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On Dit

Volume 72
Edition 15
23.08.2004

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**On
Dit**
72.15

Isn't it a bit strange that the Earth is so perfectly distant from the sun as to sustain life? Or that the moon is just the right distance to create suitable tides? How about all those similarities between JFK and Lincoln? Or John Howard and Satan? Or that On Dit suddenly gets so many submissions so shortly before campus elections?

It really makes you think.

You know. About the cosmos and junk. Ooooooh.

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& STEPHANIE MOUNTZOURIS

**ON DIT IS THE WEEKLY
PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS'
ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF ADELAIDE. THE OPINIONS
EXPRESSED HEREIN ARE NOT
NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE
EDITORS OR THE ASSOCIATION.**

**SEND YOUR SUBMISSIONS TO
ONDIT@ADELAIDE.EDU.AU.
WEEKLY DEADLINE
IS WEDNESDAY.**

Crisis in Sudan



Believe it or not, the single worst humanitarian crisis in the world today is not to be found in Iraq. Indeed, it is not located in Afghanistan, Chechnya or the Congo. Rather, according to the United Nations, the single largest humanitarian disaster currently facing the globe is occurring in Sudan, or more specifically, in the south-western Sudanese province of Darfur.

The UN projects the current death toll from fighting in the region to be over 50,000 people. A further one million people have been displaced. In all, 2.2 million people are currently in need of humanitarian aid. And yet, until recently, the international community has completely ignored this burgeoning crisis.

The current wave of violence in Sudan began over 18 months ago, in February 2003. It involved the continuation of a longstanding conflict between the Arab nomads and African farmers of the region. In response to allegations that the Sudanese government were arming the Arab population in order to forcibly remove African farmers from their land, the African community staged an attempted rebellion. This uprising was quickly quashed by an Arab militia group known as Janjaweed, or 'devils on horseback'. The Janjaweed then began to conduct reprisals against the African population as a whole.

What followed is alleged to have been a systematic campaign of mass violence, rape and destruction. Numerous personal accounts coming out of the region describe atrocities of a horrific nature, including the supposedly routine practice by militiamen of chaining African families up together and then burning them alive. Indeed, the destruction in Darfur is thought to be so immense that over half the region's African villages are now burnt to the ground.

Unsurprisingly, these activities have resulted in a mass exodus of the African population from Darfur. Hundreds of thousands of refugees now overcrowd makeshift camps across Sudan. The majority of these are in an appalling state of human squaller, lacking any form of food distribution, medical assistance or sanitation.

Bob MacPherson, writing for the *Washington Post*, described the conditions in the camps as worse than that of Rwanda ten years ago: "I walked into camps and saw women and children in every state of human misery. Too far gone to eat, many would be dead by morning. Just when I thought it couldn't get any worse, I heard about the systematic rape of women. It was not two or three women telling me this. Virtually every woman I met in the camp had a story of brutal violation."

What is perhaps more shocking than this is that the UN, along with various other humanitarian groups, has been reporting such atrocities for months now. Speaking four months ago at the 10th anniversary function of the Rwandan genocide, UN Secretary General Kofi Annan warned that hundreds of Sudanese were dying every day and that "the international community cannot stand idle" over this humanitarian disaster.

However, standing idle is just what the international community has done. It was not until three weeks ago that the UN Security Council passed a resolution instructing the Sudanese government to bring the

Janjaweed militia under control within a 30-day deadline. And even then, this resolution has only threatened economic and diplomatic sanctions upon non-compliance.

International aid to the region has also been equally lacklustre. Despite a UN request for US\$350 million in aid funding back in March, less than half of this amount has been forthcoming so far.

Humanitarian organisations warn that the daily Sudanese death toll will continue to rise unless political and media attention begins to focus on the issue. "[Sudan] is a very serious situation and I do think it doesn't get as much attention as it should", claimed Christian Berthiquine, spokesperson for the UN World Food Program. "It should be on top of our radar system and it is not. The world attention is still focused on Iraq."

However, the international community may soon be forced to tackle the Sudanese crisis, perhaps even militarily. This is because there are serious doubts as to whether the Sudanese government has the will, let alone the ability, to reign in its renegade Janjaweed militia. Allegations are rife that it was the government who supplied the arms and perhaps even the orders for the Janjaweed's killing spree in the first place. And while government officials deny

such allegations and assert that they are adhering to the Security Council deadline, reports from the ground describe a very different story.

Only last week the UN issued a warning that the Sudanese government had recommenced helicopter bombing raids in Southern Darfur, while Janjaweed militia are said to be continuing their attacks on fleeing refugees unabated. Various sources also allege that the Sudanese government may be supplying police and military uniforms to Janjaweed members in order to cover up their involvement in any atrocities. This would also give them unbridled access to refugee camps.

An even larger humanitarian crisis thus appears to be looming in the distance. Will the international community resort to military action to halt the growing catastrophe? France and Germany have already ruled out supporting a military force, while Australia, Britain and the US, already severely stretched in other military endeavours, have all maintained that they would 'consider' such a solution. However, it can be assumed that no such decisions will be reached before the coming Australian and American elections.

Perhaps the answer lies in a recent proposal by the African Union to transport some 2000 troops into region. However, most commentators believe that this is about one tenth of what is needed to defuse the situation.

Whatever the solution, something must be done, and soon. A recent US Government report indicated that, in a best-case scenario, 300,000 Sudanese will probably die from the crisis by the end of the year. Let's hope these figures are incorrect, and the tragedy of Rwanda will not be relived again so soon.

Nick Parkin

Will the international community resort to military action to halt the growing catastrophe?

On August 20, 1998, three days after President Clinton's appearance before a federal grand jury investigating his relationship with Monica Lewinsky, the Clinton Administration ordered a cruise missile attack on a pharmaceuticals plant near the Sudanese capital of Khartoum. United States intelligence sources had informed the White House that the factory had ties to Osama Bin Laden, and was manufacturing precursors to the deadly nerve gas 'VX'.

It was later revealed that the intelligence evidence was dubious. After close examination of the wreckage, United Nations officials declared that the facility did indeed manufacture medical supplies, and lacked the neither infrastructure nor the materials to manufacture chemical weapons. This came as no surprise to the Jordanian aid workers who had helped build the factory, which had been producing some 90 percent of Sudan's pharmaceutical drugs, including treatments for malaria, tuberculosis, antibiotics and other diseases in addition to veterinary drugs.

