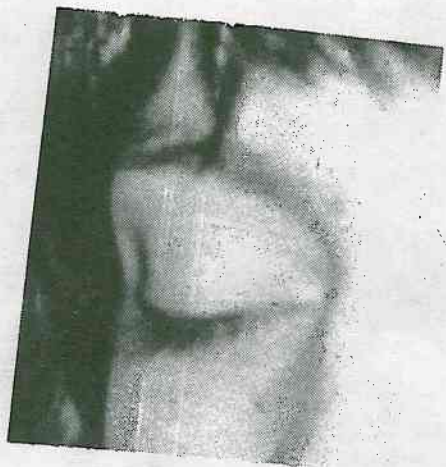


**On
Dit**

Volume 72
Edition 20
18.10.2004
**MADNESS
EDITION**





On Dit

~~Tristan Mahoney~~

Editors

James Cameron
& Tristan Mahoney

Advertising

Matthew Osborn
0402 760 028

Printing

Cadillac

Current Affairs

Nick Parkin
Alex Solomon-Bridge

Opinion

Russell Marks

Music

Dan Joyce & Dan Varrichio

Local Music

Ben Vistoli

FOOD

Esha Thaper

Film

Danny Wills

Literature

Sukhmani Khosana

Arts Team

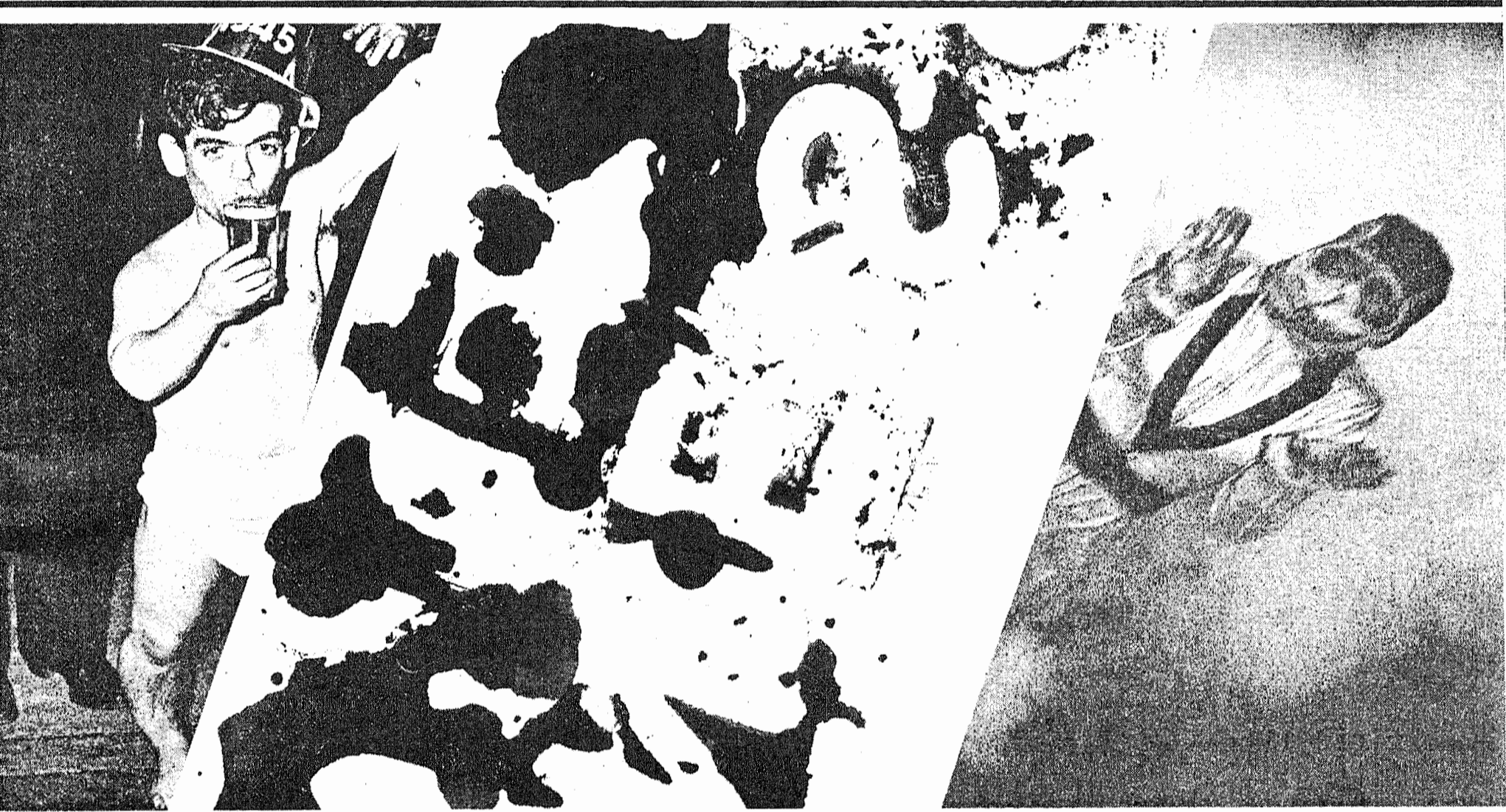
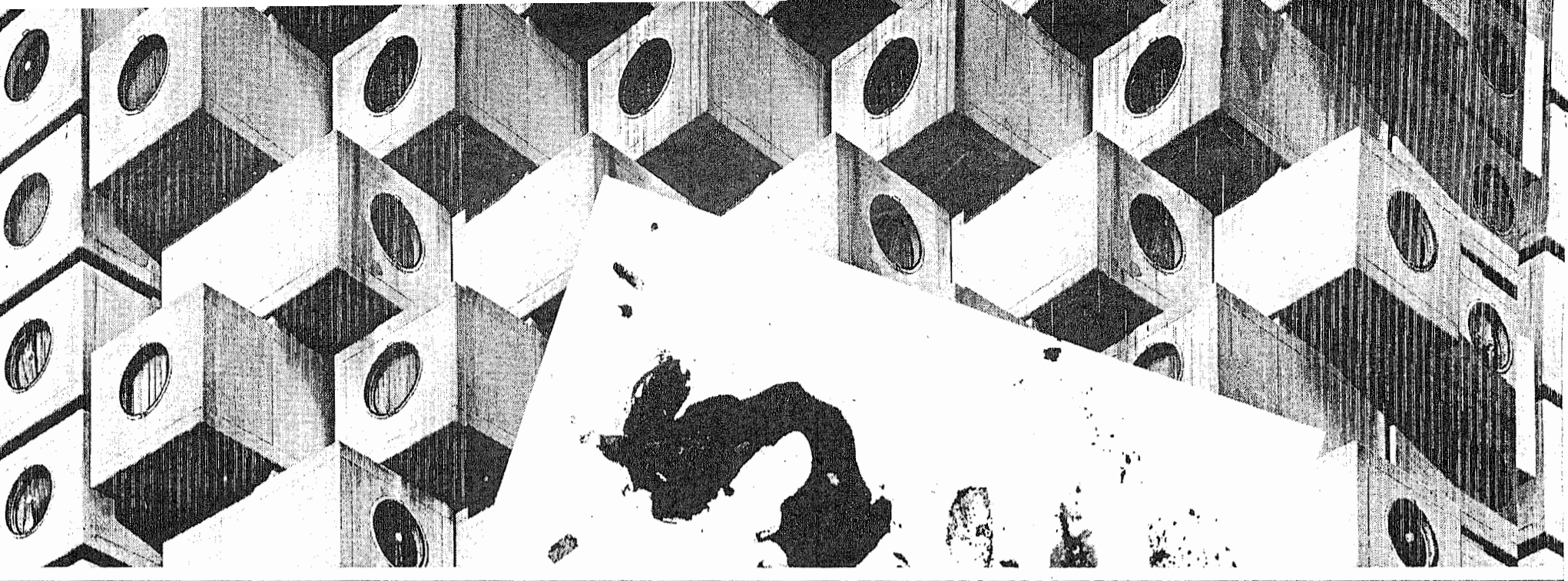
Benedict Coxon

Alex Rafalowicz

& Stephanie Mountzouris

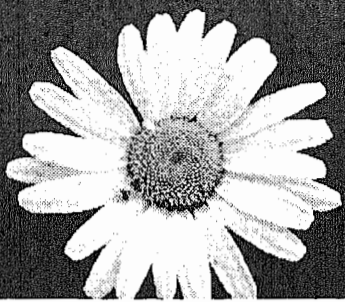
72.20

+ Vox Pop
Cruz Wagan-Provo
& Joe Hynes



Election '04

A Labor Insider



Well another three years come and gone, and the Federal election kept at least some of us entertained for about 3 minutes. The final result looks like seeing a House of Representatives with 60 Labor seats, 84 coalition seats and 3 independents, which if you reckon that John Winston Howard is some sort of Hitler (minus the charm), ain't none too flash. Once again, there's precious fuck-all for universities, hospitals, schools and anyone else who either can't afford to live like Alexander Downer, or who won't borrow money in order to.

This is the political genius of Howard – he forces Australian families into debt in order to get decent homes, healthcare and education, and then tells them that Labor will send up their interest rates on that mountain of credit.

The ultimate result was a personal triumph for Howard – he was certainly the only Coalition figure to have anything like a good campaign, and notwithstanding his loss in the "debate", he still dominated the political oxygen, and made Latham and Labor look like a pack of incompetent amateurs. Howard is a master campaigner, backed up by some very good strategy, a lacklustre media and a shockingly disengaged public.

The first thing you could say about this election is how remarkably apathetic the general electorate was. The high number of undecided voters showed not that people were genuinely torn between two ideologies, but that people honestly couldn't have given a shit about the result. And in the end, inertia triumphed over progress.

One of the major deciding factors, in a national sense, was simple – interest rates. There's no doubt that the scare campaign on interest rates hurt the Labor Party. Dishonest as it was, it had an effect on every mortgage belt seat, where people have gotten in debt up to their eyeballs. The results showed swings of up to 11%, often in safe Labor seats, in areas with a high proportion of young families (who are far more likely to be buying their own home). This cost at least one

South Australian seat in Wakefield, and more in New South Wales.

But if Labor thinks that interest rates and interest rates alone were responsible for their routing at the ballot box, then we're all in serious trouble. The problem is that Howard has successfully divided the country – not into the haves and the have-nots, but into the haves and I-think-one-day-I-might-haves. This is the fundamental problem for Labor – their base of working-class voters is disappearing, and the middle classes like to think they're actually upper class now. In the current climate of economic prosperity, even those who aren't any better off, think that one day they might be. And so they're prepared to sacrifice the systems and beliefs that they may well need one day soon, in order to keep alive their illusory chance of living like the idle rich.

That said, it's not exactly Politics 101 to go around telling people they'll always be poorer than they want to be, no matter what you're offering in return. So Labor has to shoot at the marginal issues (subtly re-jigging family payments and hailing it as a revolution), or try gimmick policies (Medicare Gold). And in all of this, the real message about funding our schools, unis, hospitals and childcare centres gets lost – not to mention any kind of fair treatment for minorities, non-heterosexual groups, refugees, or anyone else who wouldn't seem at home in a Happy Days episode. And we are left with both parties delivering economic Ponzi schemes and pandering to a blinkered, pro-surplus view of fiscal policy.

Locally, there has been a fair bit of excitement about Labor's win in the seat of Adelaide – the only seat in the nation where the party has taken a seat off a sitting Liberal. The fact that the new Labor Member for Adelaide is only 26 has also drawn some comment, and excited a few people. However, state-wide there have been massive ramifications, with there looking like being only 2 out of 11 SA seats being in Labor hands; an actual loss of one seat. (at the time of writing, Hindmarsh was still in the balance).

the voters.

Latham had previously outsmarted Howard over parliamentary superannuation and the Australia-US Free Trade Agreement. No doubt this rankled. Now Howard scored a spectacular revenge. The continued destruction of the magnificent, ancient Tasmanian forests, as a consequence of a low-grade political trick of this kind, is enough to make one weep.

The defeat over forest policy nearly

There were some factors in Adelaide that saw Labor defy the national trend to pick up the seat – mostly the fact that wealthier, small-l 'liberals' in the city have gone against Howard's brand of aggressive conservatism, with it's very harsh refugee and indigenous policies, to name a couple. The seat also has less of a "mortgage belt", which would have voted with their pockets in a scare campaign.

The fact is, however, that for certain reasons, Kate Ellis' candidacy for preselection was heavily backed by a major factional powerbroker in the party; so much so that had she failed to win, his own career would have been, in all probability, severely curtailed.

The fact is, however, that for certain reasons, Kate Ellis' candidacy for preselection was heavily backed by a major factional powerbroker in the party; so much so that had she failed to win, his own career would have been, in all probability, severely curtailed. This meant that he ensured every available resource went into the campaign for Adelaide, denuding the other seats in SA of precious resources. Resources that could have gone into getting an extra 700 votes in Wakefield, or an extra 500 votes in Kingston, which would have given those seats to the Labor Party.

That's not to mention Makin, where Labor did not do as well as expected. That goes back to the scare campaign on interest rates, and the local campaign team's refusal to publicise Trish Draper's travel indiscretions. Makin is exhibit A on how to lose a seat – while there was a swing to Labor

of about 2.7%, a loss is a loss is a loss. And you can bet that had the roles been reversed, the Liberals would have had a leaflet a day in 80,000 letterboxes reminding voters of Labor's faults.

This is an overall trend in the national scene; the Liberals attacked, and Labor tried to be positive. Here's a free lesson for progressives – negative campaigns work. They kept the Republican party in power in the US for 12 years, and may well do so again. And they worked here.

Other factors as well came in to the result; the forestry issue, and Howard's manipulation of it; Labor's lack of leadership experience; and the feeling that with all State and Territory governments in Labor hands, a Labor federal government would be a danger. But, ultimately, Howard had his foot on the pedal the day he announced the poll, by his introduction of the interest rate panic.

Elsewhere, the really interesting developments were the rise of Family First and the less-spectacular-than-expected showing of the Greens. Family First, a kind of Christian Taliban Party, hid their homophobic agenda and fundamentalist Protestant links just long enough to get around 5% of the primary vote in SA, and about 4% nationally. What this means for the Senate may well be irrelevant, given the Liberal numbers there, but their emergence does raise issues about the Australian religious Right becoming a player in politics. The Greens did not poll as well as expected, possibly because they aligned too closely with the Labor Party and thus copped the political odium that was interest rates.

So with three more years of Liberal Government facing us, there's one thing that's become clear. The anti-conservative vote has to combine, or face an even more extended stay on the sidelines. Howard has managed to bring his policies into the mainstream by dragging the country to the right, and it's no good arguing about irrelevancies with that at stake. The next election will need a 4.2% swing to Labor for it to win victory, and much better campaign than 2004.

DE LA MISÈRE EN MILIEU ÉTUDIANT

"We might very well say, and no one would disagree with us, that the student is the most universally despised creature in France, apart from the priest and the policeman."

These words were written in 1966. Nearly forty years later and students across the world are still very much held in disdain. In Australia, the Nelson Higher Education Reforms arguably began from the premise that students are undeserving, bourgeois beneficiaries of the taxpayer and should ultimately pay most of their own way. However, some students do not fit the wealthy-bludger stereotype, enduring severe poverty both while at university and afterwards.

Recently, some student unions in Victoria established free food services with over a hundred students regularly attending the morning breakfasts. And a survey of uni students at La Trobe found almost "a third did not run heating when required, and between 12 and 16 per cent of rural students often went without food". Student poverty in Australia also exists outside of the economic sphere. Many students are time-poor, unable to squeeze free time into a hectic schedule of work and study, while weekend jobs and the lure of penalty rates often isolate students from the cultural activities of the community-at-large. Barbecues, going to the football/beach/concert, sometimes even drinking binges are forfeited for the privilege of the life of a poor student.

In the UK, student poverty is more prevalent because

students generally attend universities far from the economic safety net of the family home. Many pay the rent with Student Loans, however, this year there have been problems with the loans getting through to students. The Student Loans Company is in the midst of implementing a new computer system and the delays are causing student unions to become quasi-charity organisations giving out food and basic necessities to students who are awaiting payments. Unions' discretionary funds have run dry and they are having to hand out baked bean cans left over from "Fresher's Week". Two young women from a Welsh university even tried their luck at a local pub's Wet T-shirt Competition (fifty-pound prize). Afterwards one commented, still breathless from her routine, "I can't believe we didn't win- we promised our flat mates we would come back with enough money to put the TV service on. Now we'll have to go home and tell them we still don't have the money!" The poverty doesn't end after graduation with 400,000 graduates chasing only 72,000 graduate jobs a year.

Yet student poverty does not seem to evoke much sympathy from the wider community. In the US in 1972 Nixon called students "bums" and blamed them

for many of the problems afflicting America. Since then the University of Georgia recently implemented a programme which hoped to embarrass "slackers" who took more than 4 years to get a degree. Students there may have their parking and football-ticket privileges taken away after their senior year. And the university will refer to students as "first-years", "second-years", or even "seventh-years", rather than the traditional titles of freshmen, sophomores and seniors.

Whether students form the poor underclass of society or are just plutocrats-in-waiting is the real debate. Many see students as indeed the latter and judge it fair that a few years of poverty and a few more of debt is a small price to pay for future personal prosperity. Others glamorise student poverty and see it as a valuable learning experience in self-reliance and discipline. Whatever the case may be, student poverty is real, both at a cultural and economic level. And community apathy over the Nelson reforms suggests that students continue to endure the same community prejudices which existed forty years ago.

Nick Parkin

Editorial

Have you ever
tried to pull a newspaper
together without a
network server?
It's REALLY hard.
I mean, SUPER hard.
We know it's a poor
trades person who
blames their tools,
but Fuck me this
edition was hard.
Any way.
Yeah, like, madness...
does it make you
think?

Ah, forget it.

Stan & Jimmy.

X X

Do you ever wonder why On Dit is occasionally distributed later than it's usual Tuesday timeslot?

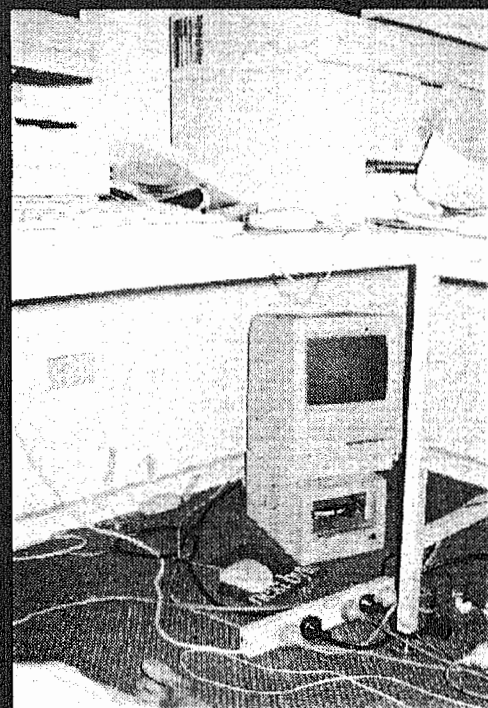
It's because the diminutive, smart-alecky MAC-daddy affectionately known as Incoming, (that holds all of On Dit's shit in it's little plastic box), is prone to crashing in the most unfortunate of times.

Well last weekend, the little sonofabitch made its last mistake.

The ceremonial replacement, then presentation, beating, smiting and burning of Incoming will occur this Friday, on the Barr Smith Lawns, at four o'clock.

All readers are encouraged to bring deck chairs, food, alcoholic beverages, friends and family.

Thank You,
Eds



University Council Elections 2004

Undergraduate students have only two voting representatives on the University of Adelaide Council. One of them will be elected on October 28, with the exclusively postal ballot commencing October 13. Students who haven't received their postal voting pack should contact the State Electoral Office on 8401 4305.

The candidates (in the order they appear on the ballot paper) are:

Blake Wadlow: Notorious campus socialite. Relatively conservative politics, owns a red convertible, rumoured to be running for the free parking.

Rowan Nicholson: Current Union President, already familiar with university administration. Smarmy git.

Patrick Giam: Young Liberal and undergraduate representative on University Council. Voted for the 25% increase in HECS fees.

Jane Kellett: Veteran Union Board Director, formerly a member of the defunct Make A Difference faction. Has a twin. Seems nice.

Sarah Busuttil: Former Union Activities Chair, missed out on SAUA Presidency by 86 votes, missed out on AUU Presidency by a coin toss. Ouch.

Readers are no doubt already aware that it was University Council that made the decision to implement the Howard Government's 25% percent HECS increase.

Now that Howard controls the Senate, it is entirely possible that University Council will be making decisions that will have a dramatic effect the accessibility of a university education in South Australia. It is crucial that we elect someone experienced enough to lobby fellow Councillors and push for the interests of both current students the future of quality and accessible higher education.

Just don't vote for Wadlow, okay?

Heads I win (Tails you lose).

Why Adelaide Uni Labor students have at least one thing to crow about.

Amid a flurry of controversy, last week's Union Board election saw Adelaide University Labor Club President and relative political novice Jennifer Turner installed as President of the Adelaide University Union.

This is how it panned out. Prior to last month's student election, the Independents made a deal with The Labor right aligned Stroke ticket. Any Indies elected to Union Board would vote for Stroke's candidate for the high profile Union Activities Chair. In return, Stroke would offer ticket support for Indie candidates during election week. Easy.

However, word around the polling tents was that Stroke's campaigners were quietly encouraging students not to support the Indie candidate for SAUA President, Sarah Busuttil, despite their official ticket support.

That notwithstanding, no one could have predicted Indie prima donna Josh Raynor's shameless defection to Unity less than two weeks before the Board Election - let alone his candidacy for Union Activities Committee Chair in his new capacity as Stroke campus co-convenor. Not only did Reinner's shock defection ruffle feathers amongst younger Stokers left behind on the Labor Right Ladder of Opportunity, it also painted the Indies into an unpleasantly tight corner. Meg Lees would have been proud.

Who to vote for? Give the irritatingly ambitious turncoat the satisfaction, or break the deal with Stroke and vote for the alternative - a moderate Liberal by the name of Christian Winterfield? In the end, the Indies chose to break the deal - their rationale was that once Rannier defected, it was on for young and old. Understandable, given the Indies particular distaste for Renneir's conservative views and disturbing eagerness to climb the ranks.

Interestingly, Activate put forward a dud candidate

for UAC Chair in the form of SAUA President-elect David Pearson. This was expected to force the Indies to honour a deal relinquishing the prospect of holding the coveted Chair.

The embattled Indie camp is also in trouble for allegedly breaking a further deal with Activate. In return for ticket support, the Indies agreed that their Board members would vote for the NOLS faction's candidate for the aforementioned UAC chair. This deal went smoothly, despite Activate's claims that former Indie Victor Stamatescu's vote went astray. 'Hey - I may have been a puppet for the Indies, but I didn't campaign for them,' Says Stamatescu. 'Those fat cats in NOLS caucus can suck my little 'i' cock.'

But are all these factional deals such a big deal? In a word, yes. Deals such as these are the cornerstone of student politics right across the country, and any grouping seen to be breaking them runs a real risk of being ostracised from the broader community of fractional hacks (at the NUS National Conference, for example), not to mention the possibility of being locked out of subsequent campus elections.

In the end, all three positions - President, UAC Chair and Finance & Development Chair - came down to three tosses of a simple coin - a 1980 twenty cent piece, to be precise.

In the time-honoured Hare Clarke System, this is the only way to decide in the event of a deadlock. Union President and all around smug bastard Rowan Nicholson plans to keep the infamous coin behind glass in the Lady Symon Building. The inscription on the plaque? *The Fate of the Union*.

Smarmy git.

Tristan Mahoney

The SAUA is calling for applications for students interested in being funded as observers to attend the 2004 NUS National Conference. To apply, please send your details and 250 words explaining why you would like to attend the conference to the SAUA office, ground floor, Lady Symon building (North West corner of the Cloisters). Applications close 5pm Tuesday November 2.

A scene from last year's National Conference.





Her Majesty the Queen has spoken. Jennifer Turner will be President of the Union next year.

Who could have foreseen the ballot would come down to a coin toss? Under our Hare-Clark voting system, this is what decided the future of the Union last Monday night.

It was student politics at its most dramatic and incredible. Betrayal. Secret rendezvous. Defection. Two deals signed and broken. Then, deadlock.

The whole long, bizarre chain of events pit the strengthened Labor factions (including mine) against an unholy Indies-Liberal coalition. Ten votes each out of twenty. You might even call it a hung Board.

It's a story of the kind which each generation of student politicians will pass down by word of mouth.

The coin flies up. Spins. Heads! Labor wins.

Then it happens again. Two more times. Chair of Finance falls to a

non-aligned conservative. Chair of Activities to the Labor factions. The Indies and Liberals are left with—well—zip.

If only we chose our federal leaders this way, we might not have to move to New Zealand after all.

It was the final chapter in a student election full of surprises.

In the Students' Association, hard work and self-belief—against all the odds—beat an overconfident Indies ticket with twice as many legs on the ground.

On Board, it was a timely defection and plain old luck. Maybe even fate.

