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Famous On Dit Mysteries

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19 AUG 2002



**THIRD
PERSON
SINGULAR**
by CLEMENCE DANE



Volume 70
Edition 12
29/07/02



**THE ISLAND
OF
SPECTRAL TERROR**
by H.G. WELLS

On Dit

Volume 70 Edition 12 29.07.02

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

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About the Cover: Thanks and congratulations go to Belinda Taschen for submitting the winning entry to our cover competition, and inspiring us with the Sci-Fi theme.

Wanna Write?

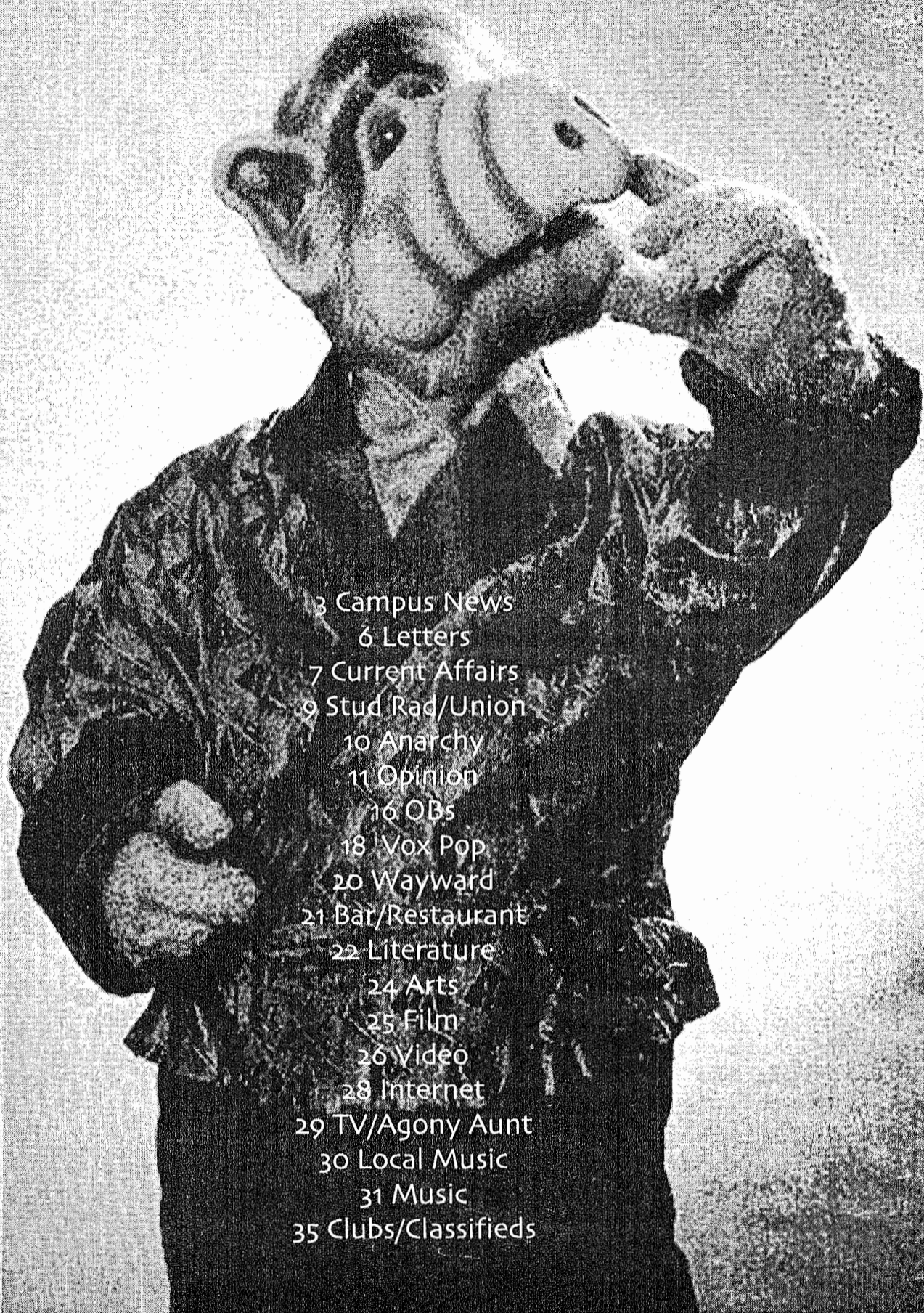
Then why not come down to our office, located in the basement of the George Murray Building (near the charmed environs of two sets of men's toilets. Note to users of the men's toilets: spelling and grammar aren't just flights of fancy to be used in essays, they are applicable in all areas of our lives, including graffiti). The office is accessible from the Barr Smith Lawns. For a more pleasant aroma, use the email address at the bottom of this page. Alternatively, you can give us a call on 83035404. That's fine too.

Next Edition:

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Thanks go to: Gemma, Yak, Stan, Bonnie, Bonnie from Cadillac, Elise, Mikey B., Mattyo (welcome on board), the Sacred Grove for being desecrated, Clementine, Mel for the cake, and little old Linhen.

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Editorial

You may read some of the letters this week (page 6) and be surprised to learn of a large Orientation (including O'Ball) debt. We have been accused of not commenting on the debt for political reasons. Although we wish to apologise for not telling students sooner of the debt, which in a sense is our duty, we wish to point out that *On Dit* has nothing whatsoever to gain from failing to report on this debt. In fact, in the holiday period as the ramifications of this came to light, *On Dit* was, along with other Councillors and Office Bearers, forced to come up with harsh measures to counteract the debt.

We became aware that there was a debt earlier in the year, but despite investigations are still unsure of the real figure. Apparently some debts and contracts from

Orientation are still to be settled, and we felt unable to comment until this time. We apologise to students for failing to report on this, and will aim to keep students informed as soon as we are able to comment. The President of the SAUA Bek Cornish is preparing an article about the SAUA's financial position for next week's edition.

This issue is seen to be particularly important in light of the proposed referendum. Some say that if the debt is too great and the SAUA discontinues operation, they can just be dissolved into the new structure. While this is something to consider, talk of the SAUA closing should not be paramount at this stage. Voting for the referendum should take place on the merits of the proposed structure alone, and not in light of these fears.

Changing the University Act AND UNLEASHING THE EVIL...

If you don't give a rat's arse about student representation, you're not alone. The University of Adelaide Council is attempting to persuade State Parliament to hammer yet another nail in the coffin of student unionism.

State Parliament has received a submission from the University of Adelaide Council recommending a number of changes to the 1971 University of Adelaide Act. According to a subsequent submission from the Adelaide University Union, many of these changes would seriously compromise the effectiveness of student organisations.

The Council is seeking to dominate the affairs of the Student Union, effectively diluting the Union's ability to defend the interests of students in the face of a university that is willing sacrifice educational standards for the sake of cost effectiveness.

Of particular concern is the Council's recommendation that the University be granted the right to deal in the University's land and property. Currently, the Act forbids the university from mortgaging, selling, leasing or in any way dealing with property without the express permission of the State Governor. If this section of the Act is changed, Council would be able to force the Union to pay for the use of the University's buildings. Needless to say, this scenario would be financially devastating for the Union. Currently, the Union enjoys an informal arrangement with the University allowing it to both generate revenue and provide student services

from buildings such as Union House. If the AUU was forced to pay rent for such facilities (built and maintained with AUU funds, mind you) the Union's ability to provide services to the students would be severely hamstrung.

Council also wants amendments made to the Act allowing it greater power over the size of Union fees and charges, along with more extensive access to the Union's finances. Student representatives have expressed their concern at the level of influence that the University is seeking to gain over the Union.

In her submission to parliament, AUU President Susie Young stated that the Council's recommendations "...could be perceived as an attempt to compromise student organisations and inhibit the ability to lobby the University on issues that affect student welfare." The submission goes on to suggest that the proposed changes could result

in a Victorian-style system restricting the way student organisations are allowed use the union fee. In 1994, the Kennett government made similar amendments to the Victorian University Act, which resulted in the prohibition of the spending of the student services fee on "political" activities involving student advocacy and representation. The Victorian changes also resulted in University Councils being granted the power to withhold student services fee income if certain conditions were not met.

Clearly, many of Council's proposed changes raise the prospect of a larger Union Fee - either to cover the cost of

rented facilities or at the insistence of a Council that is increasingly eager to correct Adelaide University's poor financial reputation. In essence, the Council is seeking to dominate the affairs of the Student Union, effectively diluting the Union's ability to defend the interests of students in the face of a university that is willing sacrifice educational standards for the sake of cost effectiveness.

Given that the current Labor Government is unlikely to adhere to the University Council's wishes, there is no need

to panic just yet. The current Act is likely to stay relatively intact for the time being, protecting the Union from the University's clutches. However, the Council's submission does provide a clear indication of its lack of regard for student unionism and student representation as a whole.



Run Billy, it's the Amendments!

that editorial opinion and current affairs should be kept as separate as possible. However, this newspaper will always find it difficult to hold its tongue when it comes to the prospect of an embarrassingly submissive Union.

Tristan Mahoney

The Startling Transformation of HUMSS SOCIAL INQUIRY TAKES ANOTHER BLOW

The Department of Social Inquiry is set to be downsized and split under a new structure, announced by the Vice-Chancellor over the break. The new model incorporates four schools and two centres, but is yet to be implemented.

A School of History and Politics will reform the existing departments of History and Politics; a School of Social Sciences will absorb the departments of Anthropology, Asian Studies, Geographical and Environmental Studies, and the social science elements of Social Inquiry; and a School of Humanities will take the English, Philosophy, European Studies

and General Linguistic departments, as well as the media elements of Anthropology and Social Inquiry. The Elder Conservatorium will become the Elder School of Music. The two centres will be the Centre of Australian Indigenous Research and Studies, and the Centre of Social Science Research.

Although the changes came into effect for administrative purposes on July 1, key dates in the weeks to come will determine the extent and form of reform. The new Executive Dean of the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences,

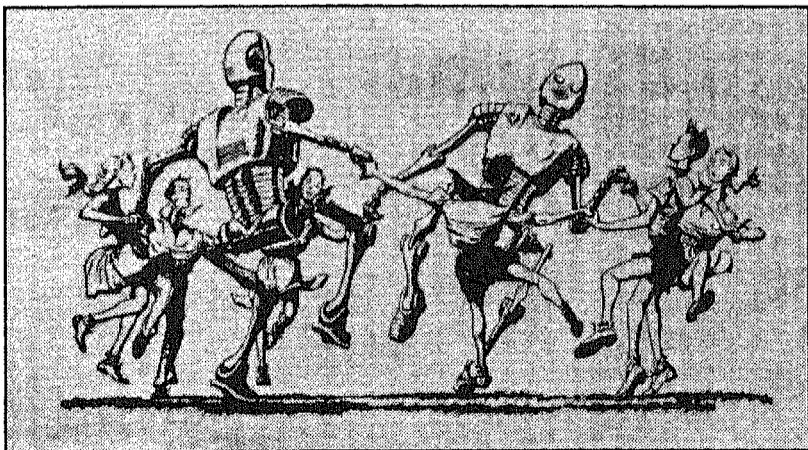
Professor Michael Innis, takes over from Acting Dean Professor Penny Boumelha on July 29, and the new Vice-Chancellor, Professor James McWha starts his appointment on August 5.

Social Inquiry has suffered significant staff cuts with the change, losing three key staff members to both voluntary and involuntary retrenchments.

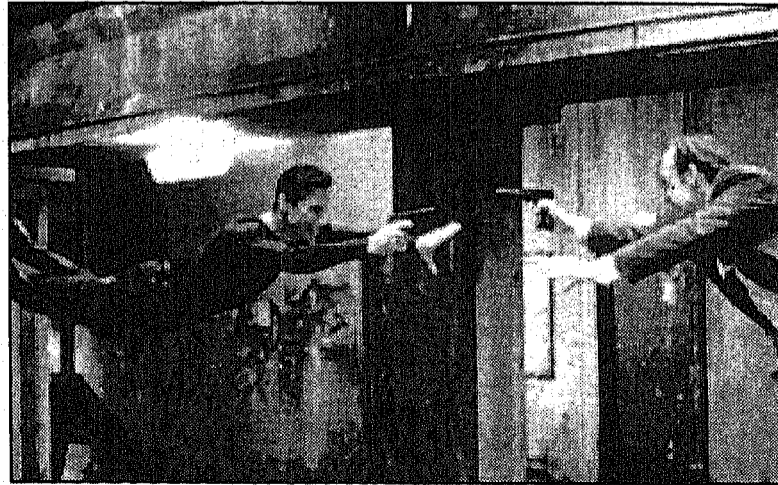
Despite claims from the Faculty adminis-

tration that students won't notice much of a change, a significant number of Social Inquiry students will have had to amend their enrolments for second semester due to cuts to course offerings. Level 2/3 courses Cinema Spectacles and Democratic Organising Technology have been cut, leaving only one Level 2/3 Gender Studies course remaining for Semester 2 and potentially jeopardising students' major sequences.

Gemma Clark



With the Department of Social Inquiry abolished, children began turning into robots.



Neo engages the Vice-Chancellor

Security - The 4th Arm Of The Law

"If we have to have monkeys protecting the interests of our students, let's at least invest some money in making them trained and domesticated and give them typewriters."

Anyone who has rushed to attend to a car that has overstayed its welcome in a 15 minute park on the university grounds, only to discover a \$25 fine plastered to your windscreen wiper, would be familiar with the services of Chubb Security. Or as many prefer to refer to them, "Chubb Security, the Fourth Arm of the Law" for their ability to be administrators of the law, and charge twice as much as an official council body. The prospect of outsourcing the security services at the University of Adelaide is currently a topic of discussion, which would allow Chubb Security to further extend its arm into the administration of the campus. The full impact that involvement by a private company would have on our campus security services is yet to be determined, but the main points of debate are explored below.

The major motivation behind the outsourcing of campus security, as with the provision of most services in our tertiary education system, is one of cost-cutting. Having in-house security staff offers many benefits such as specialisation and area-specific knowledge and training, but nice things always come at a high price. Providing in-house security means that universities need to not only foot the bill of hiring staff, but also incur the cost of running a business such as covering administration costs, and keeping staff permanently on payroll rather than hiring them on a need basis. It is these factors, rather than the former, that have recently come to the attention of university types when rationalising the need for internal security.

Many of the universities around the country that have outsourced their campus security have since taken action to have their original in-house security reinstated. One of the reasons behind this change in sentiment is that

outsourced security may be cheaper, but the service is not the same standard as provided with in-house security. A representative from the Adelaide University Security Services explained that "fill-in workers can range from people who stand outside of banks and supermarkets, through to crowd controllers and bouncers. By and large they have much lower IQ than would be suitable for work at the University of Adelaide. We have been sent many unsuitable people from Advent Security to undertake fill-in work." By contrast those security officers who are employed by the University of Adelaide are expected to have a large range of skills from being able to effectively communicate with students, staff and the general public, having area-specific knowledge, and a greater training and skill base including risk-management knowledge. As put in the succinct words of resident *On Dit* security expert, Winston Knox, "You pay peanuts - you get monkeys, which is something that the Banana Plantation of the University of Adelaide cannot gamble with. If we have to have monkeys protecting the interests of our students, let's at least invest some money in making them trained and domesticated and give them typewriters."

In-house services contribute to ensuring that there is a greater sense of accountability of employees over their actions. The issue of accountability is one of pertinence given the alarmingly high level of physical assaults and rape that have occurred on other university campuses within the Adelaide CBD. With maintaining established and full-time security staff comes a greater sense of accountability; employees take responsibility for any failures to meet their obligations, and learn from practical experience how to best perform their tasks. The level of accountability that casual security staff would feel would be questionable given the

temporary nature of their appointment at the university.

The extent to which the security services are outsourced will also affect the outcome of involving an external company. If the issue is partial outsourcing, with aspects of the security administration being retained and only the 'footsoldiers' being contracted, it would be possible for the University of Adelaide to maintain managerial control. Once again employing the advice of our seasoned security guru, Winston, we can deduct that partial outsourcing is a preferable option to full outsourcing, but isn't without its shortcomings. "Professional management, co-ordination and administration will lead to good security service, but this alone won't solve the problem of instances of individuals acting outside of the interests of the organisation employing them."

Proposed solutions to the security dilemma have been offered by the more progressive sectors of the University of Adelaide community, including a self-help scheme whereby students have access to rental security blankets issued through the

Barr Smith library. This suggestion is not only a great way to minimise the security staff required on patrol, but would act to instill confidence and self-sufficiency in the student populace. Demerit points would be awarded on overdue security items at the same rate as short-loan books to discourage any persons from taking blankets back to student housing, or other similarly impoverished accommodation.

Also, Chubb Security are probably less likely to let us play cricket on the Barr Smith lawns during summer.

Bonnie Cruickshank



Trained Monkey Security, lethal with a typewriter.

Warning, Warning, Union Approaching!

Union President Susie Young is leading the charge in the call for reform to the Structure of the AUU. The last (Sooty) edition of *On Dit* featured the current and proposed structures, but probably meant little to the average student looking to make head or tail of the proposed changes and what they actually mean. The Referendum for these changes may occur as early as next week, and *On Dit* feels it is important to interpret some of the pros and cons with the information available to us at this time.

The proposed structure would see our Union change from an affiliate structure to a guild structure used in many other university unions. Under the current model, the affiliates (eg. the SAUA, PGSA and OSA amongst others) are given budgets and have complete control over how to spend them. The upside of this is freedom for the affiliates to administer to their own needs as they see fit, however it does lead to what many see as unnecessary duplication of services and administration. There are, for example, eight presidents amongst the affiliates. Some would argue that the duplication is necessary for a system of checks and balances that does not let any one body have too much power. Others assert that this duplication is superfluous and is one of the reasons that our Union Fee is too high.

Under the proposed system the Union Board will be reduced from 20 to 11 members and will have more influence over some of its affiliates, particularly the PGSA, OSA, WISA, RACSUC and the SAUA. These will be combined into a Student Representative Council (SRC), including new other new portfolios such as ATSI (Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander), Welfare and Queer. The SRC will aim to fulfill the roles of these affiliates with decreased cost, mainly by reducing the doubling up of administration. The Standing Committees for these all portfolios will

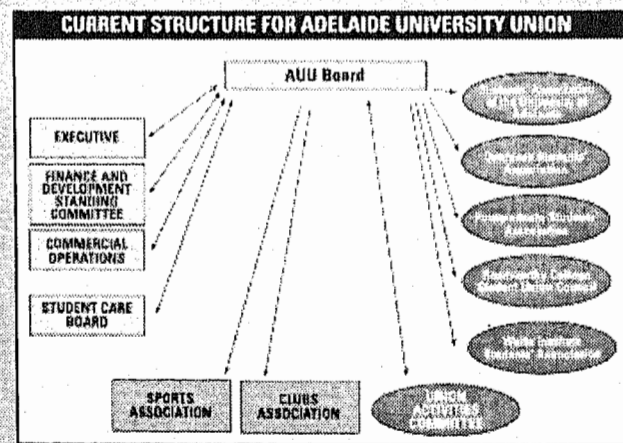
apparently be given more power also. As far as we can ascertain, the Sports and Clubs Associations will not be affected as much by this, retaining more of an affiliate status.

The referendum's aims seem to be to simplify structure to reduce cost, introduce new portfolios, create more of a "one-stop shop" Union. The Union Board's financial focus will apparently also be given over more to the paid professional financial managers to reduce the dangerous intertwining of politics and financial management. Activities will also be run by a professional, but directed by students. Student representatives will become purely representatives rather than the financial managers they are often expected to be now.

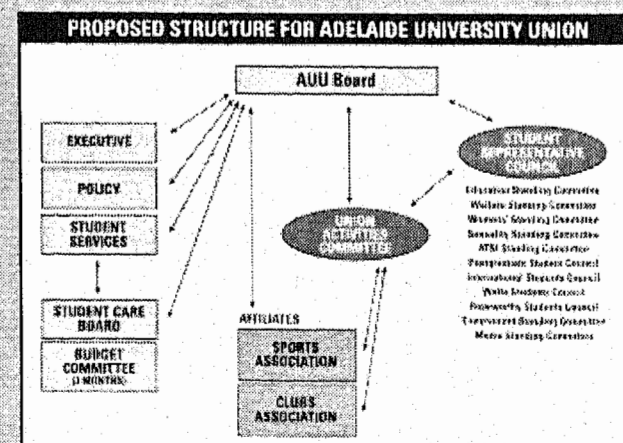
While these changes seem quite positive, they would only be effective if instituted properly, and the transition would be very tricky. It is very important that this constitution be properly written and implemented, and *On Dit* urges any interested students to query the proposed changes before voting and make sure they are happy with them. Although many of these changes appear positive (in cost cutting for example) the dangers must not be forgotten. Eight presidents in the affiliates may be cumbersome, but it does provide a balance of power. In order to remove this, the new system would have to include equally as well-thought checks and balances. Many would argue the avoidance of a concentration of power in the Union Board is of the utmost importance.

In the weeks following we should be hearing more about the proposed changes. Keep your ears and eyes open to make sure the best choice can be made for the future of our Union. With threats such as the proposed changes to the University Act (page 3), effective representation is as important now as it ever was.

Mikey Fyfe



The current affiliate structure.



The proposed, more guild-like structure

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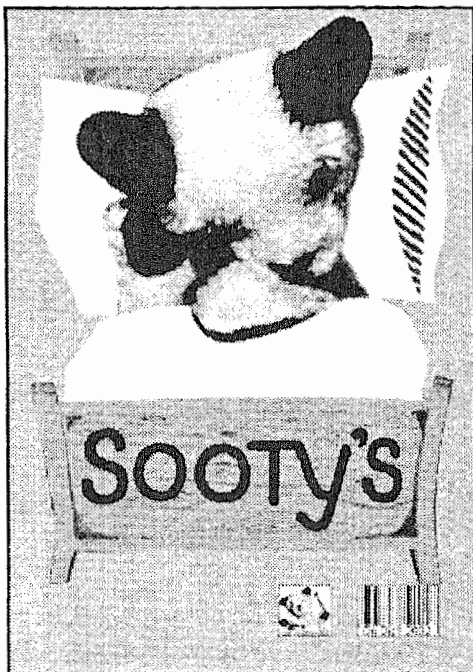
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We here at the illustrious offices of *On Dit* really love letters, just like Kirk loves his tribbles - mountains and mountains of their silky enveloppy goodness covering us like a warm pile of....well, letters really. We now have three brand spanking new boxes in which to place your missives scattered around the campus. So get fired up or chilled out and write your cares away to your friendly local paper. Or you could write to us if you prefer.

Live Long And Prosper

Dear *On Dit*,

I was expecting some form of response to my article but nothing of the ilk displayed by Hakon By. The days of reasoned arguments and critiques of left thought disappeared in *On Dit* when Alan Anderson slipped into the twilight zone. I still occasionally see his work in *The Australian*, maybe he is moving up the ladder of serial letter writers? Who really knows, but Adelaide University is definitely worse off. Anyway, I feel forlorn in writing this response but as one never to back away from a pen-duel please allow me to retort. I will try to refrain from sarcasm and sophistication but it is ever so hard when all you have to deal with is just that.

My detractor Hakon By completely

misses the point. You see the difference between the TAB and General Motors is that the TAB was a state owned industry; it was a piece of infrastructure that did not cost money, but rather made South Australia richer. Thereby allowing us to invest in areas of development such as counseling for the victims of gambling. Instead our government decided to sell it off for a pitiful amount and along with it, the administrative control of a large portion of the gambling industry. (I will not harp on about the impact of private control of gambling has on our community, but please take the effect poker machines have had as a dire portent.)

General Motors on the other hand is still not a public utility and it did not begin existence as one. It is a private enterprise operating by floating on market forces. It answers to voters, the public of Australia. In its former state it was a form of democratic governance free from the profit mongers who



have destroyed the 'public' transport system and electrical industry across Australia. Buses and lights are bad enough but when you start making profit of the mass of low wage gamblers that is very naughty and so very un-Australian.

Call me illogical, Mr Spreckley or whatever but I just don't get it when our government sells something for less than it makes in a year. First of all it acts as a financial hamstring in the long run. Who the hell sells a house for less than the total rent than it can collect in the year? Sure the operating costs between a house and a piece of infrastructure are quite apart, but the concept you claim I miss is just the same. In the end the mass of Australians lose out and a select few gain, typically multinational conglomerates.

Why is it modern economic students fail to acknowledge the difference between state infrastructure and private enterprise. I know there's not much publicly owned infrastructure left however, but there is a difference. I suggest practicing by playing spot the difference games in the *Sunday Mail*. It's really not that hard.

The end,
Rory Spreckley

PS For the record, I would never support the nationalization of Ford. Fords are shit compared to Holdens. Holden has the most race wins of all and is always a class ahead. A V8-HSV will thrash an XR8 any day. Even General Motors knows Fords are shit, that's why they didn't recreate the Ford legend. Not even Lowndes can save them.

Shoot To Kill

I'm really interested to ask why *On Dit* has not printed anything about the alleged O'Ball loss rumoured to be in the vicinity of over \$35,000. Why have we not heard anything about this and other ruminations from the SAUA and Union? Has *On Dit* gone soft? Has *On Dit* forgotten its promise to be independent and unbiased and report the facts? Why have the rumoured legal actions against the SAUA, Union, and persons involved with these organisations not been mentioned? If someone is losing \$35,000 of my money I want to know. If someone is wasting my money I want to know. If we are spending tens of thousands of dollars on a newspaper that won't report what's happening I want to know why. Are you in

the back pockets of someone? Have you been pressured into not printing these stories? Do you think massive financial losses are not in the students' interest to be told about? Why won't you tell the students about these issues and the people involved in them? Have you just gone soft? What's going on, *On Dit*, whose pocket are you in?

Apu

It's Life, Jim

Dear *On Dit*,

As one of the few people who attended the NUS National Day of Action, I was enraged that some of our elected representatives decided my education was not enough to get them off their arses and attend.

Apparently my education is not enough for our Union President, Susie "silver spoon" Young to drag herself out of her office, off her \$24,000-a-year to represent us. While our SAUA President Bek Cornish did attend, I don't think we can accept her turning up to the rally two minutes before it ended, doing no work to build for it and then disappearing when it was her turn to speak.

