is a special offer available until 31/03/06. Credits expire within 30 days. Offer not available on \$10 or \$100 recharge. Optus Fair Go™ policy applies.

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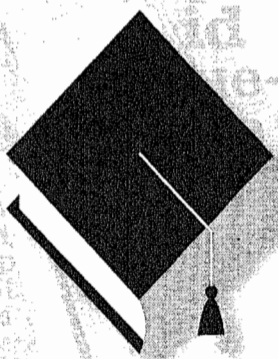
WANT \$1000?

Unibooks 'First Lines' Competition

It's easy - sort of... All you need to do is buy your textbooks at Unibooks, and pick yourself up an entry form. Then the hard part starts! You need to correctly identify the first lines from ten different books. Last year too many of you got it right so this year we've made it harder! Google still works on some of the first lines, but not all of them! We've got no idea how you're gonna find out the answers but hey, it's our \$1000 and we're not gonna let it go easily!

If your entry form is the first correct entry drawn by our Barrel Girl Frank, then you will be the proud recipient of a \$1000 Unibooks Gift Voucher! Think of never needing to spend your hard earned dollars on textbooks ever again!

So come on in to Unibooks, the next textbook you buy may be your last - at least the last one you need to pay for with your own money!



Unibooks

everything you need to succeed!

Ground Floor, Union House, The University of Adelaide

www.unibooks.com.au

Competition terms and conditions are available from Unibooks. SA Licence Number T06/319

Study or Sport: Why students may soon have to choose

In late 2005, the Australian Government voted that Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU) was to be introduced for the 2006 academic year. While both the University of Adelaide and Flinders University have chosen not to introduce this until semester two, the University of South Australia has implemented the voluntary payment of student services fees for the first semester of 2006. Already, VSU has spelled the end of student radio, and has significantly threatened the very paper you are now reading, but with all of these changes, what effect, if any, will VSU have on student sports at the university level?

All universities in Australia have a student union or association. According to the University of Adelaide website, The Adelaide University Union (AUU) was established in 1895 and is a separately incorporated body, which is enshrined in the University of Adelaide Act 1971. The AUU provide students at the University of Adelaide with food outlets, meeting rooms, stationary and textbooks, childcare subsidies and legal, employment and welfare services. The AUU also support many affiliated bodies, including activities and sporting clubs.

So what exactly is VSU? As stated by stopvsu.org, Voluntary Student Unionism is when the government dictates the kinds of activities which can be funded by the annual Amenities and Services Fees, or tries to prevent student unions operating at all, rather than allow students to dictate how to spend their own money". The VSU legislation will put an end to many student run campaigns,

clubs and groups forcing the students of Australia to give up many of the freedoms they currently enjoy.

When VSU is introduced to universities across the country, it will be hailed in mixed views. Many believe that VSU will be good as it will mean more money in the pocket of students, especially those who rarely use the services that have been previously mentioned. However, the president of the National Union of Students, Felix Eldridge, believes that VSU will create a university society of "haves" and "have nots". In an interview with ABC news on December 9 2005, Mr. Eldridge said "we are going to create two types of universities in Australia, one which is a no-frills degree program – get your piece of paper and leave – and one which is a place for the very wealthy in the inner cities where there's private money available to fund those services" that will be affected by the incoming legislation.

"University sports bodies invest almost \$60 million in facilities and services each year. The legislation will cut almost \$30 million out of their budgets" states the Sydney Uni Sport website. While it is true that most, if not all, of the sporting clubs at the University of Adelaide require members to pay fees to keep the club and its facilities maintained, it does not eliminate the fact that many of the sporting clubs that currently exist are in danger of losing all funding.

The University of Adelaide is well renowned for its student activities. This university has one of only two remaining weekly student newspapers and one of

the highest amounts of sports clubs in the country. Michael Headland, the projects officer for the University of Adelaide Sports Association has said "the sports association has actively campaigned against VSU for two years to no avail. All I can tell you is that the [sports] clubs are not being funded greatly this year. The Sports Association has maintained its staff until December to try to do enough for clubs and set things up so that when there is no money next year they will be better organized to cope with it". Moreover, the implementation of VSU will eradicate the sports clubs insurance, fees for members of the clubs will increase and there will be no capital grants to clubs. Victoria Hards, President of the Sports Association explains that "capital grants allow clubs to purchase equipment they otherwise could not afford, for example boats, new cricket nets, etc".

At the end of 2006, VSU would have had its first full year as legislation in Australia. At the end of 2006, students will have seen first hand what this legislation will not only do to services at uni, but also to the university way of life. In years to come, students may well go to uni and spend only their minimum number of contact hours at on campus. They will miss the wonderful atmosphere and groups of people that we currently enjoy. They will also be unable to express themselves in the same way that we do. I only hope that the future students will not look back and wonder why it is that we didn't fight hard enough to protect our lifestyle for them.

Ashleigh Newton

Do you belong to a sports club at uni?
Do you want free coverage of your sports results and meet details?

E-mail

onditsports06@yahoo.com.au
for further details.

Injury of the Week*

Broken Collar Bone

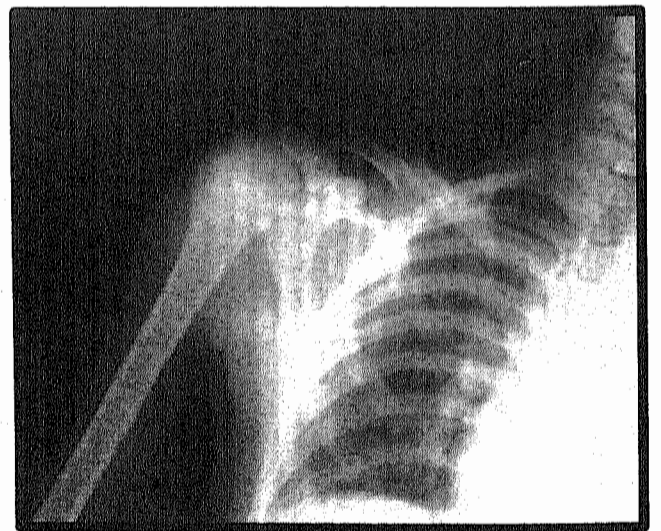
Where: During a Summer Hockey Game

When: 9th December 2005

How: via a fall resembling a car accident on the sideline whilst trying to hit a ball to a team mate.

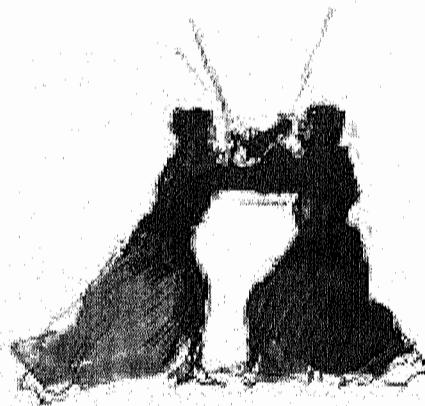
Do you have a cool injury you want everyone to see? Then email it along with a short description of where, when and how it happened to onditsports06@yahoo.com.au. The best injury at the end of the year will win a prize!

* Inspired by The Hockey Club. Visit www.auhc.asn.au



The Adelaide University Rugby Club

Requires able bodied men & women to play rugby in the 2006 season. AURUFC reserve grade won the premiership in 2005 and will be 75 years old in 2007 and we want to make a big thing of it, starting now! AURUFC is forming a colts rugby team for the first time and require rugby players who turned 18 after 1st of January 2006. We intend to field 2 sevens teams in the Intervarsity Games in Adelaide in September 2006, so if you want to qualify for a BLUE, this is the way to start. Training is on Tuesdays & Thursdays from 6 pm at the Waite oval. A pre-season seven-a-side competition is being organised between the University Colleges, so if you are at St. Marks, Aquinas, St. Anne's or Lincoln please register your interest. For information please contact Bob Dwyer on 0417 801 591

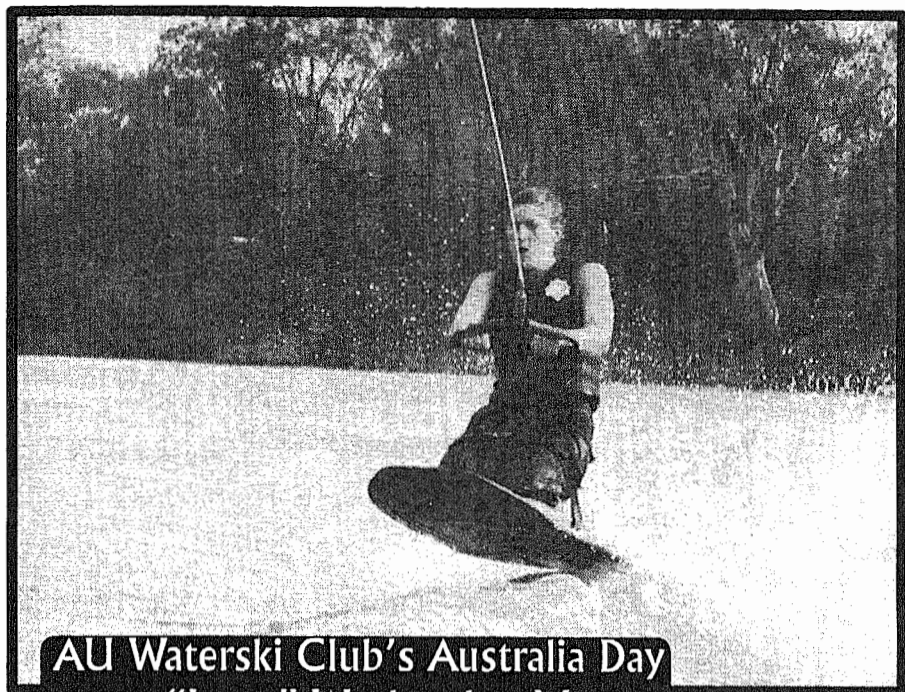


KENDO: the way of the sword.

The University of Adelaide Kendo club is holding its first beginners' course of the year in the first week of semester 1. So if you're looking for a challenge, want to try something new, are interested in Japanese culture or just dig the pants, come check us out. Open to boys and girls, young and old.

If you would like to participate, simply bring yourself and some loose fitting clothes that won't interfere with your feet to the Thebarton Campus Sports Hall Building, #5 Winwood Street, Thebarton 5031 at 6:15pm, Monday 27th February. For more information contact Stuart McKee on 0431887532 or by email -stuart.mckee@adelaide.edu.au

Sports Editor:
Ashleigh Newton
onditsports06@yahoo.com.au



AU Waterski Club's Australia Day "Long" Weekend at Morgan

This weekend always promised to be a cracker. With Australia Day falling on a Thursday the prospect of being able to conveniently arrange to have the Friday off seemed to be a popular idea. In fact, one of our members, Tanya J, had organised a 30th birthday bash at Morgan for the weekend, so the numbers were expected to expand accordingly. The weather was forecast to be hot, rather hot and then darn hot, so things were indeed looking good!

Wednesday night saw myself and Frederic (The Flying Frenchman) arriving with plenty of daylight to spare, and apart from setting up the place for the weekend all we had to do was anxiously await the arrival of the Club Treasurer Mike McScrooge, in order to have the legal minimum of three to get out on the water. Well, that didn't happen, and it was long past dark when he and his better half Karla finally slunk in the gate, muttering excuses about a flat tyre on the boat trailer. As happened, he had done well, organising a spare at the last minute (for some reason the trailer's spare was amiss). Imagine if he hadn't thought of that- guess which member would have had to drive halfway back to Adelaide to rescue him? Birthday girl Tanya and her friend Nikki arrived soon after and together we kick-started the weekend.

Despite the disappointment of the previous evening, there was no stopping us the next morning, up at O-dark-hundred to get the first light and the best water of the day. This was of course, after a 30°C plus night, where we all sweated

it out in our tents. Although many laughs were had after I had the brilliant idea of just erecting only the flyscreen inner of my tent, which kept the mossies out just fine, but not the half-hour period of rain that appeared out of nowhere.

Throughout Thursday and Friday we saw a steady stream of people turn up and get out on the water. Frederic did his best to get the biggest air possible with his crazy jumps, and when Litchy arrived the battle was on.

The place looked pretty crowded by Saturday and with both club boats and Tanya's family's boats going we had the river pumping with action. The club's focus on introducing beginners to our activities (mostly waterskiing and wakeboarding) held us in good stead, with quite a few "newbies" experiencing their first ride on the water. Leonard was tireless, keeping the ski boat ticking over. Working on getting new people up on the water.

Saturday night was the official "Tanya party" and quite conveniently some AUWSC members had planned a bit of a drinking game. Shame on Kat and Rikki for leading us all astray... needless to say nobody got up early the next morning.

Well, all good things had to come to an end- Sunday arvo saw a bit of packing up and the drive back to town- another awesome weekend on the river. For more action highlights of previous action check out the club website: www.auwsc.com.

Sean Alexander
AUWSC Secretary



Open the door to lifelong learning



Professional and Continuing Education

Language Courses

The University of Adelaide's Centre for Professional and Continuing Education (PCE) offer a unique selection of language courses catering for the beginner through to the advanced learner.

Learning a language through PCE is an enjoyable and rewarding individual experience. Many students continue with us year after year, building up satisfying social networks amongst their peers.

Choose from: Arabic, Chinese (Mandarin), French, German, Hindi, Indonesian, Italian, Japanese, Russian or Spanish.

Courses begin at the end of March, run weekly until November and are open to everyone.

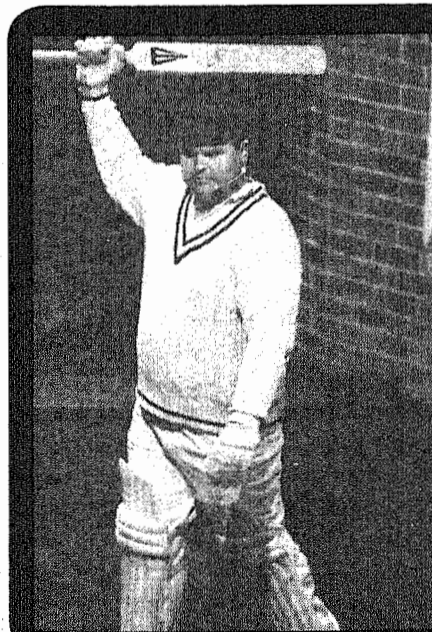
Enrol now to secure your place!

Call 8303 4777 or visit our website.

www.adelaide.edu.au/pce

Life Impact The University of Adelaide

UADPCE6LK7AN



DONNY: THE ROCK OPERA

The worlds of music and sport rarely collide, and perhaps only once in a lifetime is a union between the two truly successful. Those fearing that our glimpse of music/sports crossover began and ended with the brief reign of the Crows' theme song at the top of the SA singles chart can now breathe a sigh of relief thanks to "Donny: The Rock Opera". This local production charts the rise and fall of The Don (played by ex-Porland lead singer, Slatty D in an inspired piece of casting) through 18 original songs featuring the backing of the 5-piece band, The Invincibles. While the acting occasionally borders on vaudevillian, the quality of the songwriting nevertheless manages to lend the production an air of seriousness while relating the story admirably. It may not be entirely historically accurate, it may not feature any actual cricketers, but "Donny" is never anything less than entertaining and looks set to be one of the highlights of The Fringe.

Donny: The Rock Opera is playing in the Little Theatre from February 27-28 and March 2-5

Students' Association Office Bearers



Ground Floor
Lady Symon Building
(08) 8303 5406
www.saua.adelaide.edu.au



President

Hi everyone,

I hope you all had a great time during Orientation and you're all set for the year ahead. My name is John Pezy, and I am the Students' Association President for 2006. This year will be a big one for us in the Students' Association; so get set for a year full of fun and entertainment. Look out for events and activities run by all of the departments to make your time here at university more fun.

The Students' Association is here to help you during your time at university. As well as running events, our main purpose is to represent you to the University, the government and the wider community. We do this by sitting on university committees, running awareness campaigns and appearing in the media, expressing the views of students at this university. We work toward a university that is a model for society in which all people are treated with respect.

The Students' Association consists of eight departments and its office bearers. These are: Education, Women's, Activities, Sexuality, Environment, Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander, Student Media and Welfare. Each of these departments are available for students should you need assistance in any of these areas.

Feel free to contact me anytime should you need assistance with anything.

Cheers,

John Pezy
john.pezy@adelaide.edu.au



Women's Vice-President

Greetings and welcome to uni!

Let me introduce myself: my name is Tara Bates and I am the SAUA Women's Vice-President. My role is to represent and advocate for women's rights and needs on and off campus, and to make this university a safe place for all women to study and socialise. The Women's Department has previously helped organise the 'Reclaim the Night' marches, 'Thursdays in Black' vigils, and the theatre production of **'The Vagina Monologues'** (which we will also do later this year), and also tends to the Women's Room.

The Women's Department put on a **'Radical Cheerleading workshop'** on Wednesday of O'Week at 11am, and ran a **Women's-Only Popeye Cruise** at 1pm with lots of free beer, which every year promises to deliver an awesome time!

We'll soon be launching an 18-month awareness campaign focusing on young women and alcohol, delightfully titled **'It Can Just Ruin Your Whole Sunday'**. We'll have music, interactive and visual displays, maybe food, and some very cool show-bags, so come along at 12ish on Wednesday March 8.

International Women's Day (IWD) is a universal day to celebrate the achievements of women throughout history and across the globe. On Wednesday March 8 there will be lots of things happening around town. Also, there will be an **IWD March and Festival** starting at Victoria Square at 10.30am on Saturday March 11 and then marching to Rymill Park, so please come along!

I would love to hear your ideas and opinions, so please feel free to contact me about anything!

Tara Bates
8303 5601

womens.saua@adelaide.edu.au

Welcome back to uni!



Education Officer/
Vice-President

My name is Chris Kelly and I am the Education Officer and Vice President No. 2 of the Student Association. My department exists to ensure that our University provides its students with the kind of education that we expect, desire and deserve.

I've spent the summer busily gathering information about our fine institution and am currently collating it with the goal of determining where our University is spending all of the debt we are all frantically accruing the federal government.

Soon I will be asking all the big questions, such as 'is the Uni spending our money on our education, or is it spending excessive amounts on overly aesthetic infrastructure?' Take for example, the fantastically funkalicious Charlie and the Chocolate Factory Glass Elevator that the Uni built last year. Yes, we did need an elevator, because disabled access was horrific at this Uni, but did it need to cost 2.2 million dollars? Did it need to be so extravagant? Did it need to be so ... colourful?

All the answers to such questions and more will be revealed. I will get to the bottom of the mystery; the truth is out there, and until its found, keep watching the skies.

I also watched a lot of X-Files box sets this summer.

Cheers,

Chris Kelly
christopher.kelly@student.adelaide.edu.au



Sexuality Officers

Hey ALL!

We hope you all had a fantastic time during O'Week. How could you not? A non-stop, action-packed, fun-filled week filled with sunshine, new people and, of course, ALCOHOL!! O'Week is an opportunity to meet your SAUA Office Bearers, two of which are the Female Sexuality Officer and the Male Sexuality Officer, Rudenka and Dave. Now, apart from giving you free apple pie and getting people to run around in drag, we are also here to represent and provide advocacy for issues pertaining to sexuality. In first term we will be running a workshop around Youth and Sexual Identity, on April 5. All you have to do to become involved is sign up to one of the collective sign up sheets throughout the week. And then you get to experience the joys of lubrication!!

TIP #1: If you're bored... HAVE A WANK!

If you would like more information or have a suggestion please get in contact with:

Rudenka
femalesexo.saua@adelaide.edu.au

Dave
malesexo.saua@adelaide.edu.au



Environment Officer

To all the first years congratulations on making it here and I hope you made the journey via public transport or a bike, or both. The SAUA tries to make riding to Uni as easy as possible. If you have a brand spanking new bike that screams "steal me!" or you just want to avoid getting a wet arse on the ride home then there are two secure bike sheds that provide 100+ spaces on campus. You can gain access to both sheds by talking to Vicki at Union Reception and forking out only \$11 for a semester. The SAUA also has a bike puncture repair kit to help out with emergency repairs to get you home, or at least to the nearest bike shop. We also have Allen keys and a shifting spanner to fix broken brakes, wheels and handle bars. These services are free! So hippies, you can't blame the system when you cripple a dog on your neglected penny farthing.

If riding to uni or parking at uni is not as easy as it could be, then let me know. Throughout the year I will be compiling a list of recommendations to the university on how to best support environmentally friendly student commuters. I also have a map of Adelaide that identifies bike black spots. If there are bike paths that drop you in the middle of an intersection, lake or O-Bahn track then come in, locate it, and we'll notify the relevant authorities and encourage them to fix it.

If you would like to get involved in this campaign or in formulating any other environmental campaigns or if you are just interested in helping out with ideas, lobbying or any other skills then contact me via email or try and catch me at the SAUA office, north east corner of the Cloisters.

Reece Kinnane
reece.kinnane@student.adelaide.edu.au

State of the Union

Roseworthy and Waite, and a range of other minority and disadvantaged groups within the university community.

Moreover, as well as providing a wide range of support services, the AUU endeavours to provide student representation, which is primarily delivered by the Students' Association – an affiliated student organisation of the AUU. In fact, your Students' Association provides many of the social, cultural and political activities that you will experience throughout your time here at Adelaide. Its primary focus is to provide a voice for the student body. It lobbies on the behalf of students to all forms of government, and even the university, for a better deal for students.

The importance of independent student representation should not be underestimated; it is only by highlighting the grievances of the student body that the case for greater educational support be addressed.

Once again, all of these student organisations affiliated with the AUU are here for its members. Currently you are all members so I encourage you to utilise these services to ensure your success here at Adelaide. Throughout the year there will be plenty of information around on the AUU, and the other student bodies, so please read this information to find out about what's on offer. Get involved and most importantly enjoy yourself while making the most of it.

Research continually demonstrates (around the country) that students partaking in extra-curricular activities significantly increase their chances of success at university. So whether it is creating a special interest club, playing sport, advocating for students' right or running events – the AUU is here for you.

Best of luck for the year ahead!