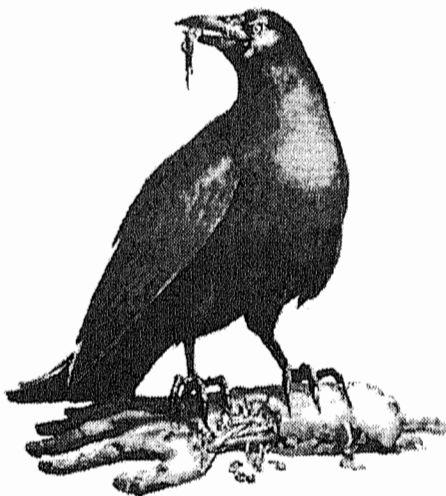
So what did we learn? Will this renew our faith in democracy or crush it?

Renew, of course. We plan to frame the famous coin for the Union office, to remind the next generation how—so long as they never give up—all the betrayals and all the dirty deals can mean sweet fuck-all.

Rowan Nicholson

President

Adelaide University Union



Fuck this shit!

I'm off to...

Woman's Week 2004

Monday

12-1

Music on the Barr Smith Lawns

Food

1-2

Flamenco Dancing on Barr Smith Lawns

2-3

"Can it be Fun to be a Feminist?"

Forum presented by Dr. Chilla Bulbeck

Eclipse Function Room, Level 4 Union House

Tuesday

12-1

Food and music on the Barr Smith Lawns

1-2

Blow Up Betty Band on the Barr Smith Lawns

Wednesday

12-1

Judo presentation

Cheerleaders performance

Food – all Barr Smith Lawns

1-2

DJ music, Barr Smith Lawns

2-3

"Inspiring Women, Business and Leadership."

Forum presented by Shivani Reiter, MBA

Eclipse Function Room, Level 4 Union House

Thursday

2-3

"Youth Participation in University and Beyond."

Free Forum presented by Her Excellency

Janice Nicholson, Youth Governor SA.

Eclipse Function Room, Level 4 Union House.

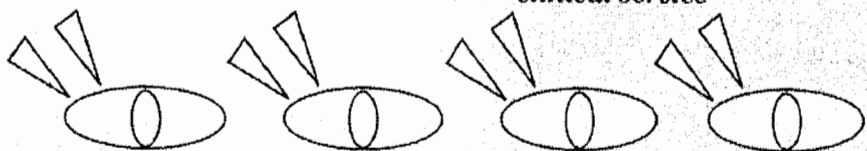
North Terrace

OPTOMETRISTS

quality
care **eye**
wear

Elizabeth House
231 North Terrace
Adelaide
Telephone: 8223 2713

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



Student Card Holders Save 15%

Brought to you by the
SAUA Women's Department
8303 5406

7

Aw, shucks, Kate.

Dear Eds,

Just a quick note to congratulate you on last week's editorial [On Dit 71.19]. If I'm not mistaken, you are the first since the election to point out that consumerism, apart from being to blame for near terminal environmental meltdown, is also responsible for the supposed economic 'success' of the Howard Government.

Here's hoping Howard / Costello are the one's who will have to reep the chaos that their materialism has sewn.

Regards

Kate Nguyen

The Rudeness!

Dear On Dit,

In the last edition of On Dit, and in many various publications across the nation there have been dissenting voices claiming the voting public has doomed us to this and condemned us to that by re-electing the Howard Government. Well this letter goes out to you.

When a voter goes into a voting booth, do you think that their first intention is go out of their way to screw over uni students? I got news for you, they don't. Contrary to what may be a popular belief around campus, the world does not revolve around university students.

Voters on October 9 evidently felt that there were far larger issues determining their vote than voting for Latham because he promised to reverse HECS increases - somehow...we don't really know how he was going to do this do we? It sure would have been super if he'd told us how he intended to do that, but then that would have meant releasing policy now wouldn't it? I guess like most of Labor's election promises it was some kind of irrational, unable-to-be-funded pipe dream he came up with whilst hanging around with the Australian Greens and Bill and Ben the Flowerpot men in the bottom of the garden.

Perhaps the fact that Mark Latham is an arm-breaking inarticulate twat with all the political finesse and decorum of a bull elephant with diarrhea posed a sure turn off to Australians when marking their ballot papers.

Anyway, to those of you who, for some reason, think that the Australian voter went in to the ballot box and

voted against your intention because they wanted to "ruin" the country, I say this: Try to understand that John Howard got 50 percent plus one of the vote, and this makes him our Prime Minister. Get over it. You can bitch and complain all you want, but it would be far more practical to pull your thumb out, work out why the voters of Australia found Mark Latham and the ALP to be manifestly inadequate to lead this country, and then deal with it.

I also just wanted to say to the person sporting handle "The Voice of Truth" (although if you WERE the voice of truth I would have assumed you would want everyone to know your real name. That is unless you are, in fact, either Stan or Jimmy writing a letter in your own paper just to bulk up the letter page) that you were 100% correct in your letter in the last edition. Johnny does know how to run the Australian economy. Everything else you wrote was just unnecessarily malicious, of course.

Yours etc.

Michael Crosby

Dear Mr Crosby,

Congratulations! You are one rude son of a bitch. Rest assured, now that rude sons of bitches like yourself control the Senate, the "dissenting voices" that you find so annoying will be all but silenced inside the next 18 months. Oh, and for your information, we haven't written a phony letter to the editor in several editions, although perhaps we should have done so in place of your hackneyed prattle.

Yours, et cetera

Eds

Wake up and smell the smog.

Dear Eds

'How important in environmental conservation to you?' well for me personally it means a hell of a lot. But apparently my breed is rare. Others answered with self-motivated crap like 'important enough for me not to care' and 'the earth wont die'

Um, excuse me? WHAT IS GOING ON? The earth **will** fucking die with attitudes like this and is already well on the way thanks to materialistic self-serving wankers like these. no fucking wonder that animals are going extinct everyday, forests are hacked up, shit constantly pumped into our few remaining waterways and atmosphere and Johnny Howard is back in power.

We are the fucking youth and the future is in our fucking hands. I hate to be corny but fucking true and if don't pull out our fucking finger, we wont have any fingers to pull because we'll all be dead from all the pollution and lack of food and water and all the wars that will happen - and are already happening - over who should get the precious remaining resources.

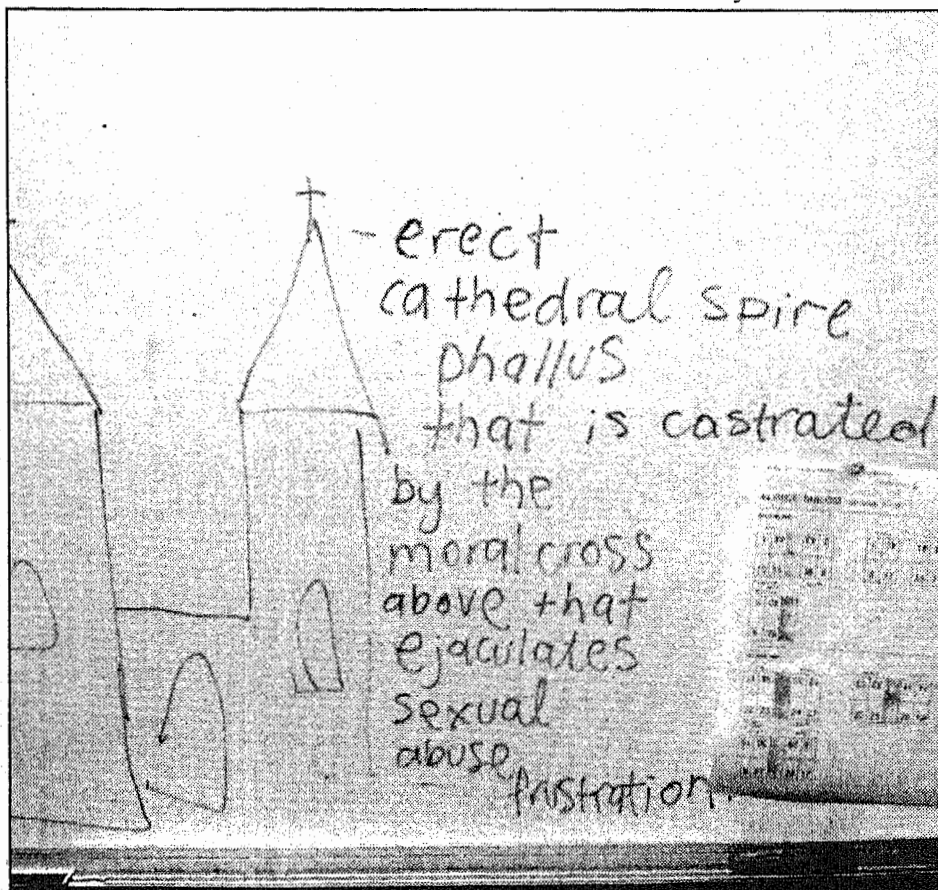
WAKE UP AND LOOK OUTSIDE!

Slightly pissed off and upset,

Jade

PS. Cheers for your concern in the enviornment and trying to spread it keep up the good work

Mad artwork by John Cirrilio.



The extra 'B' is for Bargain!

Dear Rowan,

Week in, week out, the On Dit readership waits with bated breath the crowning jewel of your week's labour, the State of the Union column. It's the only regular Office Bearer column. It provides an insight into the microcosm that is the student political scene. It even manages to inspire, as was the case with the 25% HECS increase themed column. However the latest offering fell short of your high standards, offering as much scope for intelligent debate as your local 7 Network *Today Tonight* think piece. What happened to the good old impartial Rowan we knew before factional deals for September's student elections were signed? Is this really what you and your kind live for? Deals?

I do agree with one point that was mentioned, namely that we borrow ideas that work well elsewhere at the standing committee level, so as to *activate* the SAUA, as you and yours so often put it. I do however question the wisdom of using your role as Union President (the official representative of the AUU) to engage in petty factional mud slinging. This blatant politicising of the AUU is damaging to the Union's image and it burns bridges unnecessarily.

We're at the start of a 3 year term in which the Coalition controls the Senate and will be introducing VSU legislation faster than you can say "fight the fees". This isn't the time to alienate people that actually support the role student representation. Yet it's the opinion of this 'apolitical' reader that this is exactly what lame and slanderous O.B. columns serve to achieve.

Perhaps we should consider briefly the reason behind your newfound disregard for tact. Your labor left faction is well known in student reps and media circles for its parallels to a franchise system. It moves from one campus to the next, crushing all resistance and winning those precious National Union of Student delegate positions. And this is perfectly legitimate ethos to have; bear an uncanny resemblance to the galactic empire if you will, just don't draw attention to it in the fucking Union column.

It's also disappointing to see you hack people (for the most part volunteers) on the ideological front, simply because they don't identify with just one political party (yours). Irrespective of whether I agree with some of their more progressive ideas, I for one refuse to be boxed in by the rhetoric of some labor party faction. In Kate Ellis's interview she mentions that she was heavily involved in student politics at Flinders as part of the labor right faction, this being immediately followed by a career in politics. Here's a graduate of the *Flinders school of activism for winners* which you hold in such high esteem. Personally, I'd prefer a progressive representative that didn't graduate from uni with a Bachelor of Factional Dealmaking. I'd much prefer an MP that's been a social worker, scientist, etc., working their way toward the portfolio for which they are best suited. But that's just me. The point I'm trying to make is that while I agree with what you are trying to achieve, ease up on acting like a smug factional magnate. If you keep it up Adelaide students won't be too sorry to see the Union go under, so you and your factional Flinders buddies can stick that in your pipes and smoke it.

Warmest regards

Victorb Stamatescu

Bitch in the proper channels.

In reference to Alice Campbell's column in last weeks *On Dit*,

Please forgive me if I am wrong, but I believe you were elected as SAUA president to represent the students and their collective beliefs and thoughts.

Your column last week was quite the opposite to this (in regards to the federal election result). I believe the students of Adelaide University are quite able to make their own decisions about who to vote for. If you wish to voice your PERSONAL opinion, please do so via the proper channels (letters to the Ed. etc). It is not your position as president to tell the student body who to vote/not vote for. Doing so is abusing the power you have in your position.

Thanking you in advance

CC

PS I backed a winner

That's a very nice poem, Johnny.

Dear Eds,

Let's all wave a fond farewell
To public education and health.
Coz the Liberals are back,
And they're gonna do jack
For people without any wealth.

John Pezy

Trough trouble.

Dear readers of *On Dit*,

Confronted with a backed-up urinal, I thought it wise to use one of the cubicles instead. As I washed my hands, a pair of neanderthals encountered the same urinal, and took it upon themselves to contribute to the disgusting pool of urine, all the while complaining about how distasteful it was, and why wasn't there a cleaner on hand to remove the obstruction?

This particular men's room contains three cubicles, and adjoins a second set of facilities, with no less than two more urine troughs, not to mention half a dozen more cubicles. Were these fucks in such a hurry that they couldn't afford the extra six seconds it would take to locate an unblocked receptacle to piss in? According to my calculations, at least seven other filthy sons of bitches would have pissed in the blocked trough before I had made the decision not to become one of them.

If you are one of these people, I *will* find you, and when I do, I'll make sure you have to piss into a rubber tube for the rest of your pathetic life.

Regards

Mikey



University of Ballarat Centre for Informatics and Applied Optimization

Research Scholarships

The Centre for Informatics and Applied Optimization (CIAO), led by Professor Alex Rubinov, an internationally recognised researcher in the field of optimisation, engages in pure and applied research for both private and government organisations. The work in optimisation focuses on the development of new numerical optimisation algorithms, as well as the application of these techniques to problems in data mining, telecommunications networks, engineering, computational chemistry, mathematical finance and decision support in many areas such as health and business.

Currently, the work in informatics focuses on decision support and data mining, structured reasoning, knowledge modelling and data mining tools in law and health. A strong focus in the area of Distributed Simulation, the High Level Architecture (HLA) and its applications, is also developing. The Centre has four research groups and two research clusters: the Data Mining and Informatics Research Group (DMIRG); the Mathematical and Statistical Analysis Research Group (MASARG); the Distributed Simulation Laboratory (DSL); the Combinatorics, Graphs and Network Topology Group (CGANT); the Intelligent Finance Cluster; and the Emerging Communications Technology Cluster (ECT).

We are seeking masters or doctoral students for projects in the following areas:

- Optimisation and its Applications;
- Combinatorics, Graphs and Network Topology;
- Distributed Simulation and its Applications;
- Decision Support and Data Mining;
- Mathematical and Statistical Analysis;
- Mathematical Finance;

These scholarships will provide a stipend of \$20,000 per annum.

Applications for scholarships to undertake masters or doctoral study should include copy of academic transcript, two academic references, curriculum vitae, topics / fields of interest, and be forwarded to:

Ms Maxine Kingston
Administrative Officer
(Research) School of Information
Technology and
Mathematical Sciences (SITMS)
PO Box 663
Ballarat
Victoria 3353

Applications close 29th October, 2004

Further information can be found at
<http://www.ballarat.edu.au/ard/itms/CIAO/ciao.shtml>

NINE

The VSU Debate and John Stuart

Mill

Russell Marks investigates whether liberty is all its cracked up to be.

Before the mid-semester break, *On Dit* published a letter from James Simpson, which critiqued my use of a quote by John Stuart Mill. I thank James for his reply: it was much welcomed. Engagement is so often lacking in our post-industrial city-worlds, where people of very like (identical?) minds simply seek each other out and ignore everybody else, to our individual and collective detriment.

My deployment of Mill's infamous quote was plucked from his short treatise, *On Liberty*, in support of my argument against neo-liberalism and assimilation. My particular focus in the article was compulsory student union fees. I argued, hastily, that fees should be compulsory, precisely *because* the majority of the student population will never access the union's free and subsidised services, like counselling and employment advice.

James was, to an extent, correct: I was invoking Mill, oft-described as the 'father of liberalism', to argue in favour of a form of quasi-taxation that is levied upon all students so that services could be made available, formally to everyone, but, as it invariably plays out, to a real minority. The conventional wisdom holds that Mill was dedicated to the pursuit of 'liberty', a form of individualism that dictates that we can all act as we please, to the extent that our actions do not cause positive harm to others. More specifically, Mill argued that the exercise of any coercive power was illegitimate.

Mill was, in essence, a revolutionary: writing during the mid-19th century, he saw the instruments of bourgeois convention – the State, the Church, the Law – as instruments of coercion, and therefore irreconcilable with his idea of individual liberty. *On Liberty* was a reactionary work: written after (or perhaps during) a major crisis of faith in the philosophy bequeathed to him by his single-minded father, it explodes with emotion, with anger, with hope and, yes, with the sneering, condescending tone that accompanies the voice of so many who fancy themselves intellectually superior to the 'masses'.

For reactionary prose, of course, *On Liberty* is remarkably lucid, though not always entirely logical. The central tenet to *On Liberty* is individuality, but Mill made individuality an end in itself. Autonomy by itself, with nothing else, is explored in Dostoyevsky's *The Idiot*; individuality on its own may herald a society even more

despotic than de Tocqueville's 'tyranny of the majority'.

It is obvious that *something* else needs to be protected, apart from individual liberty; it is interesting that we choose to protect 'our property', for instance, which we conceptualise as an absolute rather than a relative. I am not seriously suggesting here that some form of property right should not be protected, or empowered, by law; whenever a 'resource' (for want of a better word) is scarce, relative to the population, then surely we need some form of regulatory scheme to decide its allocation. But our way of protecting 'property' is through the

But 'freedom', once again, is a relative term: it can have a vastly different meaning to an individual in Kurdistan, who fights for the freedom to practice his group rights, than to an individual in Bondi, who fights for his freedom to use marijuana.

construction of an individual's 'right' to property, the law having as its subject the relationship between the individual and the property. But what if the law purported to regulate the relationship between the individual and other individuals, *re* the property in question? (Again, our protection of 'property', meaning the relationship between a person and a thing, becomes an end in itself; and so we begin to look at 'privatising' everything that is not already so, including, as the South American experience shows, air and water.)

Individualism ("liberty"), Mill failed to recognise, is impossible outside of society. When James wrote in his letter of an individual's 'freedom to use [her] property how [she] see[s] fit' (thereby constructing a problem out of the quasi-taxation levied upon university students for the minority

who access counselling services), he failed to recognise that the property was perhaps never totally 'hers' to begin with.

It is interesting to read James' characterisation of the problem: our society is apparently 'plagued with neo-socialist regulation and infringement of individuals' freedom', to the extent that we 'should be ever vigilant of sacrificing any more'. Again, a tenet – *freedom* – is taken as self-evidently "good". It might be a contentious point, but I would argue that we need to look at how 'freedom', which is now little more than a rhetorical deployment, is characterised: whose values create the ideal?

'Freedom', for Mill, was 'liberty': the total non-intervention by others of the autonomous (dare I say 'sovereign?') individual. This modern myth pervades the closed discourse of the economy in the new century. But 'freedom', once again, is a relative term: it can have a vastly different meaning to an individual in Kurdistan, who fights for the freedom to practice his group rights, than to an individual in Bondi, who fights for his freedom to use marijuana. We could easily construct an argument that neither of those is the "good fight" – and in doing so we would be exercising the very power Mill thought was illegitimate.

But every society uses coercion every day: indeed, part of what creates a society is its cohesiveness. (This is not to say that societies are absolute, or that pluralism is not conducive to cohesion.) In declaring the power of coercion to be illegitimate, Mill is actually arguing that society is illegitimate. This is folly, given Pierre Bourdieu's identification of *illusio*, that 'hope' felt by individuals that derives from society. Consider the Palestinian suicide bomber, whom Ghassan Hage identifies as competing for symbolic capital in a modern society devoid of any other hope. Consider the recently-released long-term prisoner, whose sense of hopelessness compares unfavourably with the *illusio* he experienced 'inside'.

Individuality, I would argue, is a 'good' thing to the extent that it allows us to participate in society. Likewise, group rights are 'good' to the extent that they provide the individual with *illusio*.

If ours is a society 'plagued with neo-socialist regulation and infringement of individuals' freedom', then it is also, for somebody with a different paradigm, a

society plagued with neo-liberal regulation and infringement of individuals' freedom. It is interesting that James raised the issue of legality of compulsory unionism under the *Trade Practices Act*. Law is a closed system that regulates; given infinite interests, it necessarily chooses particular interests to protect and/or empower. Those interests reflect those of the lawmakers – who are mostly always (still) white middle-class heterosexual males with property. If compulsory unionism is a violation of Mills' liberal critique, then so is the *TPA*.

Also debatable is James' distinction between government and university. Governments exact taxes from citizens of their nation-states in order to provide public utilities for all; why should we not think of the university as a small nation-state, and the Union as its government? 'Governments have a monopoly on taxes', I am told, but am only provided with reasons based on old conceptions of absolute internal sovereignty. In an ideal world, of course, the government would be providing services in universities as part of its investment in the public good of education. But we all know what neo-liberal governments think about education.

Coercion, dismissed by both Mill and James as self-evidently 'bad', isn't necessarily so. Consider the actions of Nelson Mandela, who was instrumental in the 1961 establishment of *umkhonto we sizwe* (MK), the separate military arm of the African National Congress. He did so in response to Daniel Malan's National Party government which, since 1948, had imposed apartheid upon the state

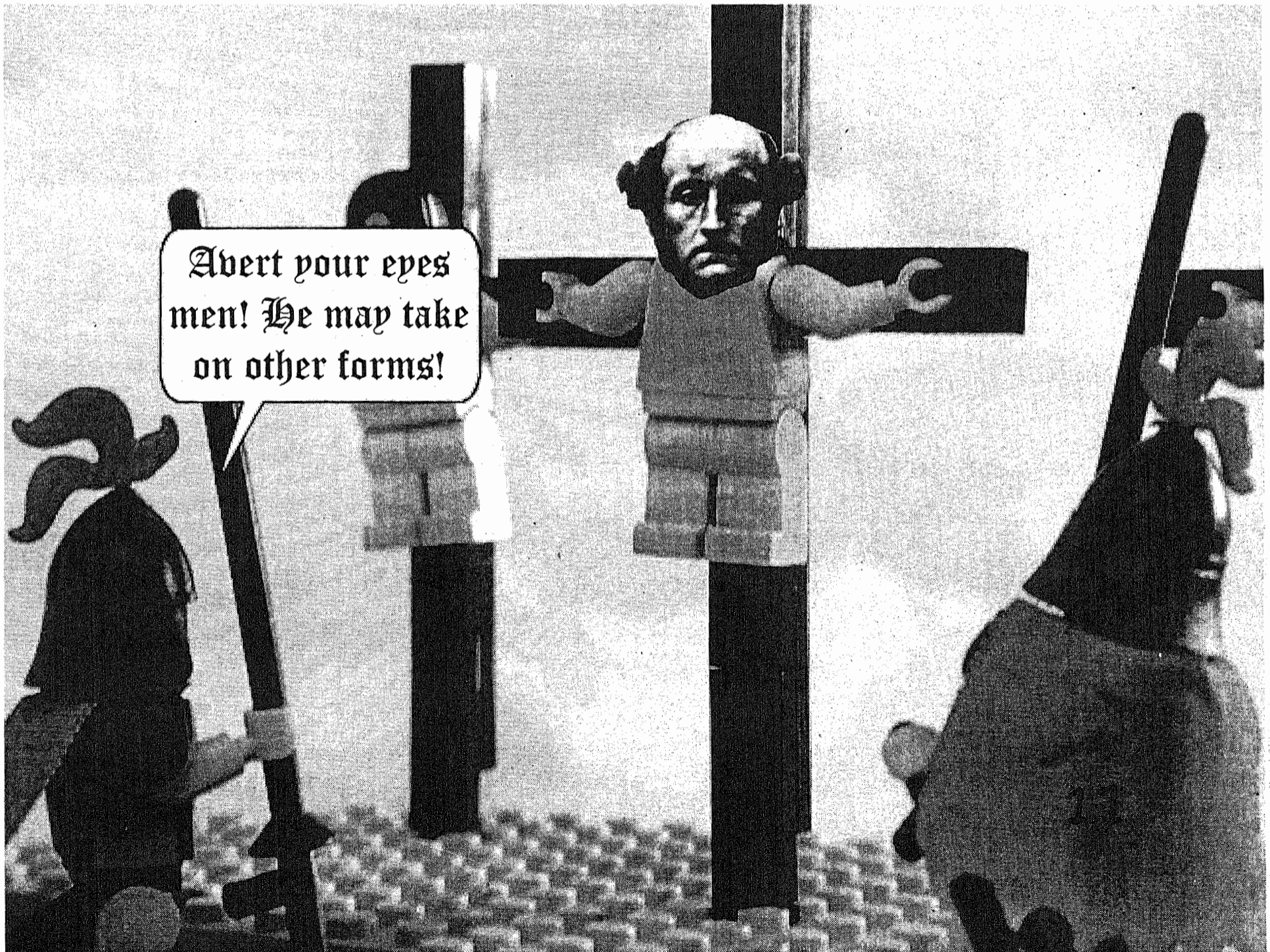
of South Africa. Consider the actions of Jose Ramos Horta, who was instrumental in lobbying for an independent Timor-Leste, which had endured decades of despotic military-style rule under Indonesia's President Suharto. These actions, by Mandela and Ramos Horta, were coercive, but, far from restricting 'civil liberties', actually promoted them.