Estimates of the precise number of deaths that resulted from the bombing vary. However, humanitarian workers in the region agree that the number of children who have died from curable diseases has quadrupled in the five years since the destruction of the factory. The total number of casualties is far in excess of those of the combined bombings of US Embassies in Kenya and Tanzania earlier that year.

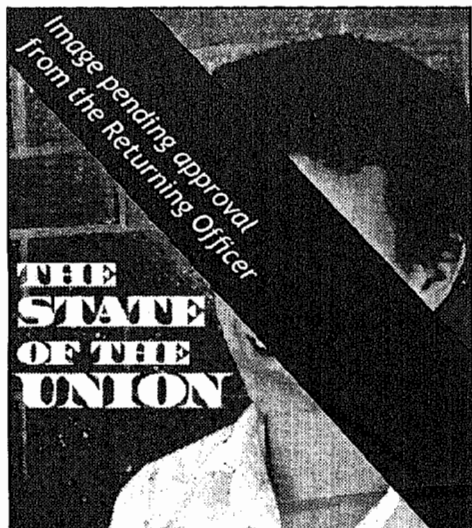
Less than a year after the farcical attack, the Clinton Administration failed to challenge a lawsuit filed by the Saudi owner of the factory, who said the bombing was a "mistake" based on faulty intelligence data.

Tristan Mahoney

Ye-haw! It's time for everyone's favourite in-jokey faux-intrigue hackfest column...

SAUA ROUNDUP!

You know you love it, you gossiping swine.



V, S, and U. Three letters to strike fear into any student who has ever relied on the Union for help.

Howard put "voluntary student unionism" back on the table this week. His efforts have failed over and over again, but they continue to put student control of student affairs in serious danger.

But why are our student union fees compulsory?

How can we fight up-front tuition fees so fiercely, when our own Union charges us another kind of fee? Are we all hypocrites?

I don't think so. Our Union supports the student body as a whole. It helps needy students access what they could otherwise never afford. Some services — and obviously all representation — cannot be individualised at all.

In contrast, Howard's new up-front fees shift the cost away from the whole community and on to the "customer" (the new word for student).

So your Union Fee is more like a rate paid to your local government. You may as well say we should make taxes "voluntary". Or make it "voluntary" to be represented in Parliament.

When Western Australia and Victoria brought in partial VSU, many essential services survived thanks only to university administrations.

Our Union is planning ahead for this kind of catastrophe already.

But no matter how prepared we are for VSU, you would still have to fork out for the services currently provided by the Union, and your access to them would be limited by what you could afford.

With no independent voice we might also lose our ability to influence the University.

So grumble about your Union Fee if you like. Grumble about your taxes, too. But we need to stand firm against VSU or else face disaster.

Rowan Nicholson
President
Adelaide University Union

As the post-nomination dust settles, it is amusing to watch candidates vie for publicity on campus. From the pages of the women's edition of *On Dit* to the last couple of SAUA Council meetings before election week, factional stalwarts and aspirant hacks in the making have all of a sudden been eager to show an interest in the affairs of students and the future of their favourite Peak Representative Body. One bright young thing has been particularly vocal at the last two meetings of SAUA Council, especially with regard to the Adelaide University Union's plans to tinker with our beloved SAUA Constitution. Josh Rainer may not actually be a sitting member on Council, but he may as well be. His deeply moving concerns about the possible 'politicisation' of the document have occupied the majority of Council's time, as well as a large portion of the next-day gossip around the water cooler (or, as the case may be, in line for coffee in the aptly named Rumours Café — props to the shameless genius who renamed that ivory tower of intrigue).

At this juncture, it is prudent to point out that AUU President Rowan Nicholson's plan to reform the constitution appears for the most part innocent. Aside from the abolition of the of the atrophying Activities Department (which we'll deal with later) and the introduction of an Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Department, it was always the AUU's declared intention to render the document more legally sound, and make it easier for future Councils to work with.

Nevertheless, from the non-existent possibility of a future SAUA President failing to properly appoint a Returning Officer, to a number of pedantic contradictions with regards to the legitimacy of proxy votes at General Student Meetings, Rainer's sanctimonious bleating was vaguely justified at best, and unnecessarily

antagonistic at worst.

To be honest, the current reporter dozed off for a bit. It had already been a long day.

Councillors were jarred from their slumber when Rainer started making less-than-subtle allusions to his stance on the removal of the Activities Department during next week's election campaign. 'It pains me to say this,' said Rainer, 'but it would be very, very, very, very difficult for this referendum to get up in its current form.' Council eventually forced Rainer to state in no uncertain terms that he would campaign against the reforms (including the introduction of the ATSI Department), should they be tied to the abolition of the Independent's beloved Activities Department.

Forgive us for putting too fine a point on the issue, but why in the name of Sebastian Henbest's golden locks is Josh so goddamn attached to the Activities Department? Is it, as he attests, because the department provides one of the core functions of the SAUA? (In fact it doesn't — the SAUA is first and foremost a political body, and sufficient 'activities' should by rights be organised by its activist portfolios). Is it simply because factional rivals NOLS have (for equally mysterious reasons) long

resented the existence of the position? Or is it simply because he, like all good Indies, covets the Activities and Campaigns Vice-Presidency?

Who cares?

Apparently not the AUU President, who happily risked the entire reform process by moving that Council separate the removal of the Activities Department from the other constitutional reforms. The motions — which could have seriously jeopardised the entire referendum — were carried by a bee's dick. I should like to play poker with the AUU President one of these days.

It should be noted that Rainer's concerns about the potential success of the referendum weren't entirely unfounded. Three years ago, a similarly bound-up referendum question was defeated, in all probability because the Independents campaigned against the overly convoluted question. Rainer was indeed quite astute in pointing out that the question in its previous form placed undue risk on the introduction of the ATSI Department. It was just the way he pointed it out, y'know? It irked me. Plus, Jimmy's band was about to start playing in the Unibar, and I wasn't about to miss a band with nine (9) bass players.

Tristan Mahoney

SAUA ELECTION CANDIDATES!