Josh Rayner
Adelaide University Union
President
-Your Life on Campus



**Adelaide University
Union President**

Congratulations on making the choice to undertake tertiary study at the University of Adelaide. Adelaide is the university of choice here in South Australia and the prominent reason that students choose Adelaide over Flinders or UniSA is the exact same reason that you will have found students from Flinders and UniSA were here all O'Week – and that is vibrant campus culture. It is this vibrancy of campus culture, which you will no doubt have experienced last week, that is nationally recognised and places the Adelaide University Union in the forefront of student organisations around the country.

The Adelaide University Union is a student organisation that is run by students for the provision of vital services, representation and culture here on campus. It is by virtue of your enrolment here at Adelaide that you are now a member of the most exclusive club in Adelaide. Student organisations, such as the AUU, play a vital role in the overall educational experience gained at University. It is the AUU that is the social and cultural hub of the university and provides, directly or indirectly, everything you will enjoy outside of a lecture theatre.

Due to the legislative changes in the higher education sector, most notable being the Voluntary Student Unionism legislation, the relationship between the AUU and the University of Adelaide has grown significantly stronger. While the obvious and potentially disastrous disadvantage to students this legislation has presented is clear, students should feel comfortable in the knowledge that the survival of their student organisations is due to this close relationship between the University community and the AUU and the acknowledgement by the University of the vital role in which the AUU plays here at Adelaide.

As you begin to familiarise yourself with the University over the next few weeks, you will also become aware of the numerous services available to you as a student, provided through your membership of the AUU. These services include education and welfare advocacy, free legal and tax services, Centrelink advice, emergency loans and our very successful employment service. In addition to these support services, the AUU is the umbrella organisation to many different affiliated bodies, which provide support and representation specific to international students, postgraduate students, remote campuses such as

Ground Floor
Lady Symon Building
(08) 8303 5401
www.union.adelaide.edu.au

AUU RANT

Adopt-A-Band

Enter your band or music group to kickstart your rise to fame! Apply now to record your EP with the Union and you could be selected to receive free:

40 hours studio time

Full CD production (including cover art and 200 CDs pressed)

Promotion and promotional gigs

Entries close Friday, 3rd March

Apply @ www.u-can-online.com or at AUU Administration

*original music only, see website for details

COOPERS/UNIBAR MOUNTAIN BIKE PROMO!

Each night during O'Week the UniBar gave away one mountain bike. To enter simply purchase a Coopers product and enter your name into the barrel. This promotion will also continue each Friday during term one.

EVENTS CALENDAR

- Thursday March 2nd

- BBQ and Live Music presented by Union Activities, lunchtime, Barr Smith Lawns

- Saturday March 4th

- Surfing Day Out (brought to you by Union Activities)

AUU Members Cost \$25 (\$35 non-AUU members)

-Lunch and return transport from Adelaide Uni provided

-All equipment (wet suits, boards etc) included.

-Lessons conducted by professional staff.

Contact:

Henry Ellis or Sandy Biar **

- Wednesday 8th March

- International Womens Day, (brought to you by the Students' Association)

BBQ and activities on the Barr Smith Lawns

- Sunday March 12th

- SKIRMISH! (brought to you by Union Activities)

South Australia's Biggest and Most Student Friendly Paintball Skirmish Outing

Only \$45 and includes;

- A Full Days Play

- BBQ Lunch (Vegetarian / Vegan Options available)

- 200 Paintball Shots (additional shots \$12.50 per 100)

- Return bus trip to and from Adelaide Uni to the playing field.

Contact:

Sandy Biar **

- Tuesday March 14th

- Blue Dog Poster sale, Cloisters

- Tuesday March 14th

- Blue Dog Poster sale, Cloisters

- Saturday April 5th

- Surfing Day Out (brought to you by Union Activities)

AUU Members Cost \$25 (\$35 non-AUU members)

-Lunch and return transport from Adelaide Uni provided

-All equipment (wet suits, boards etc) included.

-Lessons conducted by professional staff.

Contact:

Henry Ellis or Sandy Biar

**

Henry Ellis (Boardriders Club)

0422 813 582 / henry.ellis@student.adelaide.edu.au

Sandy Biar (Union Activities)

0423 170 159 / sandy.biar@adelaide.edu.au

**Step up for the
40th Anniversary**

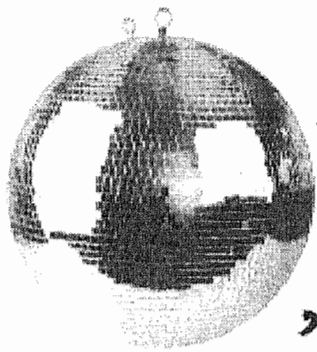
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Call 1800 034 034

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Vacuum Cleaner sucks Up Budgie

The Magnificent seven

"What is the matter boy?"
"Who is trapped down the well?"
"I'll get help."

Shit, this is one of those plastic guide dogs and what the hell am I doing at the airport?

Big Day Out, Stardust, Enchanted, St Jerome's, Fringe, Fuse, Shores, Summer Daze, Womad, the festival, every pub and club in between and you expect us to still be able to read and write?

Pale, Sparkling, Pure Blonde, dirty blondes, alcohol, ecstasy, speed, whatever you need. Electric spinach, disco biscuits, coke, ice, acid, triptacy, tits to see, trick yourself into being tricky, your'e not making sense to me! Man, got to get yourself one of those organic yiros.

That's why we have orientation, because for freshers or returning students the summer break can be a little bit of another dimension to your usual academic routine. It is a time for introductions, setting goals, being happy, gaining a specific degree but most of all gaining the ability to approach all aspects of life from open minded and varying angles. Yes, that is right: life, pretty tricky isn't it? For a lot of you it is probably going to - be or already is - an interesting time. Friends coming and going, people moving away, moving in, going overseas and going over the top, love sparkling and fading. I'd pretty much bet on the fact that things are going to get a bit nuts for you over the next few years at some point. Sure you will try to stick it together by completing your studies but in the mean time just make sure your'e having fun. Make your nuts times nuts times you like. Like macademia ice cream shakes. Because when you're balding, paying a mortgage in the burbs and pumping out more white middle class trash, guess what? NO SHAKES FOR YOU!! And when you do get a shake you'll worry it's making you fat, and that's why your wife won't have sex with you. The only shakes your wife is getting are from alcohol withdrawals, cause you're such a boring fuck. She is always on the sauce and the only thing you're left shaking is something in front of your nuts. You know why? Because 10 years ago when you were having a tough time at uni, you dropped out or withdrew into your social shell like the boring IT fuck you are. No, you did not follow the advice of RE:PETE. Wonder what ever happened to that narcissistic wanker?

Ok, imagine (or maybe you don't have to imagine) that you life is pretty disjointed and scattered. Your girlfriend has just dropped out of uni and is in Europe. She has just e-mailed to say she has met this really nice guy called Fabio and they are going to travel around Scandinavia together. Oh, but they are 'just good friends'. You're at the unibar for the fourth day in the row, realising that the only thing that separates you from the homeless dudes drinking wine in the park is enrolment. Rent is due, you're wondering if you should dress like

an emo or pronounce it E.M.O. Your art rock band just broke up and apparently you have missed to many of something called tu-to-rials or some shit like that.

Oh yeah, by the way, your cat "Atticus" just got flattened by a semi carrying mirror balls. Might want to get a shovel to bury his furry black carcass. And a guy called Pablo or something called saying you owe him for the last two weekends and he is looking for your loser arse this weekend.

Step one: Dry your eyes princess! Go to the bar, get another drink, then go put on something like Sonic Youth. Now imagine yourself as a river. A river at the bottom of an ocean. On top of you are all these waves crashing down, there are currents flowing in all different directions out of your control. The currents mix with the water in your river, the waves calm then rise again, but do you know what you do? You just keep flowing, you know why? Cause you are cool, refreshing and calmly flowing in your own direction. Ok, now go home, jerk off or double click the mouse or whatever, and when you come in tomorrow proceed to step two.

Step Two: Yes it is a simple 2 step process the second step consisting of 7 easy um,...steps. I call them the magnificent seven. You don't have to do them all at once - you could even spread them over your whole degree, we all know people like that. Anyway here they are (the first reader to send *On Dit* a story about all 7 wins a prize, baby):

1. Tell her about it.

It's a song by Billy Joel which totally sucks, but 'Only the Good Die Young' - now that's a tune. But seriously, that is an album by Phil Collins. No really, tell her, tell him, tell anyone you want: Lovers, friends, family, lecturers whoever. One day we will all lose someone, or face an event which forces us to value simple honest communication. I would kill for a chance to talk to certain people for just one last time, but sadly will never have the chance (to talk that is, I'll kill for \$50 and a bag of skittles - inquire at the *On Dit* office). University is about shared constructive communication on a universal level: while there, take the opportunity to be honest with everyone. That is fresh.

2. Find true love and respect.

You probably thought you found that in first year or at school. Well she is now sampling some gourmet euro-jizz, so get over it. True love and respect is about fluids but think of the river currents that come and interact with your flow, some stay some go. To really love something or someone, you have to be able to conceptualise how your life was before them or how it would be without them. Jealousy comes, jealousy goes, anger comes, anger goes, free fall in and out of love and those who respect you will be there for you. Learn to respect people for their positive attributes despite possible differences in opinion; you are

here to share your ideas. That is fresh.

3. Boink.

It is a wicked and fun word with bounce and humor, just like good sex should be. Lets face it love can be pretty confusing and painful. Boinking shouldn't be. Circumstances don't always allow for true love *per se*. Be tight with trust but give love freely, be safe, be fun, be fresh. Try and boink from a variety of faculties and disciplines. Meeting your tute off her face at a rave in the second week of uni and being able to tick the whole student / teacher fantasy off the list, now that is fresh!

4. Join a club.

I like snowboarding, binge drinking and retro porn, so AUSKI was a natural choice for me. Pretty much whatever you're into, you should be able to find something that caters for that on campus. Build your social and professional network while getting toasted. If you can't find something create it.

5. Join the Student Union.

People who don't like unions are festy scab leaches who live off the pain and sweat of the hard working men and women of this country, they should be opposed at every chance. The same principle applies for student unionism, if you want to reap the benefits of an education system of which a healthy student media, social and political network is crucial, you best pay your fees. As of next semester you won't have to by-law and if you don't want to then you probably should just get one of those on-line degrees, or perhaps fuck off to a country that supports oppression and suffering and try your luck with education there. Sometimes the services provided may seem insignificant, but they contribute to a degree from the University of Adelaide being worth more than spam.

6. Graduate.

No seriously you should try.

7. Everything in moderation including moderation.

I suppose it is the age, you will never be young again so don't be afraid to cut a bit loose. You will never be young again so try and spend a bit of time looking after yourself. Drinking jars with hip cats is kewl, but the morning isn't actually that bad sometimes so try and find a healthy balance or else you'll start using words like 'jars' and 'hip cats'. Drink lots of water and vodka.

About the title; well there is something in it for music nerds. The first person to track me down and have a chat about it wins a prize, baby. When I say baby, I mean like "yeah, baby", not an actual baby. However, if you want a baby, talk to me early in the year and I'll see what I can hook up.

Re: Pete

What have you got to say???

Many university students in SA are affected by mental illness or health issues in their immediate surrounds. Whatever the personal experience or opinion, few are comfortable talking about it beyond the hallowed stereotypes. This is sad, because it makes mental health and mental health/illness the Elephant/skeleton in the metaphorical campus closet that nobody wishes to acknowledge. Here are a few snippets of what students like you have to say when they're being frank, open and honest, like it should be.

"As for the stereotype of the dangerous, incurable and conspicuous mental patient, you'll find that these types are typically over represented in the fictitious world of film and television"

"I went through 9 months of year 12 living in a house where my father wouldn't even look at me if we passed each other in the hall. He didn't speak to any of us once in those 9 months"

"I don't suffer any mental illness..... but I think people out there ought to know that: mental health rocks! Get as much of it as you can."

"Excessive crying, lack of motivation, constant fatigue, etc. It is having a detrimental affect on her studies."

"To me, mental health is the ability to lead a self-determined life, have a reasonable degree of happiness, and be able to engage with other people in a comfortable way." "I enjoy feeling useful or needed. That is what gives me a sense of well being. Also, in a much more self-serving way, fulfilling the agenda I set up for myself each day gives me a sense of well being."

"I have a friend who is depressed...has trouble getting out of bed every day. She has trouble socialising...I try to have fun with her whenever something is happening."

"I would advise them [people who think they might have mental health issues] to seek out support from friends and/or family, along with professional help. It's an illness and, like any other illness, steps can be taken to treat the illness."

"I think there is awareness out there, but not enough concrete knowledge of what to do if you or your friend is actually mentally ill."

"I have obsessive compulsive disorder- I used to feel that my house, my own home, was "dirty." Although the sense of contamination unfortunately wasn't related to germs or chemicals or anything. A university counsellor has been very helpful to me in this regard. I get worried and anxious over all sorts of things as well, but I do have support from friends and the aforementioned counsellor."

"I think being able to deal with people every day is actually a necessary part of human mental wellness."

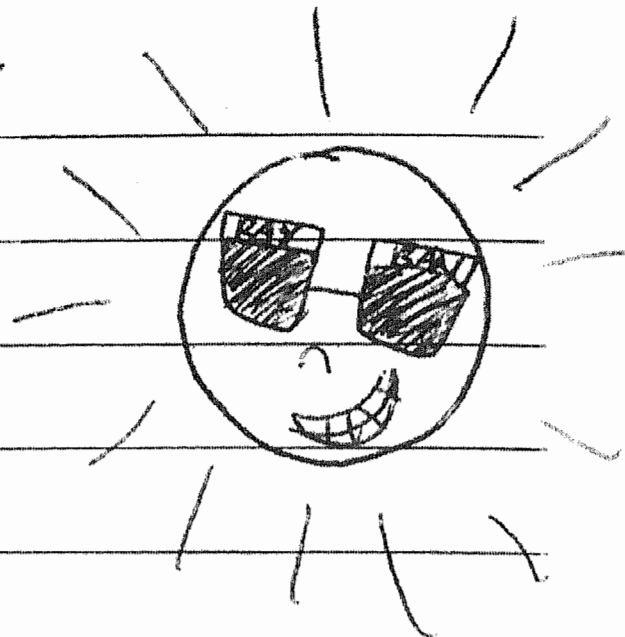
"What is MH? Mental health is the prevention or treatment of mental disease, disorders affecting the "higher" brain (as opposed to the more primitive part of the brain). Many (if not most) of these have a physiological basis. I think prejudices are always held against people with mental health issues."

Do you want to contribute to helping spread discussion and awareness about mental health issues? Drop me a line-edith.pedler@student.adelaide.edu.au. I'll send you some details of how you can contribute to the upcoming compilation, or even just be on my list of people to contact when a new project is developing.

Requiem A Guide to University

CRITICISMS OF THE WORLD:

Customer Service



Do you care about quality customer service? A refreshing smile meets 'have a nice day' and 'would you like a bag with that?' Does it bother you when the checkout chick isn't personable, warm and fizzy? Here's a recurring thought: kill yourself.

Today's busy western world doesn't need people like you. Sensitivity and emotion were replaced by mobile telecommunication and corporate power sex. Warm, good-natured ways and other such country values are rendered useless. I'm all for atrocious human rights and a bird flu epidemic in exchange for cheap foreign apples. You're nothing but an affluent maggot. I hate you. Would you like fries with that slow cancer I wish upon your friends and family?

Walk in, get what you want and leave. No questions, no small talk, no complaints. Yes, things are getting more expensive. May I suggest shoplifting? No, I'm sorry we don't have what you want. We value your patronage, thank you for slitting your wrists with the bottle I smash across your ugly face. Yes, my name is spelt differently, try aisle nine for pointless conversation. Would you like to try another sample of boring life story of bad choice, failed dreams and regret?

Leave the shop, drive home with your dirty change and discounted meat separate to a sealed can o' Spam in a double bag. Think about yourself, listen to your conversation music, watch your television commercials, find true love on the Internet and spread your flimsy genes to produce yet another rancid generation of in-bred Australian scum.

Customers... shut your bitch holes and buy more stuff. The more stuff you need, the happier you are. Materialism is lovely. The pressure of modern living is intense and people are getting too self-focused a n d

ruthless. If you can't handle it, fill the void with Christianity, Islam, Buddhism or some other crap. Perhaps you'll find a peaceful sense of identity, community, hope or meaning; marinated with arrogance and intangible fear. Quick, convert me before the burger is ready. You stupid asshole.

The general public, as a rule of thumb, are whiny jerks. However, it is not your constitutional right to act like a fool by getting all huffy about refund policies. As part and parcel of the gentle process of assimilation into Australian culture, you're meant to spend money and forget about the consequences of impulsive spending.

If you're new to our psuedo-American land, bite the bullet: your children will reject the financially malnourished culture you cling to like cheese to a foreskin. They'll be yet another selfish, beer guzzling larrikin. Just teach them good manners and whip them into success. The perfect customer: too rich, overtly pretentious and time conscious to bother with genuine human interaction.

If you spawned children to cash in on welfare benefits, their behaviour in public is a direct result of your predictably lousy parenting. Shop assistants aren't effective baby-sitters like television is. Little Tommy will not stop crying because he's hungry. You need a fifty pack of 1mg Horizon cigarettes and a \$10 lottery ticket. Just promise the little brat a meal of happiness endorsed by a pedophile clown, slap him round the car park and puff ill health all over his cute little 50 Cent track suit.

When I am king, to stand in line with folded arms, to bitch and moan about lengthy waiting periods only to scratch ones idiot indecisive head is punishable by death. To rudely tap fingers, mumble and stare impatiently, only to leave ones credit card in the car is so disgusting, I spit diseased blood from my blackened lungs upon anything you hold pure and true.

Your spouse is an abusive alcoholic schizophrenic, you were touched repeatedly as a child, so they won't tend to your special needs since the operation, the government you hate yet suck like a parasite doesn't pay you for nothin' til Monday and I don't care.

As you tell yawning cashiers about your pathetic problems, why not upgrade and live in a poverty-stricken country for a day? They'll really empathise with your divorce pension situation over there, right after they gang-rape you and scrape bruised flesh from the bones on your face for the next meal. I mean, have a nice day.



Dillon Tepper
(is a pussycat in real life, honest)



DISEASE OF THE WEEK

with Thomas Tu

Small Pox!

What's wrong with that man, mummy?

Concept: Vaccinations

Ethics, schmethics

Smallpox is a (now eradicated) disease that is caused by the *variola* virus. There are two main types of smallpox: *variola major*, the typical case of smallpox that killed up to 30% of those infected with it; and *variola minor*, which was a less deadly, but rarer form, leading to deaths in around 1% of those infected. Two extremely rare forms also existed: haemorrhagic and flat smallpox, both of which are basically death sentences. *Variola major* is going to be the primary focus of this story.

Smallpox is usually spread through breathing in cough or sneeze droplets of someone in the infectious phase of the disease, but can also be spread by "thanksgiving" blankets or clothes. The pus filled sores also contain large amounts of the virus.

After infection, a person may feel fine for 1.5 to 2 weeks. This is the incubation period, in which time the virus has infected and is replicating in the host's cells. The virus can't be transmitted at this time. Flu-like symptoms suddenly pop-up and stick around two to three days.

After this the patient may feel better as an easily identifiable rash spreads, starting on the face and extremities then progressing to the trunk of the body. Sores forming in the mouth and nose leak newly-replicated virus particles into saliva and mucus. This is the infectious phase. The rash sores eventually turn into vesicles (small blisters), which then fill with pus. These dry out and turn into scabs. The patient remains infectious until the last of the scabs are shed. Small pocked scars form, giving the disease its name.

The cause of death was controversial and still remains so, but a military study in 2002 found that tissue damage due to excessive immune response against the virus is probably what kills people, not a secondary bacterial infection.

Treatment of smallpox involves getting the patient comfortable and waiting around. I guess you could build a third of a coffin as well. Prevention lies in vaccination, which provides a nice segue into the next segment.

Vaccinations work because they make the immune system produce antibodies. Antibodies are highly specific molecules that recognise a particular shape of a molecule and attach to it. Antibodies specific to viruses (such as smallpox) stick to them and make it easier for the immune system to destroy. The mechanism is like the exploding ink packets marking a bank robber.

Before the first exposure to the virus, there are very few antibodies specific to smallpox are produced because to have more would waste energy. The body has to have a small level of antibodies specific to all of the different things you might encounter, so only a few of each type can be made. To extend the analogy, only one or two of the bags of money in the bank have ink packets in them because they cost too much.

Once exposed, the antibody is used and this is detected by the immune system, which, in turn, pumps out some more of the same type. The police see that the ink packet has exploded and go pick up some more from the shop. If the virus is very virulent (has a high mortality rate), it replicates quickly before the immune system can produce enough antibodies. However, in vaccinations, the stuff they put into you isn't going to kill you; they're uber stupid and slow robbers.

After this first infection, there are lots of antibodies specific to smallpox around, i.e. there are plenty of excess ink packets. So even if a large group of quick robbers come, they can all be tagged and quickly eaten by the police... or something.

The vaccine for smallpox was a great invention and eventually led to the eradication of the disease, saving untold millions from a horrible death.

1796 was the year that science, in the form of Edward Jenner, a milkmaid and a young boy, would start wiping out the disease that killed 300 million people in the 20th century alone and countless more before it.

Before this time, doctors were jabbing people with needles that they had previously stuck in the pustule of a person suffering from *variola minor*. This way they would suffer only a mild case, but would have built up antibodies to battle any upcoming *variola* attacks. This technique had its downsides: you didn't have people with *variola minor* everywhere, you still ran a chance of dying from the disease and it spread smallpox throughout the population. All these are Bad Things™.

Enter Edward Jenner, a doctor during these times. He found that some people he jabbed didn't end up showing symptoms of the milder form of smallpox, instead they just got a bit red at the site of inoculation and got better. A lot of these people he noticed were sexy milkmaids. The reason why they were sexy was they didn't have the ugly scars of smallpox on their face and hands. In the end, Jenner had found a relationship between the people resistant to the inoculation and previous exposure to cowpox, which is caused by a very similar virus called *vaccinia* (coming from Latin *vacca* meaning cow).