...perhaps we need to look closely at the values behind our promotion of 'liberty' as an ideal. Modernism has brought us many wonderful things, but it has also brought us the Holocaust and other genocides, a decade of incredibly violent warfare, nuclear weapons, and the sociopathy of consumerism and the Economy.

I have used extreme examples. My point is that, by demanding VSU because we oppose compulsory unionism on the basis that it is a deprivation of 'liberty', we risk losing the Union. Having the Union, as a representative of students at the University of Adelaide, as a provider of services like counselling and as owner of UniBooks, may be more beneficial than not having it. It is not valid to presuppose that students would pay fees if the Union was 'better': what this means is that students, re-characterised as consumers, would pay if they perceived that the return to them as individuals was 'worth it', and, because services like counselling aren't accessed by all students, such services, bringing no dividend to the majority, should go (consider the allegorical debate over the imminent privatisation of the national telecommunications company and its unprofitable bush services).

In any case, if talk of 'individual liberty' leads us to conclude that Unionism is bad because its fee structure is 'coercive', then perhaps we need to look closely at the values behind our promotion of 'liberty' as an ideal. Modernism has brought us many wonderful things, but it has also brought us the Holocaust and other genocides, a decade of incredibly violent warfare, nuclear weapons, and the sociopathy of consumerism and the Economy. Before we place too much faith in an ideal, let us at least examine the consequences first. Surely history has taught us that much.

Russell Marks





Most people are selfish yet lucky: they live their lives only for themselves, then die, leaving no mark on the world. I was born for everyone else: my life belonged to the common good. God had revealed Himself to me one time; the universe collapsed around me and a cone of blackness with a pinpoint of infinite light formed around me. "My Second Son," He said. "Wake up from your sleep. It is time to commence your mission."

A dialogue later, and I was converted. I would deliver His "message for the new millennium." He was dissatisfied with all his churches, all his ministers and believers. "They've lost faith," he said in a sad tone. "I want them back. I want the so-called Christians, the Muslims, the Jews... all my children to be around my table again. When the Catholics take Communion, I want them to *taste* me again."

"Alright," I said. "I'll do it... but you need to help me. — Oh... and I'm not spending forty days in the desert... I hate scorpions."

"Done! Thank you, my son."

"No worries. So what now?" I asked.

"You just sleep," God said. "I'll make you sleep like never before... then you'll wake up rested in every joint and refreshed in every muscle." And I did.

"Today, after breakfast, you're going down to the Cathedral of Sydney and giving a speech," She—God felt like a woman that day—told me. "I detest that Archbishop Bell."

"How will I know what to say?"

"Ever heard of Divine Inspiration?" She asked.

Down at the Cathedral, She so manoeuvred as to let me, a total stranger, walk in and preach instead of Bell. I have no idea how... but I guess God is *omni-et cetera*.

"God has told me that He's tired of you. You people no longer love Her. Hell, I'm an atheist—or I was—or I am—but even I can tell. The way you misuse God's name in your selfish ways! He's had enough! He wants you to love Him again. To love each other. To love the world. Do not forget: without love we're no longer human!" Some people were shocked. Some intrigued. Bell wanted to intervene and have me removed, especially when I told the assembly that God denounced him as a bishop, believer *and* preacher.

"You must let God love you by loving Her back. It's the only way. We've lost the link with our Creator. We re-create His laws and truths in our own image."

But eventually they got tired. One young chap, who seemed more open-minded than the rest rightly asked "Why should we believe you?" God quickly supplied the answer: I'd give him a miracle—any miracle—as a form of proof.

Then a sick old woman, battered by her hard life, her hands calloused from years of service to her wealthy masters, got up. "What do I call you?" Maria asked, as she approached the pulpit.

My name is Matthew Lukes de Marco. But God said you

Twelve

can call me Neohuios... if you can pronounce it!"

"Mat-thew... my beck... he is hurting much very. I go doctor... he say can *no* fix. Me cry. O God... pliz help." And sure enough, à la Jésus, I touched her aching back, and voilà! "I fil better nau, so much better nau!" and she sat down. The others thought it was a hoax.

"You see folks... unlike Billy Graham etc., inc., I deliver. Do we have any other sufferers? Any at all?"

"Yes..." an old whore approached. She had reformed her life, but not her untreatable tertiary stage syphilis. Oh the pain of those boils, digging into her bones! So up she came, and out came the pain! She was healed, totally and completely.

At this point, true amazement swept the Cathedral, and the number of sceptics was on the way down. My last miracle was for young boy... he was only fifteen or so... but he was sore at God for not letting his foreskin come down fully when he got hard. "It makes tossing less fun... even painful sometimes." But I, with my divine hands, corrected the problem. Needless to say, even his parents were happy. I walked out of Sydney Cathedral triumphant.

God next sent me to the Adelaide Anglicans. He provided the fare money for a Virgin flight. He didn't want me getting hooked on teleportation just yet. So my next gig went in much the same manner, only here my new converts questioned me about how they should now live their lives, seeing as God's Second Son was on Earth. What had they been doing wrongly?

"Well... just love. That is all. Love the blacks, love the yella-fella... the fags, the unbelievers and the Jews. We are all part of God... we must work in harmony, or He'll get a headache. And don't just *say* you'll love them... *mean* it. Chuck out dogma to the dogs. It's good for nothing. Oh, and God said there's no afterlife. Only me, Jesus, Mary and a few of the Apostles are up there... there rest of you will die. So make sure you enjoy life, because you're not getting another one. The terminus is the terminus. Do not let God inhibit your enjoyment of His glorious Creation by thinking you can't do what you want to do because of something you suppose He said. He said no such thing! Trust only Jesus. Peter and Paul were conniving propagandists... God hates them... but he needed them to convert lots of gentiles!"

And I went to New York to convert the Jews. This was a harder task. But a few miracles—these were genuine, like instant de-circumcisions—turned all but the hardcore orthodox. They were so thankful to throw out the Torah in favour of one word: L-O-V-E love.

I was getting to enjoy my Mission. But I was still unsure of a few things. Namely: was God sure that I'd go to Heaven and live forever?—we hadn't clarified this. Would I have to die and resurrect? Would the Devil tempt me? And I had a lingering insecurity... why me, of all the people in the world? How and why had a devout atheist become the New Son of God? If Jesus was the Lamb, what exciting animal would I be?

God said: "I'm cutting back the operation. No animal symbolism, no coming back to life... no Last Supper. Oh... and the Devil's in retirement. People are evil enough these days not to need external motivation." Well that made sense.

"When will my mission be over, Dad?"

"When the world loves the world."

"But that is very difficult..." I awkwarded.

"Don't you think I know that, o pai?"

So next I was off to Mecca, to tell the Muslims that they had been wronged by Mohamed. Ouch. Talk about a tough crowd. The de-circumcision miracles didn't work here. I even spoke Arabic, in 7th Century dialect, but still they would not budge. I said to Her: "Why don't you appear and show them the Truth?" She said: "But that's not love, Daughter." (Oh, I was a woman: I hadn't even noticed). They dismissed my miracles as forgery. I even asked them what it would take to convince them I was the real deal. Nothing. They could not be swayed.

So God lost His patience and brought before them Osama b. Laden and other prominent Muslims and beheaded and disembowelled them mid-air. There was cheering and disgust, not to mention continued disbelief. But I believe We now have the moderate vote. I'd be back. Revealing God to the Orient was even *more* difficult, so I'll skip the details.

I did the Lord's work for forty years. By the end, He must have been happy with me. The world was more in His image than ever before. He'd done away with that silly business of the Bible. And the Vatican was now a condom museum. All in all, I had a supreme sense of satisfaction with my achievement. It's fun being God's mouthpiece. He *does* work in mysterious ways.

It's hard being an atheist these days, considering God tells me His problems... I don't always give the right advice, but at least I listen. "But God," I said one day, "why are you so bloody shy? I mean, wouldn't it make it a hell of a lot easier if you just revealed yourself to everyone? Face-to-face, one-on-one? It would make believers out of everyone you spoke to! Why are you using Sons to spread your Word?—And it is just one."

"You know," He said, "I've never thought of that. Perhaps I'm lazy... maybe I'm shy."

"Well, give it a go. Appear to people—and not through your public servants, those angles—but You, Yourself! And see how it goes."

And sure enough, She goes door-knocking these days. High success rate too. He's done away with churches and so forth. Everyone worships God privately, in their hearts. What need for preachers when God speaks for himself?

I'm Matthew Lukes de Marco.

Dr Carl's MADNESS rant.

I have a family history populated with delicate temperaments. This mostly manifested itself in nervy scientific types who invented wacky things—including, in 1845, Australia's first mechanical hand, which was hailed as 'ingenious' and put into use immediately. More recently, one member of my family was admitted to Glenside Mental Hospital and spent a year in a fuzzy cocoon of antidepressants and therapy. Happily, she had good doctors and is now one of the healthiest, most sane people I know, but it was scary while it lasted.

So I'm far from skeptical about the reality of mental illness, and the efficacy of professionals who attempt to treat or cure it.

That said, I wouldn't lie down on a psychiatrist's couch for quids. I don't want to be diagnosed with something dire that, once mentioned, will haunt me forever, even if I dismiss the diagnosis as balderdash and get on with my life.

The problem, to me, is that 'mental health' is a very tricky concept.

I've just been browsing mentalhealth.com. On this site, Dr Philip Long has provided me with the 'Classification of Mental and Behavioural Disorders' from the World Health Organization, Geneva, 1992.

For a small fee of \$10, I can hit the 'Diagnose

Allan Ginsberg, at age twenty-one, signed papers for his mentally ill mother to be given a lobotomy, and wondered for the rest of his life if he'd done the right thing.

Now! button, and 'Diagnose Myself Today!', answering a series of questions and receiving a diagnosis of anything from Agoraphobia to Tourette's Syndrome. Alternately, I can just read through the clinical descriptions of each disorder until I find a description of myself. So far, I'm a serious contender for Borderline Personality Disorder, Bipolar Disorder, and Cyclothymic Disorder. By the time I get through the rest of the alphabet, I'll be a walking psychiatry textbook.

The checklist for Borderline Personality Disorder is interesting. Patients have 'a marked tendency to act impulsively without consideration of the consequences'. 'The ability to plan ahead may be minimal', and 'persons may demonstrate a liability to become involved in intense and unstable relationships'. Sounds like a Wanted ad for an On Dit

Next week, *On Dit* will be presenting a detailed expose of the state of the mental health industry in South Australia.

If you would like us to include your two two cents, send your experiences to ondit@adelaide.edu.au, or contact the On Dit office on 8303 5404.

contributor. So when does being a bit kooky become a Mental Illness with capital initials?

I conducted a brief survey about this, and asked a variety of friends and associates where they would place me on the mental-health scale. All responses placed me slightly past 'eccentric' but well shy of 'certifiable'. One person said, 'you're a typical artist'. But perhaps a professional would say 'you're a typical lunatic'.

So how much self-destructive or unconventional behaviour is allowed under the banner of simply being human? Once somebody's mental illness causes them to break the law, they're forcibly institutionalised. Most people agree that this is a sensible idea; I concur, if you're talking about a child abuser or serial rapist. But what about Allan Ginsberg, who was sent to Columbia Psychiatric Institute after he claimed to have a vision of William Blake and rebelled at University? The same Allan Ginsberg, at age twenty-one, signed papers for his mentally ill mother to be given a lobotomy, and wondered for the rest of his life if he'd done the right thing.

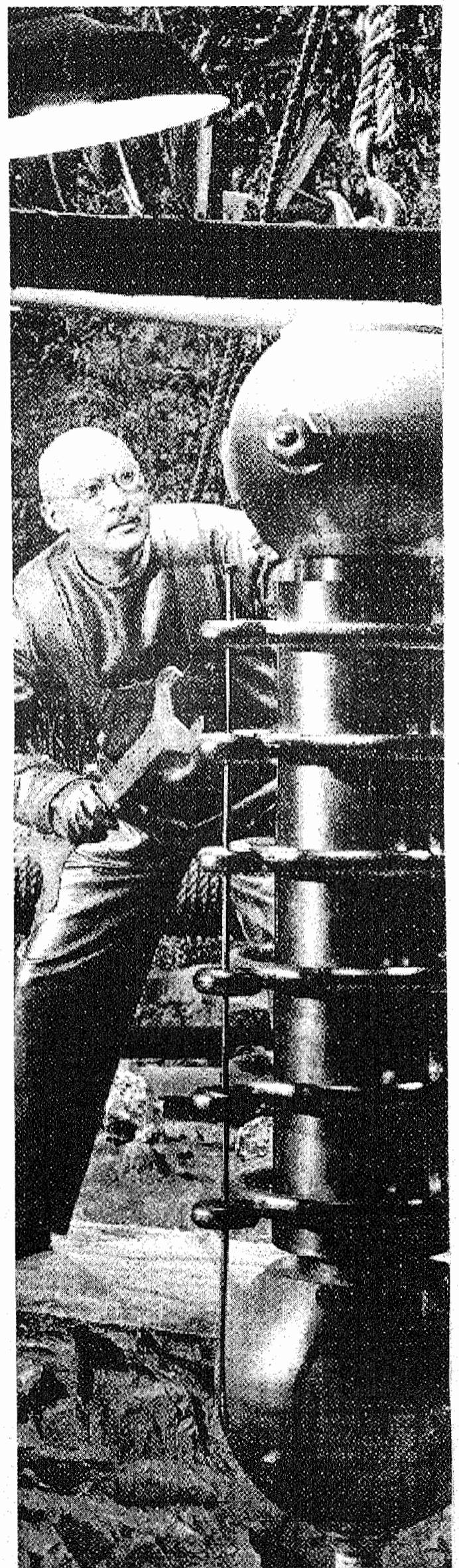
It seems clear that sanity and insanity are far from two separate, dichotomic conditions; what's considered sane is even up for debate. Mental illness isn't quantifiable or always physiologically detectable. There's a scary proportion of grey area. While the idea of someone suffering for years, undiagnosed and curable, is a terrible thing, I'm also apprehensive of the other extreme: the 'you're not like us, therefore you are crazy' diagnosis. Given the state of the world today, the second possibility worries me more.

Meanwhile, mental illness is a real thing. People suffer terribly from it, and experience profound relief to be free from it. In fact, I'm one of those people. I've had chronic depression, been suicidal, and at one time in my life thought that there were people behind the lamp-posts waiting to jump out and get me.

It wasn't good, and I'm glad to be referring to it in the past tense. But now that I'm (comparitively) mentally healthy, I don't feel the need to be cured of what some might consider dis-order in my mind; quite the contrary. In the present social climate, I think it might be a good thing, to be naturally at odds with what's considered healthy, normal behaviour. Change is precipitated by people who aren't afraid to be weird. A mechanical hand in 1845? I've got a legacy to live up to.

Of course being a complete nutbar is as ineffective as being mindlessly normal, and if I got sick like that again, I'd want to get back in my right mind as soon as possible. But as long as I can keep my eccentricity this side of the lamp-post phobia, I'll be keeping away from the clinical couch.

Dr Carl



His work complete, Dr Carl stood back to admire his giant phallic Van der Graf generator.

And now, by popular demand,
it's the mad return of

Linley Henzell's Japan.

Dear everyone,

I'm starting to think that I've been in Japan for too long. It's not that I'm not still having a good time, because I am, but I've been noticing a lot more recently the look of bitterness and dead-eyed resentment that seems to hit every foreigner who spends more than 18 months here and I'm starting to feel myself slipping in that direction. Maybe life is just too easy. The election result should, but doesn't really, make me feel any better about not being in Australia (I did my democratic duty and went to vote at the embassy in Tokyo, but it was all for nothing). And my dead easy job is starting to bore me a little.

A more serious problem is the gradual decay of my sense of the ridiculous. It no longer startles me to see three men in pseudo-military uniforms and raincoats standing at a small T-junction directing traffic, or a tiny sweet-red-bean cake wrapped in five separate layers of plastic, or a hair salon called 'Cut House Bush', or a giant waste incinerator called an 'Environment Centre' because some of its heat warms a swimming pool, or a late-night cartoon about ninjas and a flying golden ball which is obsessed with women's underwear, or a schoolgirl with the word 'Pussy' woven into the front of her woollen jumper in elegant cursive script. These things are starting to seem normal to me, and I'm no longer as able as I used to be to stop, glance around and in a few seconds identify five different forms of insanity in my immediate surroundings.

So, most of the observations in this email are things I noticed months ago but for various reasons (like laziness) never got around to writing down. They are also, in general, some of the not-so-good things about Japan.

...
I bet you haven't heard of the Burakumin (which translates literally into something like 'the village people'). This is one of the underclasses of Japan, a caste of untouchables whose ancestors worked in various death-related trades (butchers, leatherworkers, executioners etc) and who are considered hereditarily unclean by the peculiar strain of Buddhism which exists here. Despite half-hearted efforts by the government to ban discrimination, services still exist which allow prospective employers to check whether applicants are Burakumin or parents to make sure their children aren't marrying someone whose great-great-great-great grandfather was an undertaker or something. Burakumin suffer from much lower rates of school completion, university entry and employment, and much higher rates of crime, suicide, drug abuse, family breakdown and so forth. Apparently a government representative once told the UN that the Convention on the Prevention of Discrimination against Racial and Ethnic Minorities (or whatever it's called) doesn't apply to them because they are racially the same as the rest of the Japanese. Hmm.

By various accounts there are between 800,000 and 3,000,000 village people, but I had to look that up on the Internet as most Japanese simply refuse to discuss the matter. One of my more liberal students once mentioned them in class, having just seen a play about the problems they face, but the other students were looking very uncomfortable so I decided to steer the conversation gently in another direction.

Want more? How about the nasty black-van right-wingers? They cruise around in their vans, which are generally rigged up with loudspeaker systems, and

broadcast ultra-nationalist neo-imperialist rants to the people in places as public as possible. Common themes are: that all foreigners should leave the country, that Japan should renounce its renunciation of war, that Russia should be made to give back a couple of islands it took control of in 1945, that the emperor should stop trying to deny that he is in fact a god, that the government shouldn't even consider apologising for wartime atrocities which never happened anyway, etc etc etc.

There aren't so many of these people around my part of Tokyo, but once when I was spending a day in my flatmate's school one of the vans was parked across the road outside the train station. One of the occupants would yell into the microphone about the purity of the Japanese race or something, then when he got tired another one would take over and start going on about the emperor and Shintoism. Despite the fact that conversation in my classroom was being almost completely drowned out by this noise, the students pretended not to hear it and I tried really hard to pretend that I couldn't hear it either. Apparently this happens once or twice a month, or whenever the right-wingers are able to reserve the parking spot they like (there is a system in place to make sure that ranting space is shared out fairly).

The Playboy bunny is enormously popular among women of all ages but especially schoolgirls, who are often seen wearing what are apparently Playboy-brand school uniforms.

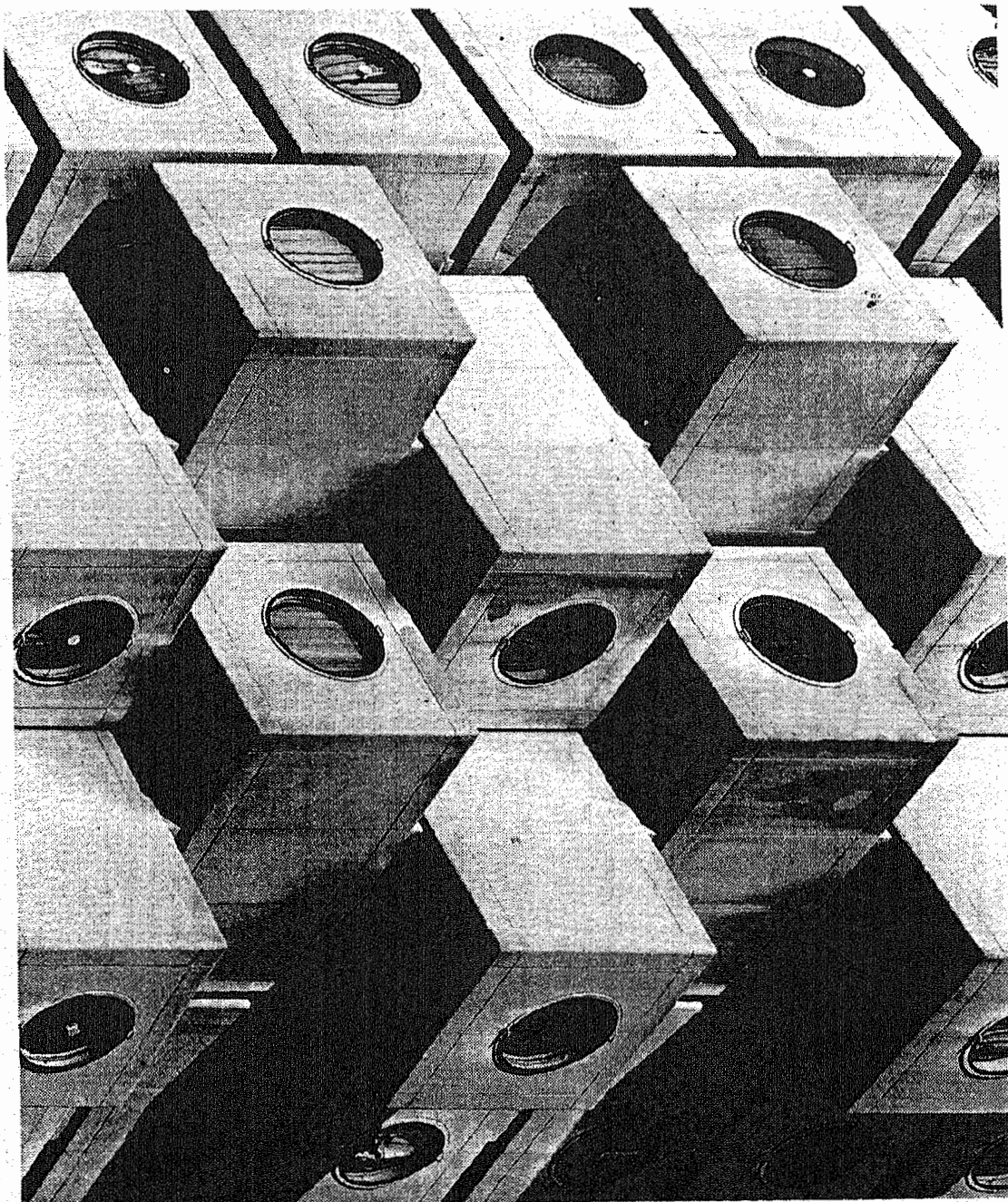
The other teachers in that branch even recognise the cop who stands around in plainclothes watching it all go on.

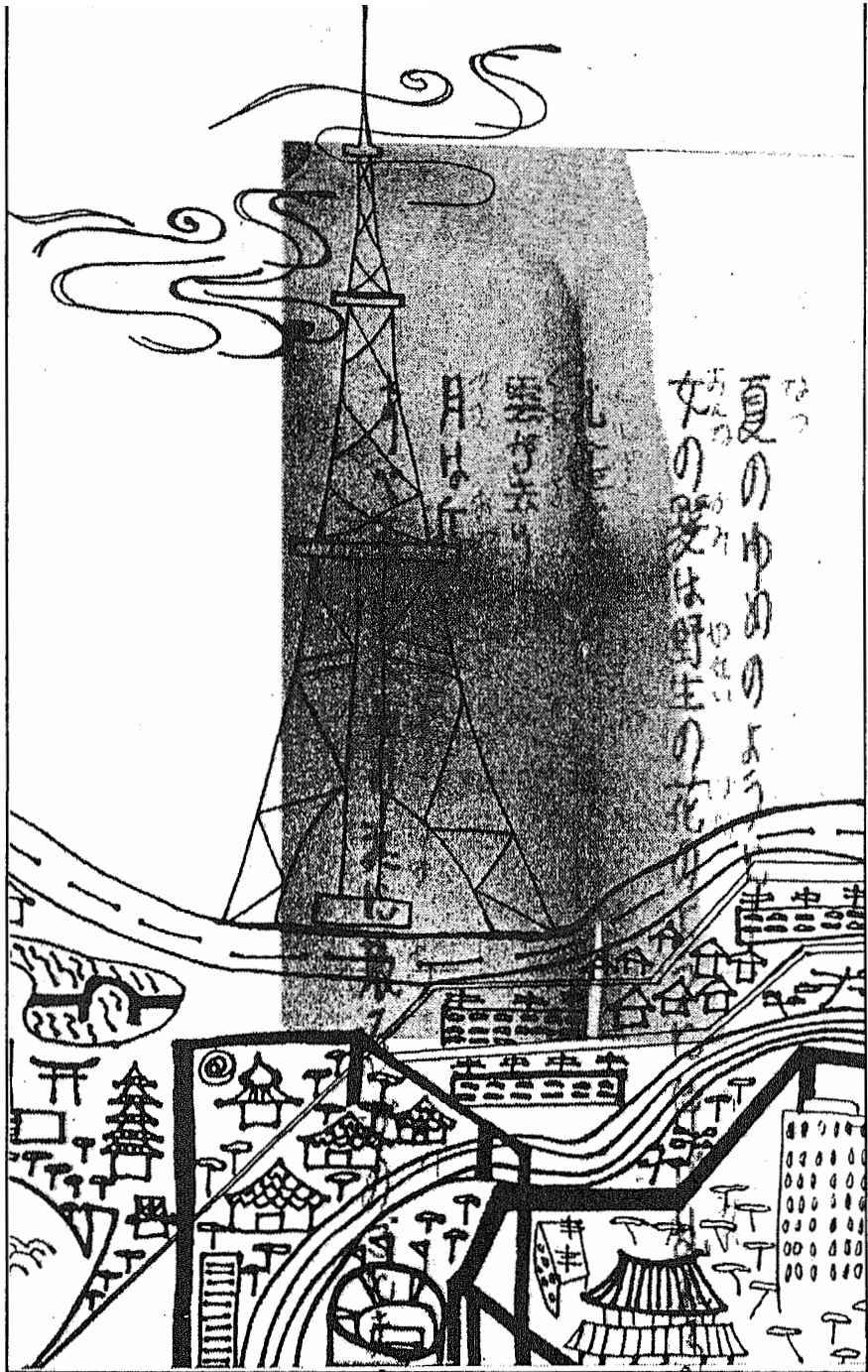
The spiritual home of the black-van people is the Yasukuni shrine, a place in Tokyo where most of World War 2's worst non-German war criminals are buried. Every year Prime Minister Junichiro Koizumi grievously insults the rest of Asia by saying 'hi' to the mortal remains of Tojo and friends. This is, after all, a country where the elected mayor of Tokyo (Shintaro Ishihara) goes around denying the Nanking massacre and accusing the Chinese of having 'criminal DNA'. I must admit that I've never encountered any overt racism in a language that I could understand, except for once when an old guy moved away after I sat next to him on the train (and maybe he just wanted to be by himself), but who knows what some of them are saying about us when we're not around.