It really disgusts me that we have representatives who refuse to represent us. If they were not attending the rally, what was more important than the future of our education? Perhaps they were too busy charging up their mobile phones that get paid for by students' money or having lunch with the meal allowance students pay for.

Why do we continue to accept those who sit around and won't stand up for what they tell us they do?

If they won't protest about the Federal Government's budget and its impact on education perhaps we should all protest about the Students' Association budget and the alleged \$30,000 - \$40,000 O'Ball debt from this year and its effect on representation? I bet they would get off their arses then!

Angry

Beam Me Up

Dear *On Dit*,

I think that aliens have taken over the MyUni website. They appear to have eaten my grades. Is it time to call in the *Men In Black*?

Tired

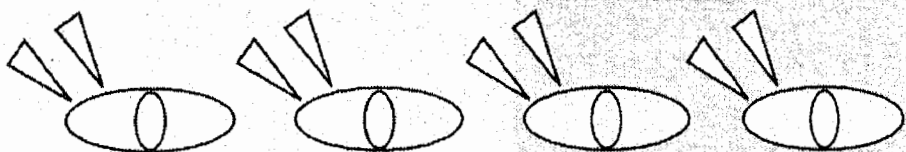
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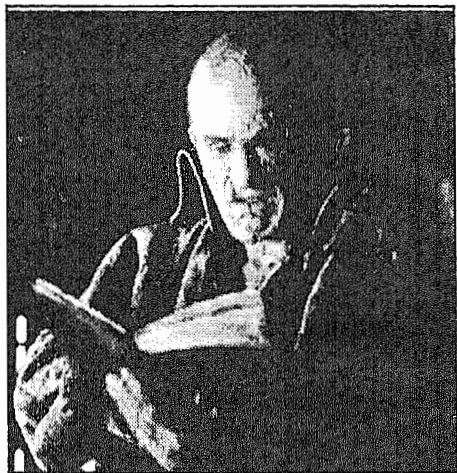
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"Enron, Worldcom, these dudes were my heroes...
I just can't believe they were in it for the money."
herdofsheep.com



Peering at the Constitution, Bush again wished "If only I had a brain"

Such is the bewilderment suffered by free-market ideologists convinced that government regulation inhibits the magic of the invisible hand, but who never expected to be punched in the portfolio by corrupt CEOs. It's more a case of the hand you don't want to see than the one you can't.

People now trust their government more than they do the market. As one columnist put it: "The state is back. Public spending and regulation are the new black." The twist is that the sheriff who's entrusted with rounding up the offenders is none other than former corporate cowboy George W. Bush, who might yet be chased out of town by a media posse hellbent on uncovering the misdemeanours of his former life in the private sector. But perhaps the recent *Backberner* sketch had a point: why attack Bush over corporate corruption when it's the first time in his presidency he really knows what he's talking about?

There's a little too much truth in that



The President was not quite as right wing back in the 70's

just to be funny, especially when the burden of credibility has almost wholly shifted to the state. In that respect, it matters little whether Bush and friends get 'done' for anything illegal. Mud sticks and only serious reform can shake it off, a step which a President cosy with big business is reluctant to take.

The *Observer* was kind enough to offer this simple translation of Bush's address on corporate crackdown: "My friends are crooks. The companies they run look corrupt. The regulators I appoint are too soft. My colleagues in government face lawsuits for fraud. But I'm going to solve corporate crime with some ass-kicking laws. Hey, and trust me, I'm the President."

Bush's reluctance to get heavy is highlighted by the much tougher proposals put forward by the Democrats - seven



On weekends Cheney often lets Bush pull his trigger

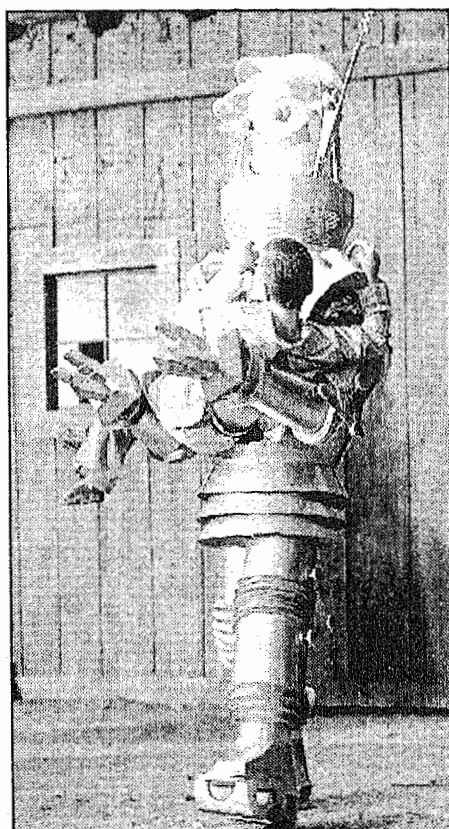
times the funding boost for the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) that Bush proposed, for example, along with an independent regulator with the right to investigate firms annually and a ban on companies acting as consultants to firms they audit. Bush's 'financial SWAT team' talk had little comparative substance. None of this is cause for surprise. Bush is indebted to some of the worst corporate offenders for campaign contributions. 70% of political donations from Worldcom and Anderson went to the Republican side in the presidential election and Enron helped in winning the ensuing court battle.

Perception of cosiness with criminals is a lesser problem, however, than the charge of being one himself. Much has been made of Bush's sale of Harken stock ten years ago, shortly before its market value halved, surprising analysts and ordinary shareholders alike. The SEC found Bush did not receive enough inside information to bring a case against him, but documents released last week tie Bush to Harken's sale of a subsidiary masking massive losses in a manner comparable to the dodgy accounting methods employed by Enron. Also, Bush recently said the

acceptance of low-interest loans within companies should be banned. It now appears he, like the Worldcom CEO, received such a loan from Harken.

It doesn't help that everyone within cooee of the White House seems to be similarly smeared. The Army Secretary flogged millions of dollars worth of Enron shares last year and is implicated in price manipulation during the California power crisis. Once in office, the Treasury Secretary delayed sale of shares in aluminium giant Alcoa until their value significantly rose. Worst of all, the Vice President is up to his neck in it, primarily for introducing the kind of accounting practices whilst CEO of construction group Halliburton that led to the downfall of Enron. Directors colluded to inflate revenue by including uncollected debts. Cheney is also the most prominent example of the relationship between the Republican Party and big business. In his time as CEO the value of government contracts to Halliburton rose by 1500% and included a deal with a company connected to the Russian mafia. (Clinton was in the White House, but the Republicans controlled Capitol Hill where the Appropriations Committee deals with governments contracts).

The President could be forgiven for losing the taste for business. On the contrary, Pentagon minions are busy selling his Space Invaders vision to Europe and Asia, offering "cut price protection" to countries that agree to base missile defence facilities on their territory. Meanwhile Bush has buckled to pro-life lobbyists and withdrawn \$34m in aid for reproductive healthcare to China. So in



Bush enjoyed letting his handyman Sven carry him around Camp David



The President liked to hold out a helping hand to poorer nations - and then have a bit of a chuckle when his army attacked from behind

some ways, then, its business as usual.

But money matters seem so trivial when the very core of American patriotism is under attack, strangely enough from the same arm of government that handed Mr Bush the keys to the White House: the judiciary. A San Francisco appeals court ruled the words 'under God' in the Pledge of Alliance, recited daily by school kids, an unconstitutional fusion of Church and State. The devout Dubya, who's found that finding God is good politics, wasn't having a bar of it: "We need commonsense judges who understand that our rights were derived from God", he fumed.

To an extent he's right. The philosophical grounds for human rights are shaky at best, inevitably rooted in concepts like 'natural law', timeless and universal, which is pretty much God minus the beard and thunderstick image. But at a time when the U.S. is at odds with fundamentalist Islam, the Bush demand is clearly more than a statement of belief. Is dodgy Texan trader turned pseudo corporate crusader insisting the US is a nation that "values our relationship with the Almighty?" Are we talking the Dollar or the Deity? God or the Greenback? Either way it's about (political) Gain. Talk about an Unholy Trinity.

Our Washington Correspondent
Tim Williams

Refugee National Day of Action



On Sunday June 23, a National Day of Action was held in support of refugee rights. Despite disappointingly scant attention from the mainstream media, a march and rally was well attended. Organised by the Environment Department of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide, in conjunction with the South Australian Refugee Action Collective, this action was Adelaide's participation in a nationwide wave of protests over that weekend.

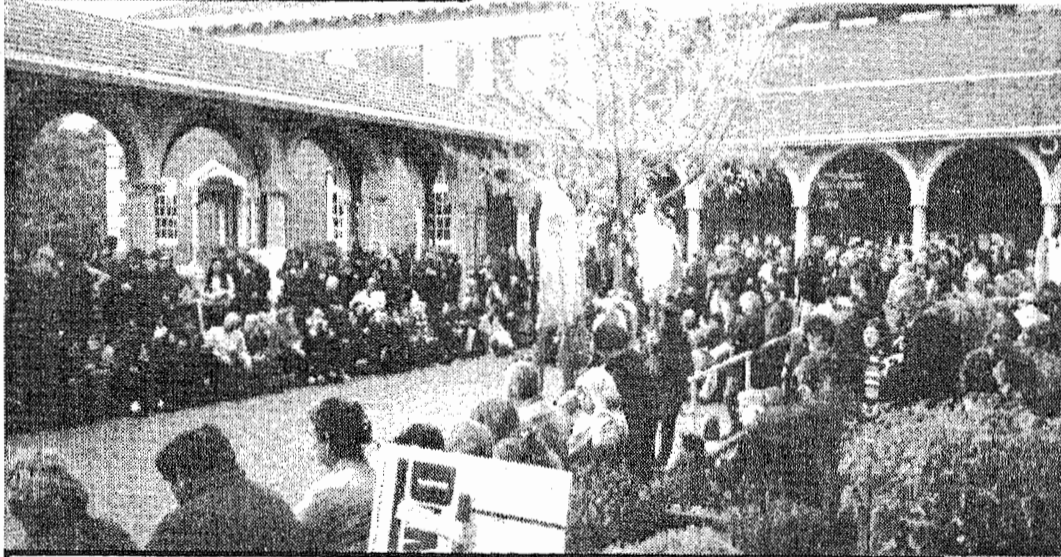
The rallies, held in all capital cities and some regional areas, were the most significant actions since the Palm Sunday rallies in March this year. The events were a call to end mandatory detention, contribute money to community settlement instead of the Pacific solution, and full rights for refugees in place of temporary protection visas.

In Adelaide, about 1000 people assembled at Hindmarsh Square and took a route through Pulteney and Rundle Streets, East Terrace, North Terrace and Frome Road before rallying in the University's Cloisters. Representatives from community refugee groups, church groups, charities, aid organisations, the Human Rights Commission, the SA Greens, the Australian Democrats, the

Socialist Alliance, the United Trades and Labour Council and other groups were among the supporters, in addition to many members of the public. In the Cloisters, MC Stephen Spence of the Media, Entertainment and Arts Alliance introduced informative and inspirational speakers including Lyn Breuer, State MP for Giles (which includes the township of Woomera), Janet Giles, UTLC Secretary, and Hassan Varasi, an Afghan refugee. An open mike was then made available to the crowd, followed by some musical acts, while Food Not Bombs provided organic vegan food.

SAUA Environment Officer and Student Refugee Network national convenor Sarah Hanson pointed to the large number of young people marching for refugee rights. "There is a groundswell of people who do not believe what the Federal Government is saying in defence of their inhumane immigration policy... Refugee rights is the biggest social justice issue concerning students today. Not since the Vietnam protests of the 1970s have students been so strong in standing up for human rights," she said.

Gemma Clark



Women's Studies Under Threat at Deakin

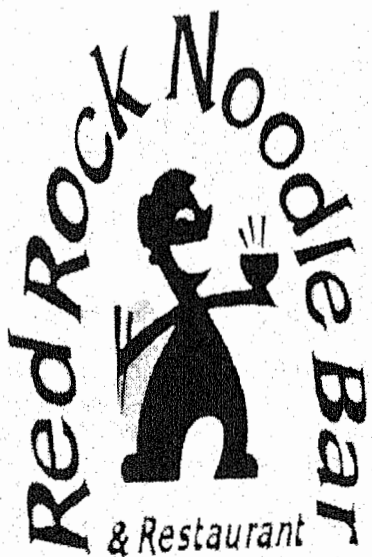
In moves reminiscent of recent changes made to the Department of Social Inquiry at the University of Adelaide, the Women's Studies programme at Victoria's Deakin University is under threat.

Despite a history of increasingly strong enrolments - with 800 students last year at undergraduate, Honours, Masters and PhD levels - and a national and international reputation for excellence spanning 20 years, Deakin University's Faculty of Arts is planning to "fragment" the department, said Cathy Saba of Deakin University Students' Association. The programme is to be replaced by a collection of units from a variety of other disciplines, meaning "the integrity of a theoretically robust programme will be completely destroyed", according to Ms Saba.

A rally was held on July 12 at the University's Burwood campus in protest of the proposed changes. Protesters considered the plans symptomatic of right-wing cuts to higher education and in particular the humanities and social sciences, as well as of "the complete contempt in which conservative university administrations hold feminist scholarship", interpreting the cuts to the popular Women's Studies department as a political as well as economic move.

Ms Saba was unavailable to comment on the most recent status of the Women's Studies programme as this edition went to print.

Gemma Clark



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Student Radio 101.5fm - More Fun than A Hernial!

Student Radio was up to all sorts of tricks in the holidays: we put on our first gig for the year, featuring STR, Enemy Of?, and The Lapdogs. We had hundreds of people along, especially due to the cheap pints thanks to Southwark. Keep your eyes open for the next one. Student Radio also just had Muzzy Pep and Clone B on Local Noise playing live to air at 9pm Tuesdays. Listen in for the best in local music. And some interstate bands! If the lawyers let us, we might put parts of these sets on our webpage - <http://student.radio.adelaide.edu.au>. You can also check out who will be on Local Noise next week. However, that's enough from me!

Romerio Lopez, Esq
Student Radio, 101.5fm

SHOW PROFILE

Soup - 11pm, Tuesday
Our promise to you: we'll put on deep phoney voices, limit toilet jokes to one an hour, and all of our music has been personally approved by either John Farnham or the bass player from Simply Red.

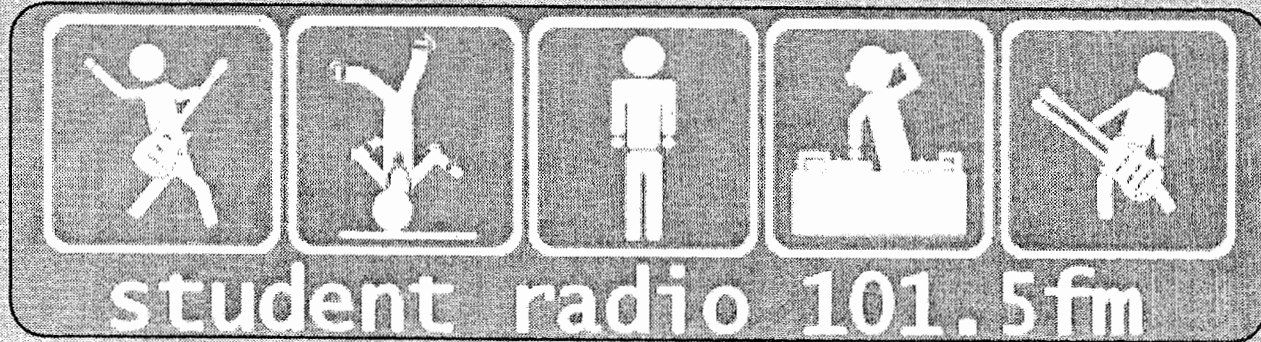
Name of Show: Soup
Presenters: Joseph Hynes and David Roberts

Style of Music: Rock songs to sing out loud to, preferably with a buxom wench on your knee and a goblet of the amber ale in your hand.

Biggest claim to fame: Joe once shook hands with Ray Martin's wig maker and Dave wants to introduce howler monkeys to mainland Australia.

Describe your show using words that start with the letter I: Intriguing Influences & Implicitly Imaginative.

What you won't find on other shows: A financial report from TV's Paul Clitheroe that usually contains nudity, offensive language, drug references, and anti-government sentiment.



MONDAY

TUESDAY

SATURDAY

9PM HIP hOP Haven
Tune in to HIP hOP Haven for a fortnightly installment of Aussie and imported hip hop. Co-hosts Dave and Sime play choice beats, funk lyrics and the occasional old skool track.

Local Noise
You know the drill: live acts, live to air - so contrary to popular requests, there will be no sets from The Doors.

The Women's Show
Join Elise on an exploration of women's issues and events. But be warned: inside this feminist is a Motorhead fan trying to escape.

10PM Radio Free El Salvador
The voice of the people. Those crazed revolutionaries of alternative rock radio, Jesus Alvarez and Hector Lopez, return for another year of their critically acclaimed show, broadcast to over 30 000 homes in South America

On Dit Radio
You've read the paper, now listen to the radio show. Let Linda and Matt guide you through this paper if you are having trouble reading it. It's all about the latest music news and reviews.

The Motown Hour
Visit Detroit without leaving the comfort of your bedroom. Or car.

11PM Don't Ask Us, We're Just Girls
These two lovely ladies debut as Agony Aunts. They also play Tool. How can you not trust their advice?

Soup
Our promise to you - We'll put on phony voices, limit toilet jokes to one an hour, and all of our music has been personally approved by either John Farnham or the bass player from Simply Red.

Agitpop
Why is it that the only way to change the world is through metal? Turn in and find out.

12PM Punk Goes The Weasel
WARNING: This show is not recommended for CARDIAC PATIENTS.

Noisegate
Luke & pals return for the 23rd year of experimental electronic music. Just relax and let the sound take you away.

The Flux Capacitor
If anyone knows more about *Back To The Future* than Ben of Phil, we certainly don't know them. Ben even owns a Delorian.



1 DANNY MCDONALD (BAND)

BARR SMITH LAWNS

2 PGSA ANNUAL DINNER

CONTACT PGSA PH: 8303 5898

ENTRIES CLOSE FOR BAND COMP

CONTACT UNION PH: 83035401

3 MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION AUGUST 3, 6-10, 13-17

CONTACT MELANIE HIBBERD PH: 8303 5999

ROCKET SCIENCE & FEZ PEREZ

UNIBAR 7PM

4 JEBEDIAH & BLUEBOTTLE KISS

UNIBAR 7PM

7 NATIONAL CAMPUS BAND COMP - HEAT

AUGUST 7-9, 13-15, 21-23, 28-30

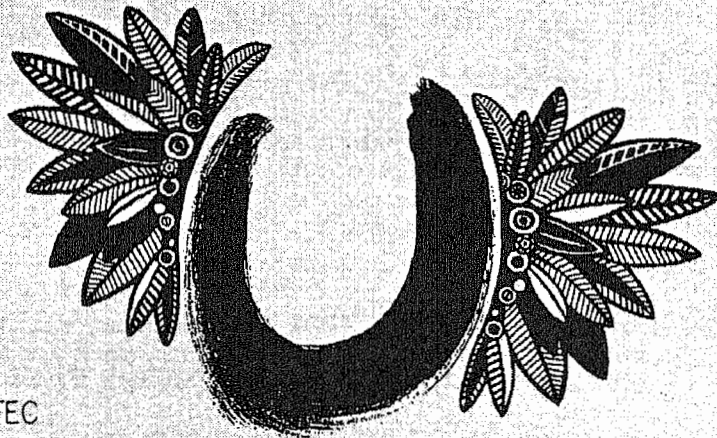
UNIBAR

9 YOUNG COMPOSERS CONCERT

EQUINOX 7PM

12 - 16 ENVRO WEEK

AUGUST UNION CALENDAR OF EVENTS



16 RESIN DOGS - UNIBAR 8PM
17 UNIVERSE QUIZ - UPPER REFEC
CONTACT CLUBS PH: 8303 3410

19 FRENCH CLUB PERFORMERS
LITTLE THEATRE
CONTACT CLUBS PH: 8303 3410

21 "FACES OF HOPE" BBQ AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
11AM - 1PM OUTSIDE UNIRECORDS

24 THE FAUVES
UNIBAR 7PM

27 - 28 UAC FOOD & WINE FAIR
GOODMAN CRESCENT
CONTACT UAC PH: 8303 5401

30 SPORTS ASSOCIATION QUIZ NIGHT

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www.union.adelaide.edu.au/cloisterphobia

IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING YOU WISH TO INCLUDE IN NEXT MONTH'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS, PLEASE CONTACT THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION ON 8303 5401 OR VISIT THE WEBSITE AT www.union.adelaide.edu.au

A-Z of Anarchism

Introduction

It doesn't require a particularly sharp intellect to identify the chronic narrowing of political discourse in the world today. The U.S. and its minions have made it painfully clear what happens to those with an alternative world-view (whether the recipients are deserving of biblical recourse is, of course, another argument). Are you sick of this morality monopoly? We certainly are! But where do you turn? Conservatism seems to be dead; indeed, it has smelt that way for a long time. Authoritarian socialism has shown itself incapable of providing freedom or material wellbeing. As for social democracy, the sclerosis of conservatism and electoral opportunism has degenerated into a re-badged version of neo-liberalism. So, in the hope of widening the debate, we have decided to write a series of articles on anarchism. These are not definitive; they are in no way meant to be a lecture, but merely a starting point for provoking interest in political theory which has drawn unrelenting hostility from the far right, the Marxist left, and everyone in between. Anarchism has been inundated with unfounded and disproportionate criticism, and is probably the first political philosophy to suffer from a conservative media beat up. To contextualise anarchism, therefore, it is useful to quote Alexander Berkman from his book, *ABC of Anarchism*, in which he writes about what anarchism is not...

It is *not* bombs, disorder, or chaos.
It is *not* robbery and murder.
It is *not* a war of each against all.
It is *not* a return to barbarism or to the wild state of man.
Anarchism is the very opposite of all that.

Now that we have a loose idea about what anarchism is not, we can now write about what is. So with that, we offer the A to Z of *Anarchy* for your reading pleasure. The contents of which are drawn from numerous texts, lectures, and tutorials, contained in the subject *Anarchism and Libertarianism*, offered by the Adelaide University Politics department.

Authority:

"Whoever denies authority, and fights against it, is an anarchist." This is a satisfyingly simple definition of the anarchist approach to authority. It is also wrong.

Anarchism is a call for individual autonomy; authority, by its very nature, limits autonomy. The state, as the supreme authority in a given territory, is thus the last, as well as the greatest, obstacle to individual self-determination. Furthermore, state power is the only form of authority that we cannot escape, have not consented to, but are forced to obey. It is, therefore, the negation and antithesis of moral autonomy.

The anarchist opposition to authority, however, is not a juvenile reaction against the frustration of individual caprice. Authority is a pervasive force throughout society; as numerous thinkers, have pointed out,

authority, and, more importantly, its underlying legitimating discourse, has a 'normalising' effect on individuals. As a result, authority, especially as wielded by the state, has the capacity to legitimate and entrench certain norms of behaviour. These, in turn, erode the capacity for autonomous self-direction.

Moreover, it is the state, as the guarantor of an unequal social order, which is frequently the cause of, as well as the catalyst for, social tension and disharmony. Representative democracy, although a real advance over arbitrary rule, is thus a superficial solution to the pervasive effects of state authority. Moral autonomy has been abdicated.

More disturbing, however, is the threat of force – and not, therefore, individual consent – that stands behind governmental authority. If the individual does not acquiesce to the world-view legitimated by the state, that is to say, if he or she does not abdicate the right to moral autonomy, then retribution frequently follows. Individual self-direction is not compatible with coercion.

Nevertheless, this does not mean that anarchism opposes all authority. Some rules of conduct, necessary for the survival of any community, must still apply. The anarchist goal, therefore, is the wide-scale devolution of authority, thereby placing power back into the hands of the people. Direct, local democracy is alone compatible with individual autonomy. If we legislate for ourselves, without the threat of centralised authority at our backs, then meaningful autonomy is preserved. Of course, to the extent that some rules of conduct will apply, authority still exists. This is inescapable. It need not, however, trouble the anarchist. Anarchism advocates the abolition of arbitrary, despotic and largely unrepresentative authority; it is not the political theory of chaos.

Is this hopelessly utopian? Perhaps – and yet, as an alternative 'ethical framework', anarchism, with its passionate commitment to individual dignity and responsibility, is a useful corrective to a passive acceptance of authority. As Benjamin Tucker pointed out: "If the individual has the right to govern himself, all external government is tyranny." This is the anarchist challenge.

Mikhail Bakunin
(1814-1876):

He was born a Russian aristocrat. However this was soon foregone in return for a life in pursuit of absolute liberty and the revolution that would bring this about. Unlike other revolutionaries of the 19th Century Bakunin utilized his philosophy in a course of action and not just as rhetoric. Although first this had him advocating Panslavism, it was soon put to better use. In the revolutions of 1848 Bakunin was seen at the barricades in many of the epicentres: Paris, Prague, and Dresden, where the authorities finally caught him. His infamous reputation led him to finally end up in the Peter and Paul Fortress, St. Petersburg. Here, Bakunin contracted scurvy, lost his teeth, and his ravishing health; his revolutionary fervour, however, was too voracious.

Escaping from Siberian exile and turning

up at Alexander Herzen's doorstep in London, Bakunin turned his energies towards absolute liberty, gaining followers in France, Switzerland, Italy, and more importantly, Spain. Bakunin entered the First International, and the debate between himself and Marx over the statist principle eventually forced Marx to murder the International; for Marx, and the proletariat, this move was essentially a Pyrrhic victory. Nevertheless, Bakunin legacy lives on, especially in Spain, where he still has a following today.

Community:

Anarchism and community appear to be opposing ideals. If the maximisation of autonomy is central to the anarchist project, would its practical application lead to a society of individual 'atoms', each following their own egocentric path. Would anarchism, in short, lead to social atomisation?