Being a scientist, he needed to test his claim. So in 1796, he found a milkmaid with fresh cowpox pustules and removed her pus. He then obtained consent from the parents of an eight year old child, scratched his arms and smeared the

Hi kids! Welcome to a completely new On Dit segment, Disease of the week! Every week, Uncle Thomas will lead you through the gooey, pus-ridden, leaky, potentially-dying people and tell you what's wrong with them. Every disease has a story to tell. So keep your limbs inside the bus, don't feed the animals and don't try the custard because here's...

Disease of the week: Smallpox ☺ or how I learned to stop worrying and love child endangerment*

* This article should not be used in replacement of proper medical care. Self-diagnosis = stupid. Diagnosis of other people = stupid, for values of you != trained medical physician. Especially for smallpox.

pus into them. The boy got cowpox a week later and easily recovered (cowpox doesn't kill healthy people). Now for the real test; Jenner took pus from a smallpox-infected man and jabbed the boy with it. Nothing happened. So he jabbed him again and again. And again and again. He was immune to the smallpox virus!

He repeated this with 13 other people with great results. So much so, he published his findings in a small book he paid for out of his own pocket. People doubted him, as people often do with new things, but after a while it was popularised by other doctors. The news of *vaccinia* (which, incidentally, is where we get the word vaccine) spread around the world. By 1980, the world saw its last case of smallpox and the World Health Organisation declared it eradicated.

Two small batches of the virus (one in the former USSR, one in the USA) still exist and are under very strict lock and key. There are people who say we should destroy them while we can and others that say we can gain some good research that could cure other diseases using it. You're not going to get the answer from me, go read about it yourselves, you lazy bastards.

Thomas Tu is a 3rd year student in biomedical science, specialising in microbiology. He thinks that diseases are sexy. All questions, requests, flames, corrections and dating proposals can be sent to thomas.tu@student.adelaide.edu.au



1. What wouldn't you not tell your mum you've done on O'Camp?
2. Because of VSU, the Uni Bar will only have light beer this year, how does that make you feel about the current government? **
3. What is your favourite dance move?
4. What is your pick up tactic on the dance floor?

** This may not actually be factually correct



Jessie
Civil Engineer

1. I tell my mum everything. She may be disappointed
2. If that happens they are on a pure dosage of wanker drugs
3. The Hand Sprinkler (no legs)
4. I'd go the 'Body Slam', no eye contact just random slams



Kirin
Scientist

1. Haven't done anything too crazy. I'm saving myself for the last night.
2. VSU is total crap because a lot of the stuff I am looking forward to would not happen under VSU, but I wouldn't vote Liberal anyway.
- 3 'The gun' - from holster to firing position.
4. Give them 'the eye', then quickly turn away. Tease them, then it's up to them to follow up



Tim
Doctor

1. I stripped on the second night completely sober
2. I think that's a top idea, there is too much irresponsible youth behaviour on campus as it is!
3. 'The Sprinkler' - for the ladies (legs inclusive)
4. Be confident, go for the sympathy vote.

VOX ★ **POP**
O'Camp

Terry
Chemical Engineer/Computer Nerd

1. Topless dancing whilst paro and only remembering from photos
2. I don't like beer, but I think VSU will destroy campus culture
3. Napoleon Dynamite dancing
4. No lines, just a lot of attention plus a good old fashioned rubbing



Courtney
International Accountant

1. Everything. My family are hippies. My uncle is a nudist.
2. Didn't vote for them anyway
3. Star-Jumps
4. Leg humping



vox-pop thought for the week.

Water is the essence of wetness and freshers are the essence of freshness (amongst other things). We learnt an important lesson from O'Camp which is that there is no substitute for good old fashioned nudity. Vox-pop does not condone any of the activities that may or may not have occurred on O'Camp but we did thoroughly enjoy it. Vox-pop would also like to absolve our liability for any parental reprisals.



Johno
Designer

1. Stripped down so you could see my knob
2. Fucking Howard needs to grow some hair, he's a turd burglar
3. 'The Thrust'
4. Step 1) Shake hips, Step 2) Point and beckon

MUSIC

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Music Editors:
Jennifer Soggee
Chris Burford

FUSE Festival 2006



as Fuse is as much about building relationships (schmoozing) as it is about sharing knowledge.

Night one of 'Fuse on Stage' takes place at the East End Exchange Hotel (yes!?), and features nine artists plus a Triple J 'Light Your Fuse' competition winner. Congratulations must go to our South Australian representatives;

Pharaohs (no introduction necessary), Little Ice Age (see adjacent interview) & Legless (well... see for yourself). They have been given the opportunity to perform to a room filled with 'next-big-thing' hunters. It wasn't even 18-months ago that Adelaide exports Wolf & Cub were presented with the same opportunity. Their achievements since then are too long to list, but most notably have signed to 4AD (The Pixies, Mountain Goats etc), and national Big Day Out tour inclusions. Night two of 'Fuse on Stage' is an open-slathe affair with over 50 free performances, at 19 venues across Adelaide. See below for a full listing of 'Fuse on Stage' performers.



Chris

Wednesday March 1st FUSE SHOWCASE I

East End Exchange Hotel

JJJ Winner (tbc)
FourPlay String Quartet (NSW)
Legless (SA)
Sophie Koh (VIC)
Worldfly (NT)
Pharaohs (SA)
Little Ice Age (SA)
The Panda Band (WA)
True Live (VIC)
The Boat People (QLD)

So you want to know 'why the Hilltop Hoods still call Adelaide home'? Or you might want to know 'how Glastonbury has become the worlds most recognized festival'? These questions and many more await conference speakers at the 2006 Fuse Festival, taking place in Adelaide on March 1st and 2nd. Missing from the calendar in 2005, the Fuse returns as an Adelaide Fringe event, with two days of industry q&a and two nights of performances by emerging Australian artists. For any aspiring band, manager, or music industry hopeful, the Fuse conferences are a great place to start.

New Fuse director Alistair Cranney (manager: The Audrey's) has learnt from his experience gained at some of the worlds best industry festivals, namely; SXSW, Canadian Music Week, EuroSonic, The North American Folk Alliance, among others, and has integrated what he has learnt into a fresher Fuse model. The conference aspect has a more practical approach, with an emphasis on touring and performance this year. Speakers include Kevin Welsh (*The Music Network*), Dylan Liddy (Premier Artists), Caroline Tran (*Triple J*), PJ Murton (manager

of The Hilltop Hoods), Emily Eavis (Glastonbury Festival) and over 30 other industry representatives willing to share their experiences. Fuse offers bands a chance to personally represent themselves in front of decision makers,



Music-writers wanted!

Music is one of the many sources of inspiration, no? It's the gentle background music that aids your study through to the droning drums of the down and dirty dance club floors, there's always something to reflect or complement every mood. For me it's like blood, something I need to be able to breathe and stay alive. In my veins, in my ears, in my head, in my words. So I choose to write about it, and relay this beautiful experience to others, that they too may enjoy the experience of something new and different, or something just the same as they've heard before. The point is that through it I can tell people about music in its many different expressions and experiences, and people can choose to explore it for themselves.

Of course, I had to find an outlet for my writing, and On Dit has proved an overly sufficient vessel, as we get to publish weekly on the latest releases, bands and tours.

No doubt, it has its downfalls. I mean the cd rack in my room gets filled up with CDs I get the chance to review, going out to see bands performing can sometimes be such a drag, no to mention having to interview the stars.

But seriously, it doesn't just offer you that, it offers you the chance to meet other people, get experience and give something back to your community! It doesn't matter if you've never written a word in your life before (just as long as you can write...). Neither does it matter if you're into Folk, Hip-Hop, Metal, Pop or Indie; being into music is all that matters!

Anyhoo, if this sounds like your tin of sardines, Chris and Jenn (ourselves implicitly) would be interested in hearing from you at onditmusic@gmail.com or join us on Monday the 6th of March at 1:30pm in the On Dit office. That's down the basement of the Union building.

Thursday March 2nd FUSE SHOWCASE 2

The Austral Hotel

Laura Hill (SA)
ComRad64 (SA)
Supermild (SA)
Tracer (SA)
Matt Winter Band (SA)
Wishlist (SA)
Kasavett (SA)

Bar on Gouger

Laura White (NT)



The Governor Hindmarsh

Emily Davis Band (SA)
Ben Slip (NT)
The LC3s (SA)
Andrew Winton (WA)
Krysalis (SA)
Darkhorse (SA)
Aftashok (SA)

Fowlers Live

Jigsaw (NT)
Neo (NT)

FAD Bar

Kineman Karma Band (SA)
Moore Black & The Organic Roots (SA)

Jade Monkey

LastMinute-Ville (SA)

La Boheme

Kenilworth (SA)

Grace Emily Hotel

John Baker Duo (SA)
The Yearlings (SA)
Huckleberry Swedes (SA)



Crown & Anchor

Andy Killcross (SA)
LeighStarDust (SA)
200 Motels (SA)
The Unspoken Things (SA)
brillig (SA)

Crown & Sceptre

Kubrick (SA)
Casual Projects (ACT)
Supaphattass (SA)

Duke of York

The MERRg (ACT)
Nervous Gerbal (SA)

East End Exchange

Tomas Ford's Cabaret of Death (WA)

The Exeter

Still Thinking (VIC)

The Elephant

Poly & The Statics (SA)
Central Deli Band (SA)



Rhino Room

A Tribe is Forming (SA)

Sugar

Casio Brothers (SA)
Munchkin (SA)

The Prince Albert Hotel

Fear of Flying (SA)

The Stables

The Calebs (SA)
The Beggars (SA)

The Underground

JB SMAK (SA)

The Wheatsheaf

The Rest (SA)

Pick of the gigs

Mon Feb 27: Running With Horses, Counterfeit Traitor, Mr. Wednesday, Fowlers Live

Tue Feb 28 : Sista She (Vic), Fowlers Live

Wed March 1: Bernard Fanning (Qld), Thebarton Theatre

Thu March 2: Les Savy Fav (US), Jive

Thu March 2: The Kidney Theives (Qld), Jade Monkey

Fri March 3 & Sat March 4: Bob Log III (US), Jive

Sat 4 March: Dave Graney & Clare Moore (Vic)

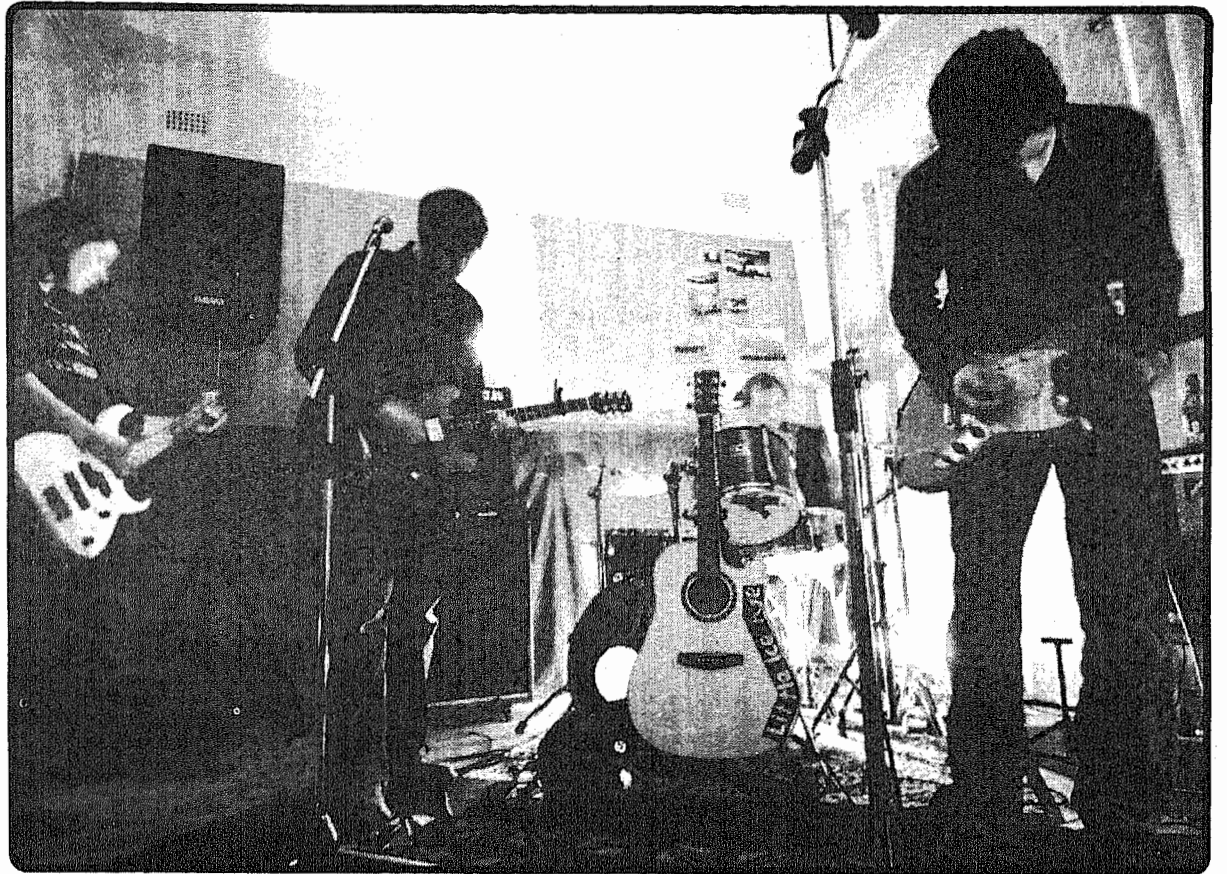
Little Ice Age

It already feels like things have warmed up for Little Ice Age this year. The melodic-indie band who used to beat-around as The Sunroom, have self-recorded an EP that they should be well proud of. With two appearances in the top ten of *Three D Radio's Top 100 + 1*, plus an appearance on the Big Day Out's much-welcomed Local Produce Stage, the four-piece now get the chance to perform for the heavyweights of the Australian Music Industry at this weekend's Fuse Festival Showcase. I shared a beer with Tim, Bec & Tristan from the band, and began by asking bassist Bec if they were looking forward to the Fuse.

"It's exciting to play in front of industry reps. We found out about being selected for Fuse shortly after the Big Day Out. Then we had a gig at the Rocket Bar, and the Grace, so I guess we haven't had time to give it too much thought yet." The Fuse Showcase, at the Exchange on Wednesday March 1st, features a high-quality, diverse line-up (see previous page for details). Would there be anyone that they'd be looking forward to seeing in particular? "I think there's going to be two stages, so hopefully our times don't clash so we can see The Panda Band and The Boat People in particular".

A Big Day Out performance would be well featured in any bands top-5 goals. This year Little Ice Age managed to tick that box. I asked Tim what the experience was like. "It was a bit surreal for us. We had a bit of a stressful night the night before organising last minute details, passes and things, but the day was stress free." Bec adds, "It was actually really cool to play that early, 'cause everything just felt so fresh and it was such a nice day, and playing on that stage with nice green grass. We were really happy with the crowd."

Three-D Radio's Top 100+1 counts down the community stations 101 favorite releases from the past year. In January, Little Ice Age came in at number 9 with their self-titled debut EP, and number 8 with a promotional release. I asked drummer Tristan if they got a thrill from the experience. "I was actually at Victor Harbor, but we had the radio cranked, all the old-farts were staring at us, but you guys (Bec & Tim) went in to *Three D*" "Yeah,



they'd told us what time to come in, and it we knew it was later on, but Tim and I didn't think it would be that far up. When we were at home it was getting down to number 12, then 11, and we had to go in. It was fun. *Three D* have been really supportive in Adelaide." So has the EP reached the eastern states? "We've had some great airplay on Sydney Radio particularly *FBI*, it's been played a couple of times on *Home and Hosed (Triple J)*. I think our next release we might record at an actual studio and perhaps mix and produce ourselves, might be a bit more up to a radio standard." *Triple J* rotation must seem like quite the breakthrough for any artist. I queried if this was a make-or-break factor in theirs or anyone's career. Tim said, "You can get lost if you're relying on airplay" with Bec adding "Unfortunately it has a lot to do with whatever's in at the moment, and we wouldn't want to bung-a-label on ourselves."

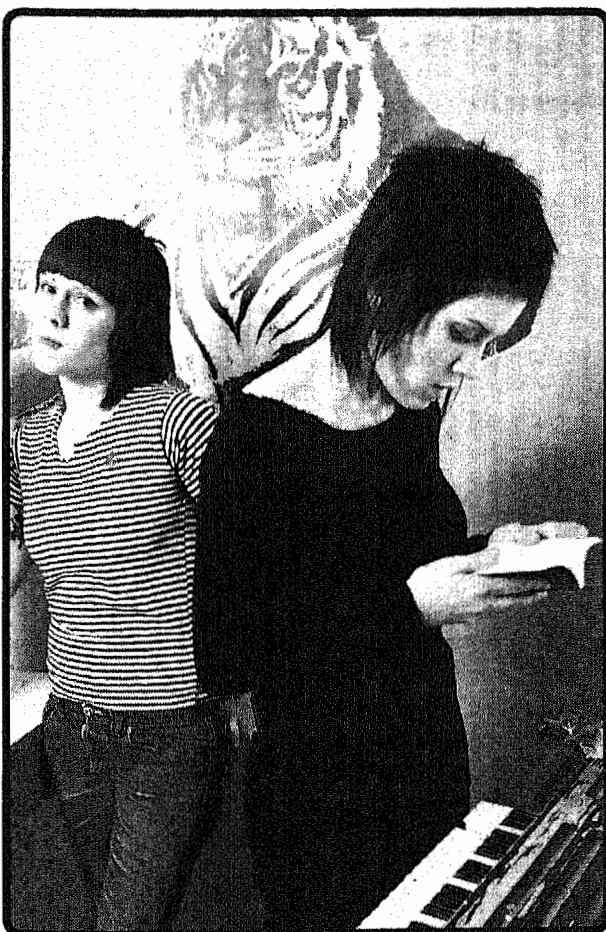
Labeled or not, you will likely see Little Ice Age more

than once in 2006 supporting bigger and bigger names. Had support gigs been living up to their expectation thus far? Tim, "We had two really good shows at Fowlers Live, with Sarah Blasko. There was a really good turnout and it gave us a chance to get our music to a lot more people, we got some more names on our email list, and there was just a really good vibe." Bec, "For me the knockout gigs were with Straight to Video, a very cool band to play with. Sometimes with support gigs there can be a real class divide, but the Sarah Blasko shows were really successful."

Little Ice Age perform the Fuse "export-ready" Showcase at the Exchange Hotel on Wednesday March 1st, with **The Panda Band, The Pharhoas, Sophie Koh, The Boat People, Legless, & Four-Play**. Their self-titled EP is available at local stores. www.littleiceage.com

Chris

Tegan and Sara



Live Review Corner Hotel, Melbourne

Last week I went to see the adorable twinset Tegan and Sara rock out at The Corner. I first started listening to these cute Canadians back in the heady days of spring 2005. I used to lay in my bed at night considering *Life, The Universe and Everything* while the intoxicating scent of jasmine danced through my window to the sound of T&S lamenting lost girly love. I was so excited to come and see them in Melbourne (which, being a holiday city for me, was totally double trouble fun) and I organised to be on the door and everything. The myriad of possibilities for the impression the two would leave were endless - would they make me fall in love with everyone around me, especially them, or would they revel in self indulgent we're-only-going-to-announce-the-songs-instead-of-engaging-in-witty-banter-because-we-are-Big-Stars crap that so many black jeans wearing bands seem to have nowadays.

The time came to find out...

After playing a few pre-set rounds of *Count the Emo* to fill in the time, Tegan and Sara descended upon the stage in hot Canadian glory. They were much smaller than I imagined, and weirdly, far less identical than I'd expect two people to be who share exactly the same genetic information and hair style. They were so cute and heartbreaking and wise and innocent that I wanted to bundle them up in a too big jumper and take them home for hot chocolate.

But the exception with me and 85% of the crowd was that we thought these things privately, wrapped them

to ourselves like a blanket and enjoyed the performance we were lucky enough to be present at.

Apparently, nobody ever told the fuckwits in front of me that there is an etiquette to seeing live music. That it's okay to get totally fucked up and crowd surf to big name bands at the Big Day Out, but that a smaller, more intimate gig with two pranksters didn't require the creation of pulsating wave shoving and rude yelling over the top of in-between-song banter.

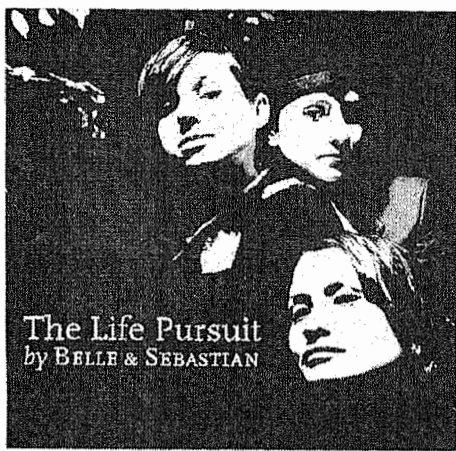
Question: What is the appropriate recourse of action for behaviour like this? Is it acceptable to motion for a security guard on the basis of "They're torching the atmosphere" or must one simply grin and bear it, safe in the knowledge that said musician thinks the brainless blond dyke in front of you yelling "I love you Sara!" for the fifty millionth time is as big a T.O.O.L as you do?

Seriously, I genuinely would like to know.

Audrey

Audrey would like to thank Ben from *The Corner* for kindly putting her 'on the list'. Despite the front row riff raff, she thought both *The Corner* and T&S were delightful. This and other ramblings can be found at:

www.audreyapple.blogspot.com



The Life Pursuit
Belle & Sebastian
 Matador

Whilst falling asleep during Franz Ferdinand's Big Day Out set, I reminded myself that Scotland can still at least lay claim to Belle and Sebastian. The septuplet were recently voted by *The List* (Scotland's #1 entertainment press) as the countries' greatest musical export, ahead of Primal Scream, Simple Minds, Travis, Franz Ferdinand, and yes...even The Proclaimers! For some, Belle & Sebastian are sickeningly sweet, and are too much to swallow (perhaps like a Wendy's Crunchie shake), but for others, their infectious melodies, acute instrumentations, and charmingly literate songs about 'real people' are quite worthy of obsession. After all, they've been writing big-band twee-pop since Architecture in Helsinki were discovering puberty.