The right-wingers are linked both to the major political parties and to the yakuza, who have their tendrils in everything from the travelling companies putting on many of the country's Shinto festivals (as mentioned in one of my previous emails) to the running of major corporations to the top levels of the government. And the sex industry. I'm pretty sure that prostitution is notionally illegal here, but that didn't stop the hookers standing along Fujisawa's small red-light strip from asking me if I wanted a 'massaji' as I walked home every night during my first few months here (most of them have given up by now, but every now and then they give it another shot to see if I've changed my mind).

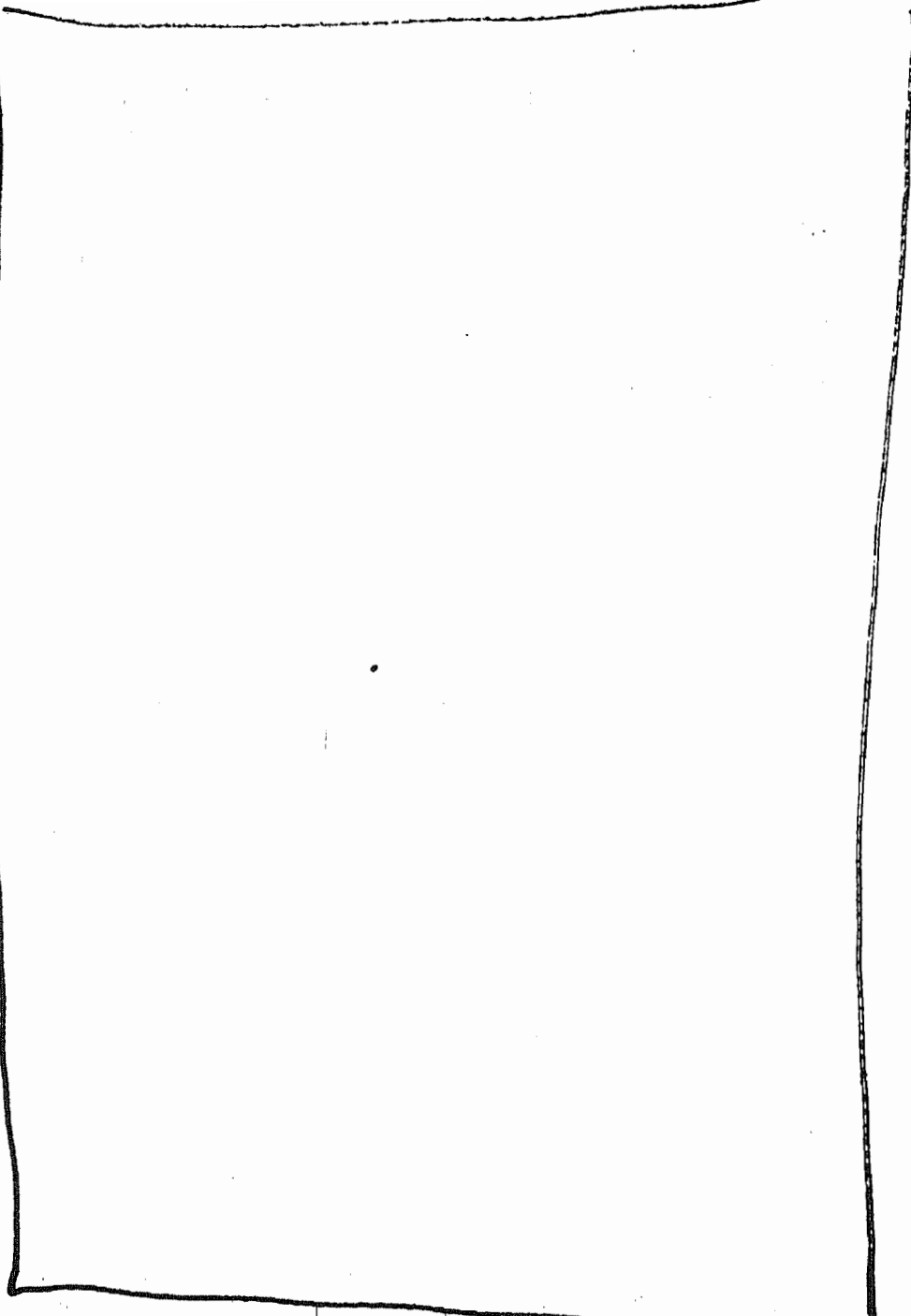
Gambling, too. Pachinko (like a cross between a pokie and a vertical pinball machine with most of the need for skill removed) is big business here, but it's technically illegal to give cash prizes. So if you win they'll give you some kind of stuffed toy which can be 'sold' back to the pachinko parlour for the amount of your winnings. This kind of thing - pretending to comply with the letter of the law but totally ignoring its substance - is what Japan seems to run on.

The police don't seem to mind it at all. I've been





Wendy Ella Wright, poetry transposed over body. Check out Wendy's book 'The Air of Tokyo', available in the Barr Smith Library or from Indra Publications.



Tristram George Mahoney, Black dot on white background, framed.

told that the police in Kanagawa prefecture, where I'm living, are notoriously corrupt. Fortunately I haven't had any dealings with them yet, but I'm being careful not to do something mildly illegal like riding an unregistered bicycle or going outdoors without my Alien Registration Card.

Visitors could be forgiven for thinking that every institution in the whole country is corrupt in some way, especially reading the newspapers, which seem to report two or three new episodes of multi-million yen graft every day. But even among monsters of misappropriation like the Japanese Dental Association (infamous for under-the-table political donations as well as really appalling dentistry) or the Kanagawa police force, the construction sector stands out for its sheer rottenness. It seems to exist mostly to absorb giant government contracts for things that nobody needs and funnel whatever money is left over back to the ruling political party. This is how the country ended up with its countless highways to nowhere, scenic mountain ranges marred by great big useless suspension bridges, concrete-encased rivers, and things like the new airport in Kansai built on compressed plastic waste ('reclaimed land') which is causing alarm by slowly sinking into the ocean.

A little bit like the way every cloud has a silver lining, but not too much like it, all of this has a bright and glossy finish in the form of psychotic consumerism. Feeling a bit daggy? Just cover every millimetre of your body in designer clothing! Don't want the bother of keeping a dog in your tiny apartment? Rent one to take for a walk around the park (from a shop called 'Puppy the World')! Feeling bored? Which would you rather visit - Tokyo Disney World or Tokyo Disney Sea? Or maybe go to 'Puroland' and meet Hello Kitty. I guess most developed countries, Australia included, are a bit like

this, but here they really take it to extremes. You ask a student whether they've been overseas: 'I have gone Hawaii.' Really? What was the best thing about Hawaii? 'Ah, there was discount Louis Vuitton shop. It was very cheap'. I've had this conversation more than once. Louis Vuitton is the most favoured brand by far, but Chanel and Dior are also big. The Playboy bunny is enormously popular among women of all ages but especially schoolgirls, who are often seen wearing what are apparently Playboy-brand school uniforms.

Then of course there's technology. The Japanese certainly are technologically advanced. Their computer games are incredible, their mobile phones are crazily powerful, their humanoid robots can do sumo moves with amazing grace and the latest must-have consumer item is a digital video recorder/DVD player with a 100-or-so gigabyte hard drive, preferably to be connected to a giant plasma screen TV. They are way ahead in areas other than electronics, though. When I left, Australia had only just been introduced to the awesome shaving power of the 3-bladed razor, but Japanese grooming scientists have long made the conceptual advancements necessary for the leap to 4 blades. In only a few years they will no doubt have perfected the 5-bladed razor and will be in a position to try and conquer the Pacific again, although this time instead of bombing Pearl Harbour they'll buy it with misappropriated government funds, fill it in with plastic household waste and build a giant department store devoted entirely to Louis Vuitton.

Anyway, don't let any of the above give the impression that I don't like it here, because I do. Yesterday I had a really good Japanese lesson, where I formed more complete sentences than ever before (and I've learned almost all of the two Japanese alphabets plus a few pictographs), and

spent this afternoon (cool but pleasant, it being Autumn now) walking through the twisting alleyways of my suburb and discovering a few more of the local temples. The things I really liked about Japan when I came, like the tiny shrines nestled between modern buildings or the beautiful little gardens or the profusion of small businesses with their little quirky signs and weird-English names, still remind me how wonderfully strange and strangely wonderful a place it is I'm living in. I mean, I know that the shrines are probably run by ultra-nationalists, and the gardens are there mostly to make up for the general absence of the world of nature, and the vast number of bad debts owed by the small businesses is a large part of the reason why the entire Japanese banking sector is technically insolvent. But as I'm sure you've heard before Japan is a place of contradictions blah blah blah and that's all part of its charm.

I'll leave you with the text from the front of a T-shirt I bought the other day in Fujisawa (all errors in original):

LEAFLET
found the leak yet?

1. The driver waited in the embassy car.
2. His downfall picks up locomotion.
3. The leader's wife takes a government car.
4. He wore a leather mask for his dinner guests Totally nude and with deep respect.
5. The ministry car was waiting there a minister knows his own affair.

The people must have something good to read on a Sunday.

Linley

A LOVE Poem; for the One I LOVE...

Please forgive me ... I would have preferred to have arranged
'the Boys' to drive the 'classic not plastic' hot rod ...
proud ribbon like an alluring garter flying from the polished chrome
reflecting the spit and shiny paint job
ready to meet with 'the flesh of my flesh'
like Redeemed Lovers at the foot of the wooden cross
there to exchange the initials and love heart carved
into the altar tree of the forbidden fruit kept
virginal behind the licentious lingerie worn for the day to
arouse passion,

rather than psychosis... it could just drive me crazy!...
but instead what happened was not my idea...
the signature of the doctor called the chauffeured taxi with
'something old, something new
something borrowed, something blue'... but it didn't
have to be 'the Boys in Blue'...
arranged with a lion-taming cage
with which to ensnare the pride of the lion-hearted rage
and keep this frothing savage caged
with the psychotic bars more in my
head and the Police bars around me just in case they took me to meet
my betrothed ... schizophrenia ... I arriving early...the schizophrenic bride
late as usual... awaiting to consume the mad passion with which
I Love Thee...

with consummation of our minds... and instead they told
me I was to Court Thee, Insanity and Schizophrenia... which with
schizophrenia is really the way we met with Plato's Friendship
but again, you
must forgive me... as I didn't want it to be a Threesome, but it's
that schizo stays uninvited, and when it comes to bed, schizo's Bi!...and
doesn't go and still wants to do it both ways, with me and you!
So I'm sorry my Love it just means that it's You or
Him or Her!...schizo that is... and the marriage to the disability, like
the ring of a millstone around my neck would get a bad Reception...
and all the Groomsmen lined up and bridesmaids like the psychiatric
nurses lined up to serve you drinks with psychotropic medication and the
female nurses look you over and don't flirt like the nursing students at the
unibar used to before you started going steady with your bride to be and
had to learn to become 'domestic' ...

Oh' and let them show you to our wedding cell for
the first nuptial night...
there is a single bed for a tighter fit
!... perhaps there might not be room for You!...and remember schizo's Bi so
she'll do for breaking me in... and there is a sense of passionate madness
in making love in the dark like your shadow-boxing yourself literally...and
then you can start praying to the Virgin mother when two Souls coming
together give Birth to their Virgin union. ...But you must forgive me,
again, ...because they won't bless our Love ... and you can't come in
behind the bars of my white roomed 'psych'
bed cell windows....Or behind my eyes and look into my brain
behind the bars of my skull... All they can do is help us consummate the
Certificate of our tragic union of Certified madness with
an early morning getting out of bed ... and a cold shower like the chilling

paranoid feeling of the showers of Auschwitz, blessing from the nozzles
the poisoned waters of baptism gone wrong ... eating at the morning you
would think my love we would look into each others eyes knowing of what
we shared last night, cheap cornflakes at a Hospital kitchen with milk and
no Honey for our candlelit breakfast,...there is no slipknot to slide onto
your ring finger, or with which to hang yourself with by tying the knot to
a schizo madman!.Of whom His Love is only a 'delusion' and is not really
'real' therefore you don't have to take it or Him seriously.. Certainly these
'delusions' of love and religion, and an even greater deluded madness
for ever believing that even the miracle of an amazing grace could save
a wretch like me... or that such a sinner deluded wretch Romeo could
be loved by a Saint like you. Forgive me in trying to serenade you with
prayers speaking of Seraphic Franciscan Divine love that I dreamt of
sharing with you the love of martyred charity but the more I give and
become poor the more I receive for it is true to give to you rather than
receive is better indeed!... I stand there in my nervous naked avidity with
heart inflamed, love pining for you ... and then the Doctor says I better
have a 'check-up' and simply says that my blood-pressure is too high in
my heart and that I might have anxiety and cholesterol and that I should
learn stress management..... or perhaps its my nervousness before the altar
to wed... as I tell you that I have a

promise to
make and they give the Ring
on the telephone to my family
to tell them about the extended mental health family moving in
as they move the mental hospital into my home.. and beco
me 'De-Institutionalized' ... and watch the couples
and newly weds move in on the land where the Hospital was as they
prepare for making mortgages to unite their fidelity and children because
they voted in the economy and mental illness doesn't exist anymore so the
mad Romantic Fools trying to love and speak up for the 'down and outs'
which the statistics show that mental health has increased 400% in about
a decade, but we only use numbers to show economic profit not loss,
especially not the ugly human face of the mad mentally ill and especially
not those nagging Romantic fools who still hope and love after everything
they have been through what are they Christians who dare to love?!...
what would you like to do, throw them to the lions in the asylums? and to
think you would live in a suburban sub-division and mow the lawns
on Sunday ... and give away your sanity?!.., for dogmatic discussion
at weekend BBQs and Church Fetes, NO rather continue to read the
'classics' and, love with Latin love -pagan and Christian, to make Love
not middle class war on Terror, which terrorises schi zophrenics seeking
to make sense rather than nonsense and perhaps stop making sense!?!...
and when you awaken from your slumber, study English and Woo, Woo
the one you love!. Stand with your erect schizophrenic paralysis and refuse
to be Stigmartyred and be proud of Love and schizophrenia... Suffer with
Schizophrenia Pride! ... Come my Love You are called and chosen!!.. sob
yourself to sleep for the one you love, weep yourself to sleep, pining for
the one you dream of and through it all be aware of your noble love that
loves the greater love because he who loves the greater Love lays down
his life, he does not hate... My Social Worker tells me I should get a
girlfriend, because it might change the way I look at the world!!!?.

Perhaps in mad romantic love

For the one I love ... Yours
♥ JOHN CIRILLO.

National Student Media Conference

Student newspaper editors are a strange breed. For at least an entire year (sometimes more) they live in dank, cramped basement spaces working tirelessly to piece together publications that may only be read by a relatively small group of people. Characteristic of most people firmly enmeshed in this system, they also appear to live under the assumption that they are the last of a disintegrating breed. It's a fairly understandable position. Media whores are always driven by a healthy dose of ego which is further compounded by their overzealous faith in their separation from the less attractive political contingents of university life. In most universities it seems, even the ones where editorships are decided upon by factional politics, media types work on an assumption of separation from their political counterparts. Yes, ego abounds in student media to varying degrees of fun and frivolity. So what happens when you gather a Bassett's Allsorts of pasty, sun deprived student media types into one area and ask them to engage in debate, discussion and mutual back patting? Ladies and gents, welcome to the National Student Media Conference.

So it was that Dan, Danny and I found our way over to Newcastle during the mid-semester holidays. Technically only part of a larger 'umbrella' festival This Is Not Art (TINA), the NSMC attracts a huge range of media whores, hacks and wannabes the land over, all just

dying to ply their wares and engage in one up-manship. From the cover competition to the self-indulgent panel discussions, the media bunnies flock dressed in their finest alterna-gear and lefty politics. The week itself becomes one endless cycle of, "So where are you from?" (read: So which third rate publication do you edit, and will I have to mask jealousy or feign excitement over it?) and "Incumbent or elect?" (read: Do you threaten me this year or next?) questions as everyone vies for the spotlight and praise that runs rampant, but not necessarily genuinely. Everyone is super keen to outdo each other with their vast depths of experience, and that's just on the first day. After that, it becomes a race to attend the most panels, raise the most discussion points, and drink the most beers with imported third rate hack panellists (Megan Spencer, I'm looking at you) in the conference hub. Ironically it seems, all those sallow squinty media kids appear to have more in common with their political hack counterparts than they think.

Don't misunderstand me - I lump myself in the bracket of the editor loser as much as I accuse others of it, and I haven't even started getting squinty eyed yet. Unfortunately, it seems that no matter what our intentions, we all love to engage in self-congratulation (*speak for yourself, Clementine. - Ed*). Taking this into account, it's still possible to draw a huge amount out of

the NSM conference. Being an egotistical loser doesn't mean you're immune to the impact of a well presented and nutted out discussion, as Danny and I discovered attending "More Than Queer", an interactive debate about the manipulation and representation of queer culture in the media mainstream. We were lucky enough to hear four accomplished travel writers discuss the ins and outs of breaking into the travel writing business, and we saw some crazy experimental electro film which didn't really float my boat but seemed to spin Danny's wheels. Beyond this, we all had an amazing time in Newcastle sipping coffee on Darby street, dining at two burger joints that both claimed to be the best in town and discovering the best second hand bookshop on the planet. And despite my criticisms, which are mostly meant in good humour, we were fortunate enough to spend a lot of time with other student editors from all across the country. The experience itself, while not necessarily defining for us exactly what we think *On Dit* should do next year, did contribute to our general understanding of how a student newspaper can connect to those around it. Perhaps most importantly, it was worthwhile to get out there and realise that we're not the only people who have ever done a job like this. Kind of grounds you, know what I'm saying?

Clementine Ford

The TINA conference occurs annually over the October long weekend and comprises The National Student Media Conference, The National Young Writers Conference, Electro Fringe, Sound Summit, Critical Animals and some Environmental activist festival or other. For more information on how you can get involved, or if you'd just like to head on over with the gang next year, come down to the office and look for the pasty sun-deprived media whores.

17

"You've been thinking about writing for us, haven't you?"



Don't be scared, we're really quite a nice bunch of kids...

If you're *dying* to voice your opinions, get experience in the media or just to see your soon-to-be-famous name in newsprint, *On Dit* wants you!

On Dit 2005 is looking for Sub Editors and writers for:

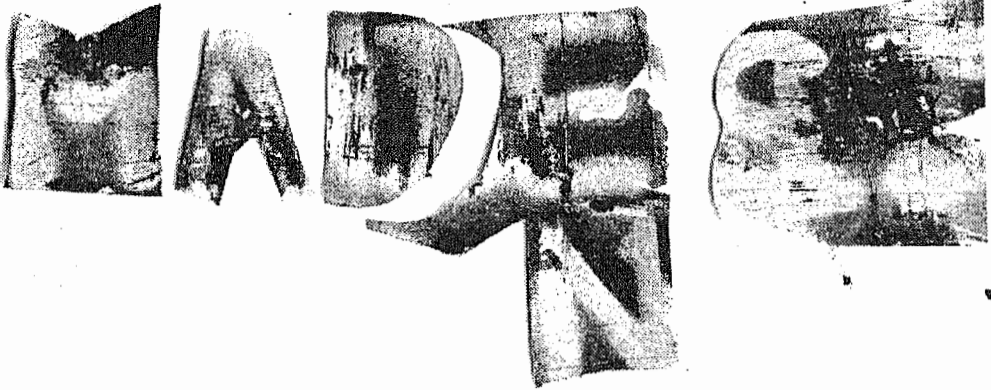
Current Affairs, Wayward Careers/Travel/Adventure, Opinion, Campus News, International Coordinator, Music, Local Music, Food, Film, Theatre, Arts and Literature. Also hunting for a comic genius was well as art and photography contributions or anything you'd like to see in *On Dit* next year for that matter!

If you've ever, at some point in your life, for a brief moment, considered possibly thinking about writing for *On Dit*, let us know! There's no commitment to buy. You can get in touch with us either by coming down to the office or the SAUA to pick up an application form or sending an e-mail to ondit@adelaide.edu.au

Application close November 20. Interviews for official Sub Ed positions begin in first week after exams.

Become

"one of us, one of us, one of us, one of us..."



Questions:

- 1) What is the craziest thing that you have ever done?
- 2) What activity or substance keeps you sane?
- 3) If you could institutionalise any public figure, who would it be?
- 4) Why is a mouse when it spins?

Max and Nicole

- 1) I once baked a triple layer mud cake with lots of weed in it, left it on the kitchen table and got my whole family blitzed!
- 1) I was in a strip joint and got asked to go up on stage and soap up the stripper. So I jumped up, rubbed her down and flashed the crowd!
- 2) Howling at the moon.
- 2) Mary Poppins. (*A spoon full of sugar makes the medicine go down...*)
- 3) Alexander Downer.
- 3) Stephen Kellett
- 4) In spinning, the mouse has transcended its rodent-ness. Now it is.
- 4) What the fuck does that mean?



Amy

- 1) I'm not telling you that! (It must be pretty sick!)
- 2) Exercise.
- 3) Eddie McGuire.
- 4) I don't really get it...



Bob and Boss

- 1) I committed a felony and had to go to jail.
- 1) I wore a balaclava to the MCG to see the Crows in the final. That was a while ago...
- 2) Deb. It's like puree, mashed potatoes.
- 2) Stroh, a great Austrian rum they serve at the German Club.
- 3) G. W. Bush.
- 3) Daryl Sommers
- 4) I don't think I understand that one...
- 4) Because of Daryl Sommers.



page
18



Laura

- 1) A dare. I kissed a complete stranger, without even knowing his name - and I was sober!
- 2) Coffee.
- 3) Marsha Hynes.
- 4) Just because

The Toilet

- 1) Once, I ate some shit. Real shit
- 2) Duck toilet fresh and good Mescaline.
- 3) Marcus, that crazy guy from the Unibar.
- 4) Because the higher the fewer! (And dammit that's the answer!)

Adam and Regan

- 1) I had sex with a horse.
- 1) I ran around topless in a primary school.
- 2) Beer.
- 2) Lots of beer.
- 3) Gargamel. The Smurfs never hurt anyone.
- 3) Most politicians.
- 4) Ask me when I'm not so drunk...
- 4) -Laughing- Who the fuck knows?



Potter

- 1) I surfed on a moving car. It was going faster than the speed of sound!
- 2) Metamucil.
- 3) Joseph Hynes.
- 4) Pi, as in the symbol - π



Pandora's
BOX

MOLLY DARLING



BOOK BY
OTTO HARBACH
AND
WOCARY DUNCAN
LYRICS BY
PHIL COOK
MUSIC BY
TOM JOHNSTONE
CONDUCTED BY
LILIAN MITCHELL

DESIGNED BY
WALTER WILSON

PRINTED BY ROBERT WANG

The Trouble With Love Is

One of the curious things I've noticed about writing a weekly article is that I am able to plot my menstrual cycle by the mood of the piece. For example, when I wrote for the queer edition, I was happy and ready to embrace love in all its exquisite agonies.

Today, I hate the world.

WARNING: This article is not funny or cheeky or saucy. It is the rantings of a depressed, angry woman who can't get *him* to love her. I wouldn't read it.

I felt I should start with that rider clause, so that any reader who wants to retain their idealism and optimism can stop reading now. Fuck off; I don't want idealists or optimists to read *Pandora* anyway. It is three in the morning, I have eaten an entire BBQ chicken pizza, consumed excessive amounts of alcohol and been rejected (again) by someone I cared about. This is not going to be pretty.