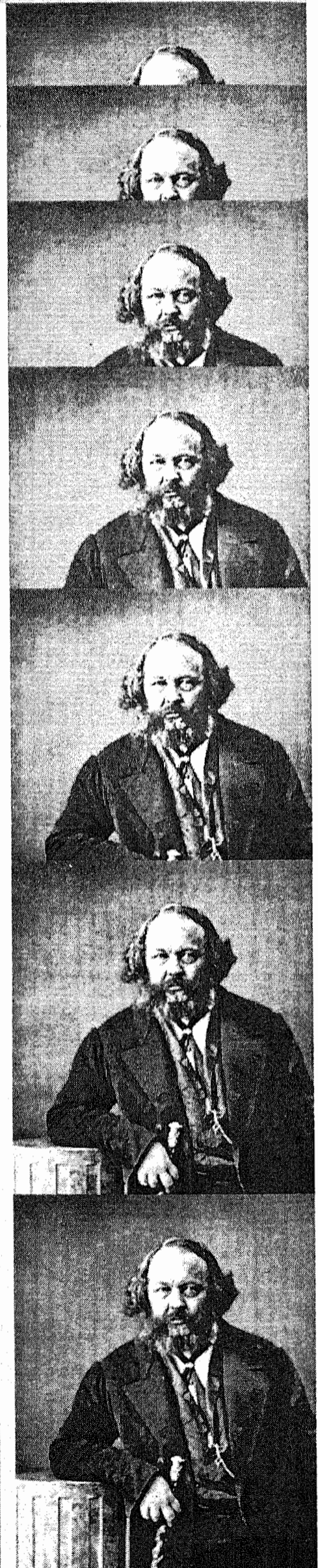
It would not. Unlike varieties of liberalism, anarchism does not see individuals as wholly self-sufficient 'utility maximisers', forming political communities solely for selfish ends. For anarchists, the community, as a necessary precondition for autonomous action, is of central practical and theoretical importance. Since every individual is, at the very least, part of a number of defining communities, a purely utilitarian conception of society is incapable of acknowledging the social origin of our identities and beliefs. Meaningful self-definition requires a defining community.

The removal of state authority, therefore, is merely a precondition for an anarchist society. The rejection of all hierarchical political authority requires, as its natural corollary, an affirmation of the importance of community. Since anarchism strives for the creation of genuinely free societies, autonomy exercised outside of, or in opposition to, a defining community is fatal to the anarchist project.

Moreover, autonomy cannot be conceptualised in isolationist terms: self-determination is only applicable – indeed, is only meaningful – within the context of a community. To be free in complete isolation, that is to say, to conceive of autonomy as logically distinct from community, is a hollow theoretical ideal. Anarchism and social atomisation are wholly incompatible. Autonomy is not a synonym for isolation. The anarchist project thus requires – indeed, is logically committed to – an affirmation of 'autonomy in community'. It is only within a community, and, more importantly, in a community founded on the equal liberty of all, that moral autonomy is genuinely meaningful. In the words of Mikhail Bakunin: "absolutely self-sufficient freedom is to condemn oneself to non-existence".

The Adelaide University Autonomy Union (AUUU)

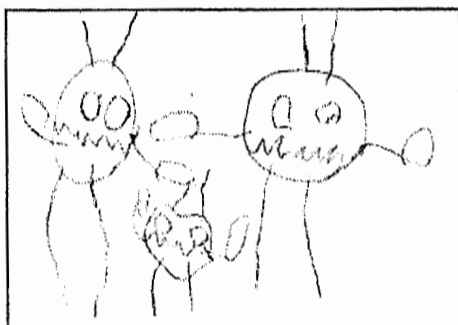
Stay tuned for future editions as the AUUU takes us through D and onward in the Alphabet of Anarchistic Fun.



THE PSEUDO-PHILOSOPHICAL DILEMMAS OF A SECOND YEAR ARTS STUDENT

Studying Philosophy at university may sound like a good idea at the time. That time is the impressionable period when you've finally finished high school, got your TER, discovered that the only courses you can get into with such a piss poor TER are Bachelor of Arts and Commerce and chosen to do Arts because you've come to uni with the desire to expand your mind and your horizons (and possibly have a good old bludge while you're at it). This is the time when many pimply 17-year-olds say, "Gee, I'll do Philosophy, that'll be neat"...wrong! If you're the sort of person who thinks that getting stoned and listening to *Dark Side Of The Moon* is what Philosophy at university is all about then you're in for a rude awakening.

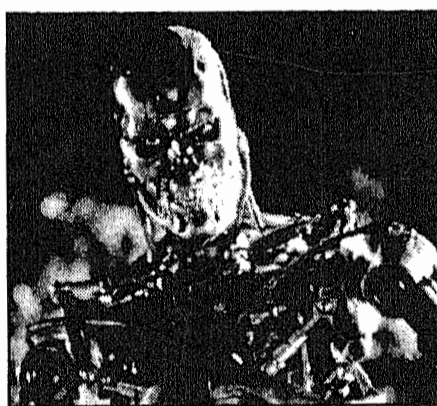
Firstly you should know that there is



Mikey B's first attempt to draw his idea of the essence of reality was met with howls of laughter from his tutor.

think is going to be really cool, it kind of ends up sucking and you feel philosophically invalidated. All the radical yet cohesive arguments surrounding your own personal, private philosophies are inconsequential to the course and you find out the hard way that incorporating them into your papers is a good way to get a bad mark.

On top of all this you're being introduced to concepts such as Decartes' philosophy of "I think therefore I am". If you hadn't ever come across this before, then it shouldn't take too much brainwork to realise that "I think therefore I am" does not necessarily equate to "I think therefore you are". This concept first spun me out when I was still very young (my father had a poorly hidden marijuana stash and a fairly extensive Pink Floyd collection...not that I was a 12 year old stoner, just very smart) and I'm yet to find an argument convincing enough to make me discard my theory that I am the be all and end all of the universe. As a sentient being I am 100 per cent certain of one and only one thing, the fact that I exist (at the very least on a purely conscious level) and you cannot under any circumstances convince me otherwise. But how can you be 100 per cent certain about the existence of others? You fucking can't and that's really, really scary. While you're dreaming, your subconscious is the part of your brain that convinces you

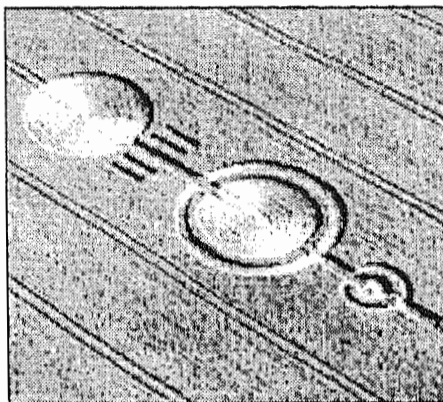


There was always a long and rather existential discussion about the merits of the T-100 and the T-1000.

no God, spirit or soul and that our perceptions of the world are based purely upon the neural connections within our brains...welcome to *Mind, Knowledge and God*. The second thing you'll notice is that if you're the kind of person who ponders things then you're fucked. Pondering things is not what university Philosophy is about. According to the Philosophy department, Philosophy is doing heaps of research and then regurgitating something someone else has said with lots of footnotes and shit (the only real exception is *Argument and Critical Thinking* where any sort of conventional bookwork is purely optional...that subject is the biggest cakewalk in the world). Anyway, my point is that you enrol in this subject that you

while you sleep that some of the most bent shit imaginable is actually happening to you, so then how can we be sure that this isn't the case with conscious experiences also? Projections within your very own mind, perceptions borne out of nothing more than the need to exist...these are the days of our lives.

Let me for one moment assume that



Crop circles caused by aliens or souped up Monaros - you decide.

you do in fact exist. For all you know, you are the be all and end all of the universe and every other person you have ever met is an elaborate construction built by your own mind. "So if these people are a product of my own imagination then how come I can never pick up... even when I go to the Planet?" I hear you ask. For you to truly believe that the conscious experience you are having is some sort of physical reality, your mind or the part of your mind that constructs your universe has to trick the part of your mind that consumes this universe and manifests it as conscious perception into thinking that the world 'around' you is a communal space and being able to fly at whim and have sex with whomever takes your fancy isn't the best way to do that.

But doesn't it trip you out to think that you're all alone? I mean completely alone, even when you're surrounded by people you know and love there is no one else around you, no other consciousness, just a made-up script playing out in your mind. Aren't you at all worried by the fact that I

myself, the writer of this article am non-existent and the words you are reading this very instant are your very own thoughts? I bet there's *Twilight Zone* music playing out in your/my head right now. You composed that tune by the way...nice work. Nothing exists unless you think it. It's all very simple really, think about it.

But then again, just because you aren't certain about the existence of others doesn't mean that you're entitled to hold their inexistence aloft and display it as though it were a certainty. Still, the Philosophy department does have its merits. In all its disorganisation and the fucked standard of first year Philosophy subjects, the department is still the lovable, couch-ridden stoner in the proverbial sharehouse that is Adelaide University faculties. If you trudge your way through *Mind, Knowledge and God* and actually manage to bludge your way into second year Arts (not everyone is a natural) then you'll be in a position to sample some more wonderful Philosophy subjects. It's a veritable smorgasbord of mind expanding, um...stuff. Hope you enjoy.

Mike B will soon be lynched by militant philosophy professors.



For his tute presentation, Mikey B dressed in his Sunday best.

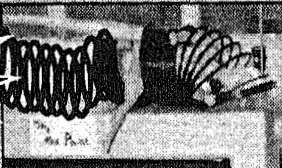
Are YOU having problems with plastic doll vermin invading from far off planets? Does their policy of wearing nothing to cover their plastic hides deeply offend your moral sense?

If you answered, 'Yes' to any one of these questions, why not try:

The Multiphase Xeo-helixinator!!



Die doll scum! Die!



Qurulhol mygiaskod!
Jurukothan! (trans: My face!
My pretty face!)



I beg you! Please send me, immediately, one Xeo-helixinator, lest plastic nudity overcome the world and cause me to smother myself in mayonaisse and run around in circles.

On Dit 70.12

Youth Register

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Are you aged between 12-25? Do you want to voice your opinion, ideas and actively participate in decision-making processes, which affect young people in SA?

Make a difference - get involved on a board or committee through the Youth Register!

Actively participating in boards or committees decision-making processes, will enhance your skills and experience, provide opportunities to develop new networks and enable you to actively participate in your community.

Check out the MAZE web site www.maze.sa.gov.au/program.asp for more information. Contact Justine Kennedy, Youth Register Project Manager on (08) 8463 5522



ondit@adelaide.edu.au

THE STANLEY GEORGE VARIETY PAGE

ALMOST EXACTLY ONE YEAR ago, I remember lamenting the fact that the rank and file of the Australian Democrats had chosen a media savvy princess as their new leader. At the time, most political commentators tended to blame Natasha Stott Despoja's victory on her rival's eventual willingness to compromise on the GST. Other more cynical spectators declared that senatorial experience had been defeated by perky breasts and shiny blonde hair. Either way, as far as I was concerned, Democrats Australia wide had made a mistake that would end up damaging the closest thing that we have to an alternative to the major party system.

One thing was certain: Meg Lees wasn't about to lay down quietly. Even before the ballot, Lees was already defending her stance on tax reform, and suggesting that the party faithful would be foolish to ignore her political experience. After Stott Despoja took over the leadership, Lees continued to take tentative swipes at her leader - many of which were contained in letters that were eventually leaked by an anonymous source close to the party leadership. In short, Lees was irritated that she had lost out to a Gen-X upstart, while Natasha's new administration was becoming less and less tolerant of the embittered Senator's continued criticism.

But who was worried? Natasha was still sitting pretty. Sure, the Democrats had lost a considerable amount of ground at the last federal election. Sure, Natasha was seen to be living it up in New York during the South Australian election campaign - a campaign which resulted in the Democrats' worst showing in its twenty-five year history. Nevertheless, as far as the Despoja camp was willing to admit, the Democrats' poor showing at the ballot box amounted to nada - nothing more than a statistical glitch in an otherwise proud history of nipping at the bastard's heels. The party continued to happily chug along, while any criticism of the party's leadership or general direction was either suppressed or ridiculed.

In spite of all this, Stott Despoja's leadership remained relatively stable. Then, last Friday, after camping out in the South Australian desert, Meg Lees did something that no one could have expected. Something wonderful. Something beautiful. Something so ingenious, yet so simple, that even the most nefarious of party stalwarts were utterly caught by surprise. While her leader was out of the country, Senator Meg Lees quit the very party that she had taken four years to lead out of the electoral wilderness.

Why? Make yourself comfortable, Charlie, cause this'll take a while. The story goes that Lees stepped out of the party line when she suggested that the money made from a hypothetical privatisation of Telstra should not be spent on debt. The gall of this woman! Who was she to speculate on a possible sale of the rest of Telstra when the Democrats - who can't even spell 'privatisation' - continued to hold the balance of power in the Senate.

If you ask me, the kerfuffle that ensued was nothing short of tragic. Lees, who still commanded considerable support within the party, was accused of (gasp) deliberately contradicting party policy. Amid sustained requests for her to appear before the party's compliance committee, many began to think of her as an ultra conservative maniac who would privatise Tasmania and double the GST if she had the chance. There were even calls from within the party for her resignation. In short, the Australian Democrats were seen to be about as democratic as the Reichstag circa 1937.

Naturally, Lees looked like the innocent victim in the whole situation. What's more, commentators began to raise the possibility of a split in the party - something particularly possible in light of the fact that support for Despoja has dwindled over the last year, while Lees' reputation has, if anything, improved.

In spite of all the theatre, Lees was still subordinate to Despoja. She still had to tow the party line, and she was still forced to smile and nod as a woman twenty years her junior went about undoing all the credibility the Lees had taken more than four years to establish.

So she quits. Boy howdy, what a move! Not only does it make Despoja look like a petty tyrant, it makes Lees appear both downtrodden and defiant. Even better, now that Lees is an Independent Senator, the Democrats have lost their precious balance of power in the Senate. In one fell swoop, Lees has dealt a crushing blow to the party that had shown her so little gratitude less than twelve months ago. It's a classic case of She who giveth and She who taketh away.

As if the Democrats hadn't worn enough punishment, Senator Andrew Murray announced last Saturday that he was effectively rendering himself a "Democrat in exile" by relinquishing his portfolios and leaving the party room. All this because Murray - a long time friend and supporter of Lees - "no longer has confidence in Natasha Stott Despoja's leadership." Of course, stating that you have no confidence in your leader is a shade more drastic than flirting with a hypothetical sale of Telstra. However, it will be interesting to

see whether or not the feared Compliance Committee have the yarbles to discipline Senator Murray amid the chaos that is the Democrats senatorial team.

The current plight of the Democrats is certainly tragic. One might even describe it as no laughing matter. If I sound cheerful about the whole situation, it's only because I'm the kind of morbid prole who derives a certain amount

of sick pleasure from watching beautiful things come crashing to the ground. Indeed, at the risk of comparing the implosion of the Australian Democrats to the September 11 attacks, one might even say that the party has suffered from not one but two kamikaze attacks.

But I digress. There is no denying that last Friday was a tragic day in the history of Australian politics. Not only did it utterly demoralise an otherwise quite reasonable (if slightly hypocritical) political party, it left ajar all manner of black doors for the Federal Coalition to sneak through. Now that the Democrats are no longer capable of

"keeping them honest", Howard and Costello are one step closer to controlling the Senate - all they really need is some dirt on a couple of independent Senators and the world is their oyster. By the same token, Lees is hardly going to play into the Coalition's hands. She has already invoked the 'never ever' phrase when it comes to the sale of Telstra - which, if you ask John Howard, is good for at least four or five years.

Nope. If you ask me, Lees is far from licked. She has a plan, and her decision to leave the party is only one of the first few steps. If one thing is for sure, Lees works fast. It only took her a year to punish Natasha for her insolence - who knows what kind of chaos she'll unleash this time next year? We wait with bated breath.

Stanley George's real names are Tardy and Irresponsible

INDEED, AT THE RISK OF COMPARING THE IMPLOSION OF THE AUSTRALIAN DEMOCRATS TO THE SEPTEMBER 11 ATTACKS, ONE MIGHT EVEN SAY THAT THE PARTY HAS SUFFERED FROM NOT ONE BUT TWO KAMIKAZE ATTACKS.



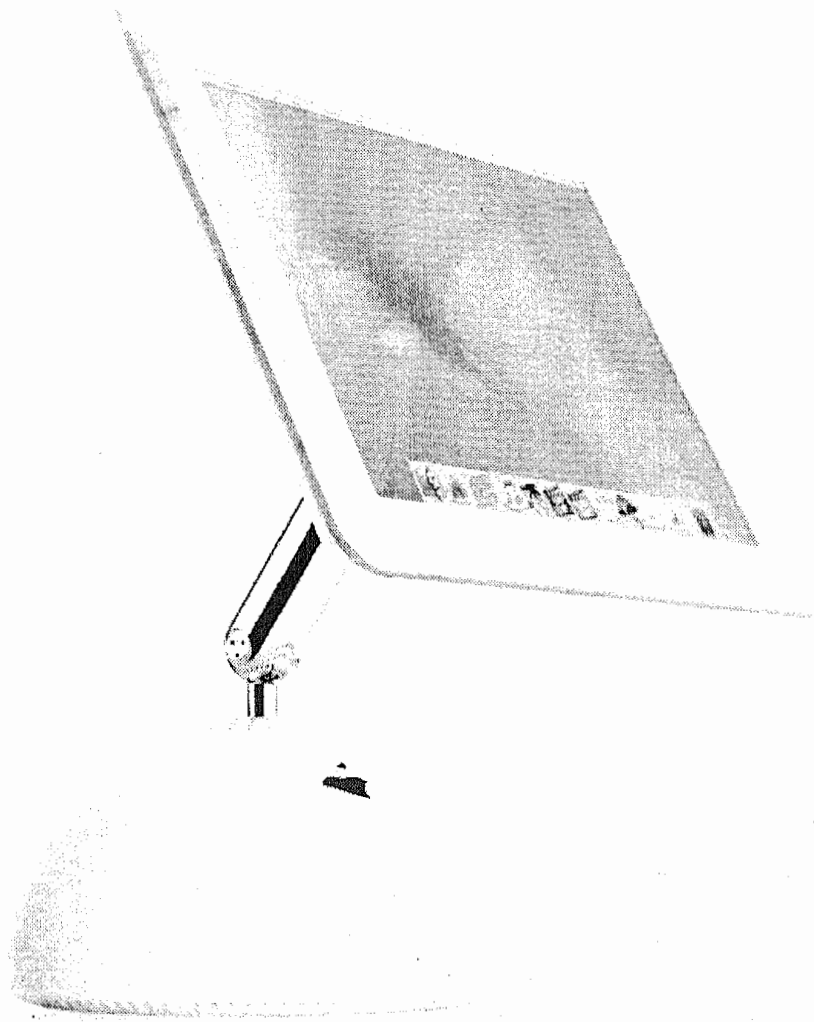
Meg Lees: nefarious political fiend




Natasha Stott-Despoja: doomed tyrannical...tyrant

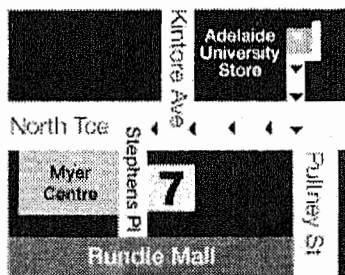
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Standing Female Urination: Science Fiction or a Useful, Natural Technique?

I made a very interesting discovery on the Internet over the semester break. In amongst the wash of 'Welcome to Candy from Iowa's Pentecostal Cheerleading Homepage!!!' style of personal webpages and commercial propaganda sites desperate to sell you something, I found something that could actually be of everyday use to me. Not only that, it's the sort of empowering knowledge that could revolutionise the way necessary basic functions of just over half the Western population are managed. I found A Woman's Guide on How to Pee Standing Up.

Anyone who has been to a well-frequented public venue equipped with toilets will have noticed a disturbing disparity between the length of queues for the male and female facilities. Typically, a line of women will extend from inside, lips pursed and legs crossed, past the row of stalls, crowding the sinks, blocking the hand dryer, and out through the door. The men, meanwhile, will give the impression of merely passing through an interior turnstile

before entering the outside world again after an incomprehensibly short time, with nothing resembling a queue having the opportunity to form. Of course, this situation is exacerbated by alcohol, making pubs, Big Days Out and Law Balls prime hotspots. Under these circumstances, it is more than likely that some assertive and enterprising women storm their male counterparts' quarters, in search of more cubicles. Even still, in my experience, these supplementary facilities have proved inadequate, and instead create queues trailing from both male and female doors.

The question must be asked: why is it that women take so much longer than men to use the toilet? Firstly, let me point out that I am talking about garden variety, in-and-out, Number One toilet functions. I am not talking about stereotypical Little Girls' Room visits of feminine hand-holding, nose-powdering and gossiping. Admittedly, toilet visits during a woman's menstrual period may take a little longer, due to the relevant blood management measures being taken. But other than that, there should be little variance in men and women's toilet times. Shouldn't there?

I have a feeling that the disparity may emerge from contrasting urination techniques. From an age of mere months, Western children are taught along these simple, uncrossable lines: men stand, and women sit. However, this is not an innate, universal method. A quick look across geographical locations and historical periods reveals that generations of women have peed proud and standing. In fact, the Tuareg people of North Africa turn the Western norm on its head by customarily having men squat and women stand. Also bucking the trend, the Tuaregs have a matriarchal society in which property is handed from mother to daughter, and more women are literate than men. In other countries too, such as the Philippines and India, it is still common for women to wee standing, especially in rural areas with few conventional toilets.

Standing urination was also common in white Western cultures before the Industrial Revolution. According to Denise Decker, the American author of the Guide, the 19th century had our maternal ancestors thumbing their noses at chilly outhouses and stinky chamberpots to the point of incorporating placket openings in their clothing to more easily facilitate standing urination. However, by the end of that century and into the 20th, the flush toilet had emerged and become popular, especially among the new middle class who could afford such technologies. It was then that the "cultural gatekeepers", as Decker calls them, ruled that

Western women were to sit for all toilet functions. Men, however, could continue to stand to urinate, but sat for defecation.

However, there have been attempts to get women standing again in relatively recent times. Although I've never had the pleasure of testing one of these devices myself, Decker presents a comprehensive history of female urinal initiatives. The first mass-produced female urinal was American Standard's 'Sanistand', manufactured between 1950

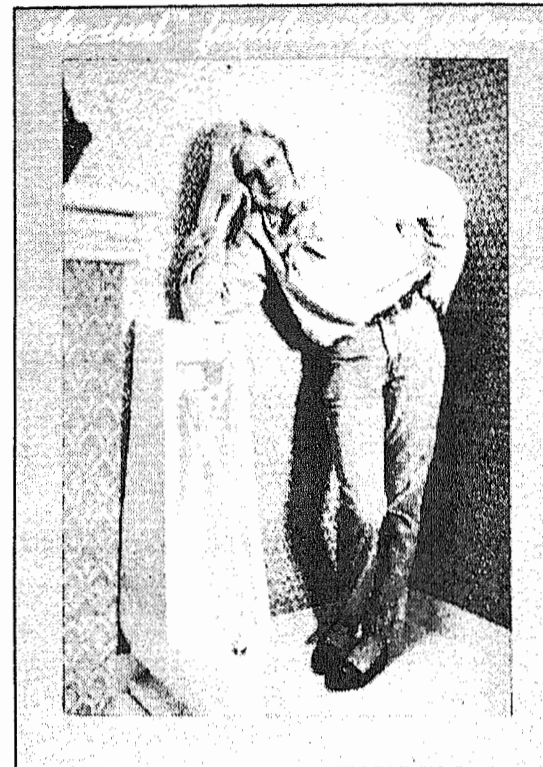
and 1973. Despite some female appreciation of the device, the Sanistand was eventually declared no more advantageous than conventional toilets. It used eight gallons of water per flush, could not handle Number Twos, and took up the same amount of floor space as a normal commode. However, the female urinal made a comeback in the early 1990s in the form of the 'She-inal', designed by Florida woman Kathie Jones. Sadly, it never really caught on with its intended users or architects, quite possibly

because it required the woman to press a funnel-like thing up against their vulva; that is, a funnel-like thing that other women had previously pressed up against their vulva. Considering that many women are wary of sitting on something another woman's thighs or buttocks may have touched, this was not a popular idea. Again, the She-inal took up the same amount of floor space as a conventional toilet, and was not designed for bowel movements. Nevertheless, 600 to 700 She-inals were sold before Jones' company Urinette handed over the manufacturing rights to a Japanese firm. In more recent times, European manufacturer Sphinx Gustavsberg produced the 'Lady P' urinal in March 1999. Aside from one novelty installation in an English nightclub, it has been about as popular as the also new Malaysian 'Lady Loo' - not very.

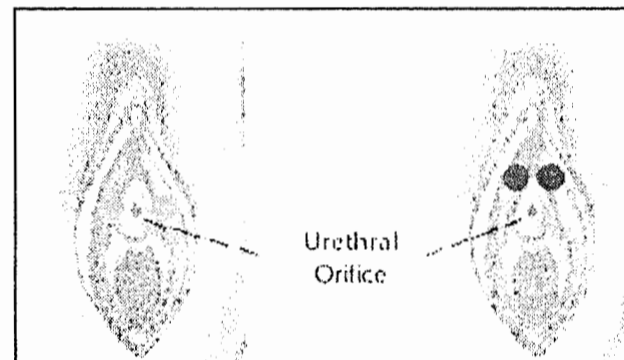
It seems that for the idea of female urinals to catch on, a design must be space-efficient, conserve water, avoid user contact with unsanitary surfaces, and allow women to get in and out quicker than a conventional toilet. There would also have to be some form of education campaign and cultural adjustment, given a woman who has always sat to urinate, and only ever seen women sit to urinate would probably have some technical and social adjustments to make with an erect, exposed, public display.

This information should be disseminated far and wide, in my opinion; maybe even as part of schools' health education programmes. Personally, I'd love to be able to strut into a room, stand at a trough, and have my business done without touching any grotty surfaces or waiting for a cubicle to free up. I think it would be empowering for many women to be able to perform a natural bodily function without hiding away behind a locked door. The taboo on touching one's own genitals would be loosened, boosting women's self esteem and relieving the shame associated with 'down there'. For the rest of society, encouraging the use of urinals has positive implications for water conservation and the wider environmental benefits of this. So get practising, girls - if nothing else, it'll make a great party trick!

You can visit A Woman's Guide on How to Pee Standing Up at <http://www.restrooms.org/standing.html>; it's a wonderfully informative site. Or you can inspect and order a helper gadget, the TravelMate, if Finger-Assist just isn't doing it for you, at <http://www.travelmate.info>. It's designed by Decker and friends.