Their first album *Tigermilk* (1996) was a music school project for the bands leader Stuart Murdoch. Since then, there have been five albums (plus live & b-side recordings), a swag of collector-worthy EP's, and numerous other projects for the bands multi-talented members. *The Life Pursuit* is this year's follow up to *Dear Catastrophe Waitress* (2003), and once more, Murdoch and co. have written a corker.

Produced by Tony Hoffer (Beck, Air, Grandaddy, Mercury Rev) *The Life Pursuit* is the fastest-paced and most pop-polished Belle & Sebastian album to date. In addition, the album plays like a live set, with a perfectly crafted momentum, which hints that live performances of the album may not divert from the track-list at all. "Act of the Apostle I" opens the show in the lounge-bar with Murdoch at the piano, and it's instantly clear that Belle and Sebastian haven't made any u-turns this year. The call-response "Another Sunny Day" lives up to its title & "White Collar Boy" features dirty driving bass and is clearly the anthem of the album.

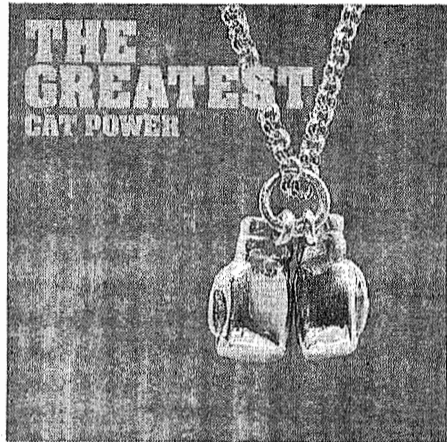
The Bowie/Kinks-esq "The Blues are still Blue" is a lesson in whimsical 80's pop, featuring some of Murdoch's catchiest hooks, this one is certainly single bound. "We Are the Sleepyheads" features some brilliant 60's-psych backing vocals from Sarah Martin (whose vocals are way too sparse on the album), and takes Belle & Sebastian to a tempo that Goldie would be proud of.

The first single "Funny Little Frog" is a gleeful highlight, and is much less annoying than the "Crazy Frog" that appeared in that forgettable time in music called 2005. Incidentally, the Swedish amphibian has possibly outsold all Belle and Sebastian albums combined *shudder*. 'Act of the Apostle II' throws Murdoch under

the spotlight for the final act of the performance, whilst 'For the Price of a Cup of Tea' is indeed the album encore. Ankle deep in roses now, the album should perhaps finish here before the more submerged 'Mornington Crescent' closes a release on par with Belle & Sebastian's finest albums (they are all quite good).

Old fans, rejoice. But if you didn't like them before, then there is nothing here to ease you into the band. Rich in literary substance, and as fun as always, somehow Belle & Sebastian continuously manage to avoid bad songwriting cliches. And this is an achievement when you're bathed in such luscious milky white-pop.

Chris



The Greatest
Cat Power
 Remote Control records

Georgia born Chan Marshall (aka Cat Power) has vacated the bedroom and headed for the front-porch with her seventh long-player, *The Greatest*. No, it's not a greatest hits folks, but you can be assured some of these songs will reach that status alongside tracks from her other fine releases; *You Are Free* (2003), and the Australian recorded *Moon Pix* (1998). Marshall's infamously self-conscious stage reputation can sometimes overshadow the fact that she is surprisingly rather extroverted. *The Greatest* is her most confident step in confirming this fact. Rich in soul, this indeed sounds like a direction that Marshall wanted to pursue, perhaps long ago in Memphis when she recorded *What Would the Community Think* (1996). Rather than emulate the sound of Memphis-soul, Marshall has employed the musicians that created it; Mabon "Teenie" Hodges (guitar), his brother Leroy Hodges (bass), and Steve Potts (drums), have backed and written for Al Green, performed with Aretha Franklin, & Neil Young. They are the real-deal, and their presence on this album gives Marshall an instant head-start.

The title and opening track, is rich in gorgeous backing vocal (Marshall) and her songwriting instantly seems more accomplished. However, it is "Living Proof" and "Could We" that introduces a new Cat Power to the world. This time her sound is much more lush, and exceedingly playful by her standards. "Empty Shell" and "Islands" shows Marshall at her most genuinely Southern-souled, without alienating any fans of her latter albums.

"Where is my love" signals both the half-way and low-point of the album. Cheesy piano-scales accompany tearful

cries of; "Where is my love? Horses galloping bring you to me." Oh please! "The Moon" & "Hate" would have fit perfectly on *You Are Free*, proving again that Marshall needs little more than a lone-guitar or piano to captivate. Fortunately though, the new Marshall re-appears in the solid latter part of the album. The whistle-along "After it All" features some gorgeous honky-tonk piano, and "Love & Communication" is a compositional triumph.

The album is still dark in many parts, but there is an underlying optimism here which can only be truly recognized in comparison to her prior releases. The album is her most southern, her most polished, and her most musically-rich thus far. She has successfully executed a change in direction (although perhaps temporary), whilst maintaining elements of a Cat Power album. Challengingly intense minimalism & the most gorgeous broody vocals are this time coupled with refreshing compositions that truly compliment her songwriting. One can't help but wonder how this will translate to the stage (which we will see soon hopefully).

Chris



The Green Just Grows
Bindi Blacher

Bindi Blacher has worked in her time amongst many different groups and through genres ranging from educational *Compost Kids* to vocal harmonics group *Zero* to performing in the FUSE festival in 2004. In 2003 she was even featured on the "Peace Not War" campaign's CD release, amongst many other high profile performers. Now she's made the move to a complete solo career, starting with the release of her cd, *The Green Just Grows*.

She breaks into her solo career with a singer songwriter approach of voice and guitar, with hints of strings, piano and percussion from guest performers that only enrich her sound a little more. You can hear the quiet influences of artists such as Emiliana Torrinni, the quirky Joanna Newsom and Liz Phair, but her sound is very much her own culmination of country, blues and acoustic rock, infused with emotion and an equal honesty.

The theme of the entire album is as the second track title depicts; "Unfold For Me". Blacher takes everyday situations and relationships and isolates them to explore them and find the inner beauty, despite an often felt discomfort. This may sound like the same old same old, but her use of natural imagery enhances it all somewhat, whilst her use of thick and thin sound juxtaposed is quite useful in

building an atmosphere to it all, as the track "Shaken" shows.

There is a touch of jazz that flows throughout, and yet there's also a strong country sound that's all been cultivated to a more rocked up sound, especially prominent in "Thunderstorms". However, there are hints that this is a home-grown record, with the guitar a couple of the opening tracks not being quite so tight, and the lyrics in "Love Me Anyway" being quite bunched up, slipping over each other which is uncharacteristic in comparison to the rest of the content. However, I think that this does give it a more human edge.

Overall the album tells of the compassion and emotion of a woman speaking from the heart through her music, and she does this quite effectively.

Jenn



First Impressions of Earth
The Strokes
 SonyBmg

Although the album is a fresh release from the band, it doesn't bring anything new to their sound. This is the third album release from this quintet, and after building their own studio in New York to record it there, of course, would be great expectations.

I found these expectations falling short after such success, even only after a first listen. In fact for the most part I was positively bored. "On The Other Side" is a frustratingly repetitive track that sounds very much like something from the Dandy Warhol's' record, "13 Tales of Urban Bohemia" but with a lot less class, whilst in "Heat In A Cage" you can clearly hear the influence of Iggy Pop. Although "Juice Box" is not outstanding at first hearing, it does rise above the rest at a second glance. It is the most mainstream track, and elsewhere in the globe it was forced into early release after being leaked onto iTunes. The album doesn't really arouse much more interest until the last few tracks, starting with the more catchy "15 Minutes". It's a shame it took so many tracks beforehand to find something a little more innovative.

Julian Casablanca's lyrics appear to be the most limiting factor of the entire album. The sounds are there, but the words play around the same ideas song after and song, basically get quite boring after a while.

To be quite honest it was a little disappointing that a crash hot band seems to be burning back into mediocrity.

Jenn

J AND DAZZ AT THE MOOFIES

Welcome to the fresh, new-look On Dit film section – J and Dazz at the Moofies. In this first edition we've got a double dose of Jake with Jarhead and Brokeback Mountain. And speaking of Golden Globe-winning films, we've also got Transamerica, starring Felicity Huffman (Best Actress - Drama).

To go with reviews of the latest release films, we have plenty of exciting film-related segments this year, including Classic Movie of the Week (oldies are goodies), Director of the Week (learn about all the main players in the film industry), Audio Commentary (a weekly look at the important role music plays in film) and Straight to DVD (um, DVD reviews).

If you are a bright, young, dynamic, go-getter with excellent communication skills and like working as part of a team in a fun environment like movies and would like to become a reviewer, email us now and get involved.

j.and.dazz@gmail.com

Giveaways!!!



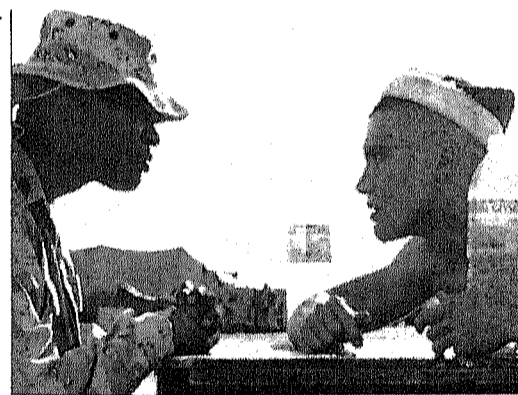
We have a bunch of double passes for *Lord of War* to giveaway. Simply send an email to j.and.dazz@gmail.com and answer this simple question:

What words are missing from these movie titles:
 "The ___ of the Rings",
 "___ of the Worlds"?

Jarhead (MA 15+)

Showing at Wallis and selected cinemas

Jarhead, based on the book of the same name, (which is in turn based on the real life experiences of the author, Anthony Swofford), tells the story of Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm from the perspective of one squad of U.S. Marines. Set against the backdrop of Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait, it's the tale of a small squad of well-trained men who march off to battle, expecting to go "kick some Iraqi ass". But instead, what they find is boredom, miles of open desert, mindless drills, boredom, no enemies and boredom. Did I mention the boredom? Welcome to the suck.



But, for a film that mostly revolves around boys with guns finding a myriad of ways to amuse themselves whilst "maintaining a constant state of suspicious alertness" it really is quite intriguing. The social commentary and sardonic wit of Tony 'Swoff' Swofford (Jake Gyllenhaal) is present throughout to keep things entertaining.

The film changes gear from humour to harsh reality and back again in an almost schizophrenic manner, which shocks at time, but never jars.

The theme of isolation of the Marines is also strongly developed, people watching the war at home probably knew more about what was going on than the foot-soldiers fighting. The Marines have almost no contact with the outside world, giving the film an aura of solitude as they trudge along the open desert, constantly vigilant for the enemy.

Comparisons to other war films are inevitable, and the director, Sam Mendes, seems to invite this, opening with a scene that could have been directly lifted from *Full Metal Jacket*, right down to the drill instructor screaming obscenities an inch from Swoff's face.

The gritty whitewashed terrain and heat shimmers in the desert scenes are a little clichéd, but they juxtapose nicely with some of the post-apocalyptic shots in the oil fields after they've been torn asunder. The cast overall is very good, Jake Gyllenhaal putting in a decent performance as 'Swoff' and Jamie Foxx is fantastic as Staff Sergeant Sykes, giving the 'tough-as-nails-career-soldier-with-the-heart-of-gold' role a real workout.

All in all, *Jarhead* is an entertaining, yet introspective film about life in the armed forces during one of the shortest wars in recent history (Four days, four hours and one minute). Just don't expect to see one man gunning down hordes of enemies, because you'll be disappointed, trust me on that.



Space Monkey

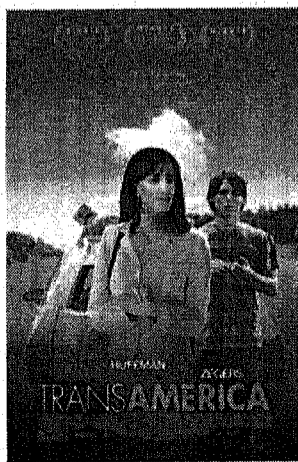
Transamerica (MA 15+)

Showing at PalaceNova and selected cinemas

You might recognize the main character of this movie as Lynette from tv's *'Desperate Housewives'*, but then again you might not. In a somewhat Shakespearian role, Felicity Huffman plays Bree, a male to female transsexual, currently living as a woman and about to undergo sex reassignment surgery. In the week leading up to her surgery, Bree receives a call from a teenage son she has never known about, who is in search of his father. Forced by her therapist (at risk of not receiving the final signature required for her surgery) Bree travels across the country to bail her son Toby out of jail. Reluctant to tell him the truth about his parentage, she pretends to be a church worker trying to do a good deed. In an attempt to find someone else to take responsibility for Toby, she sets out to drive back to LA through his hometown, with Toby in tow, thinking he's traveling to LA to make a start in the porn industry.

Huffman's portrayal of a man being a woman is amazing, it's often easy to forget that she really is a woman. Now it is possible that I've watched too many quirky movies (or just too many episodes of *Law and Order*), but to me the plot line of this movie was somewhat predictable, with twists and turns that seem to have a considerable number of road-signs on the approach. Despite this the movie was very watchable, hilarious in parts, cringeworthy in others, and quite moving at the same time. While the exploration of the relationship between 'father' and son is interesting, at some points the troubles experienced by the characters seem just a little too cliché and this in some senses takes away

from what is otherwise a fascinating exploration of the experience of life as transsexual including understanding and rejection as well as secrecy. *TransAmerica* stands out in its embrace of the taboo of transsexuality, however without this element the film would simply be another standard tale of the prodigal son and estranged mother/father coming together and getting to know one another.



Film - J and Dazz at the Moofies

Editors: Name & Name

j.and.dazz@gmail.com

"Carpe diem. Seize the day boys, make your lives extraordinary" – John Keating (Robin Williams), *Dead Poets Society*

Straight to DVD

Little Fish (MA 15+)

Set in the South West of Sydney, *Little Fish* depicts a disillusioned Tracy Heart, played brilliantly by Cate Blanchett, as she is confronted with her past life as a heroin addict. Writer Jacqueline Perske successfully depicts, as she describes, "a suburban girl living a life Shakespearean".

Portraying an unrepresented pocket of Australian society, Director Rowan Woods, known for his first film *The Boys*, produces amazing performances from the entire cast. Hugo Weaving is outstanding in his fragile portrayal of ex-rugby league player Lionel, as is Noni Hazlehurst as Tracy's mum Janelle. The film also includes great performances from Sam Neill, Martin Henderson and Dustin Nguyen.

Despite losing much of its sharp energy when it drifts into thriller territory, it is, until this point, a fantastic balance of tension and calm. There is a seamless overlap



Film:



DVD:



between music and sound design that gives the film an uncomfortable quality. A beautiful moment occurs when Tracy walks in on a local school choir rehearsing a very eerie rendition of 'Flame Trees'.

The story is approached with an incredible vulnerability and rare sense of hope. It refuses to stereotype any of the characters, providing a domestic explanation for even the most minor roles.

For those who are disappointed with the lack of closure in the script or want more explanation of the Lionel character all is explained in the deleted/extended scenes on the DVD. The feature commentary with Rowan Woods also offers greater insight into the film and there are some great interviews with the cast and crew.

For anyone looking for a taste of brilliant Australian film making with a great cast, *Little Fish* is the DVD to see this week.

Frances Duncker

Classic Movie of the Week

Citizen Kane

Released: 1941

This may be the fresher edition of *On Dit*, but there is nothing fresh about *Citizen Kane*. So why review a movie that was released before your grandparents were born? Well, if you've ever looked at any 'Best Movies of All-time' list, you'll see *Kane* right up near the top. But is it still relevant today? Can a fresh, young student be entertained by a biopic about the rise and fall of a media tycoon?

Yes. Yes, you can.

Allow me to elaborate. Orson Welles, co-wrote and starred in his directorial debut at the youthful age of 26, which, being the same age, certainly makes me feel like an underachiever. *Kane*, the man, is supposedly a characterization of William Randolph Hearst, who, upon seeing the film, tried hard to have it censored, never to see the light of day. (Incidentally, light is bad for 35mm and should be kept away from all reels.) Lucky for us, he failed.

Citizen Kane tells the story of reporter Jerry Thompson's quest to find the meaning of the final word uttered by *Kane* before his death - "Rosebud", and in the process, discover who Charles Foster *Kane* really was. His search takes him to *Kane*'s old



business partners, ex-wife and other people in his past to try and put together a picture of *Kane* beyond what he did, what he bought and what he lost.

Kane was born into a poor family but was given the opportunity to live a very privileged life when he was taken under the wing of Walter Thatcher. The young, idealistic *Kane* eventually gives way to a lonely old man with an ever-growing personal fortune. "If I hadn't been very rich, I might have been a really great man," he would later tell Thatchers.

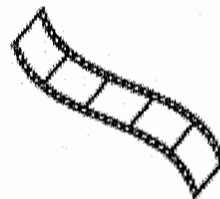
Despite being 65 years old, *Citizen Kane* still contains many special effects, albeit low-tech: think camera angles that create illusions and set the tone of a scene, rather than retina-blowing CGI and 'bullet-time'. *Citizen Kane* is also packed with symbolism, such as the jig saw puzzles *Kane*'s wife Susan puts together but never quite finishes the centre of, which paints *Kane* as a heartless man, that no-one can fully piece-together or understand.

Now, it may not quite be the 'Best Movie of All-time', but regardless, any film that inspires *The White Stripes* to write a song (the somewhat creepy, but ever-so-cool 'Union Forever') has to be worthy of a viewing.

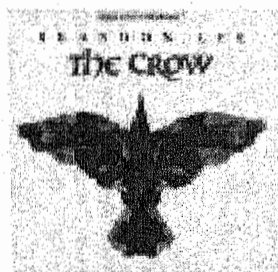
Dazz



Audio Commentary



Film: *The Crow*
Artist: Nine Inch Nails
Song: Dead Souls



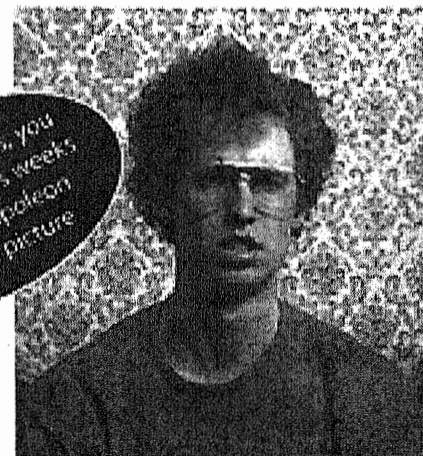
Film: *Blade*
Artist: New Order
Song: Confusion (Pump Panel Reconstruction Mix)

Eric Draven (Brandon Lee) hunts Tin Tin (Laurence Mason) as he traverses the rooftops on a rain drenched Devil's Night and embarks on a mission to put the wrong things right. This is quite simply my favourite film and favourite song. A reinvention of the Joy Division masterpiece and one of many cover versions to feature on the soundtracks to the films in *The Crow* series, including New Order (Bush: In A Lonely Place). The influences of such seminal artists as The Cure, Joy Division and Iggy Pop on James O'Barr, creator of *The Crow*, are highlighted throughout the film and pages of the graphic novel on which the film is based. Perfection.

Unwittingly lured into a vampire nightclub, the heavy beats of this amazing remix provide the perfect introduction for *Blade* (Wesley Snipes) to enter the fray. This song is very distinct from its original version, with the vocals of Bernard Sumner only used sparingly, but the essence of New Order is still there - the captivating bass lines. Evolving from Joy Division after Ian Curtis' death, New Order is more than a band that is the favourite of the love of my life, and has heavily influenced the creator of *The Crow*, it is simply one of the most influential musical contributors of all time.

Dr Craig Willis

Congratulations, you have found this week's random Napoleon Dynamite picture



Coming Soon...

Cineasia @ Mercury Cinema now until March 22
Match Point @ Palace Nova from March 2
Academy Awards @ LA 8 TV March 5
A History of Violence @ Academy Cinema City from March 9

"Seven years of college down the drain. Might as well join the fucking Peace Corps" - Bluto (John Belushi), *Animal House*

Brokeback Mountain

Director: Ang Lee

Cast: Heath Ledger, Jake Gyllenhaal, Michelle Williams, Anne Hathaway

There doesn't seem to be a lot to say that hasn't already been said about the controversial *Brokeback Mountain*. Reviews have poured forth from all corners of the globe addressing the 'gay cowboy' movie. Margaret Pomeranz gave it 11 out of 5 stars; a poster on the Christianity Today website said, "Homosexuality is a sin. This film 'celebrates' sin."; SAA's Bob Francis labelled it "a pile of shit". Despite what Adelaide's newest critical reviewer says, *Brokeback Mountain* is as far from a pile of shit as his show is close to it.

Based on a short story by Annie Proulx, *Brokeback Mountain* is the story of two 1960s cowboys, Ennis Del Mar (Heath Ledger) and Jack Twist (the brilliant Jake Gyllenhaal). Del Mar and Twist spend a summer herding sheep on Wyoming's Brokeback Mountain. In the absence of the world, the two fall in love and begin an affair that will span twenty years, two marriages and three children. *Brokeback Mountain* is an exploration of the ramifications of self-denial. It celebrates the innocent purity of love

that can exist between two people of the same sex while it exposes the tragedy denying such a thing can result in. Del Mar and Twist are not the only two affected by their secret relationship. The impossibility of their situation creates a ripple effect around them that not only affects their wives and children, but also their job prospects and ultimately, their ability to reach out to each other.