A book came into *On Dit* last week that apparently reminded one of the hard-working illustrious editors of me. The worldwide erotic bestseller (as it calls itself), *One Hundred Strokes of the Brush Before Bed* by Melissa P. I enjoy erotic fiction as much as the next person, probably more, so I opened the first page with as much excitement and delight as one would feel when spreading Angelina Jolie's thighs.

Melissa P was born one year before me and the book is her sexual diary from the ages of 14 to 16. It

is explicit, brutally honest and vulnerable. While the sex is graphically described, I found it disconcerting rather than arousing. The degeneration of this girl's spirit through sex hit far too close to home.

I read *Cosmopolitan* today and apparently this season's must-haves are coral blush, pastel blazers and a self-destructive addiction (perhaps that's not a direct quote but when pages on eating disorders, abusive boyfriends and self-mutilation run almost equal to advertisements, I think you can infer). Addiction runs in my family; my grandmother started the day with three whiskies and lived to the ripe age of 78 simply by pickling her internal organs. I've done binge eating, anorexia (which is an addiction to hunger if nothing else) and of late have been enjoying a foray into alcoholism. But by far, the most painful and soul-destroying has to be nymphomania (a pretty word for sex addiction, one which comes from the Greek *numphe*: bride and *mainomai*: madness).

I'm not really addicted to sex. I'm addicted to the validation that only sexual interaction seems to offer me. I have a few theories behind this. There are three ways in which people think: visual, aural and kinaesthetic. When thinking, the visual person looks up as if visualising something, the aural person will look down or to the side as if trying to hear something and the kinaesthetic person will try to touch something. I remain the kid in the store who has to pick every item up and play with

it. All my friends know they will suffer extreme emotional manipulation if they do not hug me. I go into bookstores and head straight for the children's books with touch and feel pages. I don't believe something that I can only see and hear; I have to touch it. This probably means I am not very highly evolved since this is an animalistic trait but I don't believe someone really cares about me unless I can touch them and they can touch me. Do you like my theory? I do.

When reading Melissa P's book, I can see that similarity. She gives fleeting descriptions of sights and sounds; her word count is focused on texture and sensation. I think Mel and I could do coffee.

Of course, the need for the physical is not a bad thing. Women who enjoy sex are disapproved of by society. There is only one difference between a player and a slut: gender. Someone who can enjoy physical expression without hurting anyone should be applauded. But nymphomania is about addiction and destruction, sought to fill an emptiness in a life.

So why the need for validation? Melissa P writes about her obsession with her appearance, her dissociation from her own reflection. My own reflection is a stranger to me; I look in a mirror and don't recognise the person who looks back at me. When you're young and in love with Leonardo Di Caprio or Devon Sawa (now where the hell did his career go?) or whoever else *Dolly* magazine throws at you, you're in love with images. You rationalise that since your image is not airbrushed and plastic, you must be unlovable. Then one day you grow up and fall in love with people, not because they're aesthetic ideals, but because of their mind or their heart or the way they hold your cheekbones when they kiss you. When this happens, you lose the idea that you're unloved because you're not pretty. You're unloved because you're unlovable. So you seek out love, in any way that you can find it and you also seek out rejection, because it's what you feel that you deserve.

For any of my faithful readers (okay, Chris, the sweetie in the UniBar, my solitary fan), I shall now quote a pornographic section of the book so that I don't feel inadequate as a sex columnist (because there's nothing worse than an inadequate sex columnist): *Groping beneath his clothes, I feel his member in my hand, lovely and hard and I rub it more and more frenetically...He penetrates me, our fluids run together, and he slides wonderfully, like a knife in warm butter, but he does not stir me.*

And that's the difference between sex for fun and sex for validation. Sex for validation isn't fun. I can fake an orgasm like a porn star and no one can tell the difference...except me. I have a habit of counting the number of people whom I've hooked up with, simply to put a number on how many people I've managed to make "like" me. But there's no kiss more bitter than an empty one.

While the book made me feel less alone, I hated its sell-out ending. The troubled girl finds love in the last four pages, a love that both validates and heals. It is written without the honesty and truth of the preceding 150 pages. It is cheap, hackneyed and utterly unbelievable. But I can't blame the author. Readers demand that a book about the spiralling descent of an innocent end happily. It is not a happy ending; she may love another, but our heroine does not love herself. She bedhops; she renames fucking as making love yet she still seeks the same lie. Whether it's in a physical or emotional form, she wants to be loved. And what could be more destructive than that.

*The trouble with love is
It can tear you up inside
Make your heart believe a lie
It's stronger than your pride...*

*I guess that story always ends the same,
Me, standing in the pouring rain
It seems no matter what I do
It tears my heart in two*

Sing it again Kelly Clarkson.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey

19

UND ICE BOATERS



Alice Campbell
SAUA President

Hell is round the corner

October 9 was a dark day for student organisations across the country. The livelihood of thousands of staff has been put at risk. There will no longer be a weekly independent student publication at Adelaide or Sydney universities. Students may be prohibited from self funding their own representative bodies to speak out against the Coalition government. The prices at food outlets on campus will skyrocket.

Next year the SAUA will have to spend most of its time campaigning against VSU (Voluntary Student Unionism, also dubbed 'Vomit Spew Upchuck' by many students). We will have to ensure that students view us as a vital part of the university, fighting against issues that seriously affect them with obvious results. This year I have spoken to a number of students who didn't care about increases in HECS or full fee paying places as "it doesn't affect me". The SAUA will have to ensure that more students do start to care about what has happened to universities in the past 8 and a half years. Students should be outraged that the people who are making them pay huge amounts in HECS while destroying their campus culture got their degrees for free while their university had sufficient funds to provide services such as food outlets and student representative bodies. Students need to be far more inspired to get involved in the SAUA and student movement as a whole before we lose a significant portion of our resources in 2006.

On another note, if this paper comes out on time, applications are still open for the positions of orientation directors. Collect and submit a form from the SAUA office until 2pm Tuesday 19th October. Alternatively, sign up for helping with orientation in the SAUA office. There will be many meetings taking place after exams and over the summer and I hope to see a wide range of students involved in next year's orientation.

Cheers,
Alice

20



Bek Cornish
Activities / Campaigns
Vice-President

HEY YOU!

Feel like laying back, drinking beer, chowin down on BBQ food, participating in fun games for prizes and listening to cool tunes, all while raising money for charity?

I thought you did, and that's why this week is for you! For more than 100 years Uni students have been involved in a week of fundraising known as Prosh.

The week provides fun, games, food and excitement whilst also collecting money for local charities in need. In the past Prosh has supported such organisations as Flying Doctors, Oxfam, Amnesty, Aids Council and the Flory Research Fund.

This year we are supporting KIDS FUTURE KIDS and the Refugee Advocacy Service of SA.

KIDS FUTURE KIDS

A small organisation that organises and runs day activities, outings and camps for children from disadvantaged backgrounds, whether it be social, economic or physical. They come dangerously close to having to cut back on their activities year to year due to budget restrictions, regardless of the fact that their service is much welcomed and necessary in our local community. KFK is run by a dedicated and small team of volunteers who are managed by Rupali Saikia (Volunteer Manager).

RASSA- REFUGEE ADVOCACY SERVICE OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA

The Refugee Advocacy Service of SA provides services, legal assistance, referrals and support links for those of refugee status and detention centres in our state. RASSA provides an opportunity for people to collectively voice their concerns to politicians at all levels of government and the community at large, liaise and assist like-minded groups to organize events and actions which highlight the plight of refugees and connect with individuals who are asylum seekers at a personal level by writing letters to people in detention. They are also struggling with financial restrictions.

Please come out and donate to these worthy organisations, and at the same time enjoy what we've got planned for you!

TUESDAY

BBQ on the lawns where you can pick up a detailed time table for the rest of the week!

WEDNESDAY

Official opening with speakers from the charities, BBQ, beer, gelati and a band as well as boat races, the infamous White Fear, mini golf comp and the baked bean tub. from 4 there is Prosh Happy Hour in the Bar.

THURSDAY

BBQ, beer, Student Radio, more mini golf, Air Hockey comp, pizza eating comp, Prosh Happy Hour in the Bar from 4, DJ from 6. Also, the North Terrace v's Waite v's Roseworthy Drink The Bar Dry comp! Come and help our campus win the trophy!!

FRIDAY

DJ/ Performers on the lawns

For more info, call me on 0405 410 943, email me at bek.cornish@adelaide.edu.au or come and see me on the lawns this week!

a series of nude Greco-Roman wrestling exhibitions. Unfortunately, the nude sausage sizzle has been cancelled due to insurance issues.

In other news, there will be a nude sit in at the First Church of Christian Naturists this Sunday at 10am. If you're an unattractive nudist and you feel ostracised by those handsome devils in the Christian Naturist community, make sure you sit in with other unpleasant naked partitioners. Contact the UND for more details.

Be sure to check out these events, and lets see if we can't fight for a better future for frumpy naturists Australia wide.



Brad Smettle
Ultimate Ninja Fighter

Okay, so here's what we're gonna do. Me and my team of ULTIMATE NINJA WARRIORS are going to drive to Canberra in my brother's van and wail on John Howard's ass SO FREAKING HARD that he won't even know what's happening. It'll be totally SWEET!!

If anybody is interested in coming with, contact the UNF Department in the SAUA, or just think about it really hard and make a sweet ninja growling noise and my standing committee of ULTIMATE NINJA WARRIORS will use their mystical ninja mind powers and find you.

If you're REALLY serious, we're planning a fundraising evening for next Saturday. There'll be cocktail wieners, root beer, ninja star throwing competitions, super hot babes and crazy-ass ninjas wailing on their SWEET electric guitars. Entry will be five dollars, but it'll be TOTALLY FREAKING WORTH IT, so remember to ask your Mom for the cash.

Also, me and the committee are working on a secret plan to convince University Administration to take back the twenty-five percent thing. So far we've amassed an AWESOME stockpile of weaponry, including sharp sticks, broom handles, gardening tools, homemade ninja stars, and dozens of totally sweet nun-chucks we found for \$3 each at Go-Lo.

KI-YAH!!!

When We say 'Fight Fees', we mean it.

For more information about REAL Ultimate Ninja Power, visit realultimatepower.net



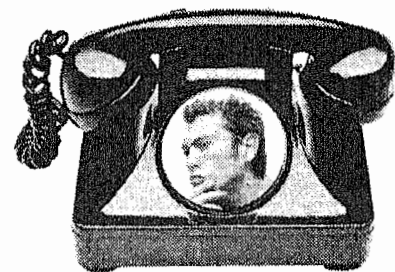
Maria Patchworth & Steve McKickley
Unpleasant Nudity
Officers

Last week's Federal election result sounded the deathknell for unpleasant nudity right accross Australia. With Howard in control of the Senate, we believe it is only a matter of time before legislation targeting ugly and / or overweight naturists becomes a BIG issue.

For its part, the SAUA's Unpleasant Nudity Department is attempting to raise the profile of unpleasant nudity both on campus and in the wider community. We will be staging a variety of events on the Barr Smith Lawns, including the first annual Adelaide University Nude Weightlifting Championships, as well as

ASK DR. POTTER

The amazing POTTER solves readers' mental health problems.



Potter
LINE™ 1800 POTTER

Dear Dr Potter,

Lately I've been concerned about the changing shape of my body. My new job involves constant sitting and snacking, and I'm worried that I'm becoming less attractive. What should I do?

Marie
Commerce

Dr Potter Says...

Hey Marie, don't sweat! Or should I say, sweat like a sow on heat. You see, regular exercise is the best way to shave off those pounds - and sex is by far the funnest form of exercise. How do you think I maintain my gaunt features?

Here's a tip I learnt in the SAUA. All you need to do is find a similarly overweight partner in your office and agree to 'spot' one another while your co-workers are on their lunch break. If they're reluctant at first, simply explain to them that the more you do it, the better looking the both of you will become. That old monkey was a particular favourite amongst old Unity hacks in the late nineties. Oooh yeah.

Alternatively, banging one out when no one's looking is a quick and easy way to burn calories. If you're embarrassed, try sitting on your hand for about twenty

minutes until it falls asleep. Then when you're giving it to yourself, it'll feel just like someone else is doing it!

You needn't worry too much if none of these strategies appeal to you. At the end of the day, it's what's *inside* your pale, stretch-marked skin that counts. Besides, The Potter loves your curves... ooh yeah.

Dear Dr Potter,

Dude, I can't get it up anymore! WTF!?

Gus
Chemical Engineering

Dr Potter Says...

Don't panic, Gus. There are a number of ways to put the sproing back in your groin. Lately I've been hearing good things about an intensive week long camp for young sex addicts put on by the Students' Association. Sign up for that and I bet you'll be pitching tents from the moment you step off the bus (applications available early next year).

Send your problems to Dr. Potter,
courtesy of On Dit Student Newspaper
ondit@adelaide.edu.au

Dr. Potter also has a toll-free helpline for people who need more urgent care. PotterLINE™ is considered to be the most effective in the western world. Last year, the Australian Council of Mental Health Professionals awarded Potter their annual medal of honour for outstanding achievement in the field of phone psychiatry. Need more proof? Here's a transcript of his conversation with yet another satisfied patient.

POTTER: Yello?

Caller: Uhm, hi... is this Potter?

POTTER: You bet. Oooh yeah.

Caller: Good. I need help, I can't leave the house.

POTTER: How come?

Caller: I... I just can't.

POTTER: Is it raining?

Caller: Uh, I don't think so.

POTTER: Wait up compadre, lemme check... Nope, not a drop.

Caller: No, you don't understand... I have *agoraphobia*.

POTTER: Oh - why didn't you say so? I used to be terrified of that guy, but then my mum told me he was just a puppet.

Caller: No, no - the thought of crowds makes me break out in a cold sweat.

POTTER: Yeah, me too. Sometimes I have nightmarers about no one showing up to O'Ball.

Caller: What are you talking about?

POTTER: Whatever you like, pal. It's your eighteen cents. What's your favourite thing to do?

Caller: Um... I like books, I guess.

POTTER: Books are cool.

Caller: Yeah.

POTTER: Yeah, books.

Caller: Books...

POTTER: Books.

Caller: Hm. Books.

POTTER: So, why don't you visit the Library and pick up some books?

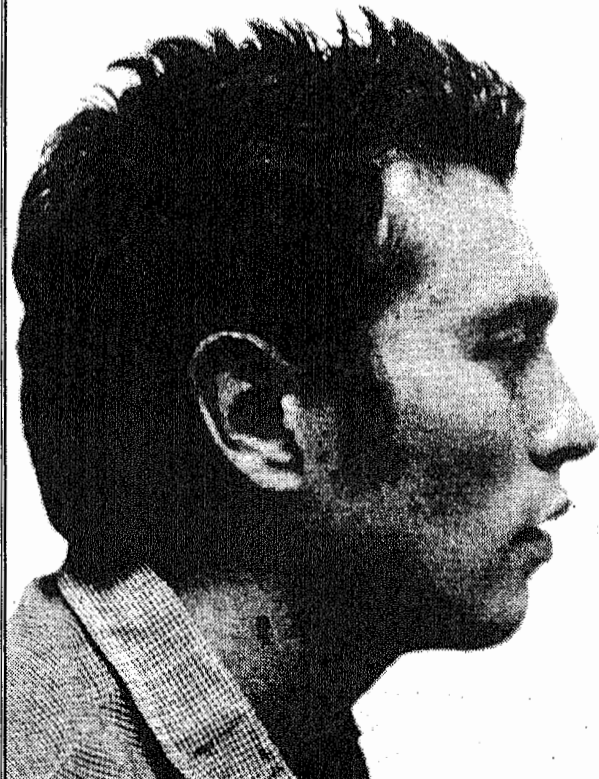
Caller: I... don't know.

POTTER: Run along then.

Caller: Uh, okay. Thanks Potter.

POTTER: Hey, no probs. Keep keepin' it real, buddy.

POTTER needs YOU!



Next year, Potter is Co-ordinating The SAUA's annual Orientation Festival. But he can't run the whole thing himself y'know. He's not *that* amazing.

The following positions are available:

- O'Week Directors (3)
- O'Ball Directors (3)
- O'Camp Directors (3)
- O'Tour Directors (3)
- O'Guide Editors (3)
- Marketing Director (1)

Applications are available from the Students' Association, Ground Floor of the Lady Symon building.

Applications close midday
Tuesday October 19:



'Baroque music? What the hell is that? Is it a pretentious kind of rock?'

If you can imagine yourself saying this, make sure that you keep November 11 free and get along to the Adelaide Town Hall for the Australian Chamber Orchestra's final Adelaide performance for the year, *Baroque Masters*.

The program features some of the most well-known and well-loved works by composers of the Baroque period, from Corelli to Bach. Few people could honestly say that they have never heard Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins (BWV 1043), whether they realize it or not, and the combination of the ensemble's director, Richard Tognetti, and principal second violin Helena Rathbone for this work promises to be a highlight of the evening.

There will also be three concertos by Vivaldi, each of which makes use of a different instrumental combination for the solo parts and Englishmen Purcell and Handel complete the program. As is obvious, the program brings together works by a broad range of composers from several different countries, and so acts as a wonderful introduction to the world of the Baroque.

The ACO will perform its *Baroque Masters* program at the Adelaide Town Hall at 8:00pm on November 11. Alternatively, for those people who are looking for an excuse for an interstate trip, details of the other performances can be found at www.aco.com.au (there will be a number of performances in Sydney after exams have finished!).

**Dvorak String Quartets Nos 10 & 12
East End Rush Hour Series
(Australian String Quartet)
Elder Hall, 22 September**

Anyone who turned up to Elder Hall on the night in question expecting to hear Mozart, Tlemann and Koehne may have been disappointed. Why? No works by any of these composers were to be heard, nor any members of the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra present. While the ASO was over at the Entertainment Centre accompanying Andrea Bocelli, the Australian String Quartet filled in with a pair of Dvorak quartets. However, changes in repertoire and personnel did nothing to detract from the standard of the evening; the concert was exceptional and the ASO owes the ASQ many thanks for its able help.

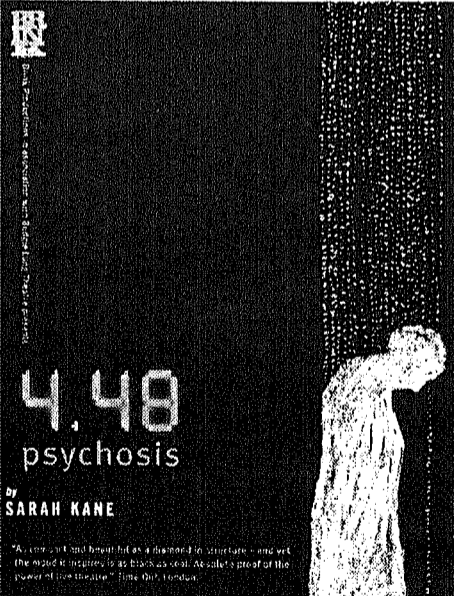
The performance contrasted works from different periods of Dvorak's life: No. 10 was completed in 1879, while No. 12, the 'American', dates from 1893, after the composer had left his native Bohemia to take up a position at the National Conservatory of Music in America, New York. The earlier quartet referred much more to Slavonic folk songs, while in the later work Dvorak tried to draw on features of American music in terms of rhythm, tonality and harmony.

The ASQ's challenge with this program was to highlight this contrast by communicating the different influences to the

audience. They succeeded. The communication between the players, the most important element of chamber music, was also exceptional: each player seemed to know exactly what the other three were doing and was able to fit in seamlessly. Leader Natsuko Yoshimoto was firmly in command at the crucial moments, and the link between James Cuddeford and Jeremy Williams, on second violin and viola respectively, was obvious. This link was no doubt aided by the fact that Williams sat at the end of the semi-circle so that he and Cuddeford were able to watch each other when their lines were complementary. However, one wondered if this was at the audience's expense, as the already mellow tones of the viola were sometimes a little too muffled to compete with the brilliance of the violins. Cellist Niall Brown was exceptional, whether playing *pizzicato* or bowing delicately so as to blend with the other players.

The Slavonic influences of Quartet No. 10 were obvious, and the difference between that work and the somewhat less fiery No. 12 was put across admirably. The ASQ was in fine form, always seeming in complete control and always playing as one.

We have free tickets to the intense production of 4.48 Psychosis at the Queen's Theatre. This play was written by reknown English playwright Sarah Kane, just before she committed suicide. Her plays were notoriously confronting and experimental. Just come on down on Wednesday at 12.00 and tell Jimmy T one of Sarah Keane's other play titles.



The Deets:

Preview - Wednesday 27 October, 6.30pm
Opening Night - Thursday 28 October, 8pm
Friday 29 October, 8pm
Saturday 30 October 6.30pm and 9.30pm
Sunday 31 October 6.30pm

Prices: Adult \$22, Concession \$15, Preview tickets \$15
Book at BASS 131 246 or at the door.

2
2

The free ticket will be for the Saturday 30th 6.30 performance.

A Perfect Day at the Barossa Music Festival

On the Labour Day public holiday, I got into the car and drove north for roughly an hour and a half. Why? The Barossa Music Festival, that's why. This was the third day of the smallest festival in the event's 14-year history. And what an enjoyable day it was.

The Maids by Jean Genet
Chopt Logic Theatre Company
The Grey Floor Theatre,
Saltram Wine Estate

This dark play, which was performed on each day of the three-day festival, was an adventurous choice by the young performers involved. Written in 1947, the *The Maids'* themes and subject matter, for example sadomasochism, would have been extremely controversial when it was first performed. However, with the audiences of today being harder to shock, it is often a challenge to present a work such as this and make it as engaging as it would have been over half a century ago.

Fortunately, the young performers rose to the challenge, aided by a perfectly stereotypical cameo from Carmel Johnson and some wonderfully intelligent lighting. In fact, the lighting design was the element that brought the most dramatic effect to the play, reflecting the characters' thoughts and moods with some interesting placements and contrasts between light and darkness. The design of the set allowed for these, and its pinks and pastels fitted with the female focus of the play.

The two young actresses, Tina Mitchell and Tahli Corin, playing Solange and Claire respectively, both put in solid performances, with Mitchell coming out as the pick of the two. Both made the most of their opportunities to speak directly to the audience by talking to an imaginary mirror at the front of the stage. On a less positive note, both had some problems in remembering their lines, which was a little concerning when one considered that this was the last of three performances. They also had to compete with noise from the neighbouring restaurant kitchen, which although not enough to drown anyone out, was somewhat off-putting for the audience.

At times, the noise of clanging plates and clinking glasses was itself drowned out by music from composer Amanda Lee Falkenberg.

In its first couple of instances, the music was not entirely inappropriate, but as the play went on, and the music kept appearing, one only began to wonder whether the music added much to the whole. Sometimes it is better to let actors act; their work does not always need to be done for them.

Having stumbled out into the rudely bright light of day, I realized that the performance had exceeded its predicted duration and I had only half an hour to travel to the venue of my next event. After eating only half of my lunch and not navigating as well as I could have, I made it to another winery for a performance of a very different kind.

**THERE WERE MANY
PEOPLE OUTSIDE
BASKING IN THE
SUNSHINE (GOD
OBVIOUSLY LIKES THE
FESTIVAL MORE THAN
MIKE RANN DOES)**

Wild Swans
Elena Kats-Chernin (piano)
& Christopher Latham (violin)
The Orangery,
Richmond Grove Winery

Elena Kats-Chernin is what one might call an 'up-and-comer'. In recent years, her compositions have increasingly gained attention, aided by her high-profile collaborations with well-known choreographer Meryl Tankard. This gem of a concert showcased some of the results of these collaborations, which displayed characteristics of a vast range of musical styles.

The first half of the concert comprised a miscellany of works for solo piano, which were performed with great intent and feeling by their composer. Kats-Chernin was then joined by Christopher Latham for the premiere of the *Wild Swans Suite*, which is based on the work that she wrote for the Australian Ballet. The storyline is taken from a fairytale by Hans Christian Andersen and in order to conjure up images from the story, use was made of all sorts of sound effects. In particular, the violin part employed some rare techniques, a striking example of which was the sixth of the ten movements, *Glow Worms*, in which Latham used *sul ponticello* to create a ghostly sound that matched perfectly the action of the plot. *Wild Swans* proved to be a highlight of the afternoon.

Though an obviously nervous public-speaker, Kats-Chernin introduced each piece, which gave the event an informal feel. This informality culminated in the three

(yes, three) encores that followed the suite. The Birthday Rag, the One Minute Rag and the Economy Class Rag allowed both pianist and violinist to let their hair down and it was difficult to tell who was having more fun, the performers or the audience.

At the conclusion of the concert, I was greatly relieved by the fact that my next event was at the same venue, allowing some time for me to eat the rest of my lunch. There were many people outside basking in the sunshine (God obviously likes the festival more than Mike Rann does) and enjoying the laid-back atmosphere. Picnicking seems to be as important as the arts at this festival, and why not? Spring in the Barossa provides plenty of fantastic opportunities! Anyway, having caught my breath, it was on to the final event of the whole festival.