Proud inventor Kathie Jones of Florida and her 1990s female urinal, the She-inal. It was considered the way of the future, as were stone-washed jeans and moccasins.



A little help for the uninitiated: placing your fingers on the dots shown on the left-hand diagram is likely to distort your urethra and produce the dreaded spray effect. Instead, pop your fingers in the position shown on the right-hand side, which will still keep your bits out of the way but keep your stream nice and straight.

Teach yourself to wee standing!

The Finger-Assist Method:

1. Wash your hands.
2. Adjust your clothing. Pants should be pulled down in front a few inches, and skirts should be lifted as usual. Underwear can be pulled down at the waistband, or moved to one side at the crotch.
3. Using either hand, make a 'V' with your first and second finger and spread the inside of your labia minora (the inner lips). Rookies may wish to use fingers from both hands for better control.
4. Lift to the desired angle, then let'er rip! Spreading and lifting is necessary to stop the wee running down your leg.
5. Wipe if necessary.
6. Wash your hands again!
7. If you're having difficulty, you may need to practice (the shower is a private, hygienic place to try), or work on your pelvic floor muscles. Your pelvic floor muscles are the ones you're clenching when trying to hold urine in. When taking a slash standing up, the idea is to start by pushing as hard as you can to get the stream projecting outwards, and then at the end shutting off as fast as you can to avoid the slowing - and hence dribbling down your legs - of the flow. This takes practice. However, countless sex manuals and post-natal handbooks promote strong pelvic floor muscles, so get clenching!

I think it would be empowering for many women to be able to perform a natural bodily function without hiding away behind a locked door. The taboo on touching one's own genitals would be loosened, boosting women's self esteem and relieving the shame associated with 'down there'.

Cthulhu Cultists Will Gain the Following Privileges: They Will Die Last.

I've always said that nothing is more horrifying than stupidity in action. That is, of course, except when it's governmental stupidity. Case in point: the Chinese Foreign Minister. Seen the news lately? The recent brouhaha this dimwit has been stirring up with regards to the much-maligned but generally well-meaning Falun Gong sect has got me all worked up. I've got higher orders of reality to deal with, not this xenophobic bullshit. Anyway, this whole thing has got me thinking on the whole topic of sects, cults and other devilish goodness, and I thought I'd blow off some steam. No, not like that. Get your mind out of the gutter.

If you want to go by the dictionary definition, a cult is simply 'a religion that has not gained widespread acceptance'. So technically, calling Falun Gong a cult is correct. Unfortunately, calling a group a cult these days usually winds up with the ATF knocking on their door with a tank. Let's play it safe and call Falun Gong a sect. After

all, who knows what they've got cooking. Remember what the Chinese government has been telling us - they're evil in a nutshell, aren't they? Then again, China itself isn't really the darling of the international community, if you know what I mean. Need some reminders? Let's see Taiwan, Korean War, the Hainan Island debacle, knee-busting in Hong Kong, need I say more?

It's interesting to take a look at China's history with regards to small-time religious outfits. Tibet, for example,

It's as if the best solution is to absorb the anomalous factor in the equation and then corrode all religious significance from it (all in accordance with the teachings of Uncle Mao, of course). With Tibet, it was Buddhism. Absorb and corrode. Now we have a jet setting Dalai Lama who has more connection with his numerous book deals than with his mountain kingdom. This is the kind of effect China is having. With Falun Gong, however, the traditional 'absorb and corrode' method of dealing with things doesn't really work. When the body China is trying to absorb is part of China, the only option left is to corrode. China does this not by invading and conquering a nation, but by invading minds and conquering spirits. It imprisons Falun Gong practitioners and strips away their lives, beliefs, personal dignity and basic human rights. The sad fact of the matter is that China is not content with attempting to eliminate Falun Gong at

home - it wants to move the campaign overseas in order to stamp out this 'destructive cult' wherever it may be, including Australia.

There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of 'cults' all across the world. From the Order of the Solar Temple to the Branch Davidians to Heaven's Gate, people flock to these groups in order to feel needed and wanted, to feel a sense of belonging. If a religious price tag is attached to that, so be it. The problem is, the religion is the catch. Once you sign up,

you can't leave.; much like being a fan of the New Radicals. Thankfully, this isn't the case with groups like Falun Gong. They're genuinely about self-improvement on a quasi-spiritual level. Let's have more Falun Gong, and less hate-filled rhetoric bullshit from a bunch of bureaucratic Chinese dimwits who couldn't find their way to Tibet given a map, compass and ten Tibetan guides.

Just one last thought for you: in 1961, L. Ron Hubbard commented, "The fastest way to make a million dollars was to create your own religion". So he did. He also died a very wealthy man.

As for Great Cthulhu? Well, I thought I couldn't possibly write an article on cults without a nod to the big C. After all, he is the Chancellor of Adelaide University (OK, Lord High Champion El President CEO Sir Doctor Reverend Robert De Crespigny is, but don't tell Great Cthulhu. He's likely to send you insane or something).

James Kneivt
Cthulhu, Cthulhu, where for art thou Cthulhu?

* As a small but important footnote, the Church of Scientology isn't actually a religion or a cult. It isn't even a sect. It's a tax dodge.

Come, join us!



Peter Lewis: The ★★★★★ ★★★★★ ★★★★★

I was fortunate enough to be overseas during the farcical last state election and when I returned at the end of February I found that South Australia's innocence had been stolen by stealth. Overnight the state had gone from being politically stable to being politically dominated by an individual who was holding the entire democratic system to ransom in South Australia.

On Peter Lewis' discovery that he had the power to decide who formed government in South Australia he put himself out for political prostitution, able to be bought out by the highest bidder. Now I want to make it clear, I am no supporter of either Liberal or Labor, both parties have raped this state, bankrupting and then selling off every asset the people of South Australia collectively owned. I am not part of the Liberal 'smear campaign', in fact I'm glad Labor did form government in the end, as change is healthy. What I do object to is the opportunism that Peter Lewis displayed, and continues to display, in the aftermath of the state election.

One of the most concerning aspects of Peter Lewis' role as the Speaker of the House of Assembly is that he has tried to stifle any criticism of himself both within and outside of the walls of Parliament. An essential requirement for a healthy democracy is that open public debate, and if necessary criticism, be allowed and indeed promoted. Instead Lewis has moved quickly to silence any criticism, warning the leader of the opposition, Rob Kerin, for a "grossly intemperate remark" because he commented on Mr Lewis' performance outside Parliament (*The Advertiser* 15/5/02).

This restriction on criticism, and the threat of legal action, also appears to have flowed over to mainstream media outlets in South Australia. There has been a noticeable absence of any real criticism of Peter Lewis both within *The Advertiser* and local free-to-air television news. In fact it appears that Peter Lewis may have some close friends in the monopolised Adelaide print media with Peter Goers' 'The Good, The Bad and The Ugly' article in *The Sunday Mail* twice listing Peter Lewis under the Good (2/6/02, 19/5/02). Goers even describes Speaker Peter Lewis as "nobility of purpose in a wig" (*Sunday Mail*, 19/5/02). Rex Jory doesn't appear to

have too many disagreements with Peter Lewis either, making a point of supporting Lewis' stance on abolishing the Legislative Council (*Advertiser* 1/5/02) and the establishment of a low level nuclear waste dump in SA (*Advertiser* 18/8/00). Jory also describes his admiration for Lewis' "personal courage" (*Advertiser* 13/3/02) and describes Lewis as "a man of courage, of strong will, of decisive opinion" (*Advertiser* 14/2/02).

Of further concern is that Peter Lewis has also attempted to use his powers as Speaker of the House to prevent police searching his parliamentary office. One can't help but ask, what does Peter Lewis have to hide? The answer to that question is becoming increasingly obvious with connections emerging between Lewis and some undesirable types.

While the exact nature of these connections is still the matter of police investigation the allegations raise serious concern over Peter Lewis' own commitment to ethical behaviour.

Peter Lewis has used the guise of being a reformer of parliamentary standards as justification for his repressive behaviour. In his defence Lewis argues, "it is quite wrong for anyone to suggest that upholding (improved parliamentary standards) can in any way be construed as preventing or stifling debate" (*Advertiser* 18/5/02). The real motives for Peter Lewis seeking the position of speaker in exchange for supporting Labor may not be so simple. It comes as a convenient coincidence that the position of Speaker involves a 57% hike in salary when compared to what Peter Lewis would have received if he had remained on the salary of a normal State MP. If Peter Lewis had declined the position of Speaker he would have received an income of \$96,505 per annum (after recent increases are factored in). Instead he is now on an income of \$168,880 per annum, the fourth highest in State parliament after the Premier, Treasurer, and the Leader of the Opposition (*The Advertiser* 28/5/02).

Peter Lewis made the right decision in supporting Labor after the last State election. The decision removed a lot of uncertainty and provided stability, which is important to the strength of the State. The mistake that Peter Lewis has made

since is that he has tried to maximise his personal gain from the position he found himself in. Peter Lewis doesn't appear to understand that his position of privilege was obtained by a quirk in the functioning of democracy. The people of South Australia did not vote with the intention of building a plump cushion for Peter Lewis to sit on, immune from criticism, and he will quickly lose their respect if he continues to build one for himself.

Ned Moorfield
Is a Democrat



I don't think that Ned likes Peter very much.

Sci-Fi Officer Bearer Madness

Over the holiday period, it was decided that the SAUA's problems of finances, advocacy and representation were so pressing as to require help.

The OBs dutifully enlisted the help of some of Science Fiction's most notorious characters to aid them in their struggle. This is their story...

SAUA President:
Bek Cornish

Firstly, welcome back to uni! I hope you are all over the end of semester exam and assignment stress and are rested up and ready to get back into uni life.

Nelson Review

As you would know from our previous columns, there has been a major review on higher education, with suggestions that have severe detriment for all students. The Students' Association submitted a paper regarding the review, highlighting the major issues that affect students, so if you would like a copy, or even a copy of the original review, come in and we can furnish you with your requests. The discussion paper titled *Striving for equality: learning, teaching and scholarship* has been released and distributed so if you would like a copy of this also, come on in or email me. The paper deals with concepts of 'global knowledge', evolution to a mass higher education system, the quality and standards of teaching and learning, and academic staff issues. Suggestions and comments are encouraged for our next submission.

University of Adelaide Act

The University Council has proposed a number of changes to the University of Adelaide Act which would seriously impact on the AUU and its' affiliates ability to service the students of Adelaide University. The Minister for Employment, Training and Further Education has released for public comment a discussion paper which expresses the views of the Council of the University of Adelaide. The discussion paper can be found at: www.training.sa.gov.au/OVETstudents/default.asp?id=8927&navgrp=187

The Students' Association also prepared a submission to the Minister, which is available for your information.

Helper: Star Trek Voyager's Seven of Nine (as a Borg)



In my Administrative review of the Students' Association I have located various inefficient areas in need of Borg enhancement.

Various Office Bearers will also need to be assimilated for the good of the collective. Resistance will be futile.

UniFest

Coming up in the second week of term there will be an event to assist in your coping with academic life! It will be a DJ show with cheap drinks held on level 4 where the Equinox used to be so keep your eyes peeled for the details.

Services for you

Don't forget the services we have for you in the SAUA. We have cheap photocopying, cheap drycleaning, facilities for you to fax your Centrelink forms, as well as our representatives here to advocate educational and welfare related needs and grievances. Feel free to contact me in the SAUA on 83035406 or on bek.cornish@adelaide.edu.au.

Education Vice President:
Georgia Heath

Welcome back to uni- I hope you had a *splendid* break! Semester two will be stuffed to the gills with fun, fun educational campaigns.

This Wednesday July 31 the Student Representative Standing Committee will be meeting. This is a committee of all student representatives across the university which meets approximately four times a year to discuss interfaculty education issues and to allow student reps to develop skills such as meeting procedure. The SRSC will be meeting between 5 and 7pm in the University Council room and all students are invited to attend.

This term the Education Department will be focussing on the Crossroads review of higher education. This review is being touted as one of the major changes to higher education which covers all aspects of learning and teaching. The most concerning aspects of this review are the upfront fees and deregulation- put simply, it is possible that in a few years time a student wanting to study at the University of Adelaide will have to pay over \$100 000 in upfront fees, whilst being taught without tutorials and purely online to save costs. Not surprisingly, the University of Adelaide has come out in support of almost all of the suggestions in the review - by far one of the most conservative and commercial approaches taken by any of the Australian universities.

The Crossroads review raises questions regarding issues of access and equity in education that would mean that the majority of low income earners would be prevented from accessing tertiary education. Look out for Education Department representatives who will be lecture bashing and handing out leaflets on the issue of Crossroads and please try and get involved in this crucial campaign.

If you would like any more information about any Education Department campaigns, please do not hesitate to give me a call on 8303 5406 or email georgia.heath@adelaide.edu.au

Helper: The Creature from the Black Lagoon

To aid Georgia in her campaign regarding the Crossroads Review of Higher Education, I will be assisting her in the preparation of her upcoming National Day of Action, as well as writing some articles for the Crossroads Review Edition of *On Dit* in Week 4.

I will also be eating Brendan Nelson.



Environment Officer: Sarah Hanson

Helper: Admiral Ackbar



For those of you who missed out on going to the Students & Sustainability conference in Perth over the break, let me say it was absolutely amazing. It was six days of well organised and fun forums and workshops, together with good conversation and yummy food. The best thing about the conference this year is that South Australia won the bid to host next year's conference! If you would like to get involved in helping to organise the S&S conference for next year please contact me in the SAUA.

The biggest thing coming up this term is Environment Week: August 12 - 16. This annual event held by the Environment Department is filled with fun and informative activities surrounding environmental and social justice issues. This year there will be a 'fair trading day' a *papier mache* competition, Save the Forest Funk @ the Rhino Room, and a bands' night in the bar featuring Triple J band Ungkas. And lets not forget all the yummy vegetarian food!

Website of the week: www.maketrade4fair.com please visit this website and put your name down as a person who supports fair trade for all people in a fight against environmental degradation and abuse of human rights.

Have a lovely first week back!

"To aid Sarah I will be patrolling the oceans of the Earth with my Mon-Calamari battleships to find whalers and other enemies of the Force. Hopefully we will not go the way of the courageous Bothans."



Sexuality Officers: Adrian DiPaolo & Asta Cox

Hi everyone and welcome back to the exciting life of exams and essays! Well, I am not sure how many of you actually had holidays and how many worked your butts off during the break, but I am happy to inform you that the Sexuality Department has had a very eventful couple of weeks. We the Sexuality Officers along with three members of the Pride Collective went of the Queer Collaborations conference in Canberra. The conference was very enlightening and covered a broad range of subjects from Youth Suicide to Queering the Devin. An article with full details will be written in next weeks' *On Dit* for those who are interested.

We are also working on our next campaign, that of anti homophobia. For those of you who came to our last karaoke night there will hopefully be another one in the next three weeks so keep your eyes and ears open.

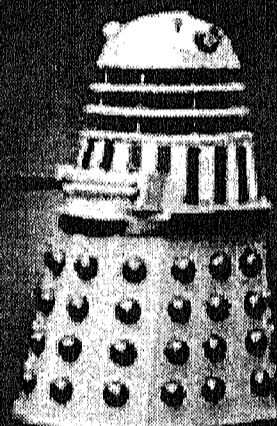
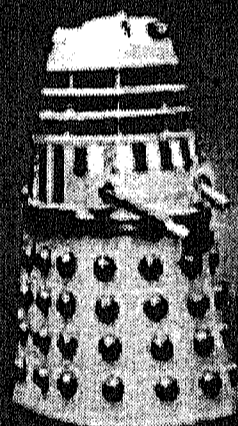
If you have any suggestions or questions for the department please don't hesitate to come into the SAUA and ask for one of the Sexuality Officers.

Contact Number : 8303 3899



Helpers: The Daleks

Exterminate Oppression!
Exterminate Oppression!
Exterminate Oppression!
Exterminate Oppression!
Exterminate Oppression!
Exterminate Oppression!



Women's Officer: Elise Duffield

Wicked Womyn of the week: Barbarella (anyone who has a pink space ship with fake fur interior is wicked).

Misogynist Asshole of the week: Cliff Blake (for allegedly requesting that his female staff wear skirts).

Women's Room

There is currently a survey in the Women's Room for all women who utilize the space. We have already received some positive responses, and the comments provided will help us tailor the Women's Room to your needs. So go and fill one out, or I may hunt you down.

Reclaim the Night

Meetings have started to organise the annual Reclaim the Night march and festival in October. If you would like to become a part of the organising committee or would like more information about the Reclaim the Night, don't hesitate to contact myself or Bek Cornish.

Fairwear Campaign

The Women's Department will be raising an awareness of the Fairwear campaign and the poor working conditions for outworkers in Australia from August 19 - 23. As part of the campaign we will be making a 'Fairwear Clothesline', so if anyone has any old clothes that are large and preferably light coloured that they can donate, they can take them into the SAUA office and I will be very appreciative.

If you'd like to contact me you can do so by visiting the SAUA, or giving me a buzz on 83036481.



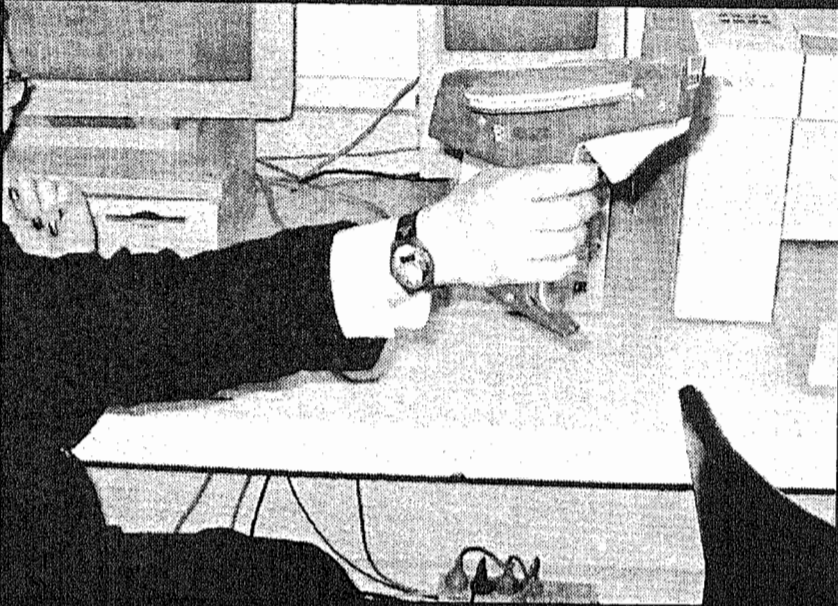
Helper: Star Trek's Uhura



I have received a transmission from the Vulcan women. They have requested that Elise increase the frequency of her skirt chasing, in the aim of bringing the Alpha Quadrant together. I will be passing this message on.

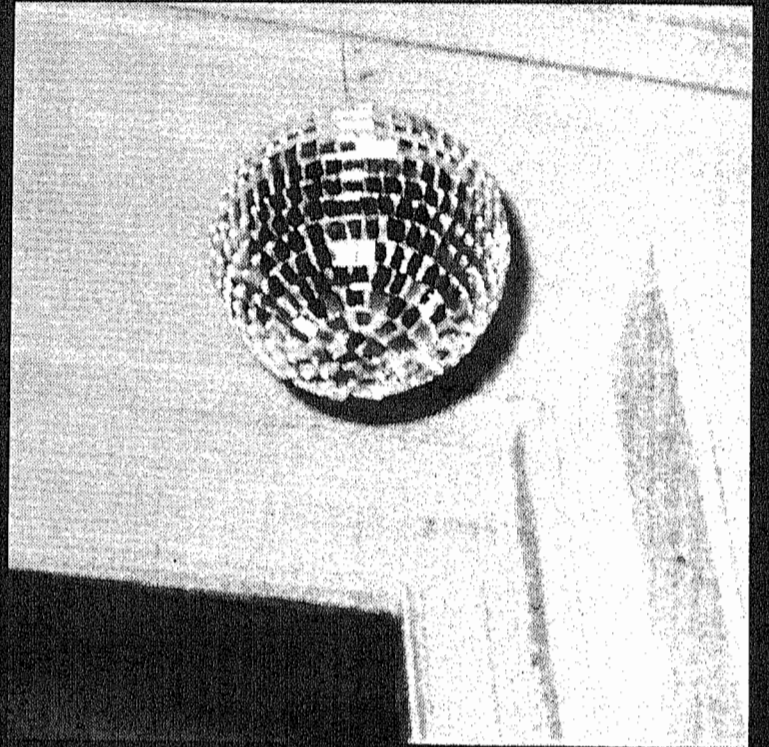
THE STRANGE WORLD OF ...

VOX POP



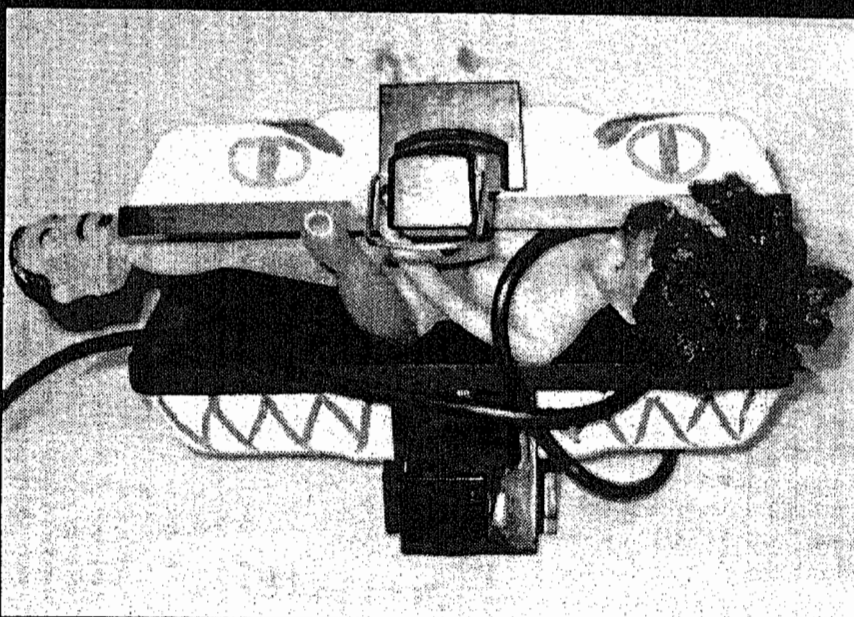
QUESTIONS

1. What do you believe in?
2. What are your thoughts on anal probing?
3. What's your stance on the refugee crisis?
4. Where did all the money from O'Ball go?
5. How did you spend your semester break?



Craig

1. Glam Rock.
2. What's an anus?
3. Platform shoes for all.
4. Shitloads of crack.
5. Blaming it on the boogie.

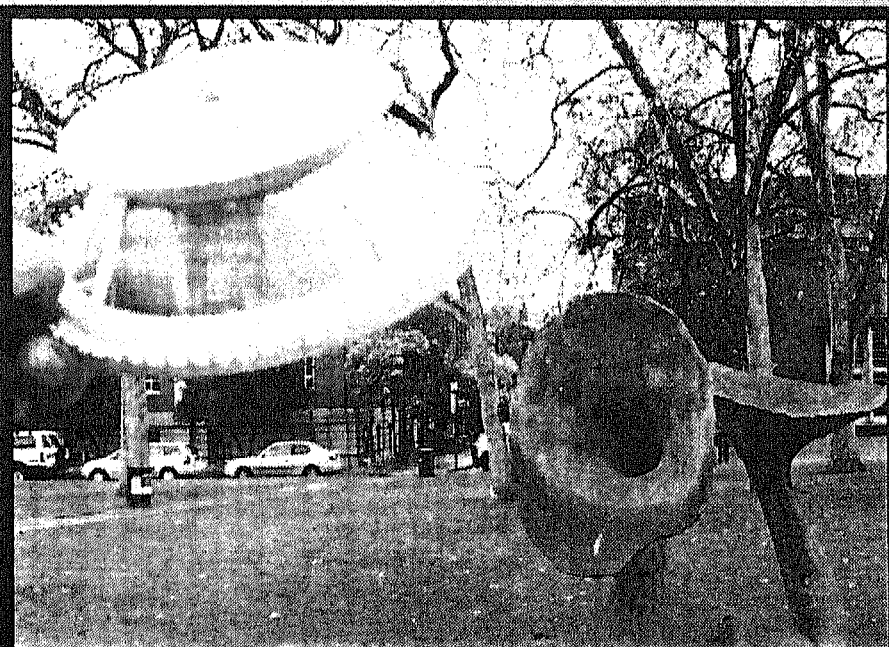
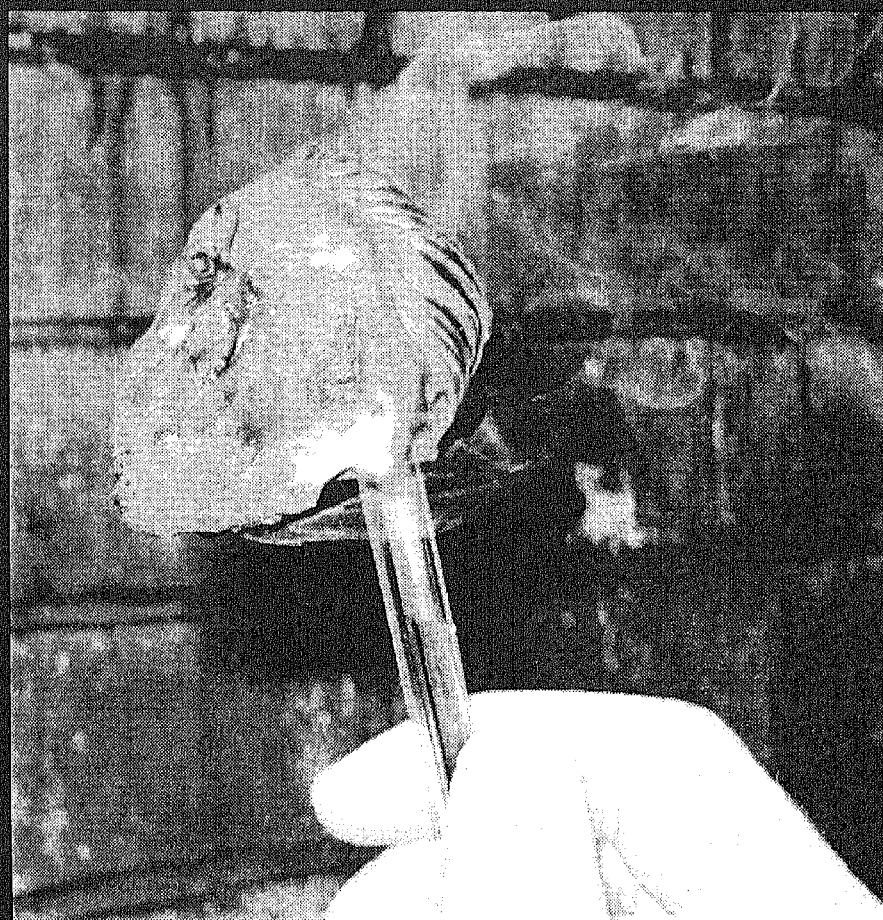


Pinocchio the Ravisher

1. The brutal sacrifice of young, naked, plastic androgenous, virgins.
2. I prefer to torture the virgins until they are willing to probe themselves.
3. It provides many young virgins on which to feast.
4. Illicit Hindley Street activities.
5. I like to pick up girls on the rebound from a disappointing relationship. They're more vulnerable, in much more need of solace. And they're fairly open to suggestion. And I use that to fuck them some place fairly uncomfortable.