It's understandable that a movie like *Brokeback Mountain* would create waves in a community historically unused to the combination of homosexuality and acute masculinity. Ennis Del Mar and Jack Twist are not typical celluloid representations of homosexuals. For a start, they both deny fervently they are 'queer' and they seem more at home braving



the mountainous frontier than they do 'relating' to others. It's this paradox that has resulted in the movie being either overwhelmingly accepted or rejected. For some, they see the relationship as being so natural and beautiful that they have little choice but to feel incredible empathy for the characters. Others, like the aforementioned Christianity Today poster, refuse to abide by any celebration of 'sinning'.

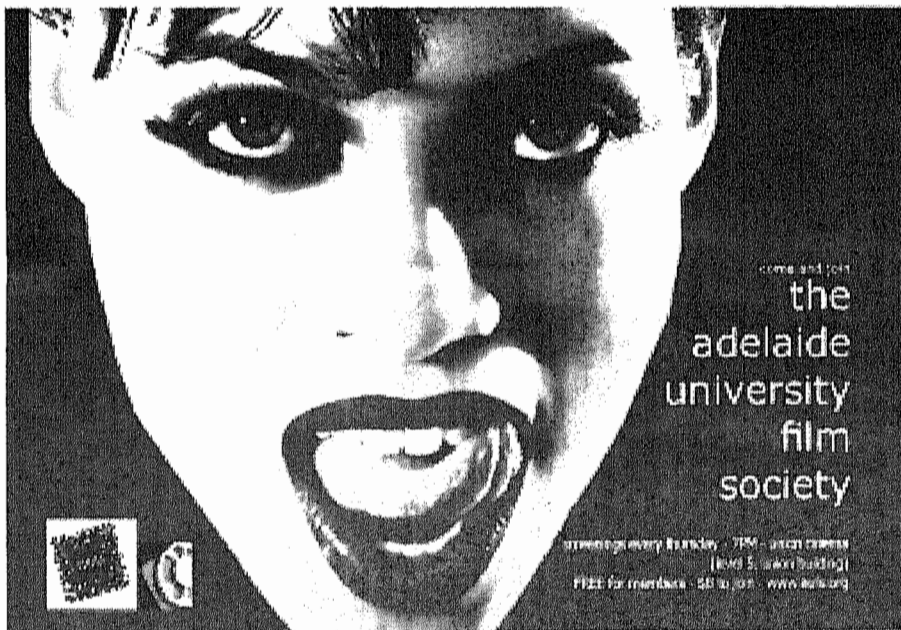
Ang Lee has directed a masterpiece with *Brokeback Mountain*. His wide sweeping shots of the Canadian

wilderness (posing as the Wyoming frontier) illustrate the freedom such a landscape lends to Del Mar and Twist's love. In contrast, the cluttered and oppressive city acts as a symbol for self-repression and self-denial. Interestingly, apart from their initial denials of being 'queer', neither Del Mar nor Twist exhibit any signs of self-hatred for their desire, although Del Mar occasionally acts as if he wishes his life were easier.

Ledger is deserving of the praise he is garnering for *Brokeback Mountain*. His portrayal of Del Mar is sensitive and heart breaking. However, I really felt it was Gyllenhaal who stole the show with his plucky yet vulnerable Jack Twist. Gyllenhaal managed to perfectly capture Twist's fascination with the cowboy. In essence, he acted as a man acting as a cowboy bringing layers to Twist that might have fallen short in another actor's hands. Williams and Hathaway are at turns breathtaking in their performances – Hathaway is certainly no longer Mia Thremopolis from *The Princess Diaries*.

Regardless of your beliefs on homosexuality and morality, *Brokeback Mountain* is an inspiring and emotionally difficult film. It will incite debate, controversy and hopefully a lot more tolerance in our society.

Audrey

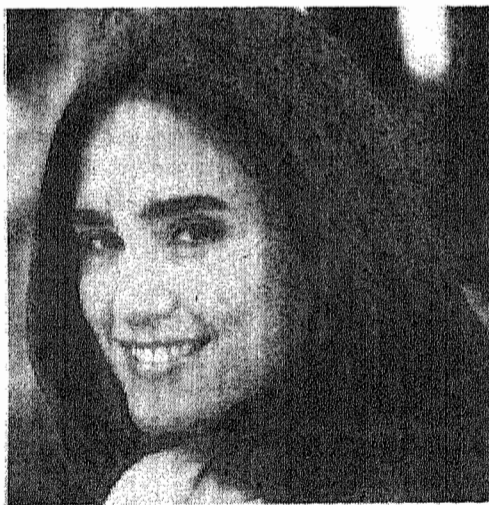


Actress of the Week Jennifer Lyn Connelly

This week the lovely Jennifer Connelly graces our spotlight. Born on December 12, 1970, at Catskill Mountains in New York, Connelly started her career as a model on the advice of a family friend. At the tender age of ten, she appeared in newspaper and magazine advertisements and soon moved on to television commercials. Her first film appearance came in 1985 as the lead actor in *Phenomena*, but she is better known for her role as Sarah in the 1986 film *Labyrinth*.

Following the success of *Labyrinth*, Connelly stayed below the box-office radar for several years, featuring in films of questionable quality, until 1998 when director Alex Proyas cast her as the female lead in *Dark City*, a dark sci-fi thriller. The film received critical acclaim and became somewhat of a cult film, but was another under-performer at the box-office. It did, however, lead to her being cast as the heroin-addicted Marion Silver in Darren Aronofsky's *Requiem for a Dream*. Her astonishing, intimate portrayal of Marion's spiraling descent into degradation and despair only adds to the power and impact of this excellent film, and is perhaps her finest performance to date.

Further roles in *A Beautiful Mind* and *House of Sand and Fog* have established Connelly's position among Hollywood's "bankable" stars. Despite winning an



"I so much enjoy being able to completely allow myself to be consumed by a role, and really grow in the process, once you've done that, it's hard to go back to working on things you don't care about."
— Jennifer Connelly.

Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress for her portrayal of Alicia Nash in *A Beautiful Mind*, Connelly appears to be quite resilient to the charms and wiles of the Hollywood lifestyle, seemingly more interested in the personal challenge of each role, and the collaboration with other talented people that the industry offers. She is mother to two sons, Kai and Stefan, speaks Italian and French fluently, and describes herself as an outdoors person, enjoy such activities as swimming, cycling, camping, hiking, and interests such as quantum physics and philosophy.

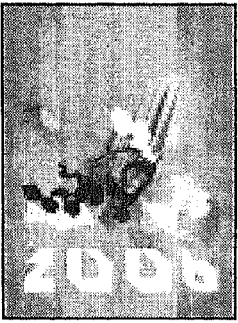
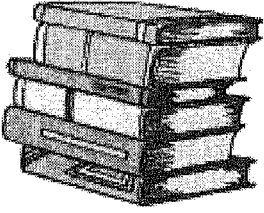
Anyone wishing to marry Jennifer Connelly should form a line behind *Cyclist Dave*.

Selected Filmography:

- Labyrinth (1986)
- The Rocketeer (1991)
- Higher Learning (1995)
- Dark City (1998)
- Requiem for a Dream (2000)
- A Beautiful Mind (2001)
- The Hulk (2003)
- House of Sand and Fog (2003)
- Dark Water (2005)

...was a little bit like 'Miss Nathan' - Annine Sabatini (Marion Brandon) *The Freshman*

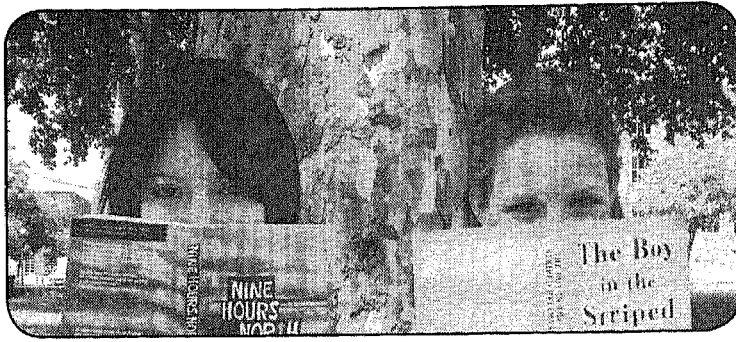
Literature



Editors:
Karlie & Sunshine

onditliterature@yahoo.com

I was walking through Rundle Mall during lunch time and noticed a number of people sitting on benches reading. Whether the reason be because of sheer boredom or avoiding the often expensive lunch time browse in the shops, it appears reading is regaining popularity as a leisurely activity. My boyfriend even received a book for Christmas from his boss although he was quite horrified seeing as the only book he's read in his entire life was *James & The Giant Peach* back in primary school (he wanted to leave his reading career on a high). It's going to be an exciting year with many best sellers being made into films due to be released including *Memoirs of a Geisha*, *The Da Vinci Code*, *The Devil Wears Prada* and *Shopgirl*. As we well know from *The Lord of the Rings*, *Harry Potter* and most recently *The Lion, the Witch & the Wardrobe*, films tend to result in the re-release and sudden rise in popularity of the books. My aim this year is to present books that make you ride the rollercoaster of emotions with stories that make you laugh, cry, scream, inspire and mostly enjoy. There'll be a combination of the latest releases, favourite classics and everything in



between. As difficult as it sometimes seems finding the spare time between studying, working and partying there is something to be said about curling up with a vanilla lapacho tea and a good book whilst basking in the summer sun. Here's to a year of inspirational reading...

xx Karlie

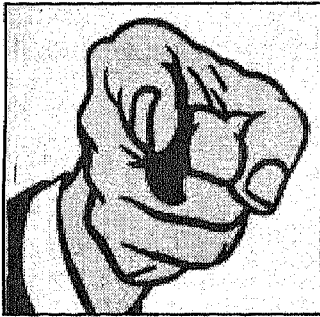
Literature is mostly about having sex and not much about having children. Life is the other way round.
-David Lodge, *The British Museum is Falling Down*

A very good friend of mine gave me two badges yesterday: the first says "Little Miss Sunshine"; and the second, "I HEART BOOKS." The first is great because my name is, in fact, Sunshine, but the second is even more accurate. I do love books. I get excited by them. I love the physical presence of books. Straight-off-the-shelf

new books smell good. And old books feel good. The pages (and sometimes the covers) curl comfortably in one's hands. And really old books are dignified. I was given a 1911 edition of *The Works of Shakespeare*, and despite its age, it is a noble and beautiful thing. However, I am even more passionate about what's in book: stories. Actually, I'm fond of typeface and punctuation as well. But it is fiction that I am addicted to. I spend great chunks of time devouring stories, and lamenting the lack of editing that appears to be widely accepted nowadays. So it is with great pleasure that I look forward to sharing my opinions of words this year, and reading the opinions of others. And finally, I must warn you: I am rarely funny in print. Therefore, I urge you to insert sarcasm wherever you think it is required - I usually intend it.

Love Sunshine

New Release...



Classic...



Emma
Jane Austen

We chose Jane Austen's *Emma* as a calm way to ease into a regular review of classics. For one thing, this novel is widely

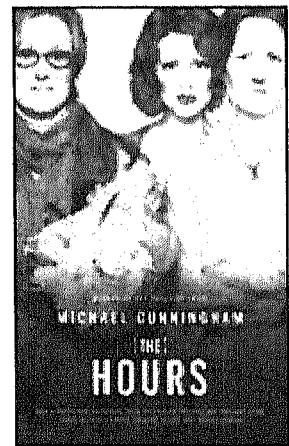
accepted as a classic, as defined by either age or subject matter.

Like all of Austen's books that I have read, the language is slightly more convoluted, and much more formal than what is written now. However, this writing style lends itself to the charming wit that Austen is famous for, and creates a deceptively diffident framework for her investigations of society and feminism.

Emma is more than a wishy-washy romance (although, if you try hard enough, you could miss everything but the love story). Austen looks at the place of women in her world, from the illegitimate and therefore unworthy Harriett Smith, to the nobly born and wealthy Emma herself. As the plot revolves around match-making, much time is devoted to exploring the qualities that make a "good wife", showing in the process both the constraints and freedoms that women enjoyed.

This is truly a classic, both of Austen and of literature in general. It's a fun read, once you get into it. Emma (the protagonist) is likeable, if a little annoying, and you get an easy bite-sized look at the plight of feminism in the early 1900's.

Sunshine



The Hours
Michael Cunningham

As wanna-be and try-hard as it sounds, I loved Michael Cunningham's *The Hours*. It is almost a poem; the

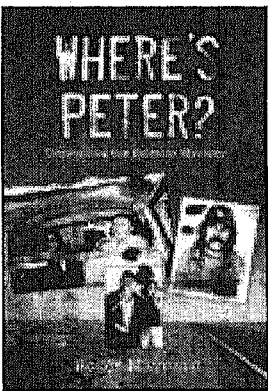
writing is so particular, and the structure so deliberately sculpted, that it is a pleasure to read without even mentioning the plot. (I have mentioned before that I am a rabid fan of punctuation. Let me now come clean about my obsession with good, skilled writing.)

The connections between Cunningham's three protagonists range from the fundamental to the superficial. Each woman is grappling with the idea of suicide in one way or another, and each deepens her relationship with Virginia Woolf's Mrs. Dalloway. Each also struggles with the values that will define her life, in a society that is in the process of massive internal change, much as Woolf's Mrs. Dalloway does.

The Hours is also a profoundly visual book. Cunningham's imagery is flawless, and lends itself beautifully to the fragmented nature of the narrative. With the continual subtle links Cunningham creates, it's no wonder this was turned into a beautiful film.

Despite the wonderful acting and great adaption, *The Hours* is more rewarding as a novel. It is the intertextuality that clinched it for me: Cunningham manages to make an astounding array of social and literary references, creating a depth that allows his protagonists to truly shine.

Sunshine



Where's Peter?
Roger Maynard

It's easy to forget about dramatic events once the aftermath is over. For a brief moment these stories enter our consciousness and dominate conversations then just as quickly they disappear, to be replaced by the latest breaking news. So it floored me upon realising that the Peter Falconio case lasted more than four years from the initial disappearance to the final court case. Roger Maynard, freelance journalist and foreign correspondent, followed

the case from beginning to end... Needless to say I admire the author's professional dedication in following the story for such an extended duration.

Maynard presents an unbiased account of the Peter Falconio murder mystery; reporting the undisputed facts of the case alongside the conspiracy theories that have been raised, and all without giving away any hints as to his own personal persuasions. Maynard manages to raise quite a few questions about the evidence including some questionable aspects of the DNA which was the clincher in the conviction of Bradley Murdoch. His journalistic skills rival any good PI as he uncovered some disturbing controversies with the case.

Whilst the case itself has the drama and intrigue of any best selling fiction novel the fact that it was written by a journalist as opposed to a novelist is telling. A novelist generally outlines a story in a logical sequence; delivering the background and character development first before the most dramatic events and conclusion. However Maynard has stuck true to typical journalistic style by going straight for the guts of the story first, then outlining the events in sequence which meant that some of the details were repetitive.

Having read Maynard's account of the case I personally remain undecided as to whether the case was strong enough to convict Murdoch and that many of the conspiracy theories seem reasonable and on the other hand the ordeal Joanne Lees suffered seems horrifically plausible. With so many similarities to the Lindy Chamberlain case it'll be interesting to see what happens in the future.

Karlie



Song



The counter top gleams the pale green of avocado flesh. My mother has just wiped it down, completing the Saturday routine of house cleaning. We always finish in the kitchen. The air, which so recently smelt of spring, now carries the distinctive scent of ammonia.

Faint sounds of children playing filter through the warm air, bringing back the residual tension that accumulates after every fight. Mom is scrubbing the stainless steel sink. It returns a cold reflection of the golden afternoon sun. Outside the open windows, fragile white almond blossoms flutter gently onto the grass. The tranquillity grates harshly with the bitter taste of rage and sorrow that lingers on my tongue.

Mom puts down the sponge, rinses her hands. The water gurgles happily down the drain.

"I don't know how much more of this I can stand." The words slip gently out of my mouth, involuntary, but falling, perfectly formed, into the still air. For a moment, I wonder if I spoke out loud.

"You have to remember, they've just found out their mother doesn't want them." Mom's voice wavers between fierce protection and exhaustion. She stares out into the honey sunshine as she says it, as if she can't bear to focus too closely.

"I know. And I know they didn't choose this. But we're doing everything we can for them, and he hates us for it." I don't know whose voice is speaking my thoughts. A lorikeet starts to twitter outside, a brilliantly coloured bauble by the door. Its song rings as loudly as a telephone in the silence that has fallen.

"I didn't know they'd be this...this angry." The words advance menacingly, saturated with despair. My mind reels with the realization that she is not invincible. She, too, feels occasional weakness, vulnerability.

Part of me wants to wrap my arms around her, offer any small comfort and support that I can. But the fury still burns in my throat, and some force holds me frozen in place. The lorikeet's clear song fills the silence again.

"He shouldn't...I don't know why he thinks it's ok to treat us that way." The hateful scene flashes behind my eyes again. His slight, angular body tensed, inclined as if fighting an enormous wind. His clear brown eyes now sparkling hate, his lips drawn back, baring his teeth in a grimace of wrath. He throws the words at us like knives: bitch; slut; cunt. I realize that mom is crying.

"I thought we were doing the right thing. I thought that we could make them feel better." She sounds so defeated. My heart beats faster; outside the lorikeet continues to trill sweetly.

"We can't keep them." As soon as I say it, tears push forwards from behind my eyes. They slip silently down my cheeks, drip warmly into the dip behind my collarbone. I love the small brown boy playing outside, and I loathe him as well. The delicate blossoms continue to float to earth, the lorikeet is still singing.

My mom and I stand in our clean kitchen, crying silently.

Maggie Cooper

Word Nerds and Scrabble Champions
(Tim Sinclair - Nine Hours North)

The term "verse novel" implies something of an odd juxtaposition: a novel made up of poetry. I'll be the first to admit that when I first read *Nine Hours North* I had no idea what to call it; in fact, I tried to describe it as some kind of poetry thing where the poems kind of link up and there's a story. Very precise. So, naturally, my first question for the author, Tim Sinclair, is "Why a verse novel?", a rather abrupt, and, in hindsight, perhaps rude beginning. (Sorry, Tim.) In contrast to my lack of articulation, Tim is very precise about his "love of the experimentation with language and syntax that is allowed in poetry," and then goes on to describe his missing of narration. So he decided to sit down and write a verse novel. Just like that.

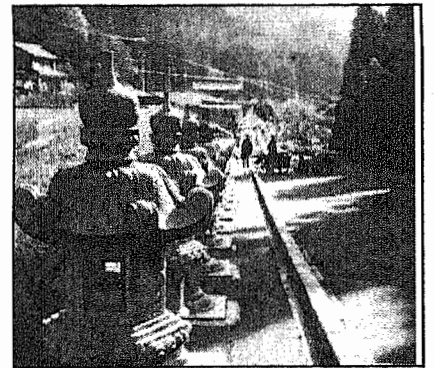
I'm inclined to agree with the experimentation part – many of the poems that make up *Nine Hours North* are beautiful not just in imagery, but especially in the precision of his words. Don't misunderstand me, the imagery is compelling, but it is the writing that underpins it that is truly convincing.

It is Tim's love of "non-gratuitous" experimentation that brought up the subject of word nerds. I'm happy to say that I am one, but I have nothing on Tim. He's one of those people who read poetry for fun, as well as writing it. After waxing eloquent about poetry's "reputation for being difficult, and elusive, and dangerous", he adds, with a somewhat ironic eye-brow raise, "or just boring". He goes on to tell me about a particular author he's reading, saying "I don't really get it, but I like it...There's something about it that I'm responding to." I get the impression that the elusive quality of poetry is something he enjoys.

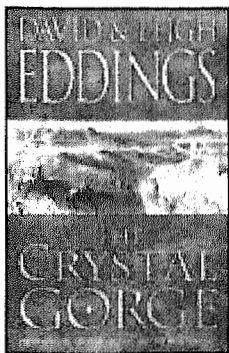
The way that poetry is presented is also important to Tim. He started CottageIndustry Press with a friend, and while there are no immediate plans to publish others' poetry, he is "kindda pissed off at the way that a lot of...poetry looks. I understand that there's really no money in poetry...but so often these books, which have beautiful words in them, come out looking like so much crap." He goes on to earnestly tell me, "I would like to think that in the future I can find someone whose words I love, and there are lots of Adelaide poets whose words I love, that I could make look nice." His love of words appears multi-layered.

Tim describes the difference between word nerds and scrabble champions as one of passion. Word nerds love words, in his case he "grew up in a family where you would sit around the dinner table reading the dictionary, and stuff" and where there is "this really daggy tradition of writing bad poetry on Christmas cards, on Christmas presents and stuff". On the other hand, the Scrabble champion "just sits there reading the dictionary all day, but he doesn't care what the words mean, he doesn't care about words. He just wants the next good Scrabble thing." Clearly context is important when reading a dictionary.

I asked Tim to sign my copy of *Nine Hours North*. He wrote "Thanks for the interview – be nice..." A Scrabble champion would never use the word nice – it's only worth six points.



Sunshine



The Crystal Gorge

David & Leigh Eddings

The Crystal Gorge is the third installment in the latest Eddings fantasy series known as The Dreamers. In this new series there are two generations of Gods who alternately sleep and rule the Land of Dhrall in cycles of four Elder Gods currently ruling and four Younger Gods, or Dreamers, who are sleeping. In the centre of the Land of Dhrall is the wasteland which is home to That-Called-The-Vlagh, a mass reproducing bug who plans to

take over the Land in order to feed her growing brood of 'babies'. The Elder Gods wake the sleeping Gods and enlist in the help of various natives and outlanders from neighbouring lands to help fight the evil enemy. After two successful battles against the Vlagh's servants in the west and south they now move north to defend the Land of Dhrall against the increasingly stronger enemy.

In contrast to Eddings' prior works the addition of wife Leigh has bought a slightly different writing style to the new series whereby the third person narrative backtracks to cover the series of events from numerous characters perspectives. Whilst this enabled a greater character development the constant recanting made it more difficult to follow the chain of events.