The Age of Bach
Sirius Ensemble
The Orangery, Richmond Grove

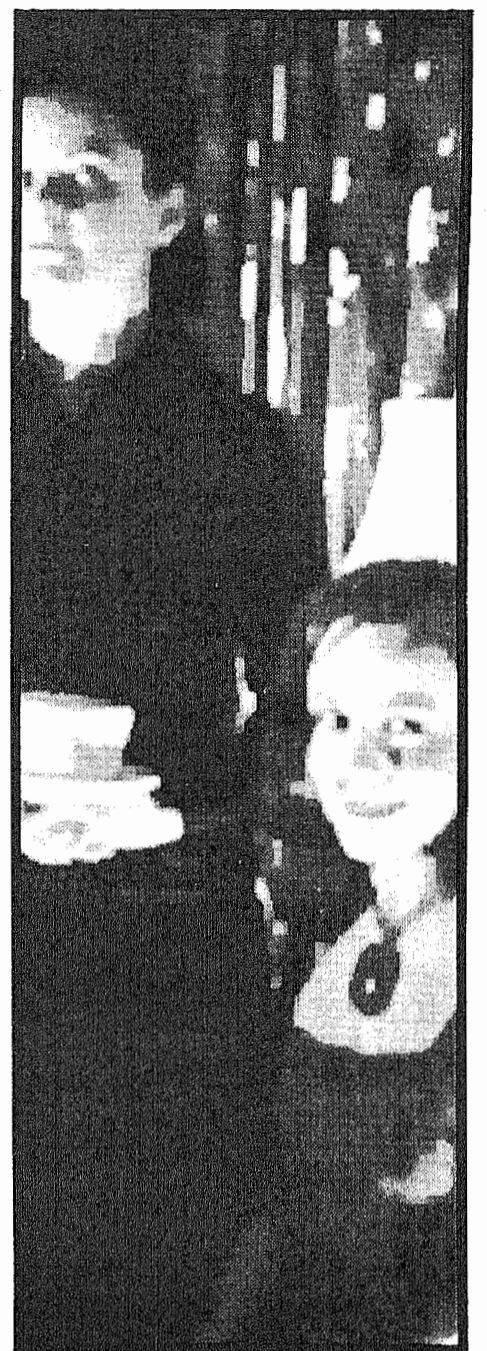
Many had already heard the news, long before the commencement of the festival: Nadia Piave, the only singer involved in the Sirius Ensemble's two performances, had been forced to cancel. A replacement was found for Saturday's concert, but, alas, not for Monday's. This was the reason for two Bach cantatas being magically condensed into a Sinfonia from a completely different cantata...

And so, faced with a distinct lack of Bach in the program (taking account of the program's name) the ensemble would have to produce something special without the help of the great master. They did. From Handel to Telemann, the performances displayed the virtuosic skills of the players and each one's intimate knowledge of period performance practice.

The performance of Handel's *Concerto Grosso No. 1, Op. 3* was astounding, considering that this was not one of the pieces that was originally to form part of the program. The lesser-known Fasch Sonata provided bassoonist Jane Gower with an opportunity to show off her technique in some very fast passages, and it was interesting to hear that her period bassoon sounded more like a saxophone than a modern bassoon!

Telemann's Paris Quartet No. 12 no doubt had some audience members crying out for Bach, a call that was answered after the interval by the account of the Sinfonia from Bach's Cantata No. 42. Then it was a return to Telemann for a more musically satisfying work than the composer's previous offering.

Director Anna McDonald (violin) led authoritatively throughout, except for perhaps on one occasion, when a lack



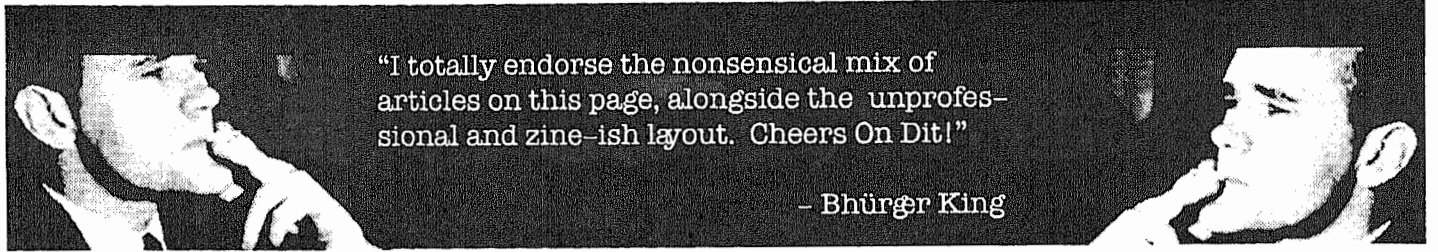
of communication between the players led to the need for a 'restart'. This was a rare mistake, as each player demonstrated great skill, particularly Genevieve Lacey, whose intelligently played recorder would have put even the most staunch of recorder-haters at ease. Able support was provided by Anthony Chesterman on oboe, along with the other strings and the basso continuo.

Overall, *The Age of Bach* was a very enjoyable performance and despite the hiccups in programming, the audience seemed to be greatly satisfied. This satisfaction extended to the festival as a whole: artistic director John Russell's words at the beginning of the last event received a warm response. Small though it was, the 2004 Barossa Music Festival confirmed that the event deserves to continue as an annual fixture of the South Australian arts calendar. The diverse program offered something for everyone and the opportunities to enjoy the region's food and wine were abundant. This irresistible combination ought to be supported by both public and the powers that be.

Benedict Coxon

23

Elder Conservatorium
Chamber Orchestra
Elder Hall Lunch Hour
Concert Series
8 October, Elder Hall



"I totally endorse the nonsensical mix of articles on this page, alongside the unprofessional and zine-ish layout. Cheers On Dit!"

- Bhinger King

There was a very stark contrast in this concert between soloist Hayley Radke (piccolo) and the Elder Conservatorium Chamber Orchestra. Radke was nothing short of virtuosic as she navigated her way through countless scales, arpeggios and everything in between in Vivaldi's Concerto for Piccolo and Strings.

Any quibbles over whether the work was composed for piccolo or, as has come to be accepted in recent times, for sopranino recorder had to wait until after the performance, as the technical brilliance of the soloist demanded complete attention. Even the difficulty of flutter-tonguing proved no problem for Radke, and her floating melodic lines in the second movement were equally pleasing.

The orchestra accompanied well enough, but as soon as it ceased its accompanying role and moved to the second item of the program, Beethoven's Symphony No. 1, its weaknesses became apparent. There were some moments where the collective musicality of the players was obvious, particularly in the climaxes, but the performance was simply too full of 'clangers'. From the broken notes of some of the woodwinds in the first movement to the persistent lack of clarity in the upper strings and some intonation problems in the lower strings, this was a disappointing performance overall.

Conductor Keith Crellin seemed to know what he wanted, but one wondered whether he had achieved much of it. The upper strings poor ensemble probably ought to be attributed to him, as Ingrid Homburg was doing a sterling job in the leader's chair. Perhaps many of the problems could be put down to bad luck on the day, or perhaps there was a lack of time for rehearsal, but unfortunately the orchestra was just unable to match Hayley Radke's stunning performance.

Benedict Coxon

24



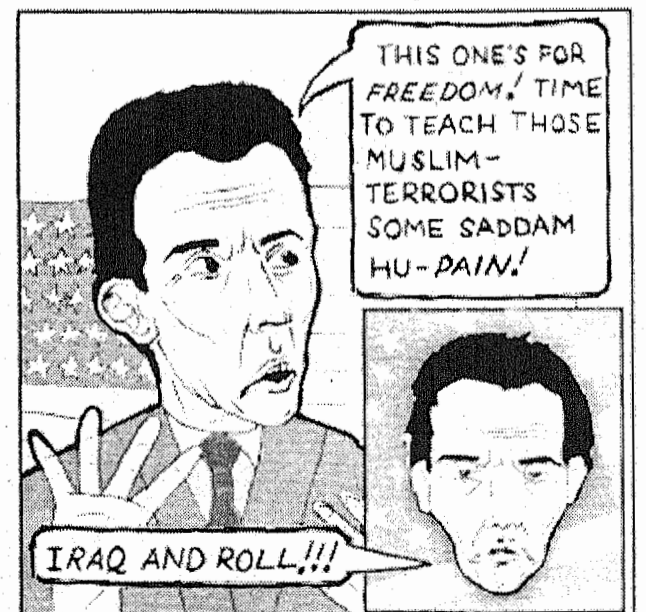
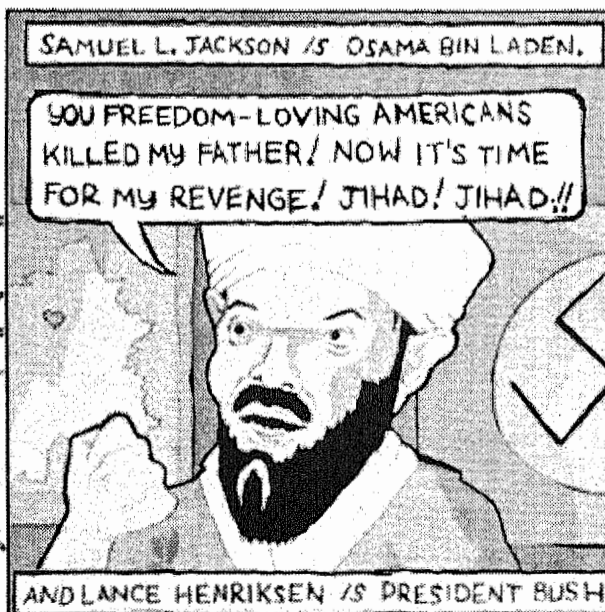
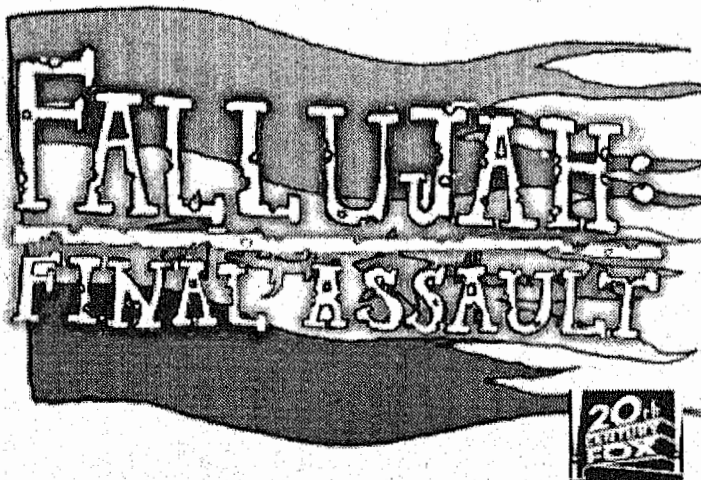
Date: Thu, 14 Oct 2004 10:33:03 +0930
From: Colwin Lee <colwin.lee@student.adelaide.edu.au>
To: ondit@adelaide.edu.au
Subject: corpse fukers

hey there jimmy trash
i gave you some copies of corpse fukers last week-ish, since next weeks issue is on madness, i thought it would be appropriate if you included a snippet of one of the issues, since my brother who writes/draws it is completely insane, make sure you credit it to Alex Rogers (not me) as well as the review, and since there are no details on how to get hold of a copy, i thought i should tell people how to get it, they can email me and i will figure something out, or alternatively, they can keep checking trasharama.com.au. dick dale the trasharama guy offered to sell it through his website but i have been unable to email him and verify this, also, i had remarkable success selling the comic at trasharama, i made \$13, 2 cigarettes and 2 cones, i am such a good businessman.
ok thats it from me, and speaking of zombies, i gotta go to centre link now, bye bye trash boy
Colwin

ROOM 237 by OZ

forward all infants to: ozza667@hotmail.com

COMING THIS FALL TO THEATERS:



ps: sorry there haven't been any comics for the last 2 weeks, i've been in hospital



Wholesome is cool, not crazy drug-induced fashion

Throughout history, madness and fashion have been quite steady bedfellows. Think of the run-of-the-mill Baroque's principal wardrobe. All those unnecessary ruffles, all those cinched waists, all that lead-spiked face powder... the high fashion of yesterday can be acutely summarised by that ever-so accommodating member of the English vernacular, 'bonkers'. Even the 20th Century has had its fair share of the aesthetically absurd. Back in the day, Elton John would host his infamously campy birthday bashes wearing ice blue sequined jodhpurs, false eyelashes and a monumental hive of cascading golden ringlets. Then there are Bowie's dickie pants in *The Labyrinth*. Mysterious yes, unsettling yes, but since when has the combination of Lycra and the male form ceased to inspire such awe and wonder from generations of both male and female audiences? Those trite little cockneys from *The Darkness* obviously felt the inspiration of their jumpsuits would go unnoticed. Bah.

Phallicism aside, in 2004, true madness and fashion is restricted to a select few who choose to haunt Hindley Street at night wearing naught but a bathing suit with a sombrero and hoop in tow. Seriously, what did you expect? After all, this is the era of global homogenization, brand culture and those crap metrosexual t-shirts guys seem to worship on a daily basis. Wearing something worth of a 'That looks crazy' comment denotes ditching

the Roxy singlet top for something colourful, logo-less and generally stinky (from all that time at the bottom of the Vinnies bin, you see). Hmm...has the combination of the words 'mad' and 'fashion' become oxymoronic given the present state of creative bleakness? The only iota of aesthetic madness we get to experience anymore is the odd passing by of a few ravers sporting orange fluffy pants encrusted with silver lamé stars and neon yellow muscle tops, but I blame the E, not the imagination. Even those under the influence all seem to dress the same and thus the madness factor becomes lost betwixt a sea of pilling black overcoats and fluffy Womad-fresh beanies. Thus, the inevitable question must be posed: how exactly does one break away from all the sheep and put the 'fool' into 'foolish' without seeping into mediocrity?

Answer: become familiar with ye olde concept of binary oppositions. Confucius say, "If fashion madness you seek, dress opposite contemporary social and moral codes". Any decent attention seeker will tell you that dressing up at a casual function/ dressing down at a formal one will guarantee you the most envious glares in the room. Apply this ideology to your everyday wardrobe, and I guarantee all the cool kids will be labelling you psychos till the proverbial cows come home. Ditch the short skirts and tight jeans for garments not usually associated with our time and generation

WHAT'S HOT

Preventing the onslaught of degenerative diseases from a young age. Drinking milk. Nice, comforting warm milk. Possibly with cookies.

Going Amish. Isolating yourselves from the shackles of the modern media conglomerates. Hey, beards and bustles aren't that bad, and who said electricity was a good move anyway?

Endorphins. Natural stimuli. Love is the new designer drug- again.

WHAT'S NOT

Teenage trashville. Giggling on the back of the bus. Lip gloss re-applications every 10 seconds. Hanging out at the Food Court. The incessant ringing of highly technological mobiles that Daddy bought for your birthday. Grrr..

Making amends with old enemies. Viva la resentment! Hatred makes the world go round.

Those awkwardly engineered benches on North Terrace. You call having to mould your skeletal system to some stupid granite structure comfortable?

(and no, that doesn't mean donning a kick-ass pin stripe gangster suit paired with Chuck Taylors. That's just plain gorgeous, not crazy). Why do you think Alex and Co. looked like absolute nut bars in *A Clockwork Orange*? Forget the acts of super violence, it was the contrast of those damn bowler hats with the futuristic setting that really made audiences writhe in terror. Given the current state of MTV and the whole 'sex sells' shemozzle, there's only one dogma to follow in order to render the contents of your wardrobe as abnormal: wholesomeness.

It's funny how righteousness and good ol' fashioned Christian values have become the epitome of insanity in the eyes of today's angst-riddled pot-smoking youth. By now, everyone is consciously aware of how freaking creepy the 1950s were- all that strive for perfection, all that regimented self-control, all those moralistic virtues...enough to make any decent post-modernist feel nauseated, really. Tap into this notion and peculiarity shall be yours. Think prim cardigans, chastity belts, socks with tan Mary Janes, ribbons, crucifixes, horn-rimmed glasses and anything beige and banal. It's all very 'volunteer at the local Church clothing sale' chic, really. Switch the hard drugs for soft toys. Go on picnics with your friends and sip hand-squeezed lemonade. But underneath all this, indulge in your early 2000's bad-assness by adding a few peculiar accessories, like black leather studded cuffs and corsets, heavy kohl-rimmed eyes and woven baskets filled with toy guns. Madness? The modern twist on wholesomeness is positively insane.

Since youth culture has found it physically impossible to separate itself from the age-old paradigms of sex, drugs and rock n' roll, wholesomeness is just nuts because it's so far-removed from traditional notions of post-adolescent debauchery. But the tricky thing is, a whole army of you out there can start doing 'twisted wholesome' chic and simultaneously kill the madness before even a few people feel uncomfortable walking down the street next to you. So I guess fashion and madness is irrevocably an exercise in futility. If you can be bothered thinking of more socially unacceptable combinations of garments and accessories, good for you. If not, join the rest of us and seep into the banality of the bourgeois comfort zone. Because at the end of the day, being middle-of-the-road is the most prevalent form of insanity around.

Stephanie Mountzouris



Ricordati Di Me (Remember Me)

Directed by: Gabriele Muccino
Starring: Fabrizio Bentivoglio, Laura Morante, Monica Bellucci

Giulia Ristuccia (Morante) is the flustered, tightly wound mother of two who, like her husband Carlo (Bentivoglio), works full-time to ensure financial stability for her suburban, middle class, Italian family. Giulia's flighty nature is a reflection of her exhaustion in devoting most of her time to tending either to her family or her work. Conversely, Carlo appears almost the exact opposite: quiet and retiring, a man who internalises a lot of his feelings but who sees his life as rather stagnant. Their teenage daughter, Valentina (Nicoletta Romanoff) is aspiring to work in television, which brings to surface Giulia's longing to return to work in theatre. Carlo, who feels increasingly isolated from his family, falls into an affair with an old flame (Monica Bellucci as Alessia). Then you have Valentina's older brother, Paolo (Silvio Muccino), who isn't really sure what he wants.

Ricordati di me spends a large proportion of its time, especially in the first half of the film, following each of these family members as they seek to be either comforted or invigorated by their respective pursuits. We don't see the

interactions between the family much to begin with - but that is sort of the point. As each of these characters discover that the people they idealise outside of their family unit are not what they expect them to be, writer/director Muccino hammers home the message that while family life may not always be completely affable, the honesty that family affords makes them much more dependable.

Granted, such a family-oriented message could have become condescending, but the film sports several finely nuanced performances (Morante and Bentivoglio, as two people who have allowed themselves to grow apart and take on almost opposite personalities, are especially enjoyable to watch). This, combined with writer/director Muccino's ability to pace the situations quickly while retaining attention to detail (note how quickly the daily routines of the family are whisked by at the beginning of the film), helps to make the film believable and real. The subtle sense of humour that underpins the family drama enriches the experience, helping to make the occasionally self-centred characters people that we still care about. After all, families can be self centred, sometimes.

***1/2

Brian O'Neill

26

Shaun of the Dead

Directed by: Edgar Wright
Starring: Simon Pegg, Nick Frost, Kate Ashfield

A spoof of horror films that is genuinely clever and funny - is that possible? It is when in the hands of writer/director Edgar Wright and British TV comedian and co-writer Simon Pegg. *Shaun of the Dead* has succeeded in striking a wonderful and wildly unpredictable balance of humour and horror.

The film's hero is Shaun (Simon Pegg) - a TV store salesman who happily lives his life in the suburban London triangle that is his flat, the supermarket and the Winchester pub. He rooms with best mate Ed (Nick Frost), a sloth-like practical joker and Peter (Peter Serafinowicz) a businessman irritated by Ed. Shaun's girlfriend Liz (Kate Ashfield) is frustrated by his lack of ambition and ends their relationship. *Shaun of the Dead* is set up as a romantic comedy as the early focus is on Shaun's relationships with his friends, girlfriend and parents. Then in a very amusing sequence we realise

that a frightening epidemic has gripped London and people are turning into flesh-eating zombies. Shaun promptly sets about saving everything that is important to him - his Mum, Liz and his beloved watering hole.

Shaun of the Dead is an unprecedented achievement in that it works as both a funny zombie movie and a scary romantic comedy. Even while Shaun and his friends are taking on the zombies in some rather grisly scenes, dead-pan British humour is in abundance. The second part of the film is much darker and is not quite as enjoyable. Still, the wonderfully endearing characters keep the film brisk and entertaining.

Shaun of the Dead might slip under the radar but it deserves to be seen. It's a surprising film that successfully works as an ode to friendship, bad taste, well timed fart jokes and irreverent fun.

Simone Bannister



Harold and Kumar go to White Castle

Okay, I have to admit it, "Harold and Kumar go to White Castle" is tricky to summarise accurately. Sure, before I went to see the movie, I was told it was basically about two guys getting stoned and trying to get to White Castle once the post-weed munchies take hold of them. This is very true. But oh, there is SO much more to it!

I think I'll try to write it down as a recipe by way of explanation. Yes, that should work.

Ingredients:

A handful of witty little insights into the human/stoner psyche some total slapstick bullshit a HELL of a lot of total surprises some gonad-shrinking disgustingness a bunch of memorable one-liners more homosexual innuendo than you can shake a stick at a dash of bare boobs

Roll this up in a fragment of a page from a Medicine textbook, and smoke it all in one go, and you'll get something a lot like "Harold and Kumar".

Now that you've got a basic idea of the feel of the movie, here's the rough gist of the story. Harold (John Cho) and Kumar (Kal Penn) are two fairly successful, intelligent, clean-cut members of society... save for the little fact that they are stoners. They are also frequently the butt of racism, bullying, and general abuse, much to their chagrin. One night, they both get stoned, and get a very special case of the munchies. Only one sort of munchie could be good enough. That munchie is... wait for it... burgers from White Castle!

And so our heroes set out to get just that. The trouble is, in true stoner fashion, they keep getting sidetracked in disgusting, scary, dangerous, adrenaline-pumping, humiliating, but above all, hilarious ways. It doesn't matter if it involves a stoned cheetah, a creepy guy with hideous boils and a hot, HOT wife (who happily bares her exceptionally beautiful breasts), an overly horny hitch-hiker, some random poseur arseholes who seem to pop up bloody everywhere, or a glorious escape from

the police on a hang glider (just to name a few), "Harold and Kumar" will have you cheering and hooting in your seat. It was a good thing my friend and I were the only ones in the cinema, because that way, we could yell and cheer and utter heartfelt moans to our hearts' content.

Is the movie deep? Hell no. Is it intelligent? Well... no. It's on the verge of it, but not quite. Making the movie actually intelligent would ruin all the slapstick bullshit you encounter. As it is, it fits in perfectly, and even though I usually sneer at slapstick, I loved every minute of it. And a very nice detail is that both Harold and Kumar are actually very intelligent and potentially successful young fellas, which a lot of people don't seem to realise about stoners. Stoner does not equal stupid, and the fact that this movie acknowledges that only adds to the joy of watching it.

There is a brief semblance of depth when both Harold and Kumar have a major epiphany at the end of their adventures. However, this semblance is tossed straight into the wind when our heroes' new resolutions are called into serious question. But hey, it's all in good fun, and chances are you'll leave the cinema totally high, not low. But you still might want to take someone with a bosom along, so you can bury your head in it whenever the disturbing images become too much for you. And to clear things up, yes, this IS a movie for Uni students, but you don't actually have to be a stoner to love it.

Some final notes: I will not take responsibility for what might happen to someone who chooses to watch this movie while stoned or otherwise drugged-up. You have been warned. But either way, go watch it, because it's fucking awesome.

As a movie: *****

As a film: **1/2

Yana



The Notebook

Directed by: Nick Cassavetes

Starring: Ryan Gosling, Rachel McAdams, James Garner, Gena Rowlands

"Behind every great love is a great story"

This is the tag line *The Notebook* is running with but this is not a great story – in fact it's completely predictable and more than a tad trite. 2 stars.

But that's not the whole story because I was truly touched by this film. Although I was aware of *The Notebook's* shameless attempts to pluck at the heartstrings with scenes of beautiful sunsets and birds flying in slow motion, I found myself swept up in this epic love story. The film's strength can be found in its brilliant performances – spirited, charming and believable.

Adapted from the best-selling novel by Nicholas Sparks, *The Notebook* begins in contemporary times where a man, James Garner, reads a story from a notebook to a woman, Gena Rowlands, who is suffering from Alzheimer's. The story is set in 1940s South Carolina and follows the

summer love between Allie (Rachel McAdams) and Noah (Ryan Gosling), two young people from different backgrounds. She's a wealthy student; he's a poor mill worker. With the force of class differences, parental disapproval, WW2 and a wealthy prospective fiancé for Allie, the lovers are driven apart.

Under the direction of Nick Cassavetes the cast are wonderfully responsive. The standout performances come from McAdams and Gosling. As Allie, McAdams is simply radiant and Gosling is a most impressive romantic lead. Garner and Rowlands are not quite as convincing in their roles. It is far more joyful to watch the chemistry between Allie and Noah – the scenes are enthusiastic, passionate, authentic and touching.