The Smouldering Head formerly known as the Anti-Ken

1. What do I believe in? Help me get the fuck off this pen, you psycho!
2. What the hell do you think is happening to me! It's about as comfortable as it looks, freak.
3. Do you really think an angry disembodied toy in flames will have greater insight than Phillip Ruddock? Hang on...
4. Cash incentives for the Talking Heads to reform and perform.
5. Writhed in horrible, horrible pain.



The Flying Filter

1. Consolidating the Fones' caffeine addiction.
2. It is an innovative new way to insert large amounts of caffeine while the subject is unconscious.
3. Surely the Fones provide a viable new detention facility, if slightly roomy.
4. The entirety of the O'Ball money was spent on professional photo doctoring for the Vox Pop section.
5. Filtering, plunging, grinding...

Interplanetary Pan-Lid

1. Striving to promote domestic happiness through convenient stovetop cooking, nothing that wanky filter could ever achieve.
2. See the hand. Be the hand.
3. Whatever the filter said, I think he's full of shit.
4. Professional photo doctoring is a waste of money - I am quite sure that filter blew it all on nubile women. I am more than comfortable with a hand thrust up my arse.
5. Although I am sure that Fil' claimed to have done large amounts of work, I know for a fact that he is lying. I did nothing but clean up after him while he was up to no good with Pinocchio the Ravisher in Hindley Street.



Yak's Guide to Mixed Drinks

It is imperative that everybody take full advantage of this eye of the university storm; the first few weeks of semester two. While many of you will be whining about tutes and essays and your unreasonable workload so early on, you all have to get over it. You're an adult now and at university. The fact is that you are far less busy now than you will be when you are cramming at the end of the year, so live a little.

Whilst going out, when that very cute person you're buying a drink for says, "I dunno, surprise me," what do you do? You can either cluelessly shamble up to the bar and order a beer like the cretin you are (nothing at all wrong with beer, but it's not much of a surprise, is it?). Alternatively, you can put your faith in Yak to deliver you from perdition. The fact is, Yak knows drinks. This is established fact. I don't want anybody arguing about this. There is bound to be a handful of smartarses on campus who think they know better. Yeah? You reckon? Write your own article then, you intolerant git. Good. Fine. Settled.

For your collective drinking pleasure, herein follows a selection of drinks and how they are best drunk.

Gin

This isn't a rigorous definition but gin is a white spirit flavoured with varieties of botanicals, usually including juniper, depending on the kind you have. I like gin. That is to say I like good gin. There are really only three brands I know of that I'd drink, the rest being horrid dreck. They are Gordon's Dry London Gin, Bombay Sapphire and Taramay's. They are all very different. Gordon's, I'm led to believe, is a straight gin with only juniper berries. Bombay Sapphire (beautiful name, beautiful drink) contains something like ten botanicals including coriander, bitter orange blossom, almond, lemon peel, liquorice and something called orris. Look on the side of the bottle, they'll tell you. It's still very dry but somewhat paradoxically with so many facets of flavour. Taramay's I know next to nothing about other than it's a very tangy gin that's got a more obvious citrus flavour and it's very good. As far as I'm concerned, gin is only worth having with tonic but you could try squash. I'm very conservative with the way I drink gin so there may be a world of crazy mixers available of which I'm unaware. I've a very hazy notion of hearing somewhere that gin is known as housewife's ruin because of some juniper extract causing depression. I may be getting my facts mixed up so look it up before you go telling your friends. As a final word, at Mojo West they make what thus far into my short life I consider perfection. It's called a Pink Bombay and contains Bombay Sapphire, pink grapefruit juice and wedges of fresh lime in varying proportions depending on whether it's being promoted or not. When it's on promo I think it's better because I suspect that they use a better quality of grapefruit juice, you get it in a special Bombay Sapphire highball and you get two shots of gin which tastes heavenly.

Galliano

Galliano have a broad range of different flavoured sambucas and other liqueurs. I think that the pick of the bunch is the yellow one. I think it's simply called Galliano Liqueur, better known as just Galliano. The bottle is unmistakably phallic and a favourite amongst novice flair bartenders because of the ease with which it is possible to do very mildly impressive amateur tricks. It's very sweet, and with squash (or lemonade if you have a sweet tooth) it tastes a lot like creaming soda. It's also used a lot in cocktails to add subtle sweetness.

Pimms no. 1 cup

I've read extensively on Pimm's range of beverages and have absolutely no recall of anything I learnt. Pimm's no. 1 cup is as far as I know the only Pimm's product available in Australia. It's certainly the only one I've ever seen. Its red and is some sort of herbal drink. Its taste is incomparable to anything I know. It's adequate with either lemonade or with dry ginger. I like to have it half dry, half lemonade. It really enters a whole new world of brilliance when garnished with about two slices of cucumber. I used to think that cucumber doesn't have much of a flavour, but there's nothing like a Pimm's to make you appreciate the true breadth of refreshing sweetness that cucumber has. The flavour diffuses through the whole drink and changes it completely. It's the oddest thing I've ever experienced drinkwise and entirely pleasant.

Tequila (not for nasal administration)

I've a lot to say about tequila which is odd considering I don't like it much. It seems to evoke passionate responses in people, polarised between abject hatred/ mortal terror and ceaselessly extolling its virtues.

I think that this is because everyone has a formative-drinking-years-disaster-related-disaster story. Hence opinion of tequila is a function of the type of person you are. You may be a masochist who recalls with misty eyed fondness of the time you awoke shivering on your friend's parent's couch contemplating the how, why, who, what, whether of your post-extreme shabbiness (how you got there, why you were there, who you were, what you were, whether you in fact were at all - I bet Descartes never felt like this). Conversely, you may feel you can better express the true depth of your shabbiness by remembering the occasion as an ordeal; an extraordinary account of survival and derring-do. This near death attitude may polarise you against tequila.

It also attracts more urban legends than most other drinks I know.

Alcohol, as you well know, is a depressant. Now I've heard it said that Tequila is the only commercially available alcohol which has stimulant properties. To me this sounds like suspect folk hokum. Notwithstanding, anecdotal evidence seems to suggest that tequila does increase the elusive quality of bellyfire. Bellyfire is a measure of the inclination for alcohol, mayhem, partying and generally acting like a lout. This is usually a disaster (albeit sometimes a very funny disaster) although in moderation, tequila's bellyfire bestowing powers can be harnessed for good, not evil. I find the least offensive way to have it, particularly when I'm feeling I could use a little kick, is with lemon squash. It's very refreshing. Bitter lemon I'm sure would work very well if you could find it. It doesn't go half as well with Corona as you'd imagine and personally I'm not much a fan of margaritas.

I've also heard that snorting tequila is a great way to give one side of your body a numb, drunken rush. I find this very hard to do. My body senses this intention of doing something very bad to it and I get an auto-immune like rejection response. I can never get more than a trace amount of tequila to go all the way up and am inevitably left with fluid streaming out of my nose and eyes. Thus the most I've ever felt is the horseradishy feeling of a fiery claw tearing at my cerebellum. It's not bad, but: Snot filtered tequila, anybody?

Frangelico

This delicate, nutty treat is a perennial favourite for me. I don't suggest that you drink it with milk because I feel that a lot of the subtle nuances are lost. In my opinion it should be enjoyed neat or better yet, over ice. If you want milky hazelnut, for a bit more than the price of a Frangelico at an expensive club you could buy yourself a bottle of Father O'Leary's Hazelnut Cream. It's good for nothing except cheap, cheap shabbiness a-plenty. Back to Frangelico though, something which complements the flavour perfectly and does dilute the strong alcohol taste a little is, unexpectedly, lime juice. Lime Squeeze is entirely acceptable but nothing beats a fresh lime like they sometimes do at the Oxford. About a quarter of a lime will do, you don't want to kill it now.

Black Sambuca

This is a horrid, horrid drink ordinarily. Something which works really well, though which a friend and I discovered much to our complete surprise was that if you mix it with iced coffee it's quite nice. After further experimentation over the course of the next year we discovered something curious. If you mix it in any other proportion other than a standard shot sambuca in a highball of Farmers' Union Iced Coffee (30mL:255mL) it doesn't work. Too much sambuca and it's all over. Too much coffee and it tastes just like coffee. We use Farmers' Union because it is far superior to anything else on the market. This is a little like tequila in the sense that the caffeine is good for inspiring bellyfire although the controlled release of said bellyfire makes you less likely to be arrested at some stage during the night.

Shots

Shooters are great fun for a while but most people grow out of them. They're sooo first year. If you want a quick and nasty way to get drunk (essentially what shooters are about) you'd be better off drinking cheap goon or even beer. What I hate about shooters is that they seem to induce people to enter into an entirely pointless and pedantic accounting of exactly how much they've drunk. The worst of this is that they then proceed to play one-up with anyone around them. The most boring conversations I've ever had have been along the lines of "...and then I had five, no wait, six hundred shooters of premium unleaded and I had um... about 15 litres of pixie juice and... oh, of course at home, before I went out I spent thirteen years in a pickling vat filled with geranium distillate. But I'm fine. I'm, like, not drunk at all and like, fuck man!" Don't do it. It's not cool.

Drambuie

My understanding of Drambuie is a little sketchy. As far as I know it's a scotch whiskey liqueur flavoured with honey and heather (?). I don't have much to say about Drambuie except to suggest that at some point you try a Rusty Nail. This is I think a shot of Drambuie with a shot of scotch over ice. Since Drambuie is essentially a scotch whiskey liqueur you get a lot of scotch. It's rather unpleasant, costs about \$10 and is probably illegal to serve under the liquor licensing accord. Try it anyway. Tell them Yak sent you and you'll probably get a free few drops of rat poison in it as well.

Suntory Liqueurs

Suntory make a range of liqueurs. Their most popular beverage by far is Midori, a melon liqueur but they also make banana, mango, strawberry and other flavours. Here's my problem. People refer to them as, "that banana/mango/strawberry Midori." This is wrong. The other flavours have their own names. Midori refers *exclusively* to the melon flavour. Midori is Japanese for green. You should know that. The flavour names are as follows, Banana - Lena, Strawberry - Rubis, Mango - Mohana, the others - I don't know. Anyway, make sure you get it right lest you make acquaintance with pointy things.

Don't be afraid to experiment a little. Live on the edge for a while. The best part is making up names for the mixes you concoct. For example, when having mixed Passionfruit Fanta with Cointreau we decided that an ideal name was Fidel Pashtreau. It was agreeable at first if a little sickly sweet, and then rapidly became too much. We were also inexplicably inclined to overthrow the bar staff and start our own socialist paradise where drinks would be issued on the basis of need for anyone who wanted to contribute labour to our venue.

Yakultron



Coopers



Pub of the Week

The Blue Moon Bar

Grenfell St.

Hidden on Grenfell Street between the Crown and Anchor and the East End Exchange is a little venue called Blue Moon. It's a blink-and-you'll-miss-it affair, with a dingy front adorned by broken steps and the like. However, despite the dodgy sounding veneer, it's a different story inside. Stepping through the cracked door, you enter an alternate universe. The entire bar (although it's not very big) is covered in glow-in-the-dark stars and planets. You know the kind. You had them on your wall when you were fifteen. Naff as they were then, in Blue Moon they achieve a completely different effect. Clearly, the owner is a sci-fi fan. Beyond the galaxy like walls you're treated to an inside view into a serious collector's fantasy. One glass case contains one of every figurine from the first three *Star Wars* movies EVER MADE. As you can imagine, it's on the largest wall and it's floor to ceiling. Further along the bar is a collection of posters from classic sci-fi films such as *The Day the Earth Stood Still* and *Venus Girl*. The *piece de resistance* however is the massive TV screen on wall number three that plays *Star Trek* episodes in one continuous loop. Old school *Star Trek*. Hardcore.

Wall four of course contains the bar. I'm not sure the owner ever sleeps, probably because he has managed to tap into the universe's energy source somehow, or maybe he is just fuelled by the copious amounts of moon juice (three parts coffee, one part cream, add sugar) he seems to consume intravenously. A small cup of moon juice will set you back \$3 while a large will cost \$5. Although these prices seem extravagant, once you have purchased your first MJ, you can have refills for \$1. There are also a variety of cocktails to choose from, such as Lizard Lunch (a frothy mass of tequila and schnapps with a dollop of chocolate at \$10) and Saturn's Pants (layers of rum and whisky coating a tall glass of ice at \$10). The music is funky and the chairs and tables are very reminiscent of those featured in Hans Vierden's 1964 epic *They Came from the Sky*.

If you're a sci-fi fan by any stretch of the imagination, you've got to investigate The Blue Moon Bar. You'll think you've died and gone to Tatooine!

Donnell

Pub of the Week

Knoodle Junction

Pulteney St.

Knoodle Junction is one of my favourite places to eat. Whether to grab a quick take away or to enjoy a more leisurely repast, sitting amongst the cheerfully colourful walls, facing the large windows affording a relaxed view of the Pulteney St bustle, I recommend it heartily. There is an outside counter to service take-away customers but the atmosphere inside is so good I'd recommend dining in if possible. It's not a large place. The central location and good food attracts a lot of business and during lunchtime you would be hard pressed at times to find a seat. However, the crowds seem to dwindle after 1.30 and if you have a moment, this is the best time to enjoy a laid back meal.

The food is all very good. The vegetarian alternatives aren't merely a meatless afterthought as is so often the case. The vegetarian dishes are delicious meals in their own right; try the braised tofu which is particularly good or the sambal beans which are very popular.

Aside from the bain marie selection, a menu is available for dining in and you would be well advised to look out for it and work your way through the delightful selection.

The prices are quite reasonable considering the quality of the food. Furthermore, upon presentation of a student ID, you get 10% off the food price which is very cool.

Traditionally for lunch, when I could afford it, I used to go to the David Jones' Food Court. However, with this gem being closer to uni, having better food and being cheaper, why would you?

Kurt

Fatties of the world unite!

Seeing as all you gluttons out there will have spent heaps of time eating and drinking over the holidays, you must have some righteous food stories for me. Bring them down to the office and give me a break from these food trips. I'm having trouble fitting into my pants, and it's becoming a problem.

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Submissions must be in our hot little hands by the 5th week of this term. (the week of August 26)

Fabulous Prizes to be won!

prose

Document 4

In the darkest blue midnight of consciousness, in search of the golden rule. As the tide of indecision swells around us and we look into the eyes of our misfortune, fumbling for the panic button...fumbling for the switch.

"It's time," she said, facing us while still avoiding eye contact.

We already knew this to be true. It's always time, you see...for some thing or other. You looked over at me. I was busy eyeing the newspaper with a crooked smirk smeared across my face. The newspaper had a story about some sick little puppy who hijacked an ambulance and went on a murderous driving spree running down fifty-seven pedestrians before losing control of the vehicle and ploughing through the front foyer of a hospital killing six more and injuring three...all of them medical staff. I guess nothing amuses me anymore except my own demented sense of irony. But you didn't understand.

They entered the room, chattering mindlessly. Their heads flapping open and shut like two halves of a ginger crowned coconut...except the coconut would have been more interesting. Redesigning the vivisection of indecision, I sat contemplating the reams of monosyllabic nothing that spewed forth from the coconuts. All you saw was me staring into space, you thought about how it's been a long time since I've displayed any sense of coherent cognition. But coherent to whom? Even if I told you what I knew...I don't even want to follow that train of thought lest it be derailed, or worse. Hijacked.

You sat up, jerking forward, an air of determination washed over your less than content self, you looked as though you were about to confront me about something. As my eyes slowly drew upward and away from the coconut people you seemed to think better of it. You know I'm not in the mood to talk, I rarely talk for fear of wasting words, besides who can explain what I'm thinking? Feeling? Reeling back and forth and blinking painfully like the sickening cocktail of

carnival lights and LSD, a chemically induced hall of horrors. Sometimes you lose a grip on your own faith, sometimes you lose a grip on your own hands. You embrace the nothingness and seek to destroy everything that is not you, because everything that is not you is inconsequential. You do things like taking dangerous amounts of speed and sitting down in the middle of an empty room until you're straight again because in a self-destructive fatalistic kind of way it's rather comforting...validating the nothingness.

The coconuts started yammering again, "so how about that blah, blah, blah?" It's funny how the human mind works, you read enough haiku poetry and before long you start thinking in haiku.

It's not really strange
And you can't really stop it
Just the human mind

The funny thing about thought is that all conscious thought is stream of consciousness and the funny thing about stream of consciousness is that it has no cohesive element or structure or plot. It just meanders around and somehow people make sense of their lives and their minds. You seemed like you were struggling to make more sense of my mind than your own. Good luck with that, I hope it works out for you.

"It's time," she said, facing us while still avoiding eye contact.

Déjà vu. A chill ran up my spine, forcing me upright as I neatly replaced the newspaper on the mahogany coffee table in front of me. I edged forward, I passed the coconut people, they seemed quite happy in the co-dependent stupor. You followed me. I followed my reflection. Standing stalwart at the doors of misconception. You looked at me. "It's time", I said.

poetry

fondling his hot ram rod
spray animal liquid
smear myself
grind
penetrate
juice it
purr

by Melissa Vine

Fresh Mayo fries
Turgid, hot, goldenskin
steaming up the glass.
sexual.

by Nikita

drip the agony away
behind
between
I need the velvet musk

by Michael Fyfe

i watch the hamster
fur soft like a squishy thing
i rub him all over

by Linda Rust

strung from a great height
fat shaft of tender meat
oh how i love fritz

by Enzo Papagorgakis

i'm in love with a girl called bonnie.
she has red hair and freckles.
i'd like her to be my main squeeze.

by Susan Ridgeway

my womb is filled with a great longing
for life and a chance to be free
or perhaps it's a whole other story
maybe i just need to pee.

by Marcus Feelstron

the ducks stare at me from the river
they can read my mind
i wish the ducks would die

by Donnel



Douglas
Kennedy
The Pursuit of
Happiness

The Pursuit of Happiness
Douglas Kennedy
Random House
\$ 29.95

Oh give me some Prozac. This is the most depressing book I have ever read. I'm all for books that don't sugar coat real life dilemmas, some of them have a hint of joy, but this was all doom and gloom. I guess I really shouldn't be so hard on *The Pursuit of Happiness*, I did enjoy it and it had me captivated for days, but left me wanting more of the Hollywood happy endings I've grown accustomed to.

The Pursuit of Happiness follows the life of Sara Smythe an aspiring journalist in her tale of love and defeat. Its your basic him and her love story except this one has a few extra spouses added in for fun. There are some really cute scenes of the happy couple and some really great friendships illustrated, but for each of these there are also heart-wrenching displays of loss and ruin.

The book has an excellent storyline that really hooks you in. I kept reading mainly because; first, I was waiting for it to start getting all happy (which really didn't happen). Second, I was waiting for the witch-hunt alluded to in the blurb. Now, for all those not completely keyed up on their American history, the McCarthy Witch-hunts were about the American government terrorising communists during the Cold War, and not the actual pursuit of witches. I was actually quite disappointed by this, as I wanted to see how a real witch-hunt would fit into a 1940's scene. And third, I was just waiting for it to end.

It has big-ish print that is the main reason for its size, it looks like a hefty book but it actually isn't that challenging. The characters are well formed and have a fair amount of depth, although one or two tend to play into conventional stereotypes. Two in particular are (I think) supposed to be contradictions to the 1940's stereotype but instead just fell into another archetype.

I would recommend this book to anyone who loves the fantasy of true love that lasts over all bounds, a person who believes some people are destined to be together. *The Pursuit of Happiness* tries to focus on this love and also on the amazing personal struggle of its main character Sara. I feel it somehow fails in this, but if you're a hopeless romantic like me you'll probably love it.

Belle

THE SNOW GARDEN

CHRISTOPHER
RICE

The Snow Garden
Christopher Rice
Pan Books
\$18.50

Set in freshman year at Atherton University, Christopher Rice's second novel is an enthralling, psychological thriller that explores the depths of human emotion and sexual indulgence. When the body of a professor's wife is found in an icy river, recollections of a similar death some twenty years before come flooding back and rumours of murder and deception become widespread throughout the university.

The story follows three friends, Kathryn, Jesse and Randall, all desperately seeking refuge from their dark, secretive pasts back home who find themselves intertwined in an intriguing web of murder, lies and deceit. Rice's characters are particularly likeable and the presence of their own individual flaws makes them seem genuine. The affair between Randall and a professor at the university escalates the situation even further and increases the tension between the friends until it is uncertain who can be trusted. As the plot develops, we discover that Kathryn's morbid past of dark sexual secrets begins to catch up with her and this too adds to the tension and suspense. As the characters share the experience of extensive drug and alcohol abuse, they develop much closer relationships, but maintain a certain distance in the hope of not revealing their pasts.

Rice's extensive descriptions throughout *The Snow Garden*, enables readers a vivid and precise understanding of freshman life on the Atherton University campus. However, at times Rice is over-descriptive, which detracts from the story itself, as the intense and compelling nature of the story is lost amongst the extensive and often unnecessary descriptions.

Rice depicts an extremely bleak and intense view of raw human emotions, which offers little hope on any level. However, Rice continues to tempt readers by dangling information just far enough in front to ensure one keeps reading.

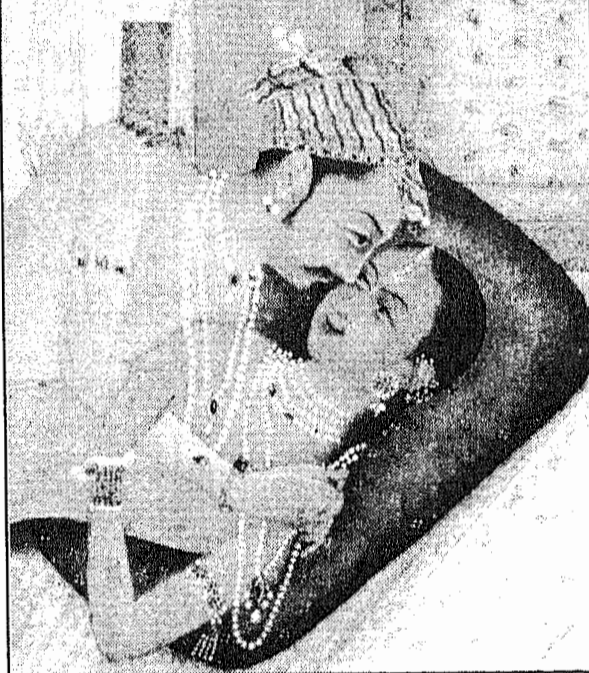
In his second novel, Christopher Rice follows his mother's footsteps in bringing a dark, intense story to life. His characters are not only fascinating, but engaging as well, with the reader getting to know and understand Kathryn, Jesse and Randall towards the completion of the story. Although Rice's psychological thriller is enough to keep one guessing at every stage in the book, it's likely that only the truly passionate readers will delve through the 400 pages to solve the whodunit.

Mitch

OXFORD WORLD'S CLASSICS

KAMASUTRA

A new translation by Wendy Doniger and Sudhir Kakar
WITH COLOUR ILLUSTRATIONS



Kamasutra
Translated by W. Doniger & S. Kakar
Oxford Press
\$14.99

The Kamasutra. We've all heard of it, made quips about it and watched Homer flick through it (whilst driving, mind you), but how many of us have actually read it? The good news is that whether you have read it or not, interested parties will want to seek out this new, most accurate English translation of the oldest Hindu existing erotic text thus far. And yes, there are illustrations, but more on those later.

The translators begin by providing a wonderfully detailed introduction that sheds light on the historical background of the text, (concluding that *The Kamasutra* was most likely

written in third-century Northern India by Vatsyayana Mallanaga) and its interpretations through time. This introduction also serves to remind us that *The Kamasutra* was a text created within a certain time and culture, a fact often forgotten when we can so easily hold it up as some infallible document, as though it is the final word on all things sexual. Doniger and Kakar also provide translations of excerpts from commentaries including the earliest Sanskrit commentary from the 13th century, and a recent 20th century Hindi commentary, as well as their own detailed explanatory notes.

Previous translations of the text, such as the most commonly encountered 19th century Sir Richard Burton translation, were heavily filtered through the lens of Victorian prudishness, more than a hint of Orientalism, and in some cases were just plain inaccurate. For instance, the Burton edition used the Hindu words 'lingam' and 'yoni' in reference to the sexual organs, but these words are not actually in the original text. This new translation direct from the original Sanskrit seeks to redress the inaccuracies, by presenting the text in an uncensored manner.

As for the content, *The Kamasutra* is literally a treatise (*sutra*) on pleasure and love (*kama*). Therefore it not only describes various sexual positions (and which are best suited for partners of various builds and sizes), but discusses the varieties of kissing and the importance of scratching and biting, how to flirt, how to seduce someone else's spouse, blend potions to stimulate a sagging libido and more. In fact, the section detailing the sexual positions is a little anti-climactic, and confined to a mere four or so pages. Furthermore, the infamous illustrations were added some time after the text was written, no doubt because controversy helped sell books then in ancient India as it does now (in addition to Oprah's Book Club). There are example illustrations included from early Sanskrit versions, but those seeking hardcore titillation are advised to seek it elsewhere. *The Kamasutra* is more about the pursuit of pleasure and the art of living, presenting a holistic view where "religion, power and pleasure" are combined and connected.