The Crystal Gorge introduces more delightful characters into the fray, with the customary brief introduction and background. Despite the fact that these characters all come from completely different backgrounds they all get along fabulously... if only that were true in reality but I guess that's where they get labelled fantasy books!

I initially thought this was the grand finale book but upon reaching the end I realized the 'happily ever after' resolution was not going to fit in those last three pages and the epic battle between good and evil was far from over... Unfortunately the fourth, and I assume final, installment is yet to be released and despite my most thorough searches in cyberspace the pending release of the final book remains elusive.

Karlie

Welcome to the new world of literature where diversity and originality abound. We aim to provide a cross-section of literature that will appeal to all campus inhabitants, from the old to the new; we re searching across the genres and into the magical world of literature... Everyone is welcome on this journey so if you ve read a fantastic book that you want to rave about, or a crap book you want to warn others about, all opinions are welcome.

This year we re expanding literature to become more than just book reviews... We want to include poetry and short stories, written by the students here at Adelaide Uni, so contact us onditliterature@yahoo.com



Rambling #1: Pilot (not the plane variety)

Well we could have started the year talking about the infamous O'week. Too predictable? Yeah, our thoughts exactly! So what to write about in this, our inaugural piece? The piece that will inevitably draw you in, or turn you off for the remainder of the year. We could talk about world politics, but seriously, let's not!. The impact of 'I can't believe it's not butter, butter' on western culture...maybe one for another time. No, this week we want to speak about the issue plaguing many fellow Adelaidians during this beach going time of the year. Chicken salt, or plain?

Tyson:

While sitting at home one Sunday night, watching what ever movie it was that was waning in interest, and ready to tuck into an extremely healthy portion of wedges, I was confronted with the question that plagues every self respecting man during their sleep. The seasoning; chicken salt or plain? And that got me to thinking... actually, no the decision to make this weeks column about Chicken salt Vs Plain salt was what inevitably got me thinking, but why? Why did the wedges need the salt? Why did they need the seasoning at all? Did my taste buds really need it, or is it just force of habit that society placed on me since I was young that made me want to season my golden pieces of potatoey goodness? Does Australian society really have a problem with the blandness that is potato? I ask the question, who in the world woke up one day and decided that we all had to hide the real flavour of our food, because after all, salt, in either form is just a cover. It's the same principles that dictate the lighting at the local watering

hole, do we need the darkness to cover up any imperfections on our face? Seriously why the hell can nothing be taken for face value anymore? Cynical I know, but next time you're choosing between chicken salt or plain, ask yourself if you're too 'chicken' to live the 'plain' life?

Ps. In the real world when I'm not using salt for metaphors, the answer to this great debate is, dude who cares, salt's salt!!!

Lisa:

Hmm...what a bizarre topic, chicken salt is much better than normal salt but its bizarre to think that your'e putting what's meant to taste like chicken onto a potato chip! What's more, is there actually any remnants of chicken, or for that matter any other animal product within chicken salt? Even if there was, would you REALLY want it to be there?? So when you think about it, the fact that many fake varieties of actual food are being sold a lot these days, is an important issue which must be addressed. Think about the fact that those lollies known as 'bananas' actually taste repulsive and nothing like actual bananas! Although if they did taste like real bananas would this mean that more mosquitoes would be biting your smooth subtle skin? (NB: Scientific fact number one: Mosquitoes are more likely to bite someone directly after they have eaten a banana over someone who hasn't). If you have any other ideas of what doesn't taste like its meant to, please keep them to yourself...it's not that I don't care, it's because this article has already been printed.

Tyson and Lisa's joint conclusion: **Tiny Teddy's don't even taste like real bear.**



I study engineering, and as a female, experience some gender harassment. Yes, that is what it boils down to. Of course, it's all in jest, like 'could you have shown more cleavage?!'. This, after our final year project presentation. All in jest I tell you. Now I am in fourth year, and it's taken me until now to realise that it gives me the shits. I thought it was normal to be one person at uni, and a completely different one outside. At uni, I am cynical, sharp, stubborn, a bit ditzzy, but overall I wonder if (by some) I am simply viewed as tits and legs, and the ideal person for the brunt of their jokes. Surely, it couldn't have taken me three years to determine this?!

All the gender studies literature reveals this 'one of the boys behaviour' as a survival tactic, and it sure is. I want to survive this course, perhaps not to be an engineer, but I'm no quitter. I am however, now the person that chooses clothes based on how little attention they draw to my boobs. There is nothing worse than doing group work with your tits being the centre of attention. A problem solver they aren't.

Really, I hadn't noticed this behaviour until a job interview. I went to the careers advisor in the student centre (thank you Shane, you're a true champion), and I really wanted this job. Their stationary was *fantastic*. So I got some new shoes, and went to their offices on a sunny afternoon. I felt confident, and I had the best speech ('Something you are passionate about...') about communities, belonging, and accountability. The first sign of things to come was, in the group interview setting, the other four applicants were all guys. I had expected that, and that was fine, I had better shoes than any of them. Being third in line for my speech, we listened (nervously, thinking I hope mine is better than his) to Applicant Number One - The Mechanic, I call him. He is passionate about engines. For the ignorant among you, an engine is basically a lump of metal. Its' one redeeming feature (and, admittedly, a large technological leap for the entire universe) is that it can move you. However, it was not this that The Mechanic was so **PASSIONATE** about, it was he liked the grease, and fixing them, and tinkering with them. Mr Engineer, the interviewer (who walked in with his motorbike helmet tucked under his arm), **LOVED IT**. Holy shit I thought, I am screwed. I come from a farm too, but last year was the first time in my entire life, that I had actually seen an engine, and in no way was it a moment of passion for me.

Applicant Number Two, The Geek, provided me with even more scariness. He was passionate about Basketball. And not in the playing sense, more in the 'watching' sense. Apparently, he gave up in Year 10, but he is passionate about sitting on the couch and watching people run around on TV. He then managed to winkle out some

crap about the fact that watching a basketball **TEAM** on TV gave him good **TEAM** skills. By osmosis I presume. Again, Mr Engineer loved it.

Then came me, Applicant Number Three. Now being the only person that had actually bothered to remember my speech (2 minutes isn't that long), I still thought I was in with a chance, since the other two seemed to be reading aloud a story book for the first time to a class of year 2's. I really believed in what I said, and I thought it was great. However, at the end of my spiel, instead of the banter about Mr Engineers fav team, or 'mine is bigger than yours' (engine size, of course) comparisons, I got 'mmm'... pause. An observer who worked for the company (and hadn't said anything before this) said he was involved in one of the projects I had mentioned, and said that it had been a great experience. That was all I got. Whoopededooo.

The other two applicants, Four, who spoke of water skiing - Mr Engineer loved this, his exact words were,

"Yeah, but you have to buy all your toys, bikes and boats, before you get married, hey!"

This guy is hilarious I am thinking, such wit, break me off a piece of that.

Lucky last, Five spoke of dirt bikes - Mr Engineer was a cyclist as well, lovely.

(I go to uni with Applicants Four and Five and they are actually nice guys, hence they escape my petty payouts.)

Then Mr Engineer decided to get personal,

"Ok guys, I'll just ask some questions of you. (*in for the kill*) Claire, how would you feel about working in an office full of guys?"

Me: "That's fine, I can do my job as well as a guy, so I don't think it will be an issue. There are only about 4 girls in my course, so I am used to it."

Quiet Observer: "The engineering profession had changed a lot you know, Claire."

Me: (*scoff*) "Obviously it hasn't changed that much" (*gesturing around the table*)

Silence.

What an interesting experience. I did get a polite letter after a week and a half, thanks but no thanks. In retrospect, their stationary wasn't that good. I should've rung them up and asked some uncomfortable questions, but I would like to retain the opportunity to get a job somewhere, someday. The soft option I know, but sometimes survival is more important than proving your point.

I guess engineering isn't that bad, boys are quite funny really, and I don't mind going to uni. Sometimes, though, it would be so much easier to be a boy. I never thought that this could happen to me, aren't I too assertive, too clever? No, I probably asked for it by wearing a skirt. Nothing much changes, does it?

Claire Pocock

*A girl at an interview
(and how boobs let the side down)*

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Fiction

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She entered his life like a breath of fresh air and she would leave it on an exhalation.

OVERTURE

A story is like a seduction. It begins with promise and potential. A covert glance across the bar. A carefully marketed front cover. A coy smile or bedroom eyes. A witty, post-modern analogy. A hand on your thigh. You seduce your audience with your wit or your charm or your beauty. You lure them in.

Some writers never get laid. They're the losers with halitosis and cheap pick-up lines. You'd have to be desperate.

I'm nineteen years old. Hormones rule my life. I write like a virgin. I've got more promise than follow through. I peak too soon, then fumble my way to an awkward end, leaving my audience unsatisfied. But I'm learning. Stick with me, okay?

For a writer to have eye-popping, mind-blowing sex with his reader, he's got to lust after his story. He has to be turned on by his plot twists, lust after his characters and covet his climax.

For a writer to make love to his audience, he has to be in love with his story. He has to see beauty in its every nuance. It's a relationship of trust and adoration.

For a writer to rape his audience, he has to hate something badly enough to want it, and to want to destroy it at the same time.

Opium

Monday May 19, 2003 5:34 am

The sky cracks and weeps like a split lip.

It is the first thunderstorm for the year, not a sticky, humid summer one, but frosty and threatening hailstones. At this time of the morning it's a ghost town. Not a soul in sight. The lights of the hospital glow in the pre-dawn darkness and even the trip to the morgue seems warmer. The cops amble down the sloping walkway to the freezers, like Dante's descent into the Inferno. They don't bother with paint or public relations down here. The pipes are exposed and groaning; the bowels of the building. The smell of disinfectant grows stronger and they breathe through their mouths to stop themselves from feeling faint.

A fluorescent light in the freezer room flickers. There's always one that does. When they go inside a tray is open, a slab of meat shrouded in white, charred feet sticking out the end. Fagin waits impatiently for them. Fagin is not his real name but that is what everyone has always called him. As a young boy, Fagin read Dickens and was always drawn to *Oliver Twist*. He found an affinity with the pick-pocketing Jew. He saw himself as Fagin, if Fagin had been a baby boomer with a specialist medical degree.

Fagin holds up a finger for silence. He has a flair for the theatrical; the mortuary his stage. The cops wait indulgently. People are indulgent of brilliance. He points to the blackened, sticky body before him.

'John Doe, late adolescent Caucasian male. Motor vehicle accident in a stolen car. Intentional? Perhaps. No matching dental records; no fingerprints. Face and body burnt beyond recognition.'

The rookie cop shivers in the cold of the room and shrugs deeper into his jacket. He looks at the wall of metal trays, a silver bureau filled with dead bodies. He is still new to the job.

Fagin's hand pauses over the handle of another draw, his pale, skeletal hands trembling with excitement.

'This one has severe discoloration on one side of her body,' Fagin says, watching the rookie's response with a kind of fascination. 'Lividity. When a corpse has been in one position for a long time, the blood settles and leaves bruising.'

'Why her side? How was she found?' Somehow the rookie still imagines that death should come in a Snow White pose, lying straight and still, flowers clasped between brittle fingers.

'She was dumped near the river.' Fagin heaves open the tray with an energetic action and flips away the sheet. The rookie winces. His partner feels a twinge. The young ones always get to you.

'Seventeen year old, Caucasian female. We're waiting for the family to come in and formally identify her. Here's where it gets interesting.' With his biro, Fagin points to bruising on the body. 'She'd had intercourse shortly before death. DNA material was found under her fingernails - signs of a struggle.'

Fagin pauses, desperately exciting, sweating in the cold.

'And?' The old pro asks, his eyes narrowing with expectation. Fagin always delivers.

'It was just chance that I noticed it,' Fagin says, smiling arrogantly enough to indicate that he believes it was more than chance. 'The genetic material under her fingernails matched our John Doe's.'

II

Sunday February 23, 2003 2:23 pm

Effi Devitzidas, seventeen year old nail technician, whirls around on a denim stiletto, her platinum layered Beyonce haircut flying and points a leopard-print talon at her semi-ex-boyfriend.

'You stupid low-life! Who do you think you are? You treat me like dirt, you move in on my life, you diss me when your boys are 'round, you crash my formal and then you sleep with Tula? She's my cousin. It's like incest or something. How could you look at her when you were together - she's a bush pig. And she's FAT! Youse would make a great couple - your children would be doomed.'

Lukas Skoumbros, eighteen and one half, international business student at TAFE with ambitions to franchise his father's sports clothing store worldwide, was acutely aware of the passing shoppers who were pretending to ignore the public outburst.

'Effi, keep it down. You shouldn't go disrespectin' your cousin like this in public -'

'No, Lukas. Shuddup. You're a player, always have been, always will. Don't think you can sweet talk me with a kinky SMS.'

183 meters away stands Scotch McFarlane, nineteen, voyeur, atop the Renaissance Arcade building. Through the zoom lens of his Nokia 8410, he captures Effi and Lukas in a series of stills. He does not know either of them, nor can he hear their argument. If he had heard, he would sneer disdainfully at their ignorant use of the English language, reminiscent of an illiterate Jerry Springer guest. Then, he would walk away, not without an edge of racism kindling his disgust at those kind of people.

No, it is not for the quality of their argument that he watches. He photographs Effi's stabbing jab at Lukas, the defiant toss of the hair, the accusatory stance, hands on hips, legs spread wide, eyes blazing. He snaps Lukas on the defensive, arms outspread, body shrinking into itself, the shuffling of the Sketchers, eyes evasive. The final snapshot as Effi storms off.

Words are expressions. Punctuation can be found in body language. Meaning is not in words but between them, an expectant breath, a pregnant pause, an awkward silence.

Scotch lowers his camera, restless and agitated. Normally, this practice brings him some peace. Not today. He feels unsatisfied, a bubbling sensation in his chest. This is not a particularly satisfying fight. The stakes are not high enough. He can tell just by looking at the two, there is no love being fought over, only lust and pride. His eyes move away, shifting over the crowds that mean nothing to him.

The January sales had supplied a few opportunities. One time, two girls had got into a cat fight over a tank top with Hugh Hefner's icon and a slogan - I PLAY BOYS. Feminism is dead.

Photographing people in high emotion, the rage, it usually gives him the one thing he lacks - passion. He feels imbued by the

violent, raw energy that sizzles through the film. He is invigorated. He feeds. But today it leaves him feeling hollow again.

She came into his vision gradually, peripherally, but the impact was sudden. It was the colour, or lack of, that caught his attention. Blinding white in broad daylight, the bleaching heat of an Australian summer. His eyes follow her and with eyes accustomed to observing, he assesses her. She wears black ballet shoes and moves with the casual, flowing stride of someone used to being close to the ground. His mother and sister had been born in the mould of Barbie, feet pre-arched awaiting a mule, a slingback, a stilletoed pump, the occasional wedge (but never a platform). They walk with the tiny steps of a Japanese Geisha.

She walks with a wide, confident step, dominant and proud, kicking up the hem of her calf-length skirt. She wears a white peasant dress with a petticoat skirt. The sun shines through her clothing, revealing her naked silhouette. She is small, perhaps up to his shoulder; curvy, but not bulgy. She has impeccable posture, but it is the way she moves that draws him in, as if she touches nothing but air. And her hair. He is entranced by her hair. Wild, untamed, huge, chaotic, gravity defying, brunette Pre-Raphaelite waves.

She stands at the bus stop, looking at the timetable, then, sensing his keen gaze, she looks up. As she scans the skyscrapers, he scans her face.

His breath stills as she stares straight into his lens.

The shutter clicks.

III

Monday February 24, 2003 3:23 pm

Scotch pushes through the door of the dentist's office. He looks at the girl in the waiting area with the designer braces, the fluorescent pink bands. He makes his way to the receptionist's desk. The receptionist is near to Scotch's age and he can tell from the look she gives him that she is interested. Women always are. Scotch has never been a boy, he has always been a young man. His size is always the first thing women notice. It's not that he's a body builder, but he's tall and strong. The kind of man who could sweep you in his arms with ease. The protective type. But he's not that at all.

He places his hands on the desk - large hands, strong hands - and smiles politely at the receptionist.

'My name's Scotch McFarlane,' he says in his soft voice, always soft because he never needs to speak loudly to get people's attention. 'I rang earlier about my dental records.'

'Right,' the receptionist smiles (perfect teeth, of course). 'I need the I.D.'

While she checks his Medicare and private insurance details, she looks up at him coyly.

'So where're you going?'

Scotch looks at her blankly.

'When you called, you said you needed to transfer your dental records because you were moving. Where're you going?'

Scotch's expression does not flicker, his voice is moderated and yet, even when he replies 'Botswana', the receptionist knows it is a lie.

He hesitates before he lies.

Scotch sits in the Hughes Lecture Theatre shuffling through his photo prints. He is disappointed with the teenagers. Real rage should emanate from the photo, but the girl's anger is all for show and he can see it. Sometimes an image can tell the truth better than a memory. He shuffles further and there she is; the girl in white. He inadvertently clenches his abdominal muscles. His thumb strays over her image. He wants to touch her.

Scotch assesses her the way a critic examines an artwork; an object of passion observed with dispassionate objectivity. The tutor reads Catullus aloud, but Scotch stares, engulfed by the picture. A name is called, the tutor seeking a translation, but no one replies. The name is repeated and a breathless voice rushes into the room like a cool breeze on a hot Summer's day.

'Sorry I'm late,' the voice says and Scotch looks up then. It is quite a beautiful voice. Soft, crisp consonants; round vowels. 'I'm Poppy Black. I've done the translation.'

It is her. And yet it is not. For where Scotch was entranced by her innocence, he is now captivated by something lethal in her. She wears tight, worn denim jeans; a Bonds singlet revealing strong arms and a small tattoo of a treble clef on her upper arm. She walks with her chin tilted upward, defying the world. She rolls up her sleeve, scarred with biro markings and reads the translation from her eyes.

'Non tam latera ecfutata pandas, ni tu quid facias ineptiarum,' she says, the Latin rolling off her tongue like sweet pillow talk. "It's pointless to silence your vices when those fucked out flanks expose your sins."

The tutor nods and moves along. She sits in the back row, propping her violin case against the seat in front of her and sitting cross-legged in her own seat. Scotch's appraisal is no longer objective. He wants to touch her. His skin feels warm. His breathing becomes faster. His mouth dries. His eyes burn.

To be continued...

Lavinia Emmett- Grey

Poetry

Expressionism → subjectivity, what the artist sees as opposed to what is exactly there → paints how they feel

So Farewell Then..., Coorong

So Farewell, then,
Coorong,
You once housed
Hardyhead fish, wading
And migratory birds.
But they've all gone.

No more Storm Boy!
Just bays of brine shrimp,
Midges and bird poo-
Spiders.
The Ruppia tuberosa
A plant that is no more, sir!

You were once listed
As a wetland
Of international significance.
You've been lead a merry dance,
You're no longer wet,
Nor land,
....
nor significant!

Only A Sentence

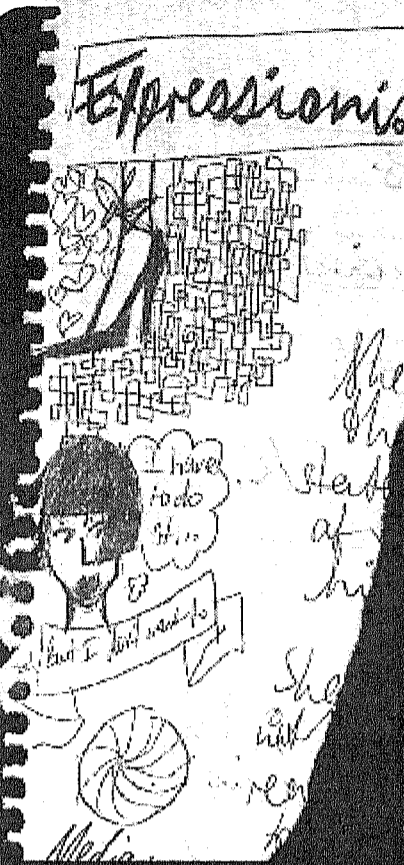
No time for the Novel -
The space, where ideas
might click
and unstuck
the substances of our lives,
is nowhere.

There is only a Sentence.
I'm in parenthesis,
locked up by you
away from the verb,
uncaressed
by adjectival insistence
unknowing adverbially how,
and stilled
by a stop.

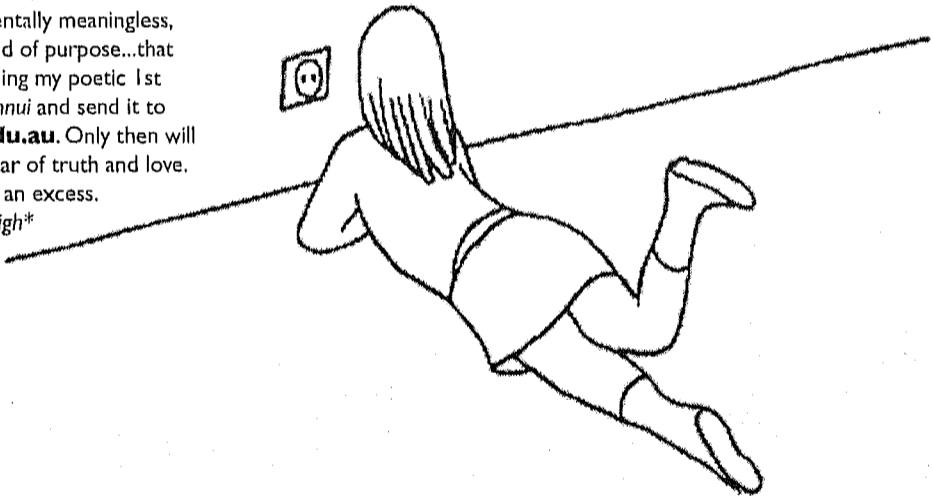
Nichola White

A J Turner

Nichola White



It's impossible to understand one's own face. Life is fundamentally meaningless, my actions are devoid of purpose...that is, until I start penning my poetic 1st year arts student ennui and send it to ondit@adelaide.edu.au. Only then will I taste the sweet nectar of truth and love. Existence is an excess.
sigh



Adelaide Bloggers
in
Action!