It's a challenge to resist this romantic drama. *The Notebook* weakens one's defences with a genuine story, beautifully and simply told with wonderful performances...and montages of flying geese will get you every time.

4 stars

Simone Bannister

27



Movies "The Man" Doesn't Want You To See!

Apparently there was once a golden time for Australian society. A time when we were all happy, understanding and open-minded people with social consciences. Apparently, believe it or not, we also quite liked a little bit of a mental challenge now and then.

Every election night since I have been old enough to comprehend the alternatives, I've been distraught at the result. Each time it's the same series of events - at around midnight, a small graphic pops up on our television screen and informs us all that the Liberal reign will continue for another three years. A short time later Howard is trotted out, gives a little speech and all the card-carrying chardonnay socialists launch into impassioned diatribes about the criminality of Australia's decision. The most pertinent question to consider when facing a fourth Howard term is of course - what does this mean for cinema! Well, in simple terms, it means that the current trend toward censoring anything with even the most remote kind of objectionable material will, tragically, continue.

In the past few years there have been a few films that have experienced the wrath of Australia's right wing censorship bodies - most notably *Romance*, *Baise-Moi* and *Ken Park*. *Romance* experienced severe heat before being passed by the review board, *Baise-Moi* was released in cinemas for a short period before being pulled and *Ken Park* was outright banned.

The major objection from the Office of Film and Literature Classification (OFLC) to these films was their depiction of explicit sex. All three depict male ejaculation and both *Romance* and *Baise-Moi* depict penetrative sex.

This progression toward increased conservatism seems to be reflective of an increasing lack of tolerance in Australian society that is directly attributable to the attitudes of the Howard government. More than just being trendy lefty rhetoric, there are serious, legitimate reasons to hold the Liberals responsible for denying you the right to watch what you like.

The power to ban films (and for that case video games, books and magazines) in Australia is centralised within the Office of Film and Literature Classification. The trouble is that they are heavily lobbied by, and have to a certain extent been infiltrated by, a growing army of conservative protest groups. The now seminal decision to ban *Ken Park* was the result of an extended campaign by various Christian fundamentalist groups and a shadowy, Stonecutters-esque group called the Lyons Forum.

The Lyons forum was established in 1992 by Chris Miles, John Howard's former parliamentary secretary, and John Bradford, a member of the Christian Democratic Party (who may or may not have sold poison milk to school children). The Lyons forum makes no secret of the fact that it wants all sexually explicit films and videos banned. While the Lyons forum refuse to release the details of their members, up to 20 federal MPs and 13 senators have been identified as belonging to the group. These include South Australian Liberal Trish Draper, Deputy Prime Minister

John Anderson and Treasurer Peter Costello. The most worrying aspect of this is that it marks a *politicisation* of censorship.

Ideally the OFLC should be an organization of members of the public who decide *for themselves* what is appropriate for release. For right wing lobby groups heavily populated by politicians to have such a deciding vote removes power from the public and leaves the power of dissemination of information, and subversive speech, in the hands of a self interested political body.

The intervention of the Christian right is also a recurrent theme. Reverend Fred Nile, who is a NSW state Upper House MP as well as leader of the Christian Democratic Party has also been identified with the Lyons. Nile regularly denounces homosexuals as "evil" and wants anyone satirising the church to be charged with blasphemy.

The OFLC objected to *Ken Park* on the grounds that it "offended the standards of morality, decency and propriety generally accepted by reasonable adults". The major problem comes in that with the heavy influence of lobby groups "reasonable adults" comes to be defined by a small subset of the community of which you and I, who assumedly are "reasonable adults", do not belong.

Howard began his campaign for harsher Australian censorship laws after the Port Arthur massacre April 1996. In the fallout from the tragedy Howard established a special ministerial committee to investigate "violence in the media." The committee resolved that the tragedy was the result of easy access to violent videos and films. It demanded tougher censorship laws, the banning of X-rated movies and a change of personnel at the OFLC and Classification Review Board, which it claimed contained too many "experts."

Next, the Howard government established the Senate Committee for Community Standards, which urged new censorship guidelines, because there was allegedly a risk of repeat occurrences of the Port Arthur incident. Apparently the risk was so serious that "the interest of the community should take precedence over individual liberty."

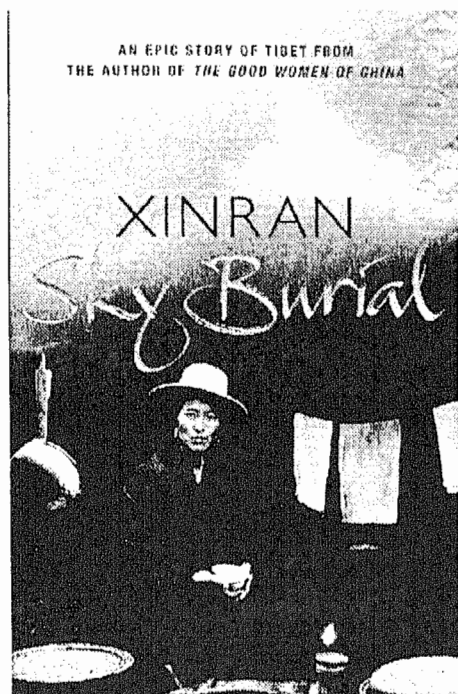
The major problem confronting those of us who believe that cinema, along with all other forms of media, should be free to the public to view is two fold - the censorship body has been infiltrated and become something of a governmental puppet and that the right is traditionally far more tenacious in their endeavours. If the media is ever to be freed up and censorship to be combated the left has to become as militant as the right. It's an old cliché but apt, but the squeaky wheel really does get the grease. It's easy to sit in your lounge room on election night, or in a bar with your buddies and complain about the "crimes" of the Howard government, but it's also a cop out. The reason that "lesbian burning" right wing conservatives get things done is because they are committed. It's their single virtue, and an example to be followed.

Danny Wills

28



Literature



Sky Burial **Xinran**

Chatto and Windus

A new husband and wife are both medical doctors in China's revolutionary army. Husband is stationed in Tibet, only a few weeks later, wife is notified that husband is dead. Refusing to believe the notification, the wife seeks assignment to Tibet such that she may search for her husband. So begins a journey that will last decades and will entirely change one woman's life.

Xinran recreates the story, a natural epic, a tour de force of the human spirit, told over a two day meeting. Shu Wen met with Xinran as an elderly lady, with weatherbeaten skin, wearing Tibetan clothing, and smelling of animal dung and curdled milk. Only her facial features and accent were undeniably Chinese.

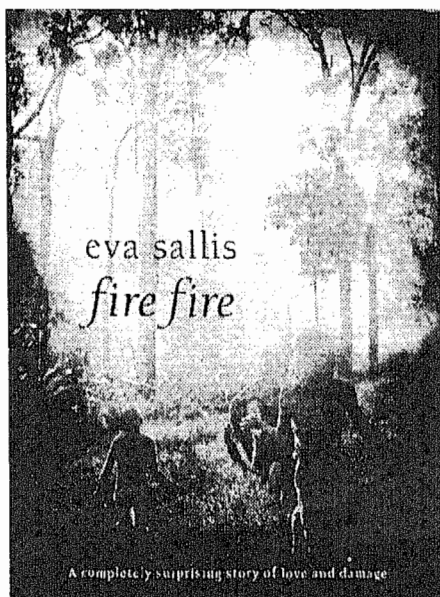
Shu Wen's quest began to find the whereabouts of her husband. Her army unit, travelling into Tibet acquired Zhouma as a local guide, soon Wen and Zhouma, are separated from the unit. Wandering, lost and near exhaustion, Wen and Zhouma are rescued by a nomadic Tibetan family. Zhouma acts as a translator between Wen and the family until she is kidnapped. Wen, alone spends the next several years with the family, slowly learning their traditions, life and religion.

The search for Zhouma leads Wen and part of the family to a monastery at festival time, with assistance from the lamas at the monastery, Zhouma is reunited with Wen and they meet the man who sings, the spirit of the lake.

From the man said to be the spirit of the lake, Wen learns of a young Chinese army medical doctor, who shot a vulture to save a dying man, then, upon learning he had committed a sin in the eyes of the

Tibetan people, sacrificed his own life to bring the vultures back. In so doing, proving that Tibetans and Chinese were made of the same flesh and ending the war. The man said to be the spirit of the lake has been guarding the diary of the Chinese medical doctor who saved his life by shooting a vulture.

Magdaline



Fire Fire **Eva Sallis**

Allen & Unwin

Fire Fire is not just another narrative about the physical and psychological prowess of the notorious Australian bushfires. It is used as a metaphor for slow destruction, possibly self-inflicted, and impossible to jettison in the span of a lifetime. Both thematically and aesthetically, the story reminds me of Colleen McCullough's *The Thornbirds*, the tale of three generations of a self-annihilating family inhabiting an isolated farm in the heart of the Australian Bush. However, despite these inter-textual elements and the recurrence of the 'fire' theme, Sallis' story (like most of her previous stories) has a niche of its own, fitting into the rather broad category of Australian fiction, as well as dwelling in the narrow space of culturally-aware literature.

It is the story of the Houdinis, German immigrants to Australia, now residing in 'Whispers', an abandoned farm in a location strikingly similar to the Adelaide Hills. It is also the story of Pa, a famous musician who has to give up the seductions of the world and submit to the whims of his tyrannical and possibly mentally deranged wife, Acantia. It is the story of the seven Houdini children, growing up amidst the beatings, home-schooling and lack of hygiene benevolently bestowed upon them by their mother. But, most importantly, it is the story of Ursula Houdini, the third of the Houdini siblings, embodying both the fire that engulfs the house and the saviour of the

younger Houdinis. While the initial half of the book is narrated with the magical quality of fairy tales, it is Gotthif's stories of their childhood, written in Ursula's name, that haunt both the reader and Ursula herself in the latter half.

The house itself, being 'hermetically sealed' from the rest of humanity, irks its occupants and is likely to perturb the reader. The interiors of the house seem to mirror Acantia's personality: "The house itself had peculiar windows. Most rooms had none at all, or windows that looked into other rooms, rather than outside. It was an inward-looking house. The windows increased the impression that the house knew something about itself and wasn't telling". In fact, this sense of mystery extends to both the parents, leaving the Houdini children, particularly Ursula, at a loss when trying to understand Pa and Acantia and justify their strange existence: "She [Ursula] knew exactly what they would do or say, just as when Pa's bow was poised above the open strings of the viola, she knew exactly what sound was coming. But what they thought or desired was masked. How was it that one could have such hidden parents?" The statement Sallis is making about the nature of parent-child relationships and their long-term effects on the adult lives of the children, however, is not masked.

The author is not merely-rebuking parents like Pa and Acantia for the lopsided and socially aberrant upbringing they give to their children, but also establishing the parent-child relationship as one that, however strained, outlives the span of the upbringing itself. As the younger Houdinis come of age and flee to Ursula's urban abode, Ursula is torn between protection of her siblings from the eccentricities of her mother and guilt for stealing all Acantia's offspring: "She could not have said

whose suffering was greater; theirs [the children] or Acantia's, but knowing of both paralysed her". In my opinion, what distinguishes Sallis' story is that it does not stereotype the rebellious, ungrateful child or the hurt, dignified parent, but reveals a space between the two extremes, showing discontent and love on both sides, and this seems closer to reality. However, the most moving sections of Sallis' prose are those that show that the grown-up Houdinis can still hear 'Whispers', that one cannot escape one's past, and that familiarity need not be pleasant: "She [Ursula] tried to focus on the glacial cries but her head was still trapped in the house. Images of the sleeping Houdinis floated up like dank steam into the night air and she started to cry".

Despite the Houdinis' desolate existence, they are occasionally called upon by 'mainstream' relatives and friends. Noteworthy among these is the wealthy yet notorious Count Antonio Ugolini, whose sexual acts implicitly bind Ursula and Gotthif and provide a pedophilic sub-plot to a children-centred story. Another contemporary national concern voiced in the story is Acantia's bizarre views on Australian history and multi-culturalism: "Aborigines were the pitiful losers of the great race. As were the Italians, Balts, Greeks and Asians. Getting Australia was a race. White Northern Europeans won it, proving that they were faster, smarter and more evolved than those who came later. This win gave them the right to do what they liked. Multiculturalism! What will they think of next! What culture? They haven't got one, let alone many. More like Muddy-culturalism". Sallis' pre-occupation with the themes of exile, immigration and culture find their way into *Fire Fire*, adding fuel to an already bright flame of a book.

Sukhmani Khorana

Write a poem and send it to us before Friday afternoon and we'll consider giving you a prize.

Hmm, what should the poem be about?

POTTER! What else?

Tee he he!

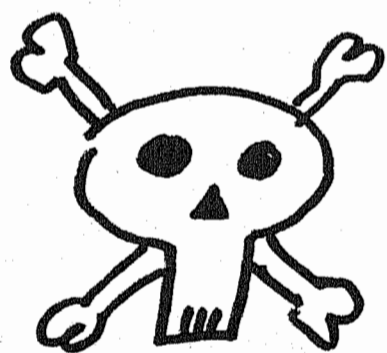
29

ondit@adelaide.edu.au

STUDENT RADIO

107.5 FM

occasionally better
than this ad.



ROCK
N
ROLL.

Local Music

Local music.
Local music.
Local music.
Local music.
Local music.

Palace Entry Thursday September 9 at the Exeter,

Having barely survived a mind numbingly boring dinner date, I found myself in the Exeter beer garden, surrounded by a bevy of beauty and the scent of the sweet sweet ganja. I was there to witness the wonder that is local band Palace Entry, who promised a fusion of blues, funk, rock and soul played on kit, bass guitar, electric guitar and saxophone with special guests on the congas. The boys scored instant brownie points with me by playing "Papa's Got a Brand New Bag" and managing not to slaughter it. These kids know how to get their groove on; tight rhythm section, sensual sax lines and plenty of funky solos. Yummy!

The cruisy atmosphere matched the music as we saw bitchy but hot rundle st waitresses out of their natural environment and realised they're not so bad, and drummer Kevin wore a t-shirt that boasted, "I'm too sexy for this shirt". Lust was evidently in the air. Fan Pooya noted that this was "music you should have sex to", and guitarist James promises he's saving up to buy leather pants. Hot. At the first interval, friends automatically demanded more solos from bass guitarist David and the very name of this stellar band was debated. Saxophonist Patrick feels the band name should be "Camp David and the Milkmen". Dave Brubeck's "Take 5" was promised for the next set, beers downed and the lads got back to work. I thought I'd heard "Take 5" way too many times and wasn't looking forward to it, but I was surprised by the fresh arrangement, and fell in love with the tune all over again. The guys also play excellent original tunes with an edge of soul. Unfortunately Transadelaide ensured I missed the last set, but the word at the Unibar is that it satisfied the crowd big time. Keep an eye out for these guys. A booty shakin' good time is guaranteed.

Heatherbee



Ianto Ware *No Sleep Et Al.* Independent

As an ex-member of the now defunct trio Hardy Coxon, local guitarist/singer and founder of the South Australian Institute for the Photocopied Arts, Ianto Ware has certainly been responsible for some rowdy and bombastic rock sounds. However, on this, his independently released solo mini-album, the songs are comprised of sparse, clean guitars, and low murmured vocals that give the proceedings an alt-country feel.

Recorded with friend and fellow toad wrangler (read the inside liner notes to understand) Matt Banham, aka No Through Road, helping to push the red button and make it sound nice, *No Sleep Et Al* has a intimate lo-fi vibe but features clarity far above your typical "home recording".

Essentially a solo release, Ianto is responsible for the majority of sounds here, aided and abetted by his looping delay pedal, which allows him to build up percussive sounds from his guitar and create melodic beds to play over. As a result, the songs are often minimalistic and feature much hypnotic repetition of phrases (which Ianto himself acknowledges in the liner notes), and is a blessing or curse depending on your personal preference.

Fortunately, the songs benefit from these structures, notably 'Something Worth Crying About #1', (one of three in a series of missives featured here, this one about the hypocrisies of some within the hardcore scene) which has looped guitar figures opening into one of Ianto's trademark staccato guitar solos. Elsewhere, the gentle lyrical optimism and the warm acoustic of 'Blue Sky' recalls such reference points of Smog or Dylan. Fellow ex-Coxon member and cousin Kynan Lawlor (of local act Hit the Jackpot) contributes some snaky and sonorous clarinet to the opening track 'No Sleep', while 'Something worth crying about #2' is my personal pick of the disc. It is here that Ianto's self-confessed half-spoken, half-sung mumbled vocals work most effectively atop a melancholic chord progression that hooks into your brain.

Given Ianto's extracurricular activity in the world of zines and their inherent DIY aspect, it is perhaps no surprise that the CD comes lavishly packaged in a hand made case, replete with the authors thoughts and explanations behind each song, and decorated with a thorough nautical theme. It's large size means that it won't fit so snugly into your CD stacker (I recommend reserving a space on the bookshelf), but then again, this is a fine local release that you wouldn't want to lose in a hurry.

dan v

Evolution No Liezz Jazz Club (199 North Tce) Friday October 1

(or how to use your job to get free entry and drinks)

Feeling a little blue? Take a trip to the smoky jazzland hidden above a restaurant on North Tce. The cocktails are extravagant and exorbitantly priced. The coloured lights are spectacular. The beautiful people are friendly and the music is hip. Or at least that's how it seemed to me. Of course, being a student, I'm also an insufferable tightwad, so I had a few \$3 vodka lemon limes at the trusty ol' London Tavern before climbing the wide spiral staircase to jazz heaven. I mentioned my mission of reviewing the gig to the manager and was swiftly offered food and drinks before being waved upstairs. Event manager, Yacek, shows jazz videos before each gig and I was lucky enough to enjoy a full hour of the amazing Chick Corea and others before the live music

began. Evolution consists of Ken Cooney on drums, Dave Merigot on keyboard, Toby Martin on bass, and special guests Nicola Fitzharris on vocals and Takashi on drums. I was immediately impressed by the band's professional attitude.

Not only did they start on time, they wore neat uniforms. Oh yeah, they play well too! The first set was mostly tried and tested standards with a few groovy originals chucked in. I am never sick of hearing "Naima" and the guys did justice to one of all time favourites. Nicola sailed through "Autumn Leaves" and the like with added grunt, dressed in black with feathers in her hair. I was particularly impressed by a sustained vocal trill into the bridge of "Love for Sale". Special guest Takashi made seemingly punishing drum solos look easy and was also easy to look at (vests on boys are so cute!). In the first interval I had the opportunity to chat to the band, and learned that they've only been together since April. Their photographer was also kind enough to sacrifice his copy of the set list to me. Danke Dieter! Yacek kept me plied with \$9/glass Shiraz and pointed out the full house of punters. I was introduced to "The Living Legend" John Howell and we chattered away the evening. The second and third sets offered more slick solos, excellent musicianship and delicious vocals. Standouts included instrumental "Anitra's Dance" which

featured an infectious calypso rhythm, and "God Bless The Child" in swing time. The closing number, "Some Other Time" allowed Nicola to take a break from her usual brassy blues and focus on the delicate melody. Totally beautiful! Go and check out this joint. It's a rad place to take a date. Also check out Evolution if you get the chance. Their high quality certainly lit up the genuine red velvet curtain stage at No Liezz and made many a pretty thing swoon.

H

Gig Guide

Live at the Governor Hindmarsh

The Gov has long been an institution for great live music, and lucky for us, they have oodles of shows coming up. Is there a better way to put off studying for those unpleasant exams than by checking out some live music? No, no there is not.

Young upstart Missy Higgins took the Big Star basement by storm recently, packing it to the brim with enthusiastic teens eager to catch a bit of her sweet songstress stylee in action. No doubt thoroughly chuffed with the response, she's heading back to our fair city on the 20th and 21st. If you are keen to check out either show, you better get a wriggle on, as they may or may not be SOLD OUT. Some tix may become available at the door, so cross your fingers and start camping out now.

One time American professional surfer-cum-musician, (and, judging by the accompanying photo, remarkably hirsute) **Donovan Frankenreiter** comes back to Australia on Saturday October 23rd, after a sold out headline tour earlier this year. As a close mate of Jack Johnson, you can expect to hear some laid back songs infused with plenty of free-spirited surfer soul from Donovan and his 3 piece band.

GIVEAWAYALERT#1

Thanks to the Gov we have some double passes to Donovan Frankenreiter to hand out. Since Mr. Frankenreiter sports such a porn-approved moustache, tell us the definition of a "Pasadena Mud-Slide" for your chance to score big. Post your entry to onditmusic@yahoo.com.au, and make it snappy!

Later in the week sees the return performance by Ceduna-bred singer/songwriter **Jodi Martin**. Growing up near the Nullabor, Jodi spent her formative years hanging with the like of Kasey Chambers, who recorded one of Jodi's songs with her family's Dead Ringer Band on their debut album. Jodi's folksy, soulful music and voice has been likened to Tracy Chapman and Suzanne Vega, and she sings, plays slide guitar and manipulates bass pedals with her feet, simultaneously! On this tour she will be joined by Sydney drummer Evan Mannell, who'll provide unconventional beats to her sweet melodies. It's all happening at the Gov on Mon 25 Oct, with special guests in the form of local act the Phobias.

Stay tuned for later in the month as Triple J's **Groove Train** pulls into town on November 29th to celebrate the launch of their new compilation CD showcasing 17 tracks from Australia's dance and groove music finest. Appearing at the event will be Meem, EK, Ransom (Crackpot) and of course, DJ Shareef Galaal.

GIVEAWAYALERT # 2!

We have some double passes to the Groove Train extravaganza for any readers who can name the most number of songs about, or featuring, trains in the title and/or lyrics. Send your entries into onditmusic@yahoo.com.au to be in to win.

Other Gigs you need to know about

Here's a gig that's literally being brought to you from the street; it's the improvised, communal arts jam to be held around Light Square on Friday 22nd October, featuring the local sprawling guitars and drum trio, Lola. It all kicks off around 4.30 pm, and should (authorities willing) continue into dusk.

Just to add more gig options to the jam packed weekend, Saturday 23rd also sees The Rhino Room shaking to the psyched out, stoner-friendly rock sounds of The Artax Mission and Wolf & Cub, with DJs spinning tunes till late. Check it out.

new buffalo

New Buffalo is the project of Melbourne's Sally Seltmann, conjuring bitter-sweet, dreamy pop vocal melodies over soft organ tones wrought from old toy keyboards and synths. Sally will be launching her debut album *The Last Beautiful Day* via a solo performance in Adelaide, this weekend, along with label mates Deloris.

Sally "started learning the piano when I was about seven, and also starting writing little piano songs around then too," but it wasn't until about five years ago that New Buffalo first started to take shape. "I wrote a lot of songs, and gradually recorded an EP." Husband Darren (a musician himself and a member of The Avalanches) had a part to play in that first EP, *About Last Night*, which featured the beautiful track "Sixteen Beats", but this time around Sally handled all of the writing and recording duties herself from her home studio, after original plans to produce *The Last Beautiful Day* with US producer Jake Davies were changed.

On handling all the writing, arranging and production duties, she says "I felt like all things were pointing towards me making the album on my own." As a result of this process, Sally feels that "the album does sound different, and more unique than if I had worked with someone else. I think being new at something, like programming and producing, can often result in creating something that has a feel all on it's own. That's what I wanted my album to have."

That said, *The Last Beautiful Day* sees Sally joined by guests like drummer Jim White (of the Dirty Three) and UK singer Beth Orton. Sally relays the casual way in which they came to be involved with the album: "Beth and I toured together a while ago, and became friends. She came over for dinner one night, and I got her in my studio and she did backing vocals on "Inside". Jim is also a friend, and I knew I wanted him to play drums on the album before I even started recording; he's a great drummer."

Though New Buffalo has utilised collaborations, both on record and live, Sally confesses "I really love performing solo. I like playing with my band too, but



there is definitely something more 'magical' about being on stage by myself." As to whether there are any plans to have New Buffalo become more of a regular 'band' situation, Sally explains "I am a bit of a loner when it comes to making music. I like writing alone, and recording alone, and then getting a live band together after that. However, I do plan to collaborate with others on future recordings."

I couldn't resist asking Sally what attracts her to the lo-fi sound of old school Casiotones and toy keyboards that she is fond of using; Is it a nostalgic thing? "Yes, I am quite nostalgic! I love the old warm tones, the crackle of an old record..." Speaking of records, if you had to be stranded on a deserted island, which albums would you have to take with you? "I think I would take some Billie Holiday, Microphones, Pavement, Velvet Underground, Debussy, Nina Simone, and a bunch of soundtracks to musicals."

Lastly, what can someone who has never heard Sally's music expect to see and hear when she brings New Buffalo to Adelaide's Jade Monkey? "Pretty songs, sad songs, uplifting songs and karaoke!!! Oh, and some cute badges for sale."

dan V

New Buffalo will perform at a dual album launch, along with label mates Deloris, with support from No Through Road @ the Jade Monkey, Twin St. Saturday 23rd October.