Less open minded readers may find some its teachings most un-PC, such as the encouragement of infidelity and sections on how to slap a woman during sex (don't worry, women are encouraged to slap back). Again, it must be remembered that the text has a history and culture surrounding it, and this influence is not minor. Also, a great deal of the book is directed at men, (it was intended to be a manual for upper class men-about-town) however, there is much to say about women's manipulation of men, particularly in the sections which detail how a courtesan is to determine who she sees as a "friend, eligible lover, and ineligible lover".

Still, *The Kamasutra* is not without relevance today. With much to say on the psychology of human relations, there are many insights within that still apply. At the least, it provides a fascinating insight into the historical examination of human relationships, and you will wonder about how much has changed. If you are after a sexually graphic how-to book with positions only a Yogic Master could manage to squeeze into, then *The Kamasutra* is not the best book for your needs. This new edition is more for those who have a wider, all encompassing view of the erotic.

dan V

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23

DID YOU SAY ANAL PROBE?



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

The Theatre Guild are taking the Bard clubbing in the next production of their 2002 season, *Much Ado About Nothing*, opening Saturday night in the Little Theatre.

Inspired by Shakespeare's original setting of Messina in Italy, the Guild have created Club Messina, a rave warehouse complete with playground equipment, toys and an MC.

At Club Messina, we meet Beatrice and Benedick, who are both determined not to fall in love - especially with each other. On the other hand their friends, Claudio and Hero, are out to prove that love at first sight can happen. But when the devilish Don John hatches a plan to ruin everyone's night, things take an unexpected turn.

Much Ado About Nothing is one of Shakespeare's most vibrant comedies, and the media release promises that this production is "fast, funny and physical". Directed by Martin Laud, the play features actors including David Buchanan, Catherine Campbell, Simon Davey and Scott Harrison.

Much Ado About Nothing runs from 3 to 17 August at 7.30pm. Tickets are \$20, \$15 conc. Call 8303 5999 or BASS on 131 246 for bookings.

Wuthering Heights Odeon Theatre

Not being a fan of schmaltz, I had my reservations about reviewing this particular production. However, I was surprised to find myself fully awake and enthralled by the premier of Independent Theatre's stage adaptation of Emily Bronte's quintessential love story, *Wuthering Heights*.

Mercifully, director Rob Croser appears to have encouraged his cast not to overplay the romance of the story without compromising the text of Bronte's classic novel. In fact, Croser's stage play remains so true to the book that some might find the production a shade longer than anticipated. A strict regimen of leg exercises and ablutions during the lengthy intermission is thoroughly recommended.

But I digress. Tahli Corin and Nick Opolski are both outstanding as secret lovers Catherine and Heathcliff. As per usual, serial Independent Thespian Joseph Hines positively oozes charisma, taking the roles of Edgar, Linton and Mr Lockwood in his handsome stride. I love Joey. He's ace.

Croser's purist take on *Wuthering Heights* is definitely not a laugh minute, action-packed sex romp. Nevertheless, it is a finely executed adaptation of one of the most famous novels of the nineteenth century - well worth seeing for those of us studying English literature.

Stanley George

SUBMISSIONS FOR OPEN SPACE 2002

Open Space is a performance and visual arts showcase to be held in October and December as part of the *inspace* program at the Adelaide Festival Centre.

Designed to show new work from emerging and established artists, Open Space will be held in the Space Theatre and Festival Centre foyers. Any one can apply in any art form or combinations of forms.

The Festival Centre will provide marketing, venue coordination and in-theatre technical support to successful applicants. Preference will be given to artists that display recent new developments.

Performances will be performed between 2 and 7 December. Submissions should be no longer than 20 minutes. Visual Arts exhibitions will run from 3 October to 7 December and applicants should propose one piece only.

To register your interest, call Lucy Guster on 8216 8749 or email lucy.guster@afct.org.au. Applications close 30 August.

SALA WEEK 2-11 August

Established in 1998 by the Australian Commercial Galleries Association, South Australian Living Artists Week (SALA) aims to promote and celebrate the work of the many talented artists living and working in South Australia. This year more than 600 artists will exhibit in 180 venues across the state.

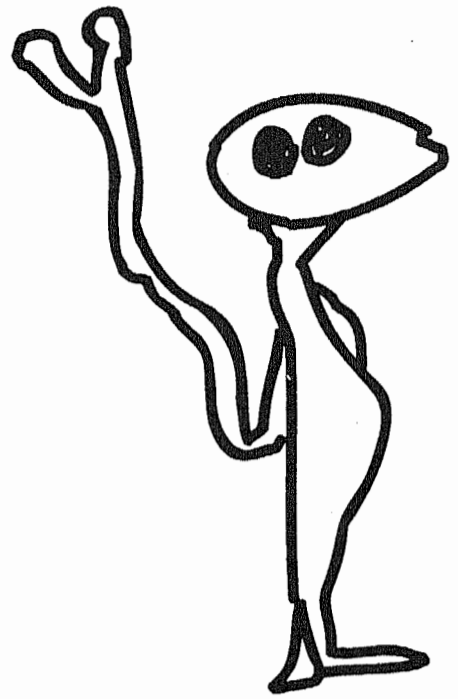
There's so much to see, so it's hard to know what to attend. THE JAM FACTORY (19 Morphett St, Adelaide) has three exhibitions. **Rik Barnsley**, former head of the Metal Studio at the Jam Factory, has produced a range of vessels, wall pieces and jewellery for his first solo exhibition. Stimulated by environmental concerns about energy, **Aaron Lance Robinson** and **Nico Kelly** have produced several experimental new lighting designs. **Kirsten Coehlo** has created a range of innovative and refined porcelain pieces.

At the GREENAWAY ART GALLERY (39 Rundle St, Kent Town), **Annette Bezor's** exhibition *Cloning the Ultimate Appropriation* explores the various images of women. The gallery will also exhibit a collection of rare vintage photographs by **Mark Kimber**, taken in the early 1980s. The photos present ordinary South Australia places, like bus stops and beaches, in a new light. The images have been described as "lights disappearing down a tunnel, compelling us to look before they disappear".

In the Artspace at the ADELAIDE FESTIVAL CENTRE, **India Flint** and **Stephanie Radok** will display their new work, *The Immigrant's Garden*. The garden explores our sense of place and the continuing journey towards understanding and belonging. India's work uses textiles and paper, while Stephanie's features paint and plaster.

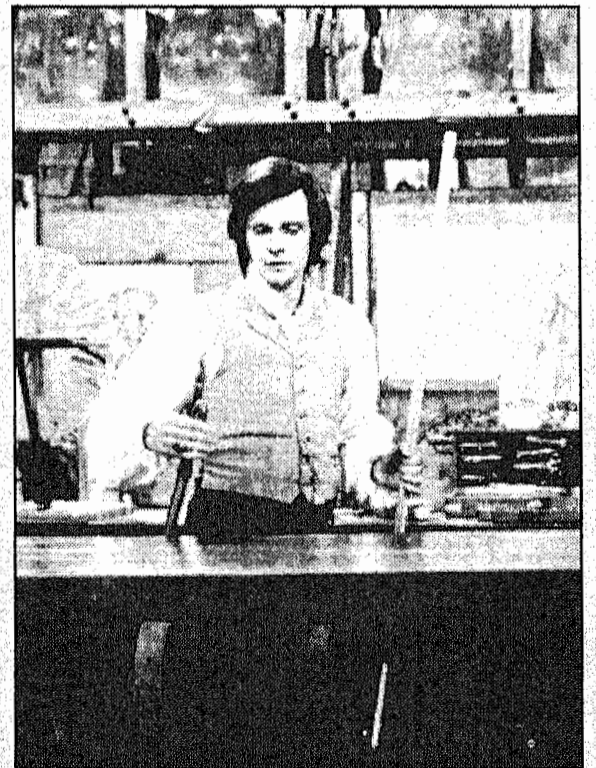
Most SALA week events are free. For more info, programs can be picked up from all over the place including shops, galleries and other arts organizations.

DOODLE OF THE WEEK



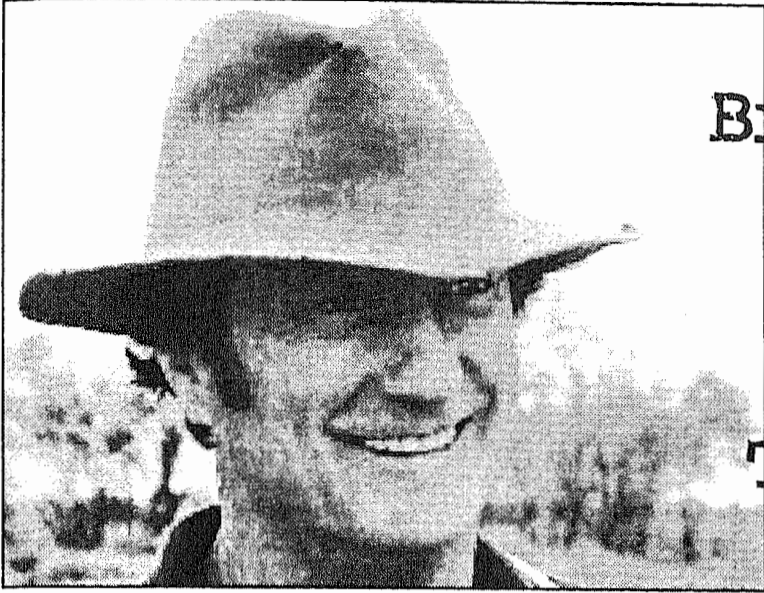
We know there are more doodles out there. Celebrate your extra-sensory doodling abilities by teleporting down to the *On Dit* office and revealing your artwork. The next doodle you see on this page might be your own.

WORKING LONG HOURS IN THE LAB?



GET SOME ART INTO YA

Want to write stuff for the Arts section? We're after more people to write theatre reviews, do interviews, and come up with drawings/cartoons etc. If you're interested, if you've done stuff before and want to do more, leave your name and number for Emily in the *On Dit* office.



Bryan Brown & Kestie Morassi Talk Dirty

During a recent rainy day in a plush inner city hotel, I was fortunate enough to spend some time chatting to Bryan Brown, Australian film icon, and producer/star of the Aussie made crime flick, *Dirty Deeds*, and his newcomer co-star, ex-Adelaide girl, Kestie Morassi.

Asked how he came to produce as well as star in director David Caesar's latest, Bryan explained how their paths crossed at the Toronto Film Festival in 1996. "David was there with *Idiot Box* which he wrote and directed, I was there with *Dead Heart* which I produced and starred in. He approached me about a film he wanted to do which was based on a legendary incident in crime folklore in Australia when the Mafia came in the late 60's to horn in on the profits from the illegal gambling. I knew of the incident, and David said 'I want you to play the crime boss, Barry Ryan' and I thought I wouldn't mind producing it, because I had just finished this journey producing with Nick Parsons on *Dead Heart* and I really loved the whole five years experience of it." Bryan was full of praise for his director, and relates his keenness to work with him. "He comes from somewhere when he tells his stories....he is technically proficient and obviously knows how to use cameras, but there's a bigness about how this guy directs. It was mainly inspired by the fact that David wanted me to work with him, and I wanted to work with the guy and secondly I knew the incident and thought "yeah, that's a great story, we can make something of it.""

The pair developed a strong working relationship, working together on script tweaks for four years. In the meantime, Brown was approached by Gregor Jordan to star as Pando, a similarly tough Sydney crime boss to his character Barry Ryan in *Dirty Deeds* in his contemporary Aussie crime flick *Two Hands*. Brown recalls that his director was anxious. "David was like: "Is it anything like what we've been working on for three years? And I'm like "Nah ah, it's nothing like it! (laughs) When *Two Hands* came out, David went through a slight depression, where he was like: "Oh my God! Bryan's playing this crime boss in Sydney in this other film!" Brown points out the significant differences between the characters soon became apparent and alleviated his fears of

repeating himself. "I was slightly worried, I didn't want to repeat Pando, but immediately when I started doing it, I wasn't repeating him. Also *Two Hands* doesn't have much on Pando's private life, whereas *Dirty Deeds* has much more of Barry's relationship with his wife....that to me is significant." Whilst not being hooked on tough guys per se, Brown concedes that he is attracted to these roles as they allow him as an actor given reign and able "to run with the character".

Newcomer Kestie Morassi landed the role of Margaret, Barry's mistress. When quizzed whether her first major film role was nerve wracking working alongside such experienced actors as John Goodman and Toni Collette (playing Brown's Lady Macbeth-like ambitious wife), she explains: "I knew Bryan was attached to the films because I auditioned with him, but I had no idea Toni was in the film, I had no idea John Goodman was in the film, or Sam Neill, and I found out about those three after I got the part. That's when I started....slightly shitting myself...not in a bad way though!", she added laughing. "But naturally I think when you work with such professional actors, your game gets picked up, and I was obviously there because they wanted me there, so that kind of relaxed me a bit and I thought "Oh yeah, I'm supposed to be there, I can have fun with this" I asked her if she gained any insights into new techniques or other practical tips from her fellow cast members, to which she replied, "Not technique so much as learning how to approach the day; going in, having fun with it and having confidence in your director and the other actors....I couldn't have anything but the utmost confidence working with these actors, so I was very lucky."

The large list of quality talent is indeed one of the films main draw cards, and quite a coup for the filmmakers. Brown explained how Goodman came onboard the project. "John Goodman read the script in three days, called back and said "Best script I've read in ages, I'd love to do it". This suited Brown and Caesar well, as Brown points out that Goodman's character of the Chicago gangster Tony Testano who is sent to Sydney to talk business with the players in the local gambling industry "needed balance, his character comes in as a dark figure, but ends up being a positive figure. It's a

complicated character" which required an actor of Goodman's talent. Obviously pleased to have John on board, Brown spoke enthusiastically about the extent of Goodman's consummate professionalism. "You have to remember that September 11 had just happened, and his family were on the other side of the world; not an easy thing to cope with. But he never once allowed what was happening to him on the inside affect how he dealt with us and dealt with his role."

Despite those sombre events, the film has a relaxed air which gives the impression that a laid-back and fun time was had by all on and off the screen. Kestie has fond, yet vague, recollections of drinking with the cast and crew on location in Broken Hill. "I can't remember a whole lot, but I did get up on the bar and do a dance!", she laughs" Brown concurs: "Going on location is always exciting and fun. It's like being a kid again." Brown in particular had a severe case of the giggles when shooting his first scenes with his long time friend, Sam Neill. When asked if he wanted to set the record straight once and for all and explain who lost it first on set, Brown animatedly explains the story behind the infectious laughter. "I had a scene where I'm about to shoot this bloke, and along comes Sam (playing the crooked cop Ray who is on Barry's payroll, but who's anxious to avoid a bloody street war) and he's supposed to tick me off. So here comes Sam, and he starts laying into me, and it just seems so...so fuckin' silly, Sam Neill ticking me off! I lose it, so that got him started, and soon we've all lost it! Twenty minutes goes by and I think "Shit, I'm producing this film as well, and I can't keep a straight face! For me, I think it was just the silliness of Sam Neill telling me off and saying "behave yourself!"

As for the future for these two fine specimens of Australian acting talent, Kestie is in the middle of negotiations for the lead role in an Australian production to be set in 1974, Bryan however, is looking forward to a well earned break after the press rounds for *Dirty Deeds* wind up. "I've been on this for 6 years...soon we'll find out if people enjoy it and if they do I'll be ready to stop and have a holiday in some sort of way, and if they don't I'll still be ready to stop and have a holiday in some sort of way!"

Dan V

Thanks go to Steven Watt for making the interview possible, and extra special thanks to Stuart Beaton for the reproduction of the interview, originally broadcast on "Something's Gotta Give" on July 21st, on 88.7, Adelaide's Coast FM..

BLADE 2

As hardened fans of the first Blade film, we entered the cinema for the sequel with no small amount of excitement. We certainly weren't to be disappointed. The film picks up some time after the last left off, with Blade (Wesley Snipes) rescuing his mentor Whister (Kris Kristofferson) from the clutches of evil. The real story, however, comes from the threat of a new race of 'super vampires' or Reapers. These insidious creatures feed on vampires themselves, transforming them into insatiable monsters. The Vampire Nation enlists the help of Blade to destroy this new threat. It's all very 'enemy of my enemy is my friend grasshopper'. Blade struggles briefly with this ethical dilemma after spending *Blade* fighting them, but for the good of the world he agrees. What a nice man. It's clear that Blade has matured between films: he seems to have come to a zen-like acceptance of what he is, and doesn't recoil from the idea of blood-sucking as much.

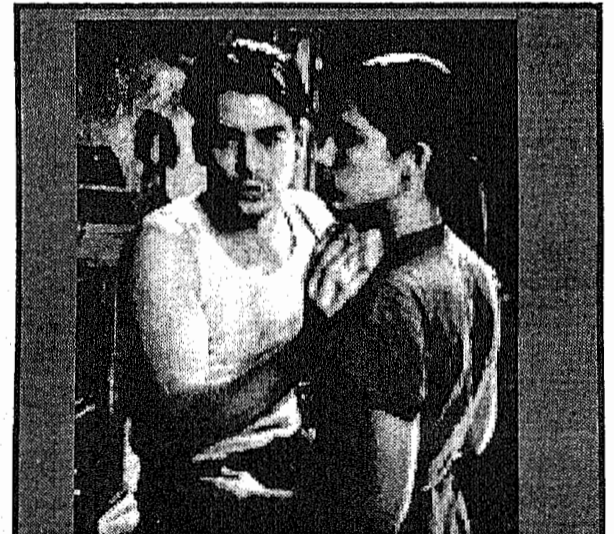
It goes without saying that the special effects of this movie are amazing. We felt a sense of true satisfaction as we watched the vampires explode in a mass of flames as

they were staked, and a damp chill as the Reapers opened their Alien-style mouths to feed. Yeah, that was cool. The martial arts, while somewhat sparser than we would have liked, were seamlessly choreographed, with Snipes providing a satisfying bevy of creature killing moves. The acting too was solid, but let's be frank: no-one really goes to see these movies for the quality of the acting. Still, it was a nice complement to the action. There were no exciting cameos, but there was an excellent bit of casting with one of the members of Bros playing the Reaper leader.

One of the most satisfying aspects of this movie were the one-liners. Clearly, no-one delivers a one liner like Snipes. The best one is at the end, so make sure you don't leave early.

All in all *Blade 2* is a fantastic night out, filled with great martial arts, blood spilling and cool gadgets. However, you might want to leave the kids at home.

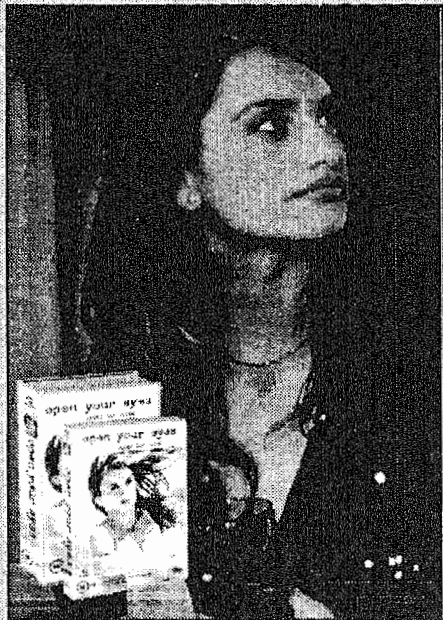
The Hidden Vampires



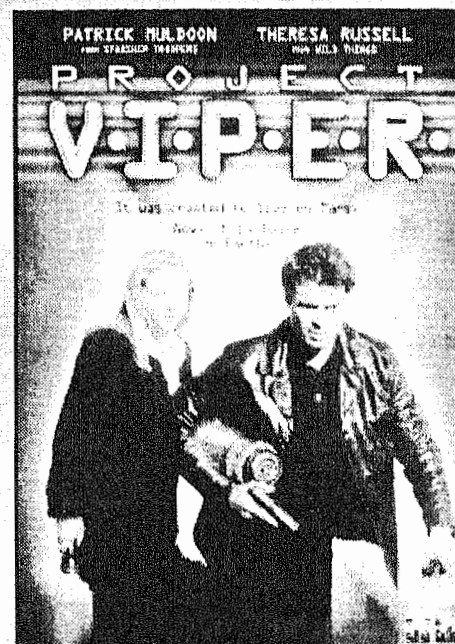
Giveaways

The Devil's Backbone is a stylish Spanish ghost story from producer Pedro Almodovar (*All About my Mother*, and *Tie Me up, Tie me Down*) and director Guillermo del Toro. Opening August 1 exclusively at Palace Nova Cinemas. Set in the final days of the Spanish Civil War, a young boy arrives at an orphanage and discovers that it harbours a ghostly secret. Thanks to Palace Nova, *On Dit* has five in season double passes to the film to giveaway. To win yourself one, come the *On Dit* office Thursday @ 2.00 p.m and name the horror film also directed by del Toro currently showing in cinemas now. (hint: read the reviews on this page!)

Videos - They Are Among Us



George found that he was often mistaken for Chewbacca at Sci Fi conventions.



Abre Los Ojos (Open Your Eyes)

1998 D: Alejandro Amenábar
Eduardo Noriega, Penélope Cruz
Chete Lera, Fele Martínez
The AV Channel

In the mood for something that will really mess with your mind? Then look no further than the brilliant psychological thriller *Abre Los Ojos* (*Open Your Eyes*). This Spanish film from the director of *The Others* is devilishly clever and highly engrossing. Released in 1998, it is available for the first time on video courtesy of The AV Channel.

Eduardo Noriega stars as César, a handsome womaniser who seems to have it all - a luxury apartment, a beautiful girlfriend named Nuria (Najua Nimri) and a successful restaurant chain which he inherited from his late father. At his twenty-fifth birthday party he meets and is immediately bewitched by the lovely Sofía (Penélope Cruz), whom he is introduced to by his best friend Pelayo (Fele Martínez). César's subsequent pursuit of Sofía invokes the bitter jealousy of Nuria, who commits suicide by driving her car into a concrete wall.

Unfortunately, César occupies the passenger seat at the time and, while he survives, he suffers horrific facial injuries which are diagnosed as incurable by a team of highly trained cranio-facial specialists. The tragically deformed young man sinks into a downward spiral of depression and despair and his relationship with Sofía begins to deteriorate. He steadily alienates all those closest to him - even his best friend Pelayo. Suddenly, César's privileged existence has become a nightmare. The line between reality and dreams becomes blurred, and César begins to fear that he is losing his mind. He is committed to a mental hospital where he is informed by a sympathetic psychiatrist that he is to be charged with Nuria's murder.

Abre Los Ojos is reminiscent of David Fincher's *The Game* in its serpentine plotting and fascinating denouement. It is no surprise that director Cameron Crowe chose to remake it in 2001 as *Vanilla Sky* - Penélope Cruz reprises her role as Sofía in Crowe's almost shot-for-shot retelling. I saw *Vanilla Sky* first and emerged from the cinema feeling totally confused and yet intrigued by the film's thought-provoking premise. When I saw *Abre Los Ojos*, everything suddenly made sense - you might say my eyes were opened!

James Trevelyan
Special Thanks to Jonathon Alley

Bubble Boy

2001 D: Blair Hayes
Jake Gyllenhaal, Swoosie Kurtz
Marley Shelton, Verne Troyer
Buena Vista Home Entertainment

Jimmy Livingston (Jake Gyllenhaal - *October Sky*) lives in a bubble in Palm Dale, California. (If you have not guessed, this is a comedy.) He was born without immunities, which means he must be protected from the harsh germs that exist beyond the plastic bubble that is his home. He should also be protected from his All-American, Crazy-Christian Mom who feeds him a staple diet diet of Crucifix cookies. His Mom is intent on protecting her only child from the 'whore next door', a pretty young thing who befriends Jimmy, while the rest of the neighbourhood kids treat him like a freak; 'He's not a monster you guys. He's just a boy in a bubble'. Jimmy, ensconced in his giant prophylactic world, realizes that he loves the whore, but she is about to get married to a total berk in faraway Niagara Falls in only three days' time. Well. Gosh darn! That Bubble Boy's gonna have to break out of his bubble and get his girl.

It is at this point that *Bubble Boy* takes on a road trip feel as Jimmy dons a special bubble suit and encounters crazy, zany, madcap characters on the way to Niagara Falls. On this strange journey Jimmy encounters a cult led by Fabio (the most beautiful man in the cosmos). It is worth trawling through the mire of bad comedy that pervades this film simply to discover the rare moments of inspired lunacy. The cult's theme song, 'Bright And Shiny' is one such moment. It's a hoot. From here on in, the film spends most of the time making jokes at the expense of some hideously disfigured people in a Freak Circus run by Verne Troyer (Mini Me from *Austin Powers*). Jimmy also runs into *Seinfeld*'s Baboo who plays an ice cream/curry vendor. That man needs to stop waving that finger. He has a very bad career, a very, very bad career!

Bubble Boy suffers from poorly constructed scenes, a weak script and a reliance on bad taste humour. It also suffers from the fact that it is a lame idea for a film. There is just not enough material to justify a feature-length film. But I've seen worse.

David Finch
Special Thanks to Sheenal Kishore

Project Viper

2002 D: Jay Andrews
Patrick Muldoon, Theresa Russell
Columbia TriStar Home Entertainment

'Viper' - a watery monster which has colossal tentacles - can evaporate into the ground and skin its victims into diminutive pieces. It is one potent creation! This quadruped has been designed, via a microchip, by a group of prodigy scientists from NASA, and its sole *raison d'être* is to live on Mars. But a second version has escaped and is now wreaking havoc upon the earth.

In the tradition of the dire *Species* but with a similarly impotent cast, Conners (Patrick Muldoon), a problem solver with the Government, and Burnham (Theresa Russell), a NASA inventor whom helped to create the sci-fi creature, become the saviours of this story. We are forced to endure their flippant satire as they attempt to outmaneuver and eradicate the beast, to rescue the world from its mutating and procreating tendencies.