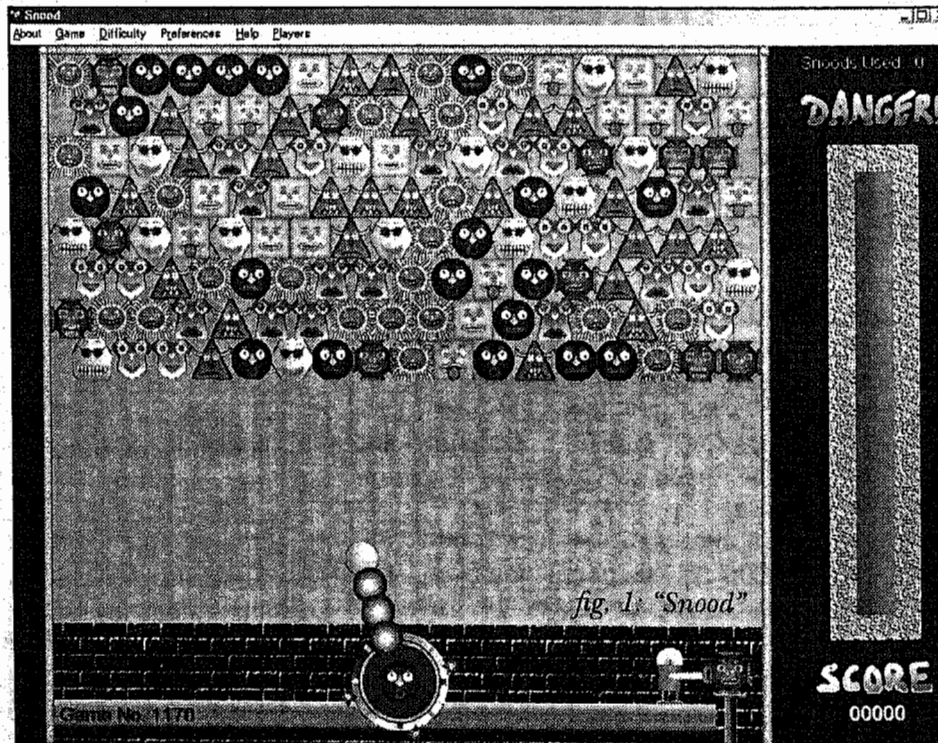
Ha! How did I know you would flick to this page first? You know there is a neat article about the Sudan on page three. The review sections are particularly interesting this week too. Don't you have any interests outside of the Lady Symon building?

Well, while you're here, I should probably mention that if you want *On Dit* to interview you about your candidacy for next week's exciting election issue, you would be wise to contact our office on 8303 5404, or Stanley's mobile (ask one of the SAUA rats for it if you don't have it already).

Only those running for office bearer positions need apply (including media and Orientation). Candidates who do not contact us by 4pm Friday will be listed as 'unavailable for comment' and taunted and booed until our throats are sore. Ah ha ha ha ha! Ahem.

hack [*hak*], noun.

1. Loyal party worker: a political party member who serves the party unquestioningly.
2. Somebody who does dull and tedious work.
3. Hired writer: a writer paid to produce routine, often down-market writing, for example, for newspapers.
4. Old horse: a horse that is in bad condition through age or overwork.
5. Elise Duffield, Tristan Mahoney or any other former or current SAUA Office Bearer capable of producing a minimum score of 5,000,000 in Snood (fig. 1).



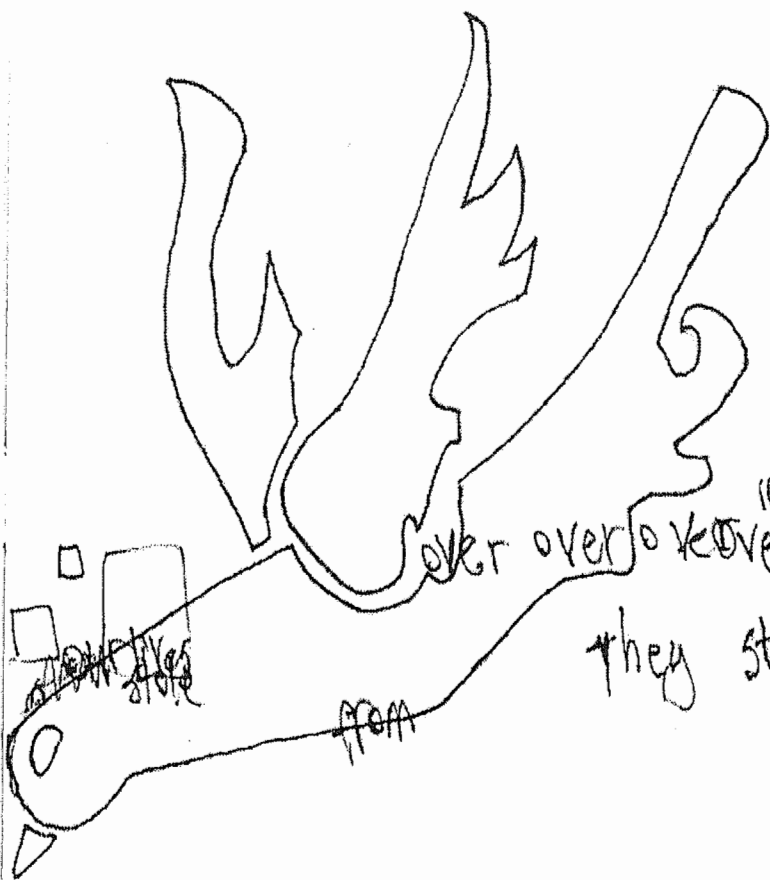
General Student Meeting

(That means you, silly)