Deloris

Fake Our Deaths

Dot Dash/Inertia/Remote Control

The singer pronounces himself, bright and energetic. Nails begin to rake over the chords with confidence. Promising. Of course eventually the drummer must kick in, and they're away with 'The Unbroke Part Of It'. Deloris does well to start with stilted jumpy rock that has surely earned them a place in the Net 50. 'Dead Drunks' picks up the baton with a vaguely union-like dirge (a touch of Midnight Oil for poor comparison) which I think is characteristic of the bands strong but downcast vocal style setting them apart from other songwriters. The lyrics are abstract and awkwardly picturesque but none-too-compelling and delivered with Paul Dempsey-like enthusiasm. They are however honest and upfront, Marcus Teague's voice crisp and clear in the foreground of the mix. While the humility of *Fake Our Deaths* is a pleasant change it never really breaks its pace or deviates from the mean.

The band has proclaimed themselves as poetry, I guess trying to assume an air of Autumn, which the crisp Melbourne weather has often wrought upon its bands. There's definitely cred to be gained in the romantic recalling of the recording scene. Perhaps a shaggy old building covered in the smell of must and history-implying dust, as if somehow the visual will etch itself onto the plastic disc. Sometimes it does, but usually much more can be said of the process than the sound that follows it and so Deloris' press release describes the scene in detail.

The recording leaves them sounding a bit empty, strange considering the producer layed down tracks for Augie March, Catpower and the like. Deloris will surely come across more full and interesting live where their angular heavy side can break out of the sterility of their recorded selves.

Certainly it is an album that someone will enjoy immensely but for me it was morose when it needed radiance and coarse when you expected sweetness. "A bewildered beauty. Or at the very least, something new." For now, the latter is probably closer to the truth.

Dan J

Deloris plays at the Jade Monkey with New Buffalo, Oct 23.



Bird Blobs
Bird Blobs
Unstable Ape Records

When I first encountered the live sound of Melbourne's Bird Blobs, it's a testament to their focused sound that it didn't take me too long to understand what they were getting at. After a few minutes of experiencing their pulsing bass lines, edgy punkified guitars, primal drums and the deep, guttural vocals, dripping with grime and sleaze, I turned to my girlfriend and whispered some dirty thing or other entreating her to picture a steamy scene in her mind that may or may not have involved me coming home from a hard days work in a pair of dirty overalls, covered in sweat and grease, only to silently tear off her flimsy undergarments with an insatiable, existential lust. Meanwhile, the Blobs were providing the perfect soundtrack for such depraved notions. When their imposing, six-foot-plus singer/guitarist Tim Evans (formerly of Tasmanian band the Sea Scouts, which also featured Monika from Love of Diagrams) introduced the next song by declaring "this one's about fucking", I felt thoroughly vindicated. So much so, I couldn't resist yelling out, for better or worse, "They're all about fucking!" as a sign of support and stoner unity. All I got was weird looks from the rest of the crowd. Oh well, guess they didn't see it (or rather, hear it) the way I did.

Well, to cut to the chase, after a few listens of this, the Bird Blob's self-titled second album, any doubts that the four piece deal with the depraved corners of the human psyche and meld it to metallic blues, wiry post-punk and insistent disco rhythms should be put to rest. True, maybe *all* the songs aren't about fucking, but most certainly tap into those primal obsessions. For instance, 'Stealing Again' has a bass-lead danceable sex pulse, over which Evans spits out venomous lyrics from the underbelly of the working class. On 'Settle Down & Breed', Evans' impassioned screams reminds one of Birthday Party-era Nick Cave if he was into metal. 'Nothin at All' veers into gut-bucket disco-spazz territory, while the bombastic 'Back on the Beast', is full of creepily dissonant lines. Propelled by a bouncy, catchy-as-fuck bass line, 'Drunk at the Mill' closes the album with a chorus of descending chromatics and aggro-jazz guitar scribbles.

Musically speaking, for a dual guitar, bass and drums line-up in such an idiosyncratic genre, the playing is inventive and effective. Both stripped back, yet backed by a consistently pounding rhythm section

comprised of the deconstructed beats of drummer Steve Masterson, and Jordan Redaelli's bass, which at times has the qualities of a raga drone squeezed till it starts to groove, art-funk style. Special mention must also go to second guitarist Ian Wadley, whose twanged out tones, nervous vibrato, pick slides and scrapes lend the music an abnormal avant-surf guitar vibe; a sound not unlike Morricone growing up on the wrong side of the tracks, jonesing for meth under the icy light of a full moon.

If there's anything wrong with this album, it's that the production lets it down slightly, particularly after having been spoiled by the ferocious sound of the Bird Blobs live show. American producer Casey Rice certainly has the experience and credentials to pull off an album like this (after working with artists like Tortoise, Liz Phair and wife Tania Bowers), but that said, the disc doesn't quite capture the Blobs at their guttural, bowel-loosening best. Like wise, the ever present vocal distortion on Evans' voice diminishes some of his deep, bassy sound and the raw aspect of the vocals that put him in the same league as arch throat abusers like Beefheart and Tom Waits.

That aspect aside, Bird Blobs have produced an album that is nothing if not consistent. It might not be the most colourful or diverse album release of this year, but when it comes to sexed up mutant blues and moody post-punk twang, *Bird Blobs* has it in spades.

dan V



Machine Gun Fellatio
On Ice
Festival Mushroom Records

The opinions expressed here are a result of my brain's response to what's been heard. If you are a fan of MGF, it would be best not to read on. It was my voluntary decision to review this CD, despite the fact that I despise the band's very existence. I never liked the previously popular 'Pussy Town' and hated 'The Girl of My Dreams'.

Only when I sat down to listen to this did I realise that I was now obligated to subject myself to the barrage of musical waste that I have come to class Machine Gun Fellatio as, for a total of 18 new tracks no less. This free album of mine *will* be given away, pawned or destroyed in a way that gratifies me.

This band has and needs a group of approximately 7-8 members to accumulate the equivalent talent that would normally be a part of a fairly mediocre band with only 3 members.

Opening tracks 'Hollywood' and 'Queeny' are musically unattractive, unambitious, and without logical structure. Pinky Beecroft's vocal melodies and rhythms are similar, predictable and lacking in range. It's clear the man doesn't have astounding vocal abilities. People like Bob Dylan may have been able to pull off not being able to sing because he delivered highly charged lyrical content, but not this man. Aside from this, many of the vocal melodies are reminiscent of rhymes that U.S marines chant during fitness drills.

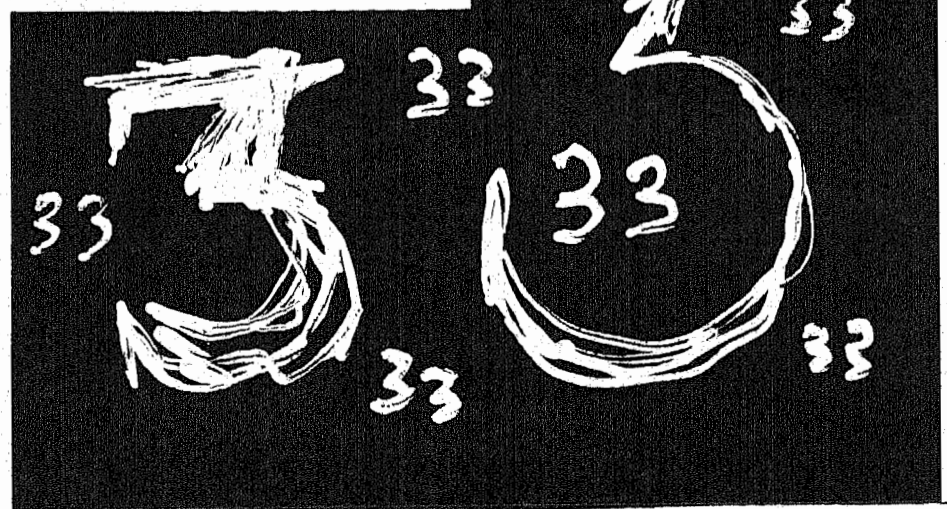
KK Juggy and Widow Jones compensate for Beecroft's weakness in the songs that feature them, and these are perhaps the most exciting (if any of them are to be regarded as so) to listen to. Examples of these are the sexually anthemic 'Throw Me on the Bed' and psycho-disco 'Best Friend', which are more convincing presentations.

'Start Runnin' is a song that sounds like an attempt of sorts to convince us about presence of their political conscience, but stops far short of carrying any specific message of dissent. 'Who's got Da Pills' begins with a rapid mix of samples and recorded sounds and I was briefly intrigued, until Beecroft half-timed the overall sound with his singing, though the song does have an interlude that grooves a bit. 'What the Fuck' has an interesting guitar motif running throughout, which is ruined by the conspicuous and persistent intrusion of electronic sound. The chorus in 'Positive Song' left me wondering what planet the drummer was on, negatively speaking, while recording. It might have been my mind's 'misinterpretation' of what drummer Bryan Ferrysexual was trying to achieve rhythmically, but the fills sounded appallingly off-time.

The included DVD features 3 songs from this album. Given the live environment, the songs are given greater force, and it's not hard to find yourself staring at KK Juggy or Jones. Beecroft's voice seems to thrive in this performance, and his pitch sounds better than the album versions. The power and presence of the two female singers carry the show more than the other instrumentalists.

This band relies heavily on computerised noise substitutes, sharing with us their sexual exploits and their experiences with drugs (or the lack of), and anything else of little substance or meaning. This is probably the reason so many people seem to relate to this disgusting, twisted interpretation of what music should be.

Tony Marshall



Endorphin
Shake It...
Seduction Records

Two things can be discerned by a glance at the cover-art of Endorphin's latest album, *Shake It*. The first is that the music had better be an improvement on the art-work because it truly is shocking. The second is the high likelihood of Middle Eastern sounds gracing the recording, judging by the fonts used and a couple of the track names.

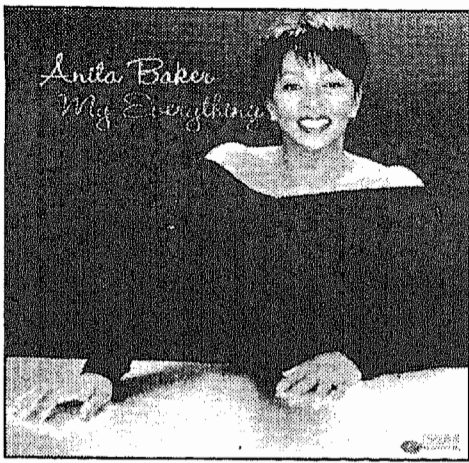
The ex-Frenchman behind Endorphin, known to his mates as Eric Chapus, has indeed added a few Middle Eastern spices to compliment his break-beat laden dance. And it works to a point, although at the same time, I wouldn't call *Shake It* a particularly innovative or captivating aural experience.

I found the vocals on this album to be generally rather annoying, soulstress Vassy's smooth contribution on blissful opener 'Shukran' notwithstanding. Shelley Rosenberg pops up a few times and comes off sounding like a second-rate Kylie Minogue, and although I've never been a huge fan of Iota's 'unique' voice, his guest appearance here, accentuated by an awful chorus, is as tough a listen as I've had all year.

The vaguely political 'Truce' features Egyptian/ Australian Khaled Galal and is a little more interesting but several of the tracks on 'Shake It' fail to transcend irritating retro dance-pop.

As far as our isolated Australian ears go, this may well be a unique blend of break-beat Middle-Eastern dance but it didn't inspire me greatly.

Lachy C

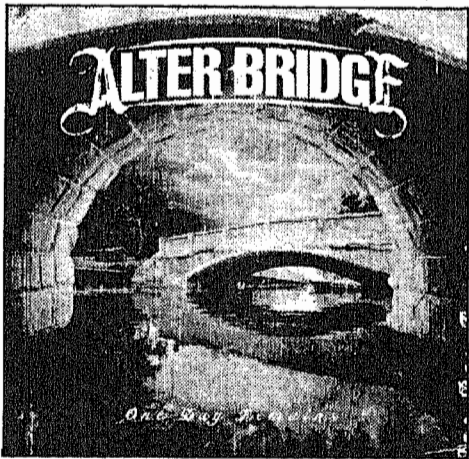


Anita Baker
My Everything
Blue Note

Or should that be *everythang*? Anita Baker has a luscious voice worthy of the Blue Note label, and a gift for songwriting, so it's a pity this album is mostly romantic pap. But then I'm just emotionally jaded. Those of you in love will enjoy canoodling to this. Those who aren't will sob uncontrollably, retreat to the foetal position and imbibe a potentially lethal amount of alcohol and Lindt 85%. However, all the tracks, bar number 7, show off a flawless live rhythm section, chunky bass lines and pretty horn harmonies. But this is really just formulaic pop dressed up with a little soul and jazz. The best track is a one-minute vocal improvisation adventure, which demonstrates Baker's melismatic ability.

Sure, most of the album sounds like a soundtrack to any old romantic comedy (I'll bet you a beer that this is used in the Bridget Jones' sequel!), but relief comes in the form of the upbeat "I Can't Sleep", which has a beautiful melody line and unexpected chord changes. Keep your fingers crossed that Baker's future releases contain more groove and less sick making lyrics like "the sun and the moon revolve around you / and the magic that you do". Her full potential is yet to be realised.

Heather-Briony



Alter Bridge
One Day Remains
Wind Up Records

In 2003 the spiritually fuelled Creed knocked our socks off with glowing numbers including "With arms wide open" and "High". Furthermore, their massive popularity has been echoed by their sale of 30 million albums over just seven years. Since the departure

of lead singer Scott Stap, ex-Creed performers, bassist Brian Marshall, Mark Tremonti and thunder-drummer Scott Phillips have rejoined with ex-Mayfield Four vocalist Myles Kennedy to form Alter Bridge.

Although Alter Bridge will ultimately find difficulty in shedding their past image, their album *One Day Remains* is definitely one step further away on several accounts. Among the pleasant diversity of instrumental intensity, it is awesome to hear the emergence of a profoundly unique and distinct style in Myles Kennedy's vocals. 'Burn it Down' is one such rock anthem which serves to illustrate Myles' mind-blowing capacity to enthrall listeners. Alter Bridge carefully manage to balance their new ideas upon a pre-existing powerful emotional basis as they successfully mediate between the soft feel of tracks such as 'In Loving Memory' and the profound ear-splitting potency of "Watch Your Words". Mark's solos during 'One Day Remains' and 'Metalingus' must be mentioned as a remarkable addition to the positive creative aura of this album.

One particularly outstanding property of Alter Bridge is their continual momentum, which is never lost. They aspire to affect every single person in the crowd when they play. Hardcore fans of Creed should not only be impressed with the witty creative edge of this album, guided by producer Ben Grosse, but also the perfect variety of rock solid sounds from one pumping track to the next.

Liquid



Guy Sebastian
Beautiful Life
BMG

No matter how hard you try, it must be damn near impossible to avoid Guy's new single "Out With My Baby", especially in his pathetically proud home state. I must have heard it at least a few dozen times before finding his brand spanking' new album in my possession.

I admit to feeling mildly optimistic about the Australian Idol's latest effort, but sadly "Out With My Baby" is the best he could do on this album. It's all downhill from track 2 "Kryptonite", which is decidedly similar to old school Boyzone gear. The cover of Stevie Wonder's "I Wish" is just passable (but he ain't got nothing on the Wonder man) and the rest of the tracks borrow heavily from both Stevie and the boy band formula. I don't know what happened to the dear boy's sweet voice that held so much promise. Maybe it's the mixing or computer propping, but for most of

these tunes I could've been listening to a grown up chipmunk. For shame! There are a few unsettling elements in the lyrics, such as "Anthem of Why", which seems to be a preachy sermon against the evils of sex and drugs hidden behind a somewhat ambitious salsa beat. I hate those bloody drum machines! Also, can someone tell me if "feenin'" is a word? And if so, what in Take That's name does it mean? Apart from that, "Fiend For You", is quite funky, and a blessed relief from the sappy dribble that dominates the album.

Where was Mr. Sebastian when I was 12 and in love with Jonathan Brandis? Track 13, "Oh Oh" has a jazzy blues scale intro that goes nowhere, and the lyrics seem to be admitting to an attraction to dumb sluts. I don't get it. Guy must have developed some kinda street cred though, as "Forever With You" features Mya, and she adds some much needed sparkle with her stylin' vocal tones. The title track appears last, and I had to make a cat's bum face at the idiotic distorted keyboards, and the shameless copy of Stevie Wonder rhythms (again!). Oh well, at least Guy's making tons of money from adolescent girls dreaming of all nighters at Heaven and the like.

I hope none of my neighbours know that I'm listening to this. If someone came to the door wearing earplugs, suffering from nausea and accusing me of lying about my age, I wouldn't bat an eyelid.

Hegsy



Robbie Williams
'Radio' Single
EMI

I understand how irregular this is - reviewing a single in the album section - but I feel that readers should be aware of this, of only for the amusing case study value.

It is important to remember that there is more to Williams than meets the eye. Paradoxically, Robbie is careful to ensure that his public is acutely aware of this hidden depth. Narry an interview with the square-jawed crooner ends without a stropo reference to how vacuous his releases are, and how being Robbie Williams is a constant exercise in dissappointing compromise. Robbie would have you believe that if it wasn't for those damn record executives, robbiewilliams.com would be selling theramins and moog synthesisers instead of post-ironic badges and football t-shirts. Poor lamb.

Well here it is folks. Robbie Williams has finally emerged from his plastic

shell and recorded a single that is everything short of groundbreaking. 'Radio' sounds like precisely what it is: a crooning pop star attempting to cover himself in post iconic electro cred. And, to be honest, it sounds okay. A bit like an overproduced cross between Talking Heads circa 1984 and fellow brit poppers The Scissor Sisters.

Not quite enough to convince me to purchase his forthcoming best of album, but proof that it isn't wise to count him out. You watch - give the man another four years and he'll be recording his own version of *Metal Machine Music*.

Mister Stan



Pearl Jam
Benaroya Hall:
October 22nd 2003
RCA

We all know a Pearl Jam live double disc set is nothing to write home about these days, as there have been around 80 or so over the past few years in an attempt to stop bootleggers in their tracks. So is there a point in reviewing this gig from Benaroya Hall?

Well there are a couple of things that distinguish this recording from the rest of the pack. The performance took the form of a charity bash for YouthCare and consists of an unusually large chunk of b-sides and covers, an unusually large chunk of which are belted out acoustically.

The recording quality is top-notch, and the attempts at Dylan's spiteful 'Masters Of War' and Silverstein's rollicking '25 Minutes To Go' through to old favourites such as 'Daughter' and 'Yellow Ledbetter' are all received warmly by the boisterous fanatics.

Personally, however, I find the most distinctive aspect of a Pearl Jam set to be Eddie Vedder's unrelenting yet perpetually wavering vocals. For this reason I don't consider any novel tweaks of the setlist or guitar-choice enough of an incentive to make this a necessity for the casual fan. For the diehard, on the other hand, you are certainly much better off with this than much of the other generic live stuff they've churned out.

Lachy C

THIRTY-FOUR.

(34)

Clubs and Associations

The Adelaide University Mathematics Students Society (AUMaSS) will be holding their Annual General Meeting this Tuesday 19 October. It will be held in Maths G05 at 7pm. Nominations and voting will be held for all committee positions. Please feel free to come along, and have some input into AUMaSS.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Members of the Adelaide University Rugby Union Football Club Inc. will be held in the club rooms at Waite Oval on Thursday 28th October 2004 at 6.30 pm.

The meeting has been called to elect the AURUFC Executive Committee for 2005. All positions are vacant, and only financial members are entitled to assume positions, vote for and propose candidates.

A nomination form for positions on the Executive Committee can be picked up from the Sports Association Office, and should be returned to the Vice President (Phil Helmling) by close of business Tuesday 26th October 2004.

When nominating a member for one of the non-specific positions, please indicate the role you would like the nominee to perform. Should you wish to clarify any part of this process please contact Phil on 0408 207 682 or via email (phillip.helmling@didata.com.au).

Members are invited to nominate either themselves or other members for the positions on both the Executive Committee for 2005.

Available positions are:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

1. President
2. Vice-President
3. Secretary
4. Treasurer
5. Director of Rugby
6. Director of Operations
7. Director of Development
8. Club Captain

Both the nominee and the proposer MUST sign the nomination form. If the nomination is faxed, both the nominee and Proposer MUST sign the form. If the nomination is emailed, the Nominee must accept the nomination by sending a separate email. Nominations can be lodged by fax (8373 3021) or email to phillip.helmling@didata.com.au by close of business Tuesday October 26 2004.

Adelaide Uni Touch Club

AU Touch is looking for people to play in teams in the summer competitions played on Tuesday and Thursday nights beginning at the start of November. Touch is a "no contact" version of rugby, it is fun, social, and suitable for all fitness levels.

We are having a 'come out and try touch' session on Monday 25th of October at 6pm, meeting outside the old Uni Gym on Mackinnon street, followed by beverages at the British. The session will run for about an hour and you do not need to have played Touch before to participate.

For more details email DJ (darren.jones@adelaide.edu.au) or check out the club's website at www.autouch.org.au

100+ extras needed for a crowd at a Lazarus Dog rock concert in a short movie Oct 24th 3pm - 6pm. Must be aged between 18 - 25. Location yet to be advised to register email:

jivegig@hotmail.com

This edition is dedicated to Yak's Mum.

RIP.

Stan Dude?
 Jimmy Dude.
 Stan I... uh, never mind.
 Jimmy No, dude, what is it?
 Stan Dude... I...
 Jimmy Dude, you don't have to say it, I know.
 Stan [ahem] Good. Just don't tell anyone, okay?
 Jimmy Too late, Dude. I told Potter.
 Stan You told Potter? Oh man!
 Jimmy Don't worry, dude - he's into it too!
 Stan You mean Potter's a...
 Jimmy Yup. Totally.
 Stan Dude! What are we waiting for?

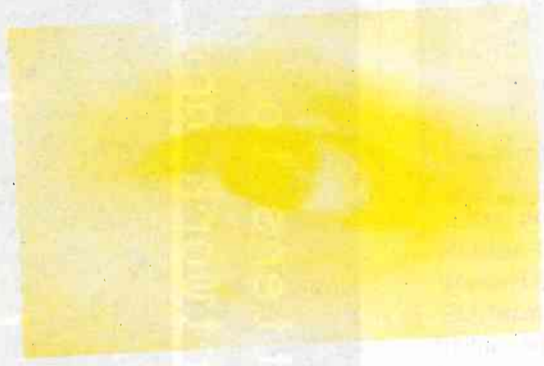
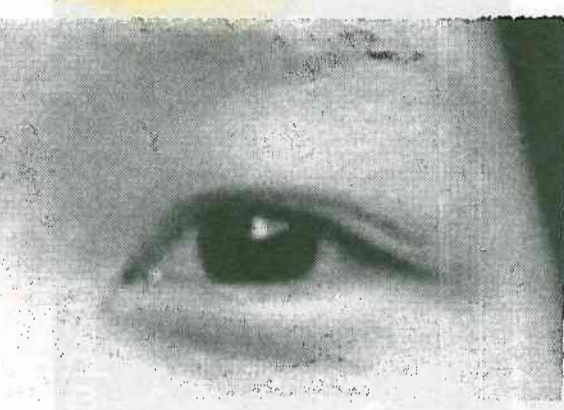
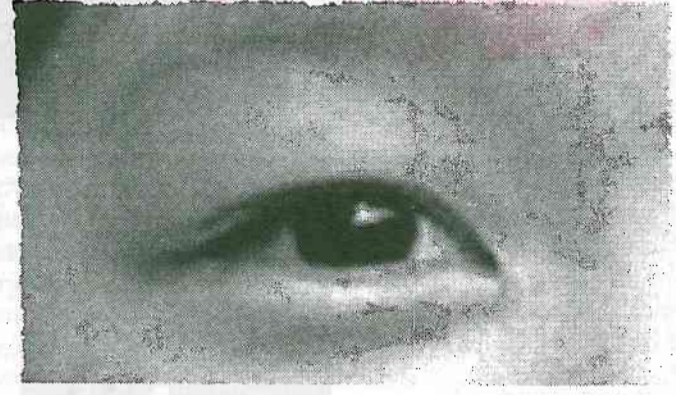
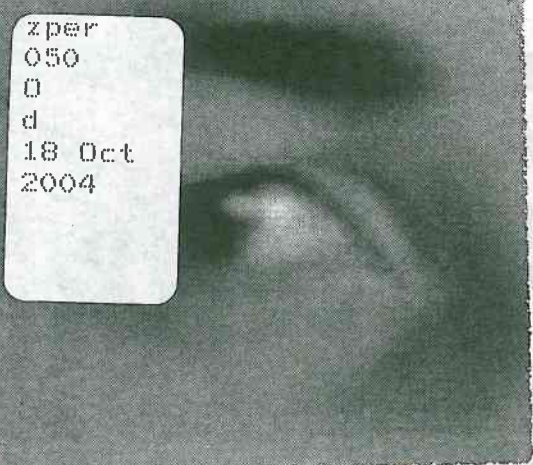
Next week is the last edition of On Dit for 2004 (Hooray!)

Send your articles, letters to the editor, reviews, artwork and general weirdness to...

ondit@adelaide.edu.au

And remember kids, Keep keeping it real. Nooh yeah.

zper
050
0
d
18 Oct
2004



**On
Dit**
Volume 72
Edition 20
18.10.2004
**MADNESS
EDITION**