What is the talented Theresa Russell doing in this dreck? She has made some cool stuff during the course of her career; she was excellent in Nicholas Roeg's relentlessly bizarre *Track 29*, in which she plays the mentally disturbed survivor of a vicious rape which has transformed her into an alcoholic and total recluse. And who could forget her role as a prostitute in Ken Russell's *Whore*, in which she brazenly tells one of her clients, 'See ya in church'? That she has been reduced to appearing in a turkey like *Project Viper* is sad indeed.

I sense that *Project Viper* was designed to please the undemanding viewer - no offence to the screenwriter or director - but I wondered in a rather perplexed manner if any of the actors read the script before signing on. And there can't be much to add because there was no substance, unnerving action sequences, romance, foreplay, sex, endearing characters, cool special effects, or farcical jokes. Every moment has B-grade elements, hence the straight-to-video release format. So why rent it...?

Matthew Herfurth
Special Thanks to Zannie Abbott

Videos - I Want To Believe

Gratnost

The Gratuitous
Nostalgia Selection

Withnail and I

1987 D: Bruce Robinson
Paul McGann, Richard E. Grant
Richard Griffiths, Ralph Brown
RCA/Columbia/Hoyts

Withnail and Marwood are a pair of out-of-work actors who inhabit a dreary cold water flat in Camden Town, London at the end of the Sixties. Living on the dole, their diet consists of a steady stream of cigarettes and cheap booze. Desperate to escape the depressing milieu of a city in decay, Marwood proposes a weekend getaway in the country. He suggests that Withnail contact his rich and decidedly eccentric uncle Monty and ask him if they might use his cottage in the Lakes District for a weekend of relaxation and fresh country air.

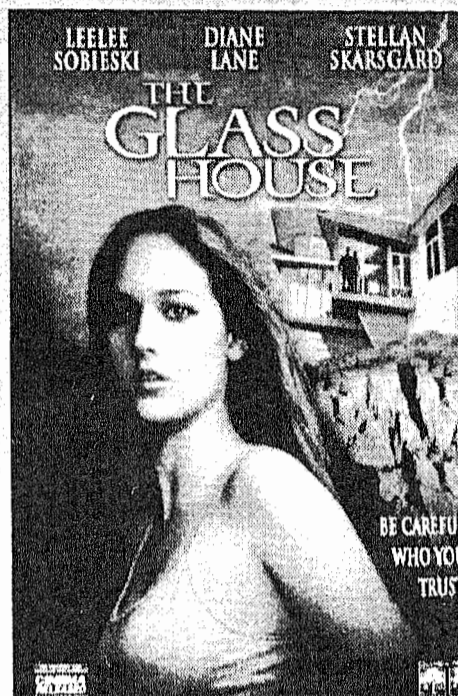
So the two of them visit Monty and ask for the key to the holiday house. However, Monty is hesitant to surrender it, and so Withnail surreptitiously tells his openly gay uncle that the handsome young Marwood is not only also of a homosexual persuasion but is available. Monty gives Withnail the key, and Withnail and Marwood set off for the country in their beat-up Jag.

What follows is some hilarious fish-out-of-water comedy as the chain-smoking, foul-mouthed Withnail and the neurotic Marwood attempt to cope with country life, which is totally unlike what they expected. Being lifelong city slickers, the pair are completely incapable of dealing with and making sense of their new, alien surroundings. The comic highlights include a face off with an angry bull, an unnerving encounter with a gruff poacher who hides eels down his trousers, and a great scene in the highly conservative Penrith Tea Rooms, a quaint little café populated exclusively by the elderly. Withnail and Marwood, drunk as lords, barge in and demand 'cakes and fine wines' and are informed, in no uncertain terms, that if they do not vacate the premises immediately, the police will be summoned. Playing along with Marwood's absurd assertion that they are not, in fact, drunks but multi-millionaires, Withnail tells the customers that they will "buy this place and install a fucking jukebox. Liven all you stiff up a bit!".

Then, in the midst of all this Midlands madness, Monty shows up at the cottage seeking his prize... namely Marwood. Monty is determined to have his way with the strictly heterosexual Marwood, who is repelled by and terrified of the man's advances. Marwood is clearly not interested in Monty, but, as Monty tells him in a moment of unbridled lust: "I mean to have you even if it must be *burglary!*" Will Marwood escape intact?

Ralph Brown is wonderful as Danny, a ne'er-do-well drug dealer who spouts dubious philosophy and who introduces Withnail and Marwood to the infamous Camberwell Carrot, which is a joint roughly the size of a softball bat. And there is a great soundtrack featuring The Jimi Hendrix Experience, George Harrison and King Curtis. How can you go wrong with a film that closes with a particularly poignant Shakespeare soliloquy?

James Trevelyan



The Glass House

2002 D: Daniel Stackheim
Leelee Sobieski, Diane Lane
Stellan Skarsgard, Bruce Dern
Columbia TriStar Home
Entertainment

The frolic-filled lives of Ruby (Leelee Sobieski) and her sibling Rhett change when they are informed that their parents have died in a car accident. They are taken under the wings of the Glasses – Erin and Terry. The Glasses are long-time friends of Ruby's family, and they feel that their sumptuous, affluent surroundings will be a good environment for the newly orphaned children.

Pretty soon, Ruby begins to feel suspicious of the couple. Beneath their smooth, professional exterior, they are pretty eerie folk! Then unusual and unsettling things begin to happen which reinforce Ruby feelings of unease. In due time, the dark side of the Glasses is revealed. We begin to understand their motivations – the truth about the death of Ruby's parents, Ruby and Rhett's large inheritance, and Erin and Terry's evil nature. Ruby and Rhett devise a plan to escape from the Glasses' clutches.

The Glass House is supposed to mildly entertain but I found that its surprises were fairly unexciting. In fact, I guessed the outcome of the film's scenario almost immediately... anyone could have done! I hoped this would have a climactic ending, but that never came. Perhaps the only saviour of this outing are Leelee's Meryl Streep-esque acting abilities. She gives a distinguished performance which will doubtless take her to future stardom.

I had expectations for *The Glass House*, but then I remembered that previews deceive. I can't force myself to praise this because it is a plodding, ho-hum tale of two loser adults, both of whom have addictions, and their doomy, obsessed and avaricious nature. But they underestimated the power of a girl named Ruby...

Matthew Herfurth
Special Thanks to Zannie Abbott

DVD



Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back

2001 D: Kevin Smith
Jason Mewes, Kevin Smith
Shannon Elizabeth, Ben Affleck
Buena Vista Home
Entertainment

Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back is the fifth film featuring the two loveable slackers Jay and Silent Bob. It follows *Clerks*, *Mallrats*, *Chasing Amy*, and *Dogma*. In their latest adventure, Jay (Jason Mewes) and Silent Bob (Kevin Smith) are men on a mission. The two friends were the inspiration for comic book characters Bluntman and Chronic, and as *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back* opens, Jay and Silent Bob find that a major motion picture entitled *Bluntman and Chronic* (based upon the characters the two slackers inspired) is being made. And without their consent! They are understandably annoyed and concerned that the film will cause them to be forever known as pothead losers to the world at large. So they set off for Hollywood with the intention of sabotaging the picture.

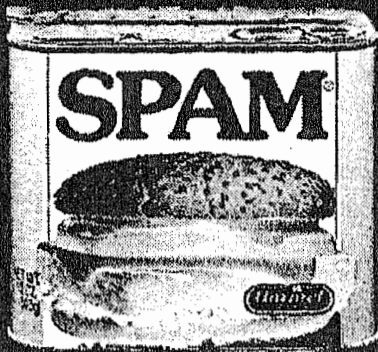
Along the way Jay and Silent Bob inadvertently kidnap an orangutan; they are tricked into doing this by Justice (Shannon Elizabeth) and three other lovelies. Justice and her cohorts have Jay and Silent Bob kidnap the animal so that it will distract the authorities from their crime, a jewel robbery. Jay and Silent Bob soon find themselves pursued by the police while Justice and her crew escape with the jewels. Justice bewitches Jay with her comeliness and, despite her manipulative actions, true love blossoms between them.

Perhaps the best thing about *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back* are the cameo appearances; these are lots of fun. I found the film's humour to be pretty weak; I guess I expected much more out of it. Some of it is pleasing but it soon runs dry and it occasionally reminded me of how acutely one-dimensional American burlesques can be. You know what I mean! I thought this was going to be good when it was released, but the insipid slapstick did not amuse me. There are some laughs to be had, but they are pretty few and far between. Mostly, they are cued by Jay's over-the-top swearing and Bob's silence-with-violence.

DVD Extras: A few simple trailers – *Crazy/Beautiful* and *Serendipity*. There is also a wonderful audio commentary featuring writer/director Kevin Smith, producer Scott Mosier and Jason Mewes. These guys provide insightful information about the scenes, the actors used in them and general production methods.

Matthew Herfurth
Special Thanks to Sheenal Kishore

Spam Of The Week



The Top 12 Things Uttered by Yoda While Making Love

12. "Ahhh! Yoda's little friend seek you!
11. "Excuse me while I put a shield on my saber, Sweetheart."
10. "Now you know why they put one of me in every Happy Meal, do you?"
9. "Cuddling, afterplay — a Jedi craves not these things."
8. "Down here, I am. Find a ladder, must I!"
7. "Do me or do me not — there is no try."
6. "Early must I rise. Leave now must you!"
5. "You know, this would be a lot more fun without Frank Oz's hand up my ass."
4. "Happens to every guy sometimes this does."
3. "When 900 years old you get, Viagra you need too, hmmmm?"
2. "Who's your Jedi master? WHO'S your Jedi Master?"

and the Number 1 Thing Uttered by Yoda While Making Love...

1. "Ow, ow, OW! On my ear you are!"



hmm... came too early you did...

The Top 15 "Star Wars" Euphemisms for Masturbation

15. Shooting Womprats in Beggar's Canyon
14. Grooming the Wookie
13. Making the Kessel Run
12. Polishing Vader's Helmet
11. Evacuating Tatooine
10. Unsheathing the Meatsaber
9. Releasing the Special Edition
8. Jumping to Delight Speed
7. Communicating with Red Leader One
6. Lightsaber Practice with Captain Solo
5. Tinkering With the R2 Unit
4. Manually Targeting the Rebel Base
3. Performing the Jedi Hand Trick
2. Scratching Yoda Behind the Ears

and the Number 1 "Star Wars" Euphemism for Masturbation...

1. Test Firing the Death Star

SEND ME YOUR SPAM. Email Alternika at alternika@hotmail.com with your Spam and URLs, or visit the Spam of the Week website: <http://www.spam.hotfire.net>.



Where was Kingkong when we needed him?

Signs Your Starfleet Captain Might Be Gay

Every weekend Astrometrics is converted into a nightclub. Replicators dispense flavoured condoms with all alcoholic beverages. Klingon Opera always brings a tear to his eyes. The Holo Doctor is replaced with a much younger version who works out a lot and is eventually relocated to the Captains quarters to monitor his recurring prostate infection. Before away missions, all phasers are mandatorily set to slap-on-the-wrist. Mess-hall has adjoining sauna facilities and video editing room. New recruits are actively encouraged to use the velcro trampoline located in the Captain's quarters. In his back pocket the Captain always carries a slim volume of Vulcan poetry. Captain personally overseas all new recruits' physical examinations, "cough please". All executive officers are encouraged to wear fluffy kitten slippers. Communal showers on every deck. Captain's ready room moved to back of ship in accordance with Feng Shui. Friday is denim shorts day.

Signs Your Starfleet Captain Might Be A Lesbian

She always sends men on Away Missions. She parks her Mac truck in the Cargo Bay. Offering asylum to visiting alien females is Standard Procedure. She wears a checked shirt in her quarters. Her Ready-Room is populated with numerous scented candles of various shapes and sizes. She only visits the ship's beautician for her weekly nail-trimming. Every Wednesdays she hosts a women-only poetry reading in the mess-hall. She is Guest Lecturer at the Saffic Academy on Lexbia-Prime. Her favourite holo-programs are the pool at "Sandrine's" (modified), the "Nunnery Retreat Programme" and the "Xena: Warrior-Princess Programme". She orders the addition of a comprehensible list of herbal teas to the replicator database. She names two newly discovered proto-stars the "Ladies of Llangollen". First Contact occurs mostly through personal columns. She names new shuttle-crafts the "Artemis", the "Vita Sackville-West" and the "K.D. Lang". Before away missions, all phasers are mandatorily set to ignore women and kill all men.

Your Starship Captain just might be a redneck if...

your shuttlecraft has been up on blocks for over a month. he paints flames and a NRA sticker on the warp nacelles. you have a shuttle called "Billy Joe Bob". he refers to Klingons as "Critters". he refers to Photon Torpedoes as "Popguns". he has the sensor array repaired with a bent coathanger and aluminum foil. he installs a set of bullhorns on the front of the saucer section. he hangs fuzzy dice over the viewscreen. he rewires his communicator into his belt buckle. he keeps a six-pack under his command chair and a gun rack above it. he says "Yee-Ha!" instead of "Engage". he has a hand-tooled holster for his phaser. he insists on calling his executive officer "Bubba". he programs the food replicator for beer, ribs, and turnip greens. he paints the starship John Deere green. his moonshine is stronger than Romulan Ale. his idea of dress uniform is CLEAN bib overalls. he wears mirrored shades on the Bridge. his idea of a "gas giant" is that big ol' XO Bubba after a meal of beans and weenies.

Star Trek Episodes That Will Never Be Filmed

The Enterprise runs into a mysterious energy field of a type that it has encountered several times before. The crew of the Enterprise discover a totally new lifeform, which later turns out to be a rather well-known old lifeform, wearing a silly hat. A power surge on the Bridge is rapidly and correctly diagnosed as a faulty capacitor by the highly-trained and competent engineering staff. The Enterprise comes across a Garden-of-Eden-like planet called Paradise, where everyone is happy all the time. However, everything is soon revealed to be exactly as it seems. A major Starfleet emergency breaks out near the Enterprise, but fortunately some other ships in the area are able to deal with it to everyone's satisfaction. The crew of the Enterprise is struck by a mysterious illness, but the cure is found in the well-stocked sickbay storeroom. The Enterprise ferries an alien VIP from one place to another without serious incident.

Signs That You're Not Getting Out Enough

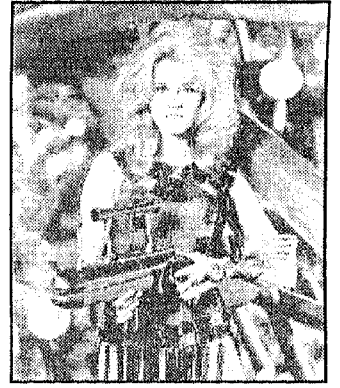
You understood and appreciated every joke on this page. Put down your phaser and look up porn like regular folk.

(ALIEN) SEX AND THE SINGLE STUDENT



Barbarella Queen of the Galaxy shows Madame Vespa how it's done

By Madame Vespa



Well the holidays are now well and truly over. The Fantastic Sam Franzway has gone AWOL in all the holiday kerfuffle and so today, for a little piece of *On Dit* history, I will endeavour to counsel you alone. You are drudging around this wet and cold campus with the realisation that you wasted your two week break finishing off those now very overdue assignments. If you were to hand them up now, the escalating late penalties would reduce you to a grade of minus 205. To make matters worse, the weeks went by so quickly that you didn't manage to indulge in some of that wondrous winter lovin'. Well, to make your first week back a little less dismal, I have decided to provide you with a glimpse of what the rest of the students have been up to and believe you me, after reading this, you will be glad that you stayed at home!

Dear Agony Aunt,
Last week I slept with this guy who insisted that during sex, I scream out the letters of the alphabet. I am terribly dyslexic and sometimes I just can't seem to think of any letters. What should I do?

Dyslexic Doris
Third year Communications

Dear Doris,
Well, this is quite the conundrum. Though you may find this hard to believe, I am sometimes faced with similar troubles while writing this very column. My advice to you is to question why this boy insists you embark upon this strange and bizarre ritual. Does he have early schooling fantasies or is he besotted with the idea that you are learning from this experience? Either way, it is weird and I suggest you find someone who does not challenge your mind but appreciates you for your body.

Dear Agony Aunt,
Is it wrong to chain beautiful semi-naked women to yourself and lick them with your fat slimy tongue?

Love Jabba the Slut
Second year Engineering

Dear Jabba,
Firstly how did you discover our small paper? I was unaware that we distributed to Tatoonine. Secondly, I think it is all very well and good to enjoy such pleasures, whatever gets your engine going! However, beware the repercussions of your actions. It's all fun and games with chains and whips, but remember that one day she will reciprocate with extremely sexy yet fatal strangulation. I am also not down with this whole possession of women thing - oppression, oppression, it's all you boys think about!

Dear Vespa,
I used to possess a huge amount of cool and young vibeness, but lately I feel like nothing but a tarted up old anorexic loser. What can I do to get my mojo back?
P.S. I am sick of being fucked when I am out of the country! Why does this happen to me?

Yours truly,
Natasha Stott-Desbody

Dear Loser,
There is nothing a troggy crackwhore like yourself can do. May I suggest a nice hot bath and a toaster. I hope this helps you to achieve our nation's goals. Please don't let me know how it all turns out, I want to read about your dismal end on the twenty-third page of the Advertiser. Maybe behind the updates of Lleyton Hewitt and the intriguing story of the sad old woman that managed to train her cat to eat at the table with chop sticks.

Dear Madame,

I am of the opinion that this column is produced for the pure purpose of 'filler,' and that you not only make up all the questions but don't even attempt to make them appear genuine.

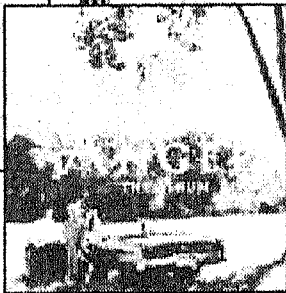
Emma Tom,
A real, live journalist for an established paper, you may have heard of it, it's called *The Australian*.

Dear Tom Girl,
It looks like you have discovered my dirty little secret. However, I still have a few more kept up my sleeve... one of which is that I dream of finding my letterbox overflowing with beautiful original letters of sexual confusion and enough relationship drama to keep the writers of *Home and Away* on their toes. Perhaps one day, the students will realise this too and contribute. I wait for this day and I weep for the future!

Well, I hope this was as good for you as it was for me!
Love and sexual bliss forever
Madame Vespa



When cable breaks... and so does the tv



What are the holidays for but lounging on the couch watching mind-numbing daytime TV. That was my grand idea but my electrical appliances had other plans. Last week while I was in the middle of watching yet another life-changing episode of *Real Rooms*, the Foxtel box decided to rebel and promptly cut off all sound. The picture was coming through loud and clear, but since I am unable to lip read, I immediately rang the cable company for some assistance with my dilemma. I was told to by the helpful operator to check that I didn't have the remote on mute (oh, silly me!), and they then reliably informed me that a repairer would not be available for a week. Oh the horror of it all! No cable for a week! What would I watch?

I managed to avoid this rather existential dilemma for a couple of days, but then on Saturday night while getting ready to go out I decided to see what normal TV had to offer. I flicked through the channels to discover that I had the choice between sport and *Touched By An Angel*. Having decided upon the latter, I sat down with my bottle of red to enjoy a dose

of spiritual healing. Now, for those of you who have not yet had the pleasure of watching this fine piece of patriotic, religious claptrap, it follows the exciting adventures of an earthbound angel as she warms the cockles of peoples' hearts and just generally stickybeaks into others' affairs.

On this particular occasion, the local music teacher has gone off to New York and failed to return after September 11. The Christmas pageant is coming up fast and the Mayor does not have the heart to organise it, despite the fact that she barely knew the teacher. Her youngest son is deeply distressed because the missing man was his drum teacher. The eldest son decides to join the army because after the terrorist attacks there is no longer any peace in the world (he obviously has not been paying any attention in History classes because he seems to have missed the fact that there have been several World Wars already). Although his mother is upset at first, she eventually becomes proud of what her son is doing, because the best way to bring back peace to the world is always to make war. It all ended with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir making a surprise appearance at the pageant, bringing the whole town together in one gooey mass of sticky-sweet sentimental clap-trap.

Now, the moral of this story is not only to avoid watching *Touched By An Angel* at all costs, but to appreciate what cable has to offer. Quite often I find myself flicking through the various channels and finding nothing to watch, but when

compared to the choice that free to air offers, cable is a veritable bonanza of watchable programs. Of course, the cable box was not broken after all, I had simply neglected to check if the plugs at the back were all pushed in correctly (and this, folks, is why I am not doing Engineering). As you are all aware though, life is never this smooth, and as soon as I was settled in to watch cable again, the TV gave up the ghost... the day before the *Buffy* finale. If there is a god, he/she/it sure has a warped sense of humour (as evidenced by *Touched By An Angel*).

Poptart

There was nothing young Doris liked better than to be touched by an Angel



Welcome to another wonderfully studious semester of university. A lot has happened in local music while you were sleeping off the exam stress. Careers have been born and careers have ended sadly. Firstly, congratulations are in order for the three South Australian Unearthed winners. Triple J recently announced the three winners of their

South Australian

Unearthed

competition. The acts in question were Abbie Cardwell, Snap To Zero (who were gracious enough to perform on the back of the O'Ball float in the Fringe parade) and Three Rounds Shy...it seems the giant cogs of the local scene are once again turning.

Eulogy of the Absurd

Prolific, funny, on the verge of stardom. Baterz was the darling of 3-D Radio, a stalwart of the local scene. He turned the acoustic guitar into the most coveted of

melodic instruments. Clever lyrics, infused with

helter-skelter-poly-rhythmic-timing-within-the-timing-syncoptatory-musical-vitriol. Founding member of the Bedridden, famous for their self produced album *It's All Fun and Games Until Someone Loses An Eye*. On Sunday July 28 at the Grace Emily was a tribute gig in memory of Baterz featuring a collection of local musicians performing renditions of their favourite Baterz works. The event featured Leigh Stardust, Juliet Ward, G-Man and others. We'd like to thank all of those who joined together in remembering the music on Sunday and we'd especially like to thank Baterz for being so

fucking brilliant.

With love,

Daniel Varrichio and Michael Elijah

With the fate of local music hanging in the balance new laws regarding live venues have been passed granting "first occupancy rights" to hotels and live venues. A more detailed report can be found in issue

686 of Rip It Up.

Live review

Cookie Baker (Holly Ball)
Rhino Room, July 4

Holly Ball is a staple of the Adelaide acoustic scene, not only does she gig like a maniac but she is co-organiser of Ekoostika held at the Prince Albert on the first Thursday of every month. Regularly gigging, often under the assumed name of Cookie Baker, Holly's melodic folk stylings are as soothing and beautiful as they are unique and hard to define. Her influences are very hard to pick out and heavily shrouded behind a clearly stated and confident musical identity. This all came across wonderfully in Holly's independence day performance. It was late in the evening and the crowd was very sparse, this probably didn't help

atmosphere which seemed

a little flat

throughout the performance and didn't really give the obviously intoxicated Miss Ball a whole lot of energy to feed off. Still the music was wonderfully delivered with all the prettiness and tenderness of a mother singing her child to sleep, the most soulful of lullabies. The original

songs came across true to the form we have come to expect from Holly and the cover she dedicated to one of her friends was fantastic. Holly complained that it was one of her worst ever gigs, a sentiment that the intimate crowd did not seem to reflect. While it wasn't the best performance Holly has given it's a testament to her talent that what she considered to be one of her worst gigs was far better than many others' best.

twister dust-buster

PACIFIER

Having changed their name, Pacifier return to the charts armed with a rocking new single 'Comfort Me' and an album following closely behind. I recently had the chance to catch up with Jon Toogood, singer from what has been named the Hardest Working Band In Rock, to talk about their latest studio work and what it feels like to be launching in to the American market.

"It's so good to be playing live again. It's been a year and a half of writing music, which is absolutely cool; I love the creative buzz, recording music and doing interviews and videos but no real live shows. You start to wonder after a while do I even like this fucking job. It's been really refreshing because we decided at the start of the new tour to just basically play the whole of the new record and it's been magic. We're all absolutely stoked at the moment. As a whole it's probably the most stripped back, honest, brutal record we've done.

"At times recording it was ecstatic, and at times it was so gut wrenchingly soul searching that it was actually really hard work, but luckily we did have the luxury of six months breaking through that barrier and then the next day saying my god that was worth it, we've got the song out of it and it's fantastic. On the whole it was extremely satisfying work, and we worked our arses off."

The standard of song-writing displayed on their latest album is if at all possible superior to their previous release, *The General Electric*. Jon states that the song-writing process has changed in the past year: "Up until now we've always just concentrated on the show while on tour, but then when it comes to writing it just gets harder and harder each time to actually break down the barrier, open up your soul and let it all spill out. You sort of cover up and become hardened when you are out on the road. I find it gets harder and harder to dig down into my soul and actually pull out the music. This time around it was especially like opening up a wound, and it hurt, but I think that the more frequently that you write, the more you let the flow of ideas go. So I've got a dictaphone with me all the time now which keeps it fresh and makes it easier to find that place that music comes from."

The video for latest single 'Comfort Me' is an adrenaline charged joy ride that "was probably the most fun video that we have ever had to make because it was just like going for a ride at Universal Studios. We did it with the stunt guys from *Attack Of The Clones* and *The Matrix* driving the car and also directing the clip. We felt safe but at the same time we were doing these ludicrous stunts and it was just absolutely fun. The stunt guy actually came up with the idea and just rang us up and said he had a great idea for a video, why don't we just smash up these cars and have some fun. We'll pretend that we're bored and just singing the song."

There can hardly be any people left who haven't realised by now that Pacifier were forced to change their name from Shihad after September. It was a hard decision for the band, but "it had to be done because there was no way that after twelve years of working we would not be able to go over to America and beat them at their own game, which was always our dream. I honestly believe that this band rocks harder than American bands, and although to remain Shihad would have been cool and hardline, there would have been no one in America who would have heard our music. So as much as the fans are out there going "Fuck", there was just no way that we were going to not have our music heard. It's a real bummer and it was fucking hardcore for us to do it, people should not think that the decision was taken lightly - it was six months of screaming and fighting with each other, it was the hardest decision we have ever had to make. I'm personally really proud of the name Pacifier, it is a song that is really special to us and also to a lot of fans, and I think that once people hear the record it will all make a lot of sense. I think that next year a lot of time is going to be spent in America, it's one of those things that when you are outside of America, you're really off the radar. This whole thing with September 11 has really brought up a changes within America, because they've never actually had to look outside of their own boundaries before. And for the first time they have said



well, why the fuck do these people hate us."