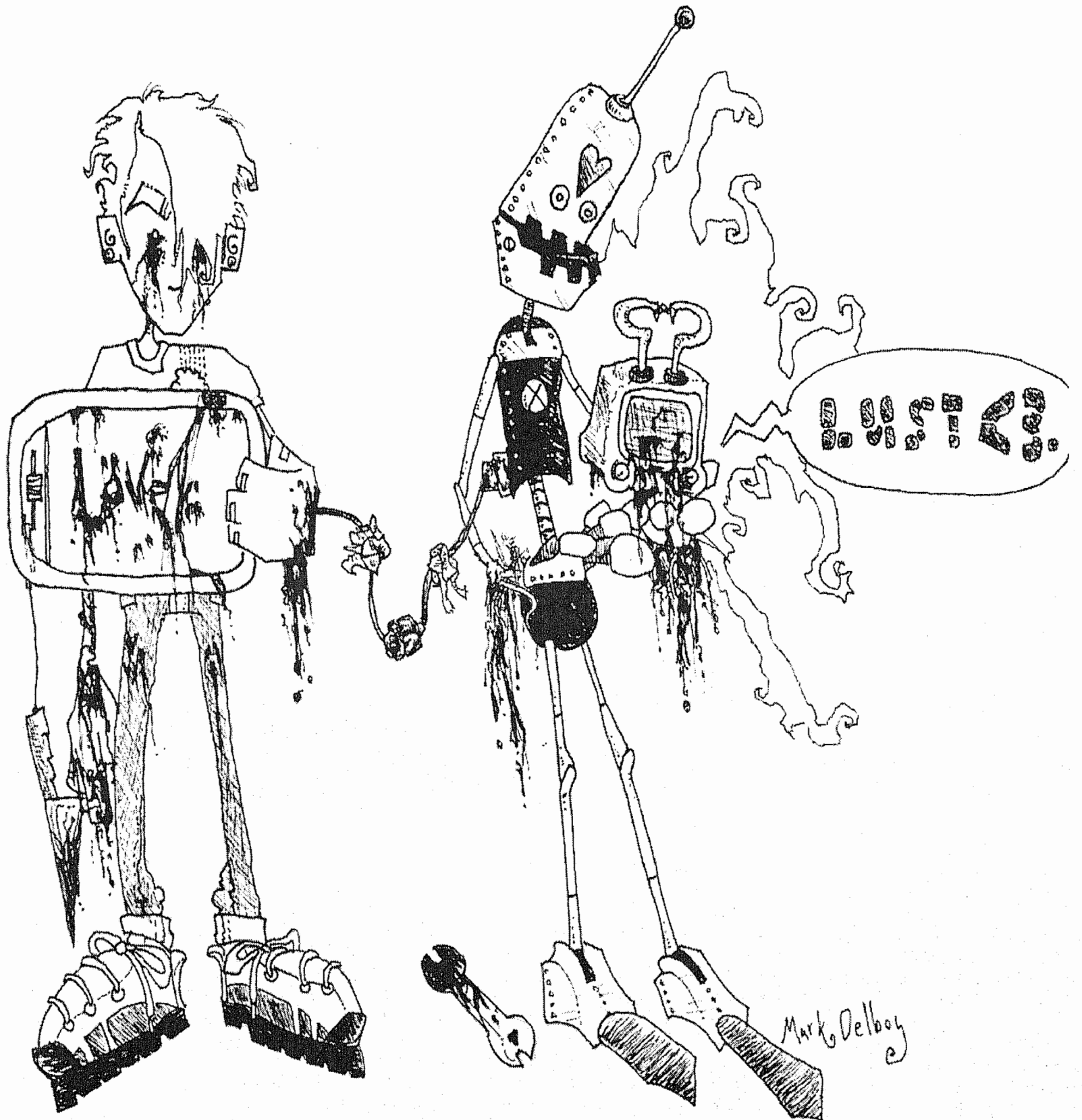
Thursday
August 26

1pm Barr Smith Lawns

Meeting to discuss the shift from public to private funding for Higher Education.



over over over over over over in the air
they stole the love from our lives
the and put our sex on the radio!



"this is how it feels"
Call "out" what no one ^{no} ~~no~~ EVERY hears."

LETTERS



Send your letters to
ondit@adelaide.edu.au

**Look! It's Man Man!
Defender of men everywhere.**

Dear *On Dit*,

Firstly I have a confession to make. I am a big fan of Kellie Armstrong-Smith. Sometimes I don't necessarily agree with absolutely everything she says, but I love reading her stuff. It is refreshing to hear from a feminist of our own generation, someone who knows there is a long way to go in the struggle for a gender rights balance but who is able, deftly, to integrate and respect the views of both women and men in achieving that outcome. Yes, she does take swipes at men, in particular and in general, but the same attitude and remarks made by a man about women would normally be accepted without comment. Besides, it is her 'controversial' nature that has allowed her to become one of the most vocal Women's Officers to hold the post in recent years.

I would also like to congratulate the contributors and editors of *Elle Dit*. This year's publication was by far the best one I have seen. The articles were well written and thought provoking and I believe the balance so essential to winning over men for this important cause was gauged excellently.

Too often nowadays we see feminist proponents who, in trying to further their cause, alienate men, reducing the conflict to a zero-sum game where, to gain ground for women, men must lose out. To some small extent this must be true, but on the whole feminism has already given both men and women far more than it has taken away from either gender, and there is no reason why the future path of feminism needs to become a win-lose game. In fact, it seems obvious to me that, by pandering to this view, some feminists are succumbing to a logic that has been utilised by men (in general) throughout history to perpetuate the subjugation of women that feminists are fighting against. Under such circumstances I think any feminist perpetrating this view needs to sit back and ask the question 'does re-making the mistakes of the past help the future?'

Having said all that, I want to respond to two parts of *Elle Dit* – Melissa Purcell's letter and Alice Campbell's article *Men's Officer? Get Fucked* - in one suggestion. I would like to suggest a reason why a Men's Officer may not be a bad idea.

Now before I am castigated please read on because I believe a Men's Officer may be a logical first step towards actually promoting a bi-gender track towards equality but, and there's always a 'but', there must be a dedicated change in the way a 'Men's Officer' is conceived.

Thus far, all references to the creation of a Men's Officer position have revolved around the use of the position as an offset position to the Women's Officer, an opposite if you like or, even, an opponent between which valuable funds and/or focus would be necessarily split. These arguments automatically assume that a Men's/Women's Officer can only look after their own gender and can have nothing positive to add to the affairs of their counterpart. In other words, they are envisaged as competitors in a zero-sum game. The effect is that opinions revolving around the idea of the Women's Officer as currently existing tend to fall into two groups. Women (and pro-feminist men) who see the Women's Officer as essential and a Men's Officer as a challenge to their new (and perhaps only) bastion of power, and men (and anti-feminist women) who are alienated by the concept of an officer allegedly working for equality but restricted to one sex.