In case you haven't heard, blogs are the latest fad sweeping across the Internet. Anyone with an Internet connection and something to say can tell the world what's on their mind. For some it's nothing more than ramblings about what their cat ate for breakfast; for others a blog can be an outlet for in-depth political discussion (or bitching about what **insert emo here** wore to Sholz- eds).

Celebrities have been keen to jump on board with Tom Green (tomgreen.com/blog.php), Moby (www.moby.com/journal) and Rosie O'Donnell (www.rosie.com/) all contributing to the 'blogosphere'.

Now, for the first time, Adelaide bloggers can rise to the fore and become celebrities in their own right. FeedTagger (www.feedtagger.com) is a site where you can read the latest posts from many different blogs and even search the Adelaide blogosphere.

If you already maintain a blog you can add it to the FeedTagger index, so everyone will know who you are. If you fancy yourself as a budding journalist or just want to join in all the fun, www.blogger.com and www.livejournal.com offer free blogs. Those more advanced wanting to setup a blog on their own website may want to look at Wordpress (wordpress.org).

Watch this space in further issues, as *On Dit* will be highlighting the most popular Adelaide blogs and casting them into the spotlight. What are you waiting for? Visit www.feedtagger.com now and find out what all the fuss is about.

This post can be found on my blog at: <http://www.chriswere.com/?p=85>
(Disclaimer: I developed and maintain the FeedTagger website)

Chris Were

You Know You Shouldn't,
but you love it anyway (uh huh)

T.V.

Hey peeps! The name's Kalista - yo! - and along with Anais I'll be bringing you all the TV goss, guides to what and what not to watch and no doubt loads of (vaguely related) ramblings all the live-long year. TV and I go together like Bert Newton and his many hairpieces. One of my first memories is of Vyvyan from *The Young Ones* setting fire to a bed. I thought it was the most fantastic thing I'd ever seen. And I was right. When it comes to my viewing habits, I like to consider myself as a discerning woman of taste and substance. Never mind that I watched the greater part of *Big Brother* last year; justified only by the fact that one of the Logan twins is a fan of *The Office* and I was hanging out for any quotes or references. But there is a lot of fantastic stuff out there - *really* - despite all the rubbish. Stay tuned.

Kalista Campbell



My name is Anais and I love TV. I love many and varied shows, past and present *Oz*, *AbFab*, *The Young Ones*, *The Office*, *Blackadder*, *The Simpsons*, *Law and Order* (any), *Gardening Australia*, *Insiders*, *British Changing Rooms* and *GMA with Bert Newton*. I love that free-to-air TV is free. I love that I can go and camp at my parent's house and watch their Foxtel for free. I love everything about TV, especially the bits that I hate. There are few things that are as fun as getting pissed off at yet another crappy story line on *Home and Away*, or the painful repartee between news anchors or the inane post-match grunts of an AFL star. But shouldn't 'the voice of Adelaide Uni students' be focussed on important stuff like politics, global warming and the sad lack of training facilities for our young Winter Olympians? True, so think of these pages as a break from all of those well written and important arguments and settle if for some well earned frivolity.

Anais Chevalier

The Good, the Bad and the Fugly...

TV in 2006

Goddamit Hank, could you believe they actually fell for that *Desperate Housewife*'s tripe? As if they didn't notice the vacuum in the hot, lean 30-something market after the demise of *Sex and the City*...yet they continue to award Teri Hatcher Golden Globes when her highest career moment was *Lois and Clark*. Pfft.



Shut yer trap Skeeter and climb aboard the goddamn bandwagon.

Good

Bad

Extras

Finally! Ricky Gervais and Stephen Merchant's latest project has arrived! Chronicling the life and times of two actors working as film extras *Extras* is - allegedly - not as brilliant as *The Office* but still worth watching. I for one believe Ricky Gervais can do no wrong. It should reach our screens later this year.

Oz

Not for everyone, but still brilliant.

Nerds FC

SBS has managed 12 or so self-declared nerds to sign up for this new reality show aiming to transform the computer loving geeks into David Beckham types. With such an inspired concept, who could resist? Coming soon to a TV near you.

Doctor Who

The new series will see David Tennant replace Christopher Eccleston as the 10th Doctor. He's got a bit of a geek chic thing going on, but we'll just have to wait and see if he can live up to the likes of Tom Baker and co.

The Bill

Things at Sun Hill went a little wack ages ago. Personally I don't think it's been the same since Danny Glaze left, and Gary Best in CID! Has the world gone mad?? But it's still worth a look, if only for the geezer speak, right Gov.

Australia's Biggest Loser

I know I shouldn't, but I'm hooked.

Plain Ol' Fugly

Home & Away

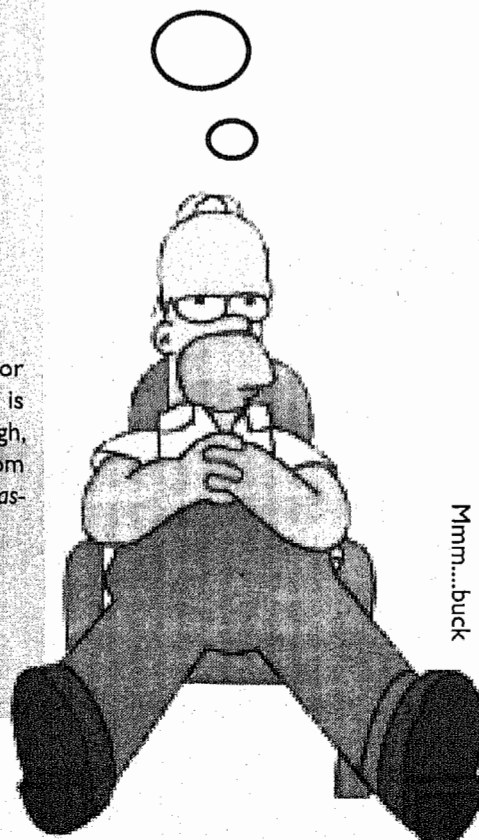
Always the lesser of the two major Aussie soaps, these days *Summer Bay* is just plain ludicrous. It seems as though, in an effort to differentiate itself from *Neighbours*, it's headed in the way of *Passions*. Bad move.

Melodrama aside, you have to admit that Home and Away has better looking actors than Neighbours. Come back Bec Cartwright, all is forgiven - eds.

WHAT I LEARNED FROM TV

#1 (from *Oliver's Twist*):

Before juicing limes for drinks, dressings etc., always roll and squash them. It helps you get more juice for your buck.



Editors: Kalista
Campbell
and
Anais
Chevalier

TOP 10 COLLEGE + UM STUDENTS

INSPIRATION ENOUGH FOR YOU?

1. RIK
The Young Ones

Rampaging socialist, with aspirations to be a "people's poet". Considers Cliff Richard to be the epitome of Rock n Roll.

2. Screech
Saved By The Bell: The College Years

The archetypal nerd - fancied himself to be somewhat of a "ladies man"

3. Joey Potter
Dawson's Creek

Impossibly annoying English Literature student, and wannabe writer. Involved in bizarre Dawson-Pacey love triangle.

4. Barney Glendenning
The Book Group
Pretentious, yet highly alluring heroin addict. Writing thesis on Gabriel Garcia Marquez.

5. Buffy Summers
Buffy the Vampire Slayer
Studied by day, fought vampires by night. 'Nuff said.

6. Felicity Porter
Felicity
Changed whole career/life plan by moving to New York to follow High School crush Ben to NYU. Also involved in bizarre love triangle. This time of the Ben-Noel variety. Lots of hair.

7. Rory Gilmore
Gilmore Girls
Super studious Yale student and editor of her student newspaper. Once spent spring break watching educational videos.

8. Vyvyan Basterd
The Young Ones
Apparently a Med student, although rarely showed up to class. Once brought an amputated leg home.

9. Tommy Lee
Tommy Lee Goes To College
The Motley Crue founder decides to get the education he missed out on while being such a damn ole bad-ass and marrying then divorcing Pamela Anderson.

10. Mildred Hubble
Weirdsister College
The worst witch from Cackle's Academy goes to witch college and winds up in much the same scrapes as before.

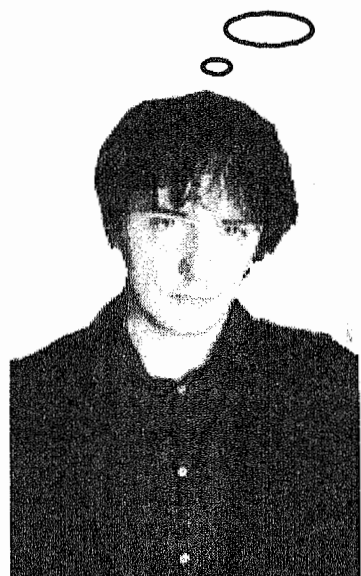
ON DIT PRESENTS...

POCKET TOTTIE #1



~ now in handy cut-out-able diary size!
~ may/may not meet mass aesthetic tastes

It's all shite TV, the lot of it.



Name: David Tennant
Birthday: 18th April 1971 (Aries)
Marital Status: Single
Big Break: 1994's *Takin' over the Asylum*, and more recently the BBC's *Blackpool*.
Where you've seen him: In the costume Drama *He Knew He Was Right*, mock-umentary *People Like Us*, *Blackpool*, and the mini-series *Casanova*.
Where you'll see him next: As the good Doctor in the new series of *Doctor Who* later this year.
Trivia: David once dated *Shameless* star Anne-Marie Duff.
Want more? Check out: www.david-tennant.com

POCKET TOTTIE #2

Full Name: Billie Piper
Date of Birth: September 22, 1982, that makes her a Virgo. *Prissy and neat-ed's*
What's she like? An English Rose with attitude just sounds too wanky, try Keira Knightly with her sass-factor turned way up
Big Break: A nauseating pop single called "Because We Want To", which debuted at #1 in Britain when she was just 15.
What you have seen her in: Dr. Who, Canterbury Tales, various late-1990's pop awards
What you will see her in: More Dr. Who.
Marital Status: Separated. Chris Evans (just google their names for goss)
Trivia: Chris Evans bought her a red sports car worth over £100,000 after they had been dating for just three days.



!Qwazy Qwiz!

- Which cast member of *Saved By The Bell: The College Years* now makes a living doing stand up based on the 'hilarious' precept that he is the sole male member of the cast who is not a closeted homosexual? Hint: His character was just as annoying as his stand up sounds.
- Name the actor who played the character in question 1.
- In the final series of *90210* which 2 original characters get married?
- In *The Secret Life of Us*, Kelly has an affair with her psychology lecturer*, name the actor who played him. *This is not a great way to start, progress or finish your academic career - seriously DO NOT DO IT!
- What is the name of the college that Neil, Rik, Vyvyan and Mike attend in *The Young Ones*?
- Name Mischa Barton's character in *The O.C.*
- What was wrong with *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*'s first college roommate, Kathy?
- Before shacking up with Tom "I know psychology" Cruise, who did Katie Holmes' *Dawson's Creek* character sail around the coast with?
- Name the college related show hosted/starring/graced/infected by Pamela Anderson's ex-hubby.
- In *Absolutely Fabulous*, what domestic emergency leads Edina to interrupt Saffy's lecture?

Lemmings (or yet another 90s revival)

Video Games



Platform: PSP
Developer: Team17
Distributor: Sony Computer Entertainment Australia

In 1990, blue jump-suited, green haired strangers clambered across computer screens, striding happily into hazards and obeying orders with ignorance. Lemmings! It's 16 years later and Sony Entertainment have blessed the world and the Playstation Portable with the adorable idgits once more.

Objective: simple; get *Lemmings* from point A to B. Avoid long falls, traps, water and lava. *Lemmings* on PSP has similar, nay, identical gameplay and level design to previous releases. No story mode or irritating plot exists to remove you from the action. *Lemmings* is a puzzle game where lemmings are you're tools and objective, sacrifice one to save many. Lemmings have ten possible tasks depending on your tactics per level and availability of each task is pre-determined by particular level you are playing. Tasks are as follows; block; bomb; build; dig; mine; bash; climb; and parasol (for gliding safely from long drops).

Controlling Lemmings; shoulder buttons select task; move cursor over lemming using d-pad; select with X; pan screen across levels using analogue nub; zoom in/out using triangle button; circle is time saving fast-forward and the start button is pause. Overall, simplicity in design. No mouse means it's not possible to group lemmings. This may lead many a lemming to die (clusters walking toward a drop in need of parasols, specifically) and may be solved with X mashing practice (rent *MegamanX* for practice). I was critical of the ability to pause and *shock horror* tell lemmings what to do. Thus, destroying the rushed complexity of the Lemmings experience by preventing them to plummet to their deaths allowing you to plan the next step. But, more difficult levels cement its necessity. Reasons include 1); to manage multiple spawn points 2); large levels and slow cursor. I urge the pause button be used sparingly in order to continue the suicidal bastards mad dash for death!

150 original Lemmings levels included PLUS... 36 designer levels from Team17.

Team17's levels are introductory, quickly declining into impossible. I played easy levels first, which break you in nicely and help you get used to the controls. Harder levels force loss of sanity and hair. It's a rough jump from casually completing "fun" levels before quickly descending to confusion and impending suicide at "taxing" and "mayhem" difficulties. Later levels have multiple spawn points and many traps, including; noose to wring thy neck; bear traps to remove thy feet; 50 tonne triangles to mash thee; and fire by which to roast a Lemmings barbeque.

Graphically, roasting Lemmings never looked cuter. The graphics and sound provide a guilty sensation, or not, as Lemmings fall to their deaths screaming and landing with red "SPLAT", or, yellow "YIPPEE!" upon escaping. Five settings; Egyptian; Greek; Sewer; Crystal Cave and an Evil Hole including fire and brimstone (assuming sulphur, awaiting smell-o-scope to confirm) provide atmosphere. Smooth backgrounds range from flowing hills to lush sewage. Thanks to PSP's widescreen, levels are viewable in entirety, allowing for better planning.

The music is instantly recognisable as themes from previous Lemmings, which have been arranged into masterpieces. It can get irritating listening during marathon sittings, but the music's urgency pushes action forward, complimenting Lemmings unthinking compulsions. Sound effects are cute, ranging from yips and yaps to screams, even "thankyous"! It's disappointing that you cannot listen to mp3's from the PSP's memory stick, however. This could have made things more bearable on repeating failed levels.

A level editor is included, with the ability to upload and download user created maps from the Net. Briefly trying the level editor, I found it clumsy. For the benefit of the game, I've never been much into creating maps. Someone out there will push the designer to its limits.

Lemmings is released on PSP on the 2 of March for a whopping \$79.95. A huge price to pay, however; it will provide many hours of painstaking gameplay suitable for lectures. For thirty dollars cheaper it'd be a must buy.

Dan Purvis

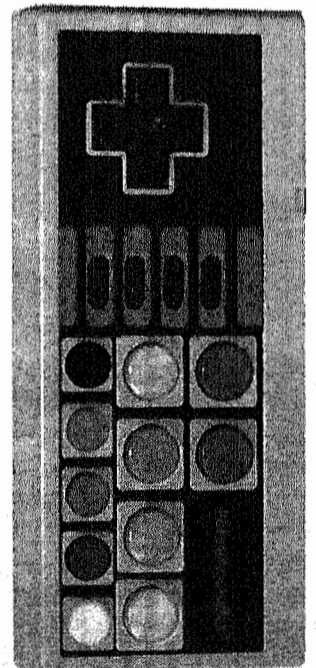
It's a fresh new year and we're all bursting with that first couple of weeks inspiration to do well and study hard. It will wear off. When it does, you'll find yourself crawling back to *On Dit* wondering why you ever put an issue down. And this year, we've got a brand, matt, slightly papery new section tackling video games. It will bring you reviews and hopefully previews (if all goes according to plan *evil laugh* *cough* *silence* hmmm). I'm Daniel and you can find me round the place taking part in the Media degree and now a few marketing courses *shudders*. I'll be playing PSP in class or watching cartoons. Occasionally, provided we have the means, there may be stuff to win. So stay tuned and don't take your hands of that d-pad or press the reset button. Some of the stuff may have been out for a little while, so there might not always be "the latest and greatest"

NINTENDO COMPILATION GAMES GIVEAWAY!!! WAO.

Compilation games are:

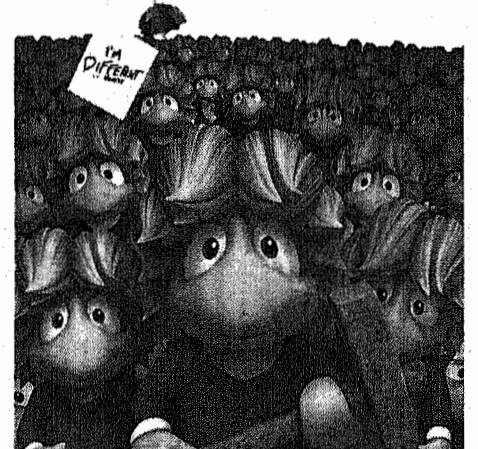
- a) good
- b) bad
- c) very bad
- d) alright when they don't try to "remake" an original and stick it in an "original classics" box then market it to suckers

Answer is D. First person to e-mail this correct answer to ondit@adelaide.edu.au wins.



Want to stand out from the crowd this year?
Contribute to On Dit

Surrender your details to ondit@adelaide.edu.au!



Editor: Daniel Purvis

daniel.purvis@student.adelaide.edu.au

NEVERWINTER NIGHTS: DIAMOND EDITION

Platform: PC-DVD
Developer: BioWare
Distributed: Atari

Neverwinter Nights is an old classic that takes the *Dungeons and Dragons* formula to create a simply addictive hack and slash RPG with some of the best character development systems to be found. Following the initial release of *Neverwinter Nights*, two expansion packs, *Shadows of Undrentide* and *Hordes of Underdark*, were developed with an additional number of chapters to adventure through. Diamond edition was released last year as a compilation of the original adventure, the expansion packs, Aurora toolset for home-made adventure creation (forget the pillow fortress) and Kingmaker expansion adding three new adventures to the entire package. Atari has estimated over 100 hours of adventuring and they aren't wrong. I'm in over 20 hours and still haven't completed the original adventure. Aside from the basic story, which is stock-standard, there are numerous side-quests to embark on as well, which lengthen the adventure further.

Begin the game in the heart of Neverwinter, where The Wailing (a plague similar to ye olde black plague) has taken grip over the city. As a cure is nearly completed the four main ingredients are stolen during an attack on The Academy, where heroes are trained to fight for the good of Neverwinter. As the sole surviving graduate of the Academy you are tasked with finding the Waterdhavian creatures to save Neverwinter. Create your character by selecting race, gender, look and finally

the class of your character. Choose from a huge variety of classes; wield magic as a sorcerer or wizard; walk amongst nature as a druid or ranger; swordplay as a fighter or berserker; protect as a monk or paladin; or thief as a rogue. Within these basic ranks you can modify even further: become a shape-shifting ranger, or a sorcerous paladin, the choice is yours.

The games graphics are outdated by newer adventures such as *World of Warcraft*, but it has enough detail to still compete in the market and there isn't a solo RPG on the PC to date that comes close to the level of choice you have in this game, excepting *Baldur's Gate* which can become quite complex and difficult.

It takes a little while to get used to the game mechanics as you fall into your own little tactical groove. As a druid I summon my minions, cover them with stone skin, enhance their attack and defence and let them attack whilst I heal them safe from battle. I could just as well cover myself with stone, turn into a giant bear and go crush the enemy myself, but I just don't like to. There are also a variety of henchmen to hire and take into battle, but the game is far more challenging without their aid, they also tend to die, a lot.

The game comes in at \$69.95 recommended retail price, but a fastidious shopper should be able to get it under this price with a bit of shopping around, or trading in at Ebay. Definitely worth the money and it gives any gamer an excuse to lock themselves in a darkened room playing from daybreak until 4 in the morning trying to get to that next chapter. Return to the realm of Neverwinter again, or for the first time.

Dan Purvis



GHOST IN THE SHELL: STAND ALONE COMPLEX

Platform: Playstation2
Developer: Ban Dai

Taken from an anime of the same name, this game stars Major Kusanagi as the luscious, cybernetically enhanced, female protagonist, who is accompanied by the heartening thug Batou and two annoying and screechy (in the English dubbed version anyway) robots called Tachikoma. The story starts in Niihama City, Japan, where you begin investigating an import warehouse down at the docks, before being rushed all over Japan for one reason or another (I didn't really pay attention to plot though I'm sure it's riveting).

This is an all out action game/small time platformer. All focus is on running and shooting, dodging and shooting and occasionally hacking into another cybernetic brain and body so you can shoot from that. It's awesome fun and the game is always moving forward. Sometimes shooting gets a little repetitious, but there's enough variety and tactics needed to keep the something and shooting formula working well. There's guns, grenades and a mini close combat function for a bit of a laugh and tumble. It's like *Oni* with less close combat and more shooting. The graphics are good enough, they don't push any boundaries but they keep the game moving and the CG films are as entertaining as the anime series, which is entertaining, though not brilliant.

For an action game there's plenty of levels and work here to keep you occupied, a nice plot twist opens things up as well, which was to be expected from an addition to the *Ghost in the Shell* series. If you're bored on a weekend, keep it in mind and have a try cause it'll keep you amused for a while. Meanwhile, I'm hanging out for the *Cowboy Bebop* game to get released sometime! Yay for anime come game.

Dan Purvis



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of South Australia**

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**ON DIT IS CALLING FOR CONTRIBUTORS.
TO ENLIST, SEND DETAILS TO**

ONDIT@ADELAIDE.EDU.AU

The second largest fringe festival in the world, the Adelaide Fringe opened with a bang last week at the traditional Opening Parade. This bang will be reverberating around Adelaide for the next few weeks, as festival fever takes hold of the city.

This week we look at some highlights of the Fringe program, picking out an event in one of Adelaide's oldest venues, something in one of Adelaide's newest and something in a venue that will be created just for the Fringe.

At the historic Queen's Theatre, 'The Specialists' will be presented by comedy string trio Pluck. After phenomenal success in recent years, most notably at the Edinburgh Festival Fringe, Pluck is set to bring its unique combination of classical music and slapstick comedy to Adelaide.