Pacifier are touring Australia for the next few months before heading over to America in their quest for world domination. Make sure you catch them at one of their fantastic live shows.

Poptart

Pacifier
Comfort Me
Warner

If this single is anything to go by, then the latest album from Pacifier is going to take America by storm. It kicks in with a mighty guitar riff and doesn't let up, blending an incredibly catchy melody with the heavy rock that we all expect. Don't let the name change fool you, Pacifier are just as loud and proud as ever, wearing their rock hearts on their sleeves.

Poptart

Jebediah

WWW.JEBEDIAH.COM.AU



Perth group Jebediah have come a long way as a band since gaining national attention in 1995 as the winners of the national campus band competition (having formed only two months earlier). Things really took off from there, and after two very successful records (*Slightly Odway* and *Of Someday Shambles*), Jebediah are on the verge of releasing their new single 'Fall Down' from their forthcoming third full length record. Recently I sat down with three members of Jebediah, namely Brett Mitchell (drums), Chris Daymond (guitar) and Vanessa Thornton (bass) to discuss the new single, the upcoming record, and everything else happening in the world of Jebediah.

Having performed at a beer launch showcase the night before, Vanessa said that it was a good chance to blow the cobwebs off after a long time spent recording and writing the new record. Brett also said that it was good to debut some new songs live to a crowd that, being at a beer launch, were understandably receptive to anything the band played. Thinking that the bagpipes on the new single could pose a problem live, I asked Chris, who explained that they play it as a guitar riff when they play it live. While keeping coy about the new clip, Vanessa did tell me that they shot it with their friends (as with all their other clips to date), with Brett adding that it "will make an impression" - I guess we'll all have to wait and see.

All three seemed keen to discuss the new record. Brett summed up their excitement by saying that it really was, in their opinion, a record that combined the best elements of their previous two records. He said that by having the strong songwriting of *Of Someday Shambles* combined with the raw

energy of the debut record, they had made what they felt was a strongly diverse record. The guys all agreed that this probably resulted from the fact that they were better prepared when they went to the studio than on previous records, and that it was great to work with producer and "vibe-master" Magoo for the first time. The raw energy that Brett spoke of in reference to *Slightly Odway* is something that always stands out at a Jebediah live show, and I asked them whether that was an intentional part of a live show, and whether they psyche themselves up before hitting the stage. They explained that it's just how they play, and was most likely an effort to detract attention away from the songs themselves. When pushed to single out the most memorable live experience, all three brought up the Sydney Big Day Out show, where a power cut halfway through leaving home led to a rousing crowd rendition of 'Advance Australia Fair' conducted by the band members.

One thing that was clear from talking to these guys was their respect for other Australian bands, and their close ties to the WA music scene. When I asked them which bands they really wanted to play with most of all when they started out, it was Australian bands such as Magic Dirt, Big Heavy Stuff, You Am I, and Tumbleweed that they mentioned, as opposed to bigger name overseas bands. Brett said that they expect to be doing a tour to support the new single in the next month or so, so expect to see Jebediah playing live soon.

Church

ALBUMS OF WINTER



Verve//Remixed
Various Artists
Universal

Verve and Blue Note records were the premiere labels back in the 50s, but one problem with the music was that if you listen to the vinyl now the recording quality seems appalling. This problem is no longer an issue as some of the world's top DJs go to work on classic songs by high-calibre artists such as Billie Holiday, Nina Simone, Dinah Washington and Ella Fitzgerald. Whilst keeping true to the jazz influences, DJs such as Tricky, MJ Cole and the Thievery Corporation give their own take on the old tunes. The two stand out tracks are the Masters at Work version of Nina Simone's 'See-Line Woman,' and Shirley Horn's 'Return To Paradise.' The chilled out album, travels from dance, to house, to just plain strange (Billie Holiday's 'Strange Fruit'), but the sound is original, the voices are familiar and the music is eternal.

Tito



Oasis
Heathen Chemistry
Sony

After having their previous two studio albums dismissed by the popular media, many commentators had

written off the Gallagher brothers as a spent force. With great relief, I can report that Oasis have come up with a record that will undoubtedly revive their past glory. 'The Hindu Times' kicks the record into gear, and from the first tremolo-ridden guitar hook, the album surges forward. Following the success of the more experimental 'Standing on the Shoulder of Giants', Noel proficiently carries lead vocal duties on several tracks. Liam also resumes his song writing role, contributing three tracks, including the surprisingly good 'Born on a Different Cloud,' encapsulating his growing maturity and ability to write multi-layered songs. The new members, former Ride guitarist Andy Bell and Gem Archer, add their own two cents, the latter writing 'Hung in a Bad Place,' featuring one of the more rocking guitar solos produced by the band. The obligatory ballad 'Stop Crying Your Heart Out' is an honest and beautiful exploration of what it means to pick yourself up off the ground and get on with life. It's a tender moment and is my highlight of the album. The greatest obstacle for the band was keeping their sound fresh, without being stuck in the days of Britpop and simultaneously avoiding a manufactured, re-invented sound. For the most part, they have succeeded. Now with a settled line-up, Oasis can get back to doing what it does best, producing music that has kept them at the pinnacle of rock for around a decade. A great return to form.

Matty

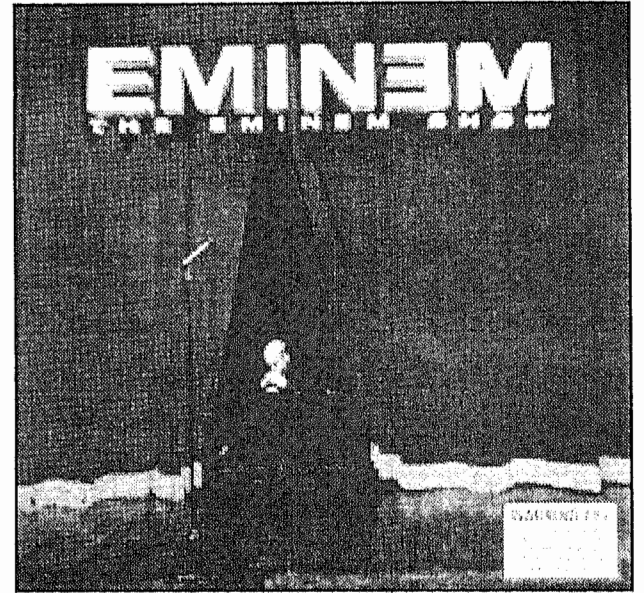


Patti Smith
Land 1975-2002
Arista/BMG

A challenging assignment confronts me. To review an anthology of who many consider the matriarch and progenitor of punk is not the easiest task. The powerful and versatile art of Patti Smith, now aged 56, remains relevant decades later, influencing popular artists such as PJ Harvey, U2, The Ramones and countless others. This double CD wonderfully captures her work, offering a 'best of' disc, as voted by fans, and a collection of rarities, unreleased demos and live performances, with the inclusion of much Beat poetry set to thrill any devoted follower. Smith's career was radical and shocking (consider 'Rock N Roll Nigger,' with her brazenly androgenous singing), clearly convicted of challenging social conventions and pushing boundaries, well before being indie was ever cool. Her surge of improvised live diatribe is delivered frantically in 'Babelogue,' but her mellow collaboration with Jeff Buckley and Tom Verlaine on Prince's 'When Doves Cry' is sublime. While this collection

is damn impressive, and deserves a place in any respectable CD collection, one has the impression that not even the best of efforts would do Patti Smith justice. But for this humble fan, this will do fine.

Matty



Eminem
The Eminem Show
Aftermath/Universal

They call him Slim Shady. He's back. He's back. The rapper that doesn't make black music, or white music, but fight music has returned with *The Eminem Show*, his third full-length LP full of the same nasty humour and angst he's always had. Mathers' rapping and writing has matured somewhat from *The Marshall Mathers LP*, actually sings on some of the tracks. The disc highlight is definitely the first single, the amusing 'Without Me', mocking Limp Bizkit and Moby in true Eminem style. 'Hailie', sung for his daughter, is pretty forgettable but other great tracks feature such as 'White America', 'My Dad's Gone Crazy' and 'Superman'. Naturally he also gets on the back of other 'favourites' R. Kelly, Ken Kaniiff and his ex-wife Kim and mother Debbie (who he 'confronts' in the track 'Cleanin Out My Closet'). Shady's got way too much anger and people love to hate him but, hey, it does feel so empty without him.

Massiv Micky D



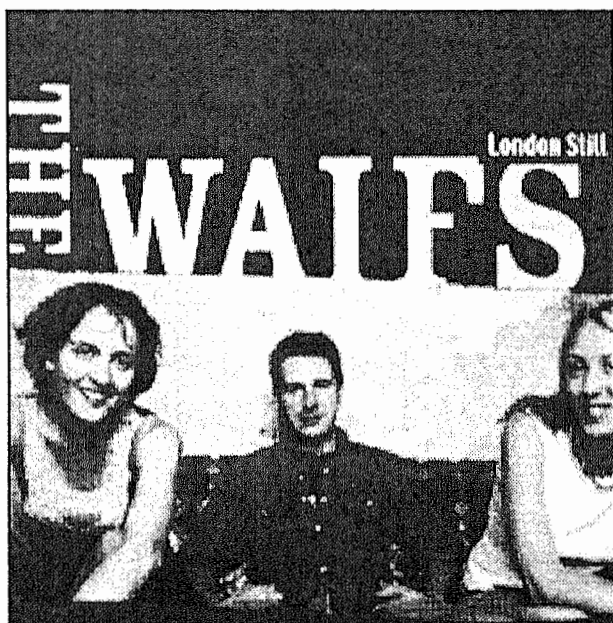
ALBUMS OF WINTER

ALBUMS OF WINTER

DJ Shadow
The Private Press
 Island

Unlike his landmark debut album *Endtroducing*, *The Private Press* seems more radio friendly and, for want of a better term, more 'mainstream' album. This may be because, unlike *Endtroducing* with its imaginative use of sampling, the album does not feel groundbreaking. This trend, echoed in Tricky's *Blowback*, may disappoint some harder of the hardcore fans. Nevertheless, it is both varied and entertaining. The album tends towards a mix of hip hop and psychedelia, while still backed up by inserts of solid drum 'n' bass. 'You Can't Go Home Again' and 'Six Days' have both been receiving a lot of airplay on Triple J, and, in my opinion the latter is the standout track on the album. The other great track would have to be 'Blood on the Motorway', a relaxing yet disturbing mini-symphony in three parts. *The Private Press* may not be all that Shadow fans have been waiting for, but it is nonetheless a solid and eclectic album that would appeal in some way to everybody. We're allowed to be hard on him, 'cause he's so darn good.

Mikey



The Waifs
London Still
 Independent

If you haven't heard the title track of this EP you're missing out on a little piece of Australia so good that one day it should be awarded presence in the Hall of Fame, for being of the same patriotic ilk as something Jimmy Barnes once sang. The Waifs are of course much more beautiful in every way. Independent to the core since their beginning, The Waifs spend most of their time overseas enchanting crowds of foreigners and expats alike. 'Crazy Train', recorded in Edinburgh, captures their energy brilliantly. They have a definitively Australian sound in their blend of harmonious, folkly blues. With an album and some touring coming up later in the year, they're well worth a few well earned AUD.

Prof. Booty



Telepopmusik
Genetic World
 EMI

If you like sublime eclectic French electronica this album is definitely genetically structured to your specifications. The opening track, 'Breathe', which has won them the ears of many, is the first station of the journey. A good listen will put you on a little train through the many guest contributors, and leave you surprised by just how much you've experience on such a smooth ride. From the smoky elegance of Angela McCluskey's vocals, the beat-poet styling of Mau, the rap of Big Dada and the Drunken Immortals, Peaches teaming up with Chili Gonzales (yes, Mr Three Testicles) on a track reminiscent of BranVan 3000. Even the fingers of Alex Gopher have been over this production. Telepopmusik shows just how beautiful genetic selection can be.

Kiki



Red Hot Chili Peppers
By The Way
 Warner

As *Californication* recommenced the movement forward from *Blood Sugar...*, *By The Way* follows on from the aspects of *Californication* that seemed least likely to

take hold. Guitarist, John Frusciante's influence is much stronger in this album, introducing new sounds, more harmonising, and an altogether very pop feel found similarly in his solo work. Kiedis, often considered the weakest of the four, shines. His vocals and technique are impressive, although sometimes saccharine or slightly monotonous. For lovers of Flea, this album is harsh. Where is Flea? Well, he's hiding away for a thundering, Modulus buzzing introduction to 'Throw Away Your Television'. For the rest of the album he and Chad are least prominent (not to be mistaken with being quiet), but brilliant anchormen of the adventure. 'On Mercury' skanks like a train in Jamaica (without Kiedis turning rasta). 'Minor Thing' is the summer song, pacey, catchy, firing rap interspersed between lush melody and harmony; no chorus/verse structure. Introductions are often unidentifiable; for example, 'Cabron's' Spanish guitar straight out of Sunday's Elvis movies. After being very critical, it has to be said that this is a beautiful change. Love for this album grows with every listen. It may date (unlike *Blood Sugar...*), but currently lets just get excited about them playing these wondrous tunes when they're here in December.

Prof. Booty



Korn
Untouchables
 Epic, Immortal, Sony Music

Somewhere along the line, Korn lost it. However, *Untouchables* certainly retains some of that ground. Whilst not being another *Life Is Peachy*, there is enough energy and depth to this album to make it worthwhile. What makes this album stand apart from any other is its sheer power. Never mind the first single 'Here To Stay' (which is brutal enough), just check out 'Bottled Up Inside', 'Blame' and 'Embrace' for some of the heaviest material Korn has ever recorded. *Untouchables* is not without experimentation either; 'Beat It Upright' hears Davis trying some interesting vocals on this tale of sexual deviation, 'Hollow Life' is beautifully melodic, 'One More Time' is crafted, brooding rock and 'Thoughtless' contains some rather interesting rhythm passages. With barely a weak track, *Untouchables* is a record Korn can be proud of. However, in this reviewer's mind, *Life Is Peachy* still has it, but it's on a par with *Follow The Leader*.

Jorm

ALBUMS OF WINTER



Sonic Youth
Murray Street
Geffen

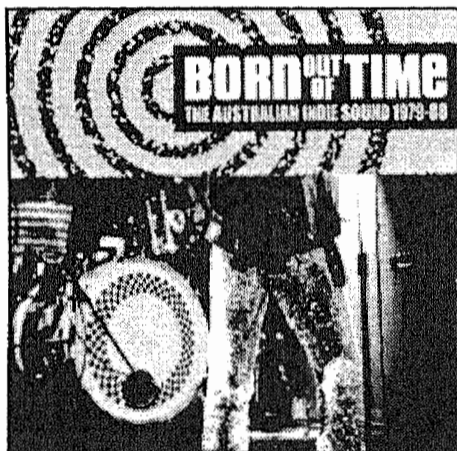
What is there to say about Sonic Youth? For starters, they are considered Godheads by a large portion of Generation Xers and forerunners in the 'art rock'/avant-garde movements since the early '80s. They are also writers/producers of *Murray Street*, their most recent release in a succession sixteen albums long. While not as strong as *Washing Machine* or their double (and arguably definitive) album *Daydream Nation*, *Murray Street* is instantly familiar and unashamedly sweet and beautiful. Their unique sound remains intact, with many songs featuring the same quirky sense of structure and out of key progressions that made Sonic Youth pioneers of the New York alternative scene. However, with the introduction of Jim O'Rourke to the band (who incidentally has become the only member of SY to have received formal musical training) comes a more deliberate and sometimes shockingly 'perfect' sense of melody and musical phrasing. Paradoxically, by interspersing poise and form with the chaos of Sonic Youth's trademark musical vitriol the chaos becomes more chaotic and more beautiful all at once. Jim O'Rourke's marriage into the group could not be any more perfect. Most of the tracks are very mellow, effects laden soundscapes. Thurston Moore donates his voice to a majority of the songs on the record and any vocal contributions from Kim Gordon are quite different from past albums; she sounds quite demented on *Murray Street* actually, but it's part of the charm. Any fan of Sonic Youth will already have this album, and people looking to get into the band would best start with *Goo* or *Washing Machine*, but *Murray Street* has an intrinsic beauty all of its own that is very hard to look past. Like a clean and pretty melody welling up out of the decay of analogue delay. Order and chaos and beauty.

Skip Tracer



Rhibosome
Rhibosome
Hydrofunk

In their native Perth, live dance act Rhibosome enjoy a cult following similar to that enjoyed by outfits like Supaphatass or Beat Smugglers here in Adelaide. Some airplay on JJJ earlier in the year in the leadup to the release of this, their self-titled debut album, and a national tour in May has excited interest further afield, and a listen to the album confirms that Rhibosome can rest easy that this brief (and hopefully not fleeting) period of noteriety is well deserved. Three years ago, Rhibosome were spoken about as a like drum'n'bass act, and they've certainly put a lot of effort into diversifying their sound since then. The album kicks off with the kind of super-stylin' party tunes that characterised their performance at Minke during their national tour, before moving to a series of more relaxed, down-tempo tracks which draw on funk, world music, jazz and breaks. By track seven (the very excellent 'Time'), the album settles into a drum'n'bass groove which will be pleasing to the ears of those who get into the sounds produced by LTJ Bukem or Peshay. To say that Rhibosome's influences are clear is not to say that they're at all derivative. They mix a range of different sounds into one which is truly unique, and which, with any luck, should win them the kind of recognition enjoyed by similar acts on the east coast, like the Bird or PNAU.



Various
Born Out Of Time: The
Australian Indie Sound
Festival Mushroom

Believe it or not, there was once a time when Australian music was by far and away cooler than any of the shit that entered our golden shores from abroad. That time was the 1980s, a time of decadence when most of us just cared about Transformers toys, who had the best score at *Super Mario* and whether or not we missed out on *He-Man and the Masters of the Universe* that morning. America was crawling out of the rubble of the Reagan administration and all of the half decent punk rock was being forced under by music written by old men for female singers who were barely out of high school. It looks like trends really do move in cycles. Anyway, just as this was happening a movement kickstarted in the late 70s by Australian punkrockers Radio Birdman hit full swing and groups like the Scientists, Beasts of Bourbon, Hoodoo Gurus and the Screaming Tribesmen began defining an entire indie rock sound for the early to mid 80s. This compilation seeks to tell that story, in song, from beginning to conclusion. The concept is executed brilliantly. Every track on the album was an inspired choice and it all very clearly revolves in some way around those fantastic children from Radio Birdman. Almost every track is a standout but 'Igloo' by the Screaming Tribesmen is almost pure,

distilled, 100 percent indie rock and the compilation is almost worth checking out for that song alone. Have a listen to what 'Oz-rock' sounded like before 'Oz-rock' sounded crap.

pedro von vanderbelt



Busta Rhymes
Genesis
Bfmi

There have been a number of great rap/hip hop releases this year, but unfortunately, Busta Rhymes' latest is not one of them. Entitled *Genesis* it seems to be a 'just scraping through' kind of album. The beats and bass lines are fabulous, but the lyrics are nothing more than gangland gossip and threats. If Rhymes could add depth to his song writing it would be an interesting album, but constant shouts of 'bitch,' 'ho' and 'popped a cap' are quite tired. The highlight of the album is the song 'Break Ya Neck' which has a terrific sound about it, but a rapper of Rhymes' experience should have the ability to produce a more inspired album. Even the addition of talented guest artists from the likes of P. Diddy, Mary J. Blige and Kelis do not redeem it. *Genesis* is simply not sophisticated enough for the ever-changing post-modern world of today's rap. In the '80s maybe it would be breakthrough, but in 2002, I say originality is everything.

Tito



David Bowie
Heathen
ISO/Columbia

Over time, it's often difficult to distinguish the creation from the creator. With the release *Heathen* 30 years after his masterpiece *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars*, David Bowie may well have unwittingly followed in the footsteps of his durable alter-ego of Ziggy Stardust, the doomed rock messiah who was adored but inevitably destroyed by the very

fanaticism that created him. Don't get me wrong, this is good, if somewhat confusing and bleak record, including guest appearances from Dave Grohl and Pete Townsend. The opening track 'Sunday' sets a high standard for what should follow and one expects an over-produced but innovative album. I was disappointed consequently to discover an unsettling imbalance. While some songs meet my admittedly high expectations, many do not realise their full potential. I sense that Bowie was pressured to rush the album's release to cash in on his appearance at the memorial concert in the wake of September 11, rather than allowing him to fully explore the depths of his creativity. Let's hope this is not Ziggy Stardust's premature death knell.

Matty



Phantom Planet
The Guest
Epic

Despite being virtually unknown in Australia, Phantom Planet seem set to change things with the forthcoming release of *The Guest*. Make no mistake, this is an unbelievably good album that takes the listener on an extraordinary journey through pop-rock with an uncommon flair. All twelve tracks are quite remarkable, ranging from the tender 'Lonely Day' and the yearning of 'One Ray of Sunlight' to the epic centrepiece 'Anthem,' which is simply glorious. Alex Greenwald's sun-drenched vocals are just as beautiful as Thom Yorke's, perhaps being even more versatile. The song writing is breathtaking and at times explosive, with obvious cues taken from Elvis Costello, and at other times, is reminiscent of the Strokes, Weezer and even Radiohead, making for a diverse album. There is no doubt about it - these guys are going to be huge. Whatever you do, don't let this one slip you by.

Matty

We here at *On Dit* would like to welcome Mattyo as the new music sub-editor. Hopefully he will make us proud - otherwise we may have to saw up his body and stuff the parts into the Fones.

Singles

Jamiroquai
Corner of the Earth
Sony

Trading their dancing shoes and trademark bass lines for a string section and laidback Latin rhythms, 'Corner of the Earth' shimmers and captivates, suitably paired with an acoustic version of 'Love Foolosophy'. In spite of this, the live tracks fail to support the serene A-Side, spectacularly letting the team down.

Matty

Jebediah
Fall Down

Murmur/Sony Music Australia

Bursting straight into blaring bagpipes that soon gets surrounded by walls of guitars, with Kevin Mitchell's distinctive vocals over the top, it is hard to mistake the sound of Jebediah. Not a bad single (although its no 'Jerks of Attention' in my opinion), it will be all over the radio soon, with the band preparing to launch their new album in the next few months. 'Hey Presto' is probably the pick of the b-sides.

Church

Usher
U-Turn
BMG

Usher seems to be suffering from the delusion that he is the next Michael Jackson. He is more of a cross between Bobby Brown and Nelly...and I don't mean that as a compliment. 'U-Turn' is Usher's attempt at a signature dance move - one which will fail miserably since the dance is as ungainly as a flock of chickens attempting to execute a pirouette while blindfolded. Even at this point in Jackson's career, I don't think he needs to keep an eye out for Usher anytime soon.

Poptart

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club
Love Burns
EMI

With an intriguing and somewhat eerie prelude, 'Love Burns' builds up gradually in strength to the chorus, in which the lyrics "Now she's gone, love burns inside me..." define the regretful tone of the song. Also included are the mellower tracks 'Screaming Gun' and 'Rifles'. Overall, 'Love Burns' has got me hooked on the rock and roll bliss that is B.R.M.C.

The Apostrophe

Alcazar
Don't You Want Me
BMG

The answer to the question that this particular track poses is a bloody obvious HELL NO! You may remember this band from the intensely irritating 'Crying At The Discoteque'. Now they are at it again, and this time it's personal because they have attempted a cover of the Human League classic. It is cheesy dance-pop at its worst, suitable only as a coaster, a whacky joke prize in pass-the-parcel, or perhaps as a wedge under the table leg to stop it from wobbling.

Poptart

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Wine Festival

August 28 & 29 11am - 3pm

Goodman Crescent Lawns (near Mitchell Bldg. North Tce)
Featuring wine TASTING from the McLaren Vale Region
Food and Entertainment - Free Admission
This event will be brought to you by the Adelaide University Union Activities Committee
Further information contact Keith Stephens in the Clubs Association office 8303 3077.

Rostrum Public Speaking

September 18 2002, 12 noon. Til 2pm
"The Voice of the Future"

Contestants will speak to the topic "I feel strongly about....." for 5 minutes in a soapbox style presentation, 2 minute intervals and time allowed for adjudication and presentation at the end. Maximum 12 competitors, so get in quickly!

Rostrum contact
Paul Phillips
Rostrum Club 26
Cpa@cpacredit.com.au
Patrick Bourke 8332 5478
Pmbourke@chariot.net.au

In Edition 10 there was a poetry competition to win a copy of the Southwark Beermaster CD. We are very proud to present the winning entry:

Poetry Corner

Ode To Beer

There's a bubbling broth a brewin'
And my liver is a stewin'
Blood dilutes the amber fluid in my veins

Sitting round on bar stools
Laugh and joke like mad fools
Beer kills the head muscle that is my brains

Why do I so love drinkin'
My bank balance is a sinkin'
All in aid of some great social gains

As I wake up the next evenin'
Eyes blurry, head a screamin'
Love that beer enough to go through all these pains

Beer Master I am thinkin'
What a dream, to STUDY DRINKIN'
Will it happen, well that choice to you remains

For Hire - Godzilla

Hard worker, useful tool for a budding evil mastermind bent on taking over the world.
Economic - only requires one human meal per day
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Young Composers Works

Composers of Adelaide
Presents

Old Strings New Works
7.30pm Friday August 9 2002
Equinox

(Above the Little Theatre)
University of Adelaide Cloisters

A concert of single movement works by Adelaide composers Angus Barnacle and Allan Cook will be performed by members of the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra and other distinguished musicians.

Old Strings New Works will premiere seven pieces, most written exclusively for instruments involving strings. The exception is a tango quartet featuring clarinet. Members of Adelaide's foremost tango ensemble Quartito Azul will perform Tango por el Cielo. Other works include a solo piece for amplified cello, pieces for piano solo, trio and quintet, a guitar and violin duo and a string quartet. The pieces strive to have a voice in a densely multicultural, musical Australia and range from the serene to the torridly passionate or thought provokingly abstract. Doors open 7pm and admission is by donation. The Equinox is licensed with light refreshments available during intermission.

Events sponsored by:
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For more information contact Angus Barnacle on
8351 7443
or Clubs Association 8303 3410



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