Instead, I would suggest that we redefine what it is that a Men's Officer would exist for. Instead of being an advocate position exercised on behalf of men, a Men's Officer should be the logical rallying point for men who want to proclaim their allegiance to, and help where they can, the building of a strong movement based on the guiding principles of equality between the sexes. This removes the position from the petty infighting of a competitive struggle and firmly aligns the Men's and Women's Departments on a dual track where both do what they can to promote gender equality in general instead of women's and men's rights as two separate ideals. At present, while there are very real gender discrimination issues for men

(which should not be ignored), it is clear that women's issues are still the biggest problem and require the attention of both (potential) offices.

Unfortunately, however, such an idea will inevitably be subsumed into the bipolar forms of dichotomy politics that Australians seem to slip into almost unconsciously and it would be a task of Herculean (or, perhaps, Xenian) proportions to attempt to manage such an office without allowing it to slip back into competition with the Women's Department over time. It is immediately obvious that all it needs is one short-sighted candidate during an election and, suddenly, the Men's Officer has become a bastion for a fledgling men's movement that has already begun to define itself in direct polar opposition to the feminist conception of women. Is this a risk worth taking? I think so. That men's movement is the logical, but late-arriving, extension of the feminist project. But rather than trying to stall it, feminists should be trying to guide it and nurture it by showing men that gender equality is not just about what is different between the sexes, but what is similar too. If feminists refuse to find common ground with men soon, it may be lost entirely.

Brett Whittaker

What kind of sicko has sex with babies anyway?

Dear *On Dit*,

I would firstly like to congratulate all of those who contributed to the women's edition of *On Dit, Elle Dit*. The range of articles and opinions expressed therein were both thought provoking and entertaining.

Unfortunately, however, I am writing to express dissatisfaction with one element of the edition, namely a letter by Kim Littler. The said letter condemned a FANTASTIC article written by Mel Purcell about the liberal governments questionable (to say the least) baby bonus package. The letter, besides being incredibly poorly written, and including numerous spelling errors, lacked any legitimate

arguments against Mel Purcell's original article.

Kim Littler claimed that she receives "loads of government support for childcare and a fortnightly study allowance", but then contradicts this with "it's not fantastic but it helps". I can assure her that many mothers that I know that study are not privileged with very much government support.

Furthermore, I take exception to her statement yes, most students are poor, but if we weren't were (where?) would the fun come from?". I hardly think that student poverty is a laughing matter. The fact that many students sleep on floors of friends and relatives, struggle to afford study resources and are swimming in HECS debt, is hardly a source of "fun" for them. I have student friends that can't afford to eat. Student poverty should not be an acceptable stereotype, despite the governments stringent guidelines, eliminating many students from any financial support.

I hardly have to comment on Littlers "major issues with a twenty year old that has probaly (sic) never even had sex let alone a baby", writing an article on women and study. Sex, while enjoyable, hardly makes one more qualified to review government policy. Furthermore, while I am not a refugee, I do have attitudes on policy towards them. Her point is mute.

Finally, Littler proclaimed "shame on you Mel for calling yourself a feminist". Last time I checked, a feminist was a person who believes in and seeks to achieve equality between the sexes. Purcell's article was precisely making points about the lack of equality between the sexes that the governments baby bonus will create.

Sharon Wilczek

PS: WOMY, a once-off "three grand bonus" is hardly recognition of the importance of women as mothers in our society.

(Six)

Pop one out for Pete.

Dear Editor,

I read with interest the transcript of Kellie Armstrong-Smith's speech on "A Woman's Right To Choose". It highlighted Bush's -insane- agenda to enforce his views on to women as to what they should do with their own bodies. In some twisted way it is possible to see how Bush might be trying to make people, women in particular, think more seriously about the consequences of their (sexual) behaviour, but to do so in such a way is abhorrent.

Unfortunately Bush is not alone in his views and many of the right and far-right persuasion agree at least in part with what he is doing. The right of a woman (or anybody) to do as she wishes with her own body should be unassailable. At best, it is disturbing that this right is coming under attack (even if arguably it was never really asserted as a right in the same way as the right for a woman to stand for parliament) and at worst it is an outrage.

For the women who live in the current battleground of this issue, the US, the prospect of losing control over their own bodies can be nothing less than frightening.

On a similar, though not identical note, I was appalled when I heard that an acquaintance of mine had actually asked a 30ish woman when she was going to start "popping babies for the economy". It is attitudes such as these which must be countered if a woman's right to choose is to become as natural an ideal as her right to vote.

John Pezy

Candidate for Education
Standing Committee
[*Congratulations* - Ed]

**Johnny's not so bad.
He even looks a bit like a baby.**

To Mel Purcell,

Mel, it is all well and good, writing articles that criticise the government, but I would like to give you a couple of words of advice. First, do some research, this really helps when you are trying to inform people of what is wrong with the current system. In your article in *On Dit* (Vol. 72, Ed. 12) you cited an example of a stay at home mum, whose husband earns \$2 million, being able to receive more childcare allowance than a couple who earn a collective amount of \$70,000. It took me only 90 seconds to check the Centrelink website and find out that Child Care Benefit (CCB) is only available to an individual when they, and their partner, are working, studying or looking for work. A further 60 seconds and I found information explaining that if your family income exceeds \$93,299 you are only entitled to the minimum amount of CCB (if you have one child). Therefore a

family income of \$70,000 would entitle you to more than the minimum, that is, more than a family that earns more than \$2 million a year. If your example is based on real people then I would hazard a guess that the \$2 million family is not declaring their correct income if they are receiving more CCB than the \$70,000 family.

Secondly, you felt it necessary to point out every negative aspect of the \$3,000 "Baby Bonus" or more correctly Maternity Payment. Perhaps it did not occur to you that there are some benefits. For parents who are not eligible for maternity/paternity leave the \$3,000 would help to cover their loss of wages immediately after the birth/adoption of their child.

As for your concern that this \$3,000 "incentive" will result in a surge in young women having babies just to claim the cash, if this occurs than it would mean that no-one has informed these women about the responsibilities and costs of raising a child. The problem isn't that they want \$3,000, who doesn't? The problem is that no-one is helping these young women escape the social conditions that result in them thinking that having a baby will solve their problems.