Another musical act with a twist of comedy (or is it a comic act with a twist of music?) is Baba Brinkman's 'Rap Canterbury Tales'. The Vancouver-based artist will be putting a hip-hop spin on Chaucer's masterpiece in an attempt to show that rap is a legitimate form of literature. With an MA in Mediæval and Renaissance literature, there's probably no better artist than Brinkman to make this attempt! The venue for the event will

be the Pillar Room at the Freemason's Hall on North Tce, which will be home to a large proportion of the comedy events in this year's Fringe.

A temporary venue in the picturesque Rymill Park will be another new addition to the range of Fringe performance locations: Sideshow Paradiso. Recreating the feel of a 1930s circus carnival in the Adelaide Parklands, performance spaces will include the Tiny Top, the Gaiety Grand and the Odditorium. For anyone with an interest in old-style circuses and the clichés for which they're known (the Odditorium is a perfect example), Sideshow Paradiso will be the place to be.

The Adelaide Fringe runs February 24-March 19. Bookings can be made through FringeTIX and information about events can be found at <www.adelaidefringe.com.au>.

Next week *On Dit* turns its focus to the Adelaide Festival of Arts with a preview of that event. Extensive coverage of both festivals, in the form of reviews, will appear in *On Dit* in coming weeks.

Benedict Coxon

**VOX POP
A-GO GO**



**Scod from Tripod
(ain't he cute?)**

Sum up your show in 3 words.
Dickheads playing songs.

What do you do when you're not performing?

I play the piano. There's a lot of Xbox as you can imagine.

What other shows besides yours will you certainly see at the Fringe?

Very interested in seeing most of the shows from the Melbourne Comedy Festival now performing at the Fringe.

**A Hard Day's Mike:
Michael Chamberlain, Magicians and Schapelle**

Michael, you've performed at events ranging from the falls festival to comedy fundraisers. Any favourites? (and don't be an asslicker and say the fringe...)

I wouldn't call this one a 'favourite'... more 'disturbing'...but the other night, I was hosting a gig and a very drunk lady in her fifties came up to the stage and showed me that she could lick her own nipple. I didn't ask her to. I wasn't even vaguely talking about anything near the topic. She just did it of her own free will. And the worst bit was, she then just casually strolled back to her seat where she was sitting with her two children! Weren't they proud of mum that night!

Googling your name, I discovered that you've been knighted, had a library named after you in 1972, and performed as a children's magician in the US for over 20 years. That's quite a career...

Sir Michael Chamberlain is the library guy. He is my great uncle. That's right, I'm related to a 'Sir'...do you want to touch me? I said, 'TOUCH ME!'

You're back to the fringe with your

new show Michael Chamberlain & The Ten Commandments. Why should people check it out?

Because it will change your lives. No, that's a bit over the top...um...it won't be shit?

What made you go for a religion-themed show?

When I was growing up, I went to a big old religious school. It was a Catholic school. For those of you who don't know, being Catholic is kind of like barracking for the St Kilda football club in that you're only truly happy about once every hundred years. Anyway, the ten commandments were rammed down our throats, I always thought they were a bit crap so I've decided to update them and make them a modern set of rules for a modern society. And it will change your life!

Will there be any other fringe acts you might pop in on?

My venue is the Rhino Room which I think is one of the cooler venues. It will have about eight shows a night and then a late show after that. I think it will take

me most of the Fringe to work through those shows. It's good in a festival as large as this one to go off the beaten path and see a variety of shows, stuff you wouldn't normally go and see. They can teach you just as many things as watching other stand up shows. Strip shows are also good to watch.

We all know you east-coasters like to take the piss out of Adelaide. What is the shittiest thing about our fine city?

Port Power coach, Mark Williams. Man, that guy's a cock.

You enjoyed a lot of success with Skithouse over the last couple of years. Will we be seeing you on the small screen again anytime soon?

I recently filmed the role of 'Man 3' for *CrimeStoppers*. The police and I have been looking for a project to work on together for a while now.

Thanks for your time Michael!

One more thing...FREE SCHAPELLE!

Sahil Choujar

Editors: Benedict Coxon
and Sahil Choujar
arts.ondit@gmail.com

Lano
And
Woodley:
au revoir,
so long,
and
farewell...



R.I.P. Frank and Col- you'll be missed.

We're excited to have you back in Adelaide. Is there anything specific you like about coming here?

In a nutshell, there are so many fantastic shows on for the Fringe and so many people out and about partying and having fun and getting into it. It's also great to catch up with other acts that have been off all over the world or something, which we might not have seen for two years. It's definitely our favourite festival in Australia.

You've been together over twenty years now, how did you first come to form a duo?

We started as a Trio actually, with a guy called Scott in community theatre. We had this director who didn't really think our ideas were very funny so we sort of had a mutiny. It was a great time to be doing comedy, the late 80s, but it got to the point where Scott wasn't so interested in touring anymore, he was a family man. So we were sort of fated to be a duo. Actually the duo then suited us better because Col and I are such opposites, we're so different in real life too. Just to give you an idea, Col doesn't like sitting down on a seat if it's still warm from someone else sitting there, whereas I have a tendency not to wash my clothes until they're quite sticky.

Twenty years is a long time, in marriage terms this would be your China Anniversary. Have you picked out any China patterns?

I hadn't thought of that. Although at the same time it's a bit like an anniversary tinged with divorce. Maybe we'll buy some china and smash it over each other's heads.

Why have you decided to bring an end to your comedy duo?

Imagine anyone in your life and spending 95% of your time together, quite frequently alone. It's just a good time to end it, while we're still getting along. In fact we're getting along really well now that we've made that decision.

Your comedy can get quite physical at times. Have there ever been any serious injuries?

We were doing a show called "The Island" in Melbourne and I stuffed my knee, not in any difficult stunt, just while I was messing around being a desperate attention seeker. I had to have some cartilage removed and do the last two weeks of the show on crutches. It worked so well I was worried that when I recovered Col would push me down the stairs or something. Also we did a skit where Col would hit me on the head with a frying pan and one time he must have just done it too hard. I later realised I was concussed when I went to the ATM and was trying to put my house key in the slot. There will be some physical stunts in this show - involving the audience too - so I recommend everyone who has tickets starts doing push ups now, so they can start getting into shape.

When you say, "Goodbye Tour" Do you mean it the same way John Farnham means "The Last Time"? Or is this definitely the end?

It's unclear. Is John Farnham still going? I mean if Tom Jones rang up and demanded that we tour with him we'd have to consider it, but otherwise I think you really need a good ten years before you can have a reunion tour. I think I'd like to be a bit portly and bald for it, so unless I put on some weight and go bald in the next year or so, it's unlikely to be for a while.

Finally, do either of you have plans to start solo careers now that your ties have been severed?

Yeah, we're both thinking we'll do something but we're not sure what yet. Over the years Col has had to turn down lots of offers, like acting with the Melbourne Theatre Company or hosting TV, so maybe he'll do something like that. When I was a kid I wanted to be Harry Butler, he was sort of David Attenborough crossed with Steve Irwin, so I might grow a beard and go searching under some rocks for some lizards. I've had fun doing some solo shows too, but it's a bit like going on a trip by yourself, it's just a bit more fun with someone else, so we'll see.

Oliver de Rohan

On Dit is Fully Sick
(or so we wanted Paul Fenech from Fat Pizza to shout with roguish delight)

Let's talk about the title of the show: Subwoofers of Mass Seduction. We like it; very topical. Very funny. Is it deep, philosophical comment on society, or just a joke that came up after a few bottles of Stolichnya?

Mate, it is like, like a metaphor for our society. Youse got the subwoofers cranking, getting the attention of the whole nation. Mate, the subs are pumping. And mate, that is like, what we will be doing to all the chicks out there.

Alright, the show. Your promo material doesn't give much away, but Thorpie says it's fully sick. Does this mean we'll be getting the whole cast back on stage for the show?

Mate, everyone is coming. We is gonna have sketches, stand-up, sex, violence, jelly-wrestling, drugs, pizza. Mate, the works. Oh, and mate, a special treat for all of youse who come and see the show: the world's biggest pussy.

Interesting. Right, change of tack. What inspired you to get into acting and directing, anyway? Is it all you ever wanted to be, or just a series of freak coincidences?

Cash and chicks. But I have a serious lack of both. Mate, it's all bullshit. It's fool's gold, mate. Mate, I should have been, like, a stockbroker. Or a nerd, working with computers; then I'd be, covered in chicks.

You started sweeping floors at the ABC a long time ago. Did you ever imagine you'd become a cultural icon?

Cultural icon, that's not bad. You know, mate, Australia has, like, a distinct lack of icons. I mean, we've got like, Phar Lap, that horse who died; ANZAC's running up the hill with bullets... what else? Barbecues? Yeah,

I like being a cultural icon. Gives me a chubby. In fact, I'll tell you what I have: a big fat icon. Aw yeah.

The question that's on everybody's lips. Are you anything like your character in real life? Or are you just taking the piss out of an entire generation of petrolheads with bad hair and worse accents?

Mate, I am very similar. Like lately, I have just been hanging at some malls; doing some burnouts; I am under the driver's licence suspension; I have been getting like, hundreds of defects - mate, I have been defected probably more times than the entire state of Tasmania. And mate, I love a good punch-up, just on the side of the street for no reason. And I have more luck with the chicks now.

Give us a quick commentary on recent current events.

Mate, the wheat deal - Habib and I, mate, we have been doing under-the-table deals for, like, ever. Then the ATO comes along and cracks down with the GST, and it turns out the Government has been doing it from day one.

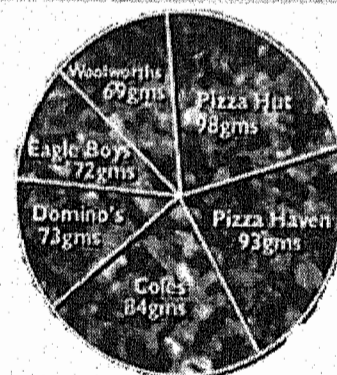
Do you ever worry that your shows will reach a point where there isn't anything else to rip into? The climax of bad taste, or something like that?

Nah, mate, there is always something happening. One thing you can count on with humans: bad taste. Mate, our show - it is like a Shakespeare play with extra helpings of sex and violence. See, he had the king doing his daughter's cousin's sister's dog, and then he kills someone - mate, we are like the modern Shakespeare. Only, like, better looking, and with more chicks.

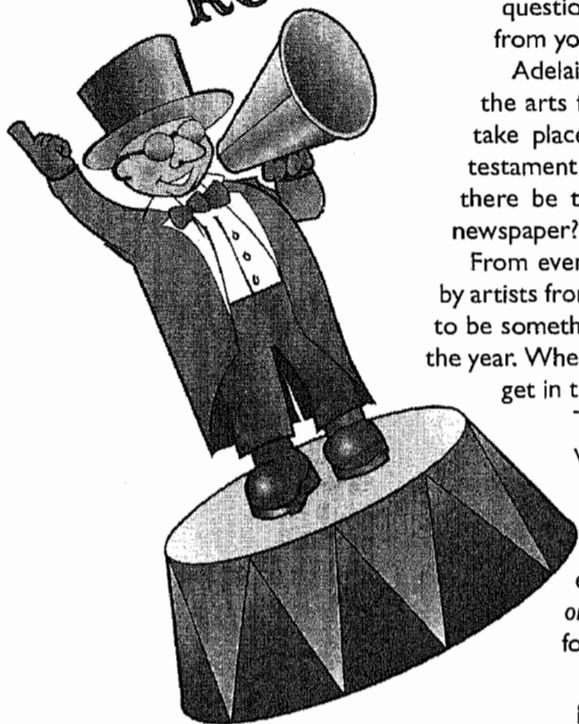
Any closing comments?

Yeah, mate - for all of you Habib fans out there, there will be plenty of fat chicks in the show too. Mate, they are just like the great white shark - an insatiable eating machine.

Miles McCarthy



ROLL UP!
ROLL UP!



Can you write three hundred words of coherent prose? Have you ever been to an opera, classical music concert or dance performance? If the answer to these questions is 'yes', then *On Dit* wants to hear from you.

Adelaide has a reputation as a place where the arts flourish, and the myriad of events that take place around town on a weekly basis is testament to this. So what better place can there be to be an arts reviewer for a student newspaper?

From events run by local organizations to tours by artists from interstate and overseas, there's likely to be something that catches your interest during the year. Whenever this happens, the best move is to get in touch with *On Dit*.

There's no need to worry if you haven't written arts reviews before; as with lots of skills, the only way to learn is through experience.

If you're keen, send an email expressing your interest to ondit@adelaide.edu.au. We look forward to hearing from you.

Benedict Coxon
Performing Arts Sub-Editor



No Oil Painting

The Portrait
Co-Opera
The Space
February 3-11

The latest offering from South Australia's Co-Opera is a local affair: an opera about Adelaide-born artist Stella Bowen, written by Adelaide composer Becky Llewellyn. Bowen is best known as a war artist during the Second World War, and for her painting *Bomber crew*, which is housed in the Australian War Memorial in Canberra. The plot of *The Portrait* focusses on Bowen's relationship with the English writer Ford Madox Ford, and its eventual breakdown after he becomes involved with another woman.

The singing and playing was, on the whole, commendable, and it is a credit to Anthony Hunt that he is the first guest musical director in Co-Opera's history. Bowen was sung by Jessica Dean, whose singing and elegant acting made her the pick of the cast, and lifted the performance to another level. Aside from the fact that the story simply

wasn't interesting enough, the libretto was so cheesy and focussed on rhyming that it restricted the performers into rather wooden acting displays. Ford Madox Ford, sung by Pelham Andrews, was not a particularly charming character, and instead of coming across as a man able to seduce women with his writing, he was a rather stiff and boring figure, despite Andrews' fine singing. Jean Rhys, sung by Tessa Miller, who steals Ford away from Bowen, didn't seem to have much going for her and was not a convincing seductress. None of this is to say that the performers were found wanting; it's hard to create convincing performances with poorly-written rhyming couplets.

Co-Opera now has working to a budget down to fine art, and although its productions are seldom lavish, the company's members have a collective ability to work with what they have to great effect. Notable features of the set for *The Portrait* were projections of Bowen's paintings and a multi-level stage. Credit must go to director Tessa Bremner, who made the most of limited resources.

The Portrait will tour to regional Australia in September and October of this year.

Edward Joyner



Perfect Fusion

The Soldier's Tale
Sol Chamber Music Series
Queen's Theatre
January 14

Too often, works that involve both music and drama fail to make an impression, as each element cancels out the other. How refreshing it is then to see a young, enthusiastic group of artists banding together to create a beautifully balanced presentation of a difficult piece of music theatre.

Indeed, there exists little music as challenging as Stravinsky's, but the group of instrumentalists assembled by conductor David Sharp represented something of a 'crack team' in the context of the Adelaide music scene. James Cuddeford, violinist in the Australian String Quartet was at the helm, and was only matched for brilliance by David Elton on trumpet. The impressive speed and clarity with which these two played set a high standard that was followed to a tee by the other five musicians. Sharp handled the stop-start style of the work well, and was always firmly in control of proceedings.

Bearing in mind the quality of the music, it was entirely appropriate that

the dramatic side of the work did not overpower the musical. Discreet use of lighting and relatively simple costuming combined with convincing performances to tell the soldier's story effectively without overpowering the musical storytelling. Director Catherine Campbell played the Devil, giving an appropriately camp feel to the wheeling and dealing character. Gavin Clarke avoided overplaying the Soldier, and Emma Horwood in the cameo role of the Princess wouldn't have seemed out of place in a fairytale. Hew Parham as the Narrator had some problems making himself heard over the seven musicians (even with the assistance of a microphone), but then the Queen's Theatre isn't exactly the best venue in Adelaide as far as acoustics are concerned.

However, aside from aural matters, the choice of the Queen's Theatre was apt – the condition of the building rather fits with the idea of a soldier returning home after a war: bedraggled, dilapidated... Indeed, every element of this difficult work was strong, from music to drama and even choice of venue. One can only hope that the organizers of the new Sol series, of which *The Soldier's Tale* was the third instalment, are encouraged to pursue the venture next summer.

Benedict Coxon

OK Piano: Christopher O'Riley Plays Radiohead

If you thought Radiohead geeks were angsty, *ennui*-plagued students, think again. Their biggest fan is none other than a slightly irritating American more suited to selling cars than transposing 'Karma Police' into D minor. Such was the verdict of *Hold Me To This: Christopher O'Riley Plays Radiohead* at the unusually intimate Space Theatre. Technically, this was one of the most entertaining concertos I've ever attended – clearly the guy's a piano freak – but I couldn't help but think that it was just well executed karaoke. Sure, he had the crowd mesmerised by the eponymous 'Let Down' and 'Paranoid Android', but really, he didn't write them in the first place. Passing off improvisation as a genuine contribution to the arts doth not a true genius make. And whilst I'm wearing my bitch hat, as he played, he pulled the most appalling orgiastic faces that quite literally had the front row rolling with stifled giggles. Doesn't exactly do *Amnesiac* justice, but then again, listen to what the man himself had to say about that:

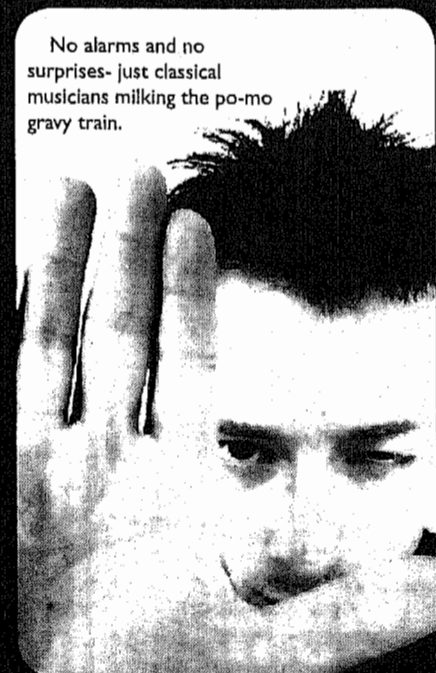
Chris O'Riley (to Thom Yorke in an interview): "I would never consider doing 'Pyramid Song' without the sound of your voice"

Thom Yorke: (smirk) "Yeah, I'd probably screw it up anyway"

How creative Chris, relaying stories to the crowd about the self-deprecating tendencies of Mr. Yorke. Don't get me wrong, I love Radiohead and I think Mr. O'Riley is a technical genius. But Karma police, arrest this concert pianist.

Stephanie Mountzouris

No alarms and no surprises – just classical musicians milking the po-mo gravy train.



...the aesthetic dimension is the carrier of hope

Now in its tenth year, *City Sites* is a unique public art project. Over the month of January, Carclew Youth Arts Centre employed 35 young artists, who along with mentoring professionals, created a range of commissioned artworks for spaces in and around Adelaide.

In 2006, the centre of creative activity was the old ice skating rink on Hindley Street. Closed for over 30 years, the space was once again filled with young people. Gone were the icy cold conditions, replaced by 35 to 40 degree days without air-conditioning. Despite the heat, the young artists worked hard to meet each client's individual design brief.

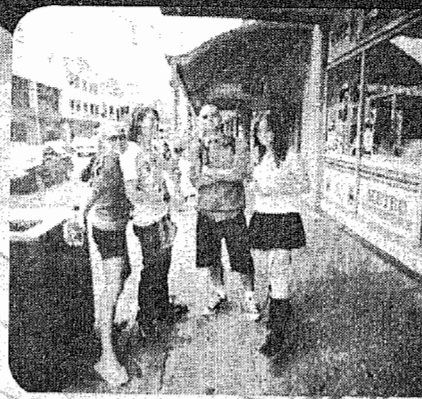
City Sites generated over \$100,000 worth of commissions and sponsorship to create a range of artworks. This year's projects included mosaic benches and pavers for the City of Port Adelaide Enfield, banner designs for Melbourne Street and a 72 piece, 90 metre mural to be installed at Alan Scott Racecourse, Morphettville - the longest mural in Adelaide! This year also saw the creation of *City Sites* first graffiti art commission. Under the guidance of the talented Jimmy C, one of Adelaide's finest graf artists, a

series of panels were created for the City of Noarlunga.

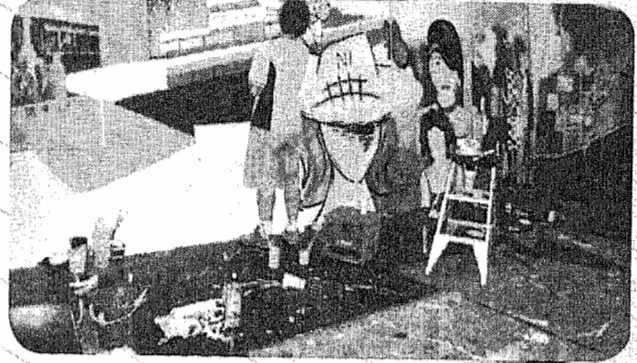
The overall project gave participants the chance to work full-time and work with professional artists. These contacts turned into friendships, particularly after discussing the 'Big Day Out dilemma'. With the project finishing on the 3rd of February, many participants banded together to discuss ways in which they could shorten the last day of work in order to catch the action at the Wayville. On the final day the hard work had paid off: the artists exited the building (many sprinting to the showground) knowing that they had left behind a stunning range of public artworks to be proud of and to enjoy for many years to come.

City Sites takes place in Adelaide in January of each year. Since its inception in 1997, over 300 young people have participated in this unique artistic project. For more information about *City Sites* and other Carclew projects, check out the website at www.carclew.com.au

Katie Shriner



Gettin' creative at City Space



what the Buddhists call 'Right Livelihood.'



Bathed in sunlight all searched day



And now, hurray, let us depart
And pursue
mighty temptress, adventure!

SUNDAY 16
28/07/06 Week 41

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PAPIERS D'ENVIES DE TROU
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TS MUSCLES REBONDI
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IR CHOWINGGUM CONTEMPORAIN D'IM
GOURMAND DISPONIBIL
E SODA DE MOUCHES DE
PLUS DE MERDES D'OLIGO-E