Sure, the system is not perfect and a lot needs to be done to make it more equitable, and I agree 100% with you that the reduction in childcare funding has reduced parents choice. That's parents Mel, not just mothers. I find it's more constructive to support good changes and work hard at making them great, rather than just rejecting any change because you think it will make for a good article in *On Dit*.

Hope you find these tips useful,

Cheers,

Danna Cooke

Jaded juice judges Johnny.

I just need to say that I hope people are not stupid enough to vote little jonny in for another term. I mean I know all the pollies are liars and cheats, but lets have a new one that isn't so pro American. What do you think people? Another thing, what is it with chicks wearing next to nothing on these freezing winter nights? There was a bad case of "forgot to put my clothes on" over the mid-year break!

Juice

It's like there's a party in my Students' Association, and every hack is invited!

Dear *On Dit*,

Last week I had the dubious pleasure of attending the SAUA ballet draw for the coming elections. When oh when am I going to see some new faces? By new faces I don't mean the mindless little imps that the older student pollies seem to be able to produce in some underground invitro clinic. All

we get from those pack of ridiculous puppets is the same tripe we have always been fed from their troglodyte parents; only with fewer syllables. Just once I'd like to see a few people run who are not in some way linked to the old guard. I honestly believe that the Union's problems (financial and otherwise) cannot be solved with this group of leaders. It's not going to happen. And what the fuck is going on with that Hack party. Student politics seems to have degenerated so greatly that we are now witnessing its core players celebrating the fact that they have spent the majority of their time at Uni wasting their time and our money. Do you have any idea how much we pay these wankers to do what they do. It's a fucking outrage. I know most students don't give a shit about student politics. I don't blame them. However, you all have to realise that these tossers, left unchallenged, will be buying café latte's at Cibo with your cash. If someone tries to campaign you during election week, ask them what their all about and if your not happy with their answer, give them shit and vote for someone else. If you're not satisfied with them either, vote no candidate. That may be the only way things are going to change.

Yours truly,

Anonymous student (possibly Joe)

PS Alice Campbell is a fucking walking disaster. I've seen baboons chair meetings more efficiently.

(seven)

Cynical? Us?

Hey *On Dit*,

As I'm sure you're aware, I have an unhealthy love for you weekly publication, read it cover to cover religiously, and have noticed a certain amount of vitriol in your editorial comments and criticisms. Which leads me to ask, where's the punchline? While I do appreciate your boosting of my ego, it leaves me highly suspicious and paranoid, when's the other shoe going to drop?

Jess Fishlock

Oh, but Jess, we wouldn't dream of it. We're not nearly as Machiavellian as you think. Perhaps you've mistaken us for a more politically savvy newspaper. Empire Times, perhaps?

Shh! he's not supposed to know...

Dear James (and Stan),

I'm writing you a quasi-Letter-to-the-Editor because you lack those of late. I heartily enjoy Linley Henzell's Japan. It makes me smile.

Yours always,

Jo



THE UNIVERSITY
OF ADELAIDE
AUSTRALIA

www.adelaide.edu.au

TRANSFER ADVICE DAY

Wednesday September 1

10:00 am – 4:00 pm

Eclipse – level 4, Union House

- Are you considering a change from your present degree program to a different one?
- Need help to think through your options?
- Student advisers from Prospective Students Office and Faculties available to help you.

* Students wishing to transfer to a different program to commence in 2005 will need to apply through SATAC.

Lo-Fi Adventures in Home Surgery

Now in self-indulgent
Colour!

A week ago I had drunkenly let a friend deal with an annoying excess of skin situated at about 4 o'clock on my abdomen. However, the use of a cerated blade kinda chickened me out halfway through the experience, because I could feel the teeth ripping my skin. It wasn't so much the pain that made me pull out, but the horrible metallic jut I felt every 0.2 seconds as another tooth rendered my flesh.

That said, the flesh coloured baby sultana of surplus skin became infected over the following week. And a few hard drinking evenings turned it from something that could be considered 'cute' into a dense, purple kernel of nightmarish proportions.

The fear of waiting for a permanent

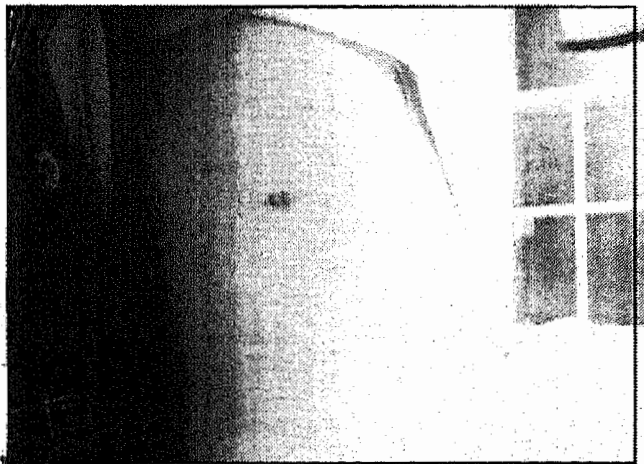
dead limb to ferment and drop off of my side being more than enough to encourage a wee bit of office surgery (that and jeering co-workers, and a certain Vice magazine article from a while back), it was operating time.

Enter the On Dit office first-aid kit, and it's first use for something other than aspirin since the great office party of '89.

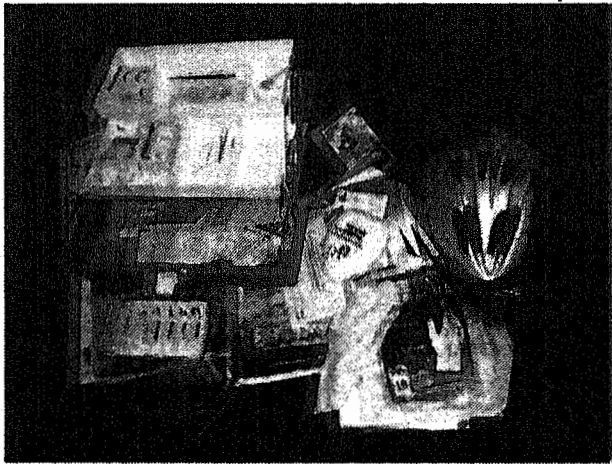
Gloves, gauze pads, Betadine, swabs; excellent, everything bar some actual cutting implements. A razorblade is found and dipped in boiling water. Shirt is taken off, camera is poised, and folk are gathered. Really, what the hell is the use of performing something utterly operatic without an audience and stage show?

Self-mutilation is a funny thing. It's like childbirth, once you're halfway through it's a breeze. It's just getting started that's tricky. My apprehension is obvious, stupid lines like "which blade is the clean one?" and "do you wanna get pizza after this" are coming out of me. After a few false starts, and some thick bleeding, the job is performed in a fell swoop. The wound releases a slight guttural belch of blood, and the victory is mine. Devise some office-made bandages and we are ready to go down to San Georgio's and drop the dead flesh into a mushroom supreme and complain about "what the fuck is that on our pizza?".

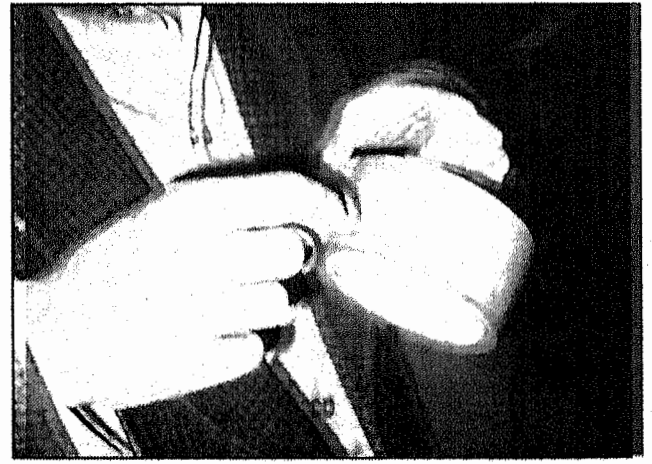
Jimmy Trash



The nubbin in question.



The tools of any good home operation.



The hardest part of being a doctor is finding the end bit of the gaffer tape.



"These gloves came free with my toilet brush!"



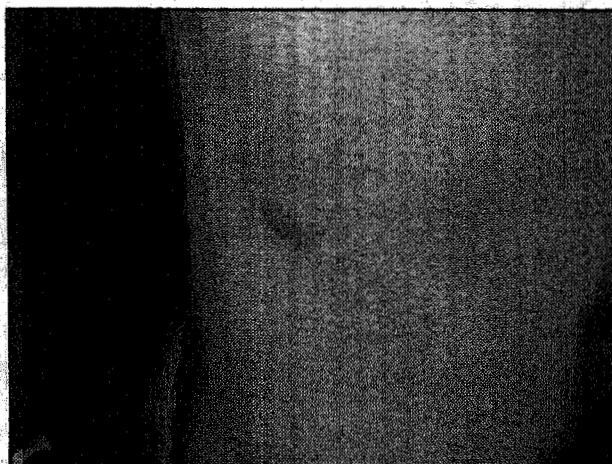
Sterilizing the offending kernel



Ack!



The post-op bean.



The surgeon, post-op.



The ingenuity never ceases!

Meet David Cox

David Cox joined the Australian Labor Party because "no sensible person would join the other mob". Elected to the federal seat of Kingston at the 1998 election, David chose politics because of a long-term interest in public policy.

His office is located on Main South Road in Morphett Vale, among car dealerships and bakeries and service stations in a commercial complex in Adelaide's southern suburbs. The electorate includes some of the city's least affluent areas. Christies Beach and surrounds often makes local news, being implicated in Mike Rann's war on gangs, and on crime. It's an unpretentious electorate, and David presents as an unpretentious politician: a feature I suspect works largely in his favour, particularly in his surrounds. His office is staffed by a small number of people and an important contingent of dedicated volunteers at either end of the age spectrum. It's a fairly typical, suburban opposition outfit - a tight community of die-hards doing their darndest to get their Member re-elected.

As Shadow Minister for Revenues and Assistant Treasurer, David is responsible for ALP taxation policy and legislation - in his own words, 'probably...one of the heaviest loads in the Parliament'. During the course of our discussion, he raised the point that, under the government's latest taxation policy, outlined in the recent federal budget, nobody who 'has neither kids nor an income of \$52,000 gets [any] tax cuts'. When I asked him whether it is Labor's intention to deliver tax cuts to all, he replied: 'There's a pledge to deliver tax cuts that will be fairer, and those tax cuts will be announced in plenty of time for people to assess them before they vote'.

At the time of the interview, the ALP had just announced major changes to its health policy. It had previously committed \$60 million a year on Medicare teams in "hotspots", but had, the previous day, announced that the commitment would fall to \$80 million over four years. This came after the somewhat surprising so-called PBS 'backflip', in which the ALP capitulated in the Senate to allow government-proposed changes that would raise the price of drugs under the Pharmaceutical Benefits Scheme by a not insubstantial amount.

Is there any real difference between the two major parties? People have traditionally

expected the ALP to deliver better quality health policies, yet, in recent developments, expensive ideas have been tempered or rescinded for economic expediency, for 'harsh realities'. David, of course, believes there are big differences:

'I think the fact that we want to have a universal health care system is a significant difference to the government. They will pay lip service to that, but in reality, every policy move that they make is designed to progressively dismantle Medicare and to create a two-tier system where the affluent get a high standard of care, which they pay for, and there's an inadequate [standard] for those who can't afford to pay for it. Similarly with education, they have already created a situation where it's possible for somebody who has affluent parents to buy a place at a university at the expense of somebody who is brighter and/or has worked harder than they have and has got better results. The third area is obviously the tax cuts...'

If the popular press is creating the impression that someone [read: Mark Latham] is 'shooting from the hip' by making rash policy statements that are inevitably heavily revised when the full policy details are released weeks or months later, David has an explanation for this too. 'I think that when we made the original announcement [about the Medicare 'hotspot' teams], we were anticipating spending about \$600 thousand on each one of these Medicare Teams', but 'the brutal reality is that as a long period of opposition goes on, you cannot afford for the government to keep spending new money on new programs. You reach a stage where you cannot go back and undo everything that they've done'. We all know about the current government's \$1 billion

advertising bill, for instance.

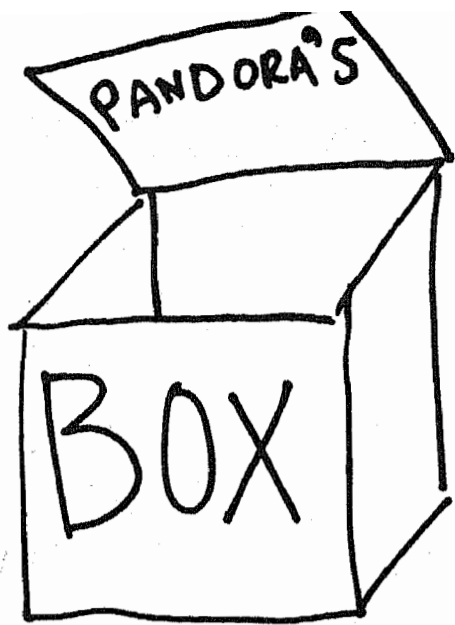
Such rhetoric still doesn't entirely address lingering concerns about Mark Latham, though, evidenced in the opposition leader's apparently rash comments about 'troops home by Christmas'. There is little doubt that the ALP is substantively different to the Liberal Party; its structure is factionalised to the extent that there is a strong Left that will temper the (currently dominant) Right. If the Right ever *did* attempt to go anywhere near where John Howard has taken the Liberal Party, Carmen Lawrence's inevitable threats to split away would hardly be idle. Many would hope that the ALP retains its invaluable, though often frustrating, factional structure - but what about the representation of Mark Latham as a Howard-style party room dictator?

'I don't think he's anything like John Howard', David said. 'But he is the leader, and he is determining what his agenda is, and he is reasonably forceful about that, and people would expect him to be. He's the best communicator we've had for a very long time, and I think that our potential at the poll will be maximised by him pursuing the issues that he's interested in in the way that he wants to. But that isn't to say that other people aren't able to make substantial contributions in their policy areas'.

I'll take this opportunity to remind readers that their tax returns for 2003-04 are due on October 31. Nasty business, running around pestering employers (both current and former) for group certificates and banks for interest income (what interest?) - but feel better: your Shadow Assistant Treasurer says 'I don't think anybody enjoys doing their tax return'.

By Russell Marks





“I wanted to fuck your brains out but it appears someone beat me to it.”

The art of breaking up and down.

At six am on my eighteenth birthday I was eviscerating my boyfriend. Well, technically, he'd been my ex for seven minutes and technogeeks will jump to correct me and say I was *fragging*, not eviscerating him. We were playing a multiplayer game called *Quake III* which allowed me to blow him to pieces with a variety of guns and splatter his blood across the simulated walls before dancing on his body parts (perhaps the dancing was my elaboration. I had had quite a bit of port). It was quite a cathartic experience, one that I feel should be offered to all recently heartbroken.

Breaking up is painful. Many males don't bother to do it at all; they just stop calling. Both dumper and dumped are pained. I have never been dumped, but I've been left to pick up the pieces many times. I keep a box of tissues, a slab of Cadbury's and a copy of Gloria Gaynor's *I will survive* in my bedroom at all times in case I get a drunken, late night call from one of my break-up susceptible friends which always begins "you know I love you like a sister..."

And people have no imagination when it comes to breaking up. It'll be one of five things:

- *I'm not ready to be in a relationship right now.*
Translation: I want or have someone else
- *I don't want to ruin our friendship.*
Translation: I am not attracted to you
- *It's not you; it's me.*
Translation: It not me, it's you
- *I need space.*
Translation: I'd like you to stop going through my rubbish bin.
- *I don't think this is working.*
Translation: I would rather watch David Attenborough watching African tree frogs digesting bugs than have sex with you.

But it is important to remember that your newly single agony will not last forever...it just feels that way. And there are three important survival steps to remember (actually there's probably more than three, but it's a nice sounding number. Pythagoras believed the number 3 to be sacred as it signified the beginning, the middle and the end and who am I to argue with Pythagoras?)

1. Erasure

Any person with a mobile phone and an ex will be guilty of the following: ex-texting. And while it always seems like a good idea at the time to tell them a) you love them, b) they have a small penis or c) you know where they live, a few days, hours or minutes later you will start banging your head against a brick wall (which, incidentally, burns 150 calories per hour, so is not entirely pointless). So as painful as it may seem, delete their numbers from your phone, tear the page out of your address book and begin hypnotherapy to erase it from your memory. It only ends in tears (or an apprehended violence order, which will go on your permanent record).

And don't try to outsmart yourself either. Their old messages have to go or you'll just hit the reply key. I've done it myself. Sorry Antony. And yeah, I know they seemed sweet, but you'll come to realise that 'Call me Wednesday and we'll fuck like Salisbury High School kids with nothing better to do.' was perhaps not as sweet as it seemed at the time.

2. Lie

One of the worst things about break ups is the humiliation. Everyone knows you've broken up, another of your relationships has failed and you weren't good enough. They broke up with you? They didn't love you so you salvaged your pride and broke it off with them? You walked in on them with their head between your twin sister's legs? Who needs to know? As anyone with a few psychopathic tendencies will tell you, if you tell a lie enough times, even you'll begin to believe it was how it really happened.

The sympathy card is not to be played at this time. If you wish to have a diplomatic image, here are some clean exits. Now say you dumped them within one or two dates. You stopped calling. Or you said you were moving to Taiwan (which gets icky if you bump into them at Youthworks two months later, believe me). Or, you pinched your nose and in an unrecognisable, nasal voice said "that person doesn't live here".

If you dumped them after three or four dates you told them you had a terminal disease. Or your ex-boyfriend/girlfriend called and you realised how much you still loved them blah blah blah. Losing out to another who has history with you is understandable, and far less painful than being dumped for excessive nasal hair. After five or more dates it gets tricky. Try one of the five standards previously mentioned. Do not tell the truth.

On the other hand, going for a heartbreaker image is far more comforting. Say you sent them a copy of Robbie Williams' *Sexed Up* which includes the lines 'why don't we break up, there's nothing left to say, I've got my eyes shut, praying they don't stray...I hope you blow away.' Or you went to www.gottabreakup.com and sent them a tasteless breakup e-card. Or you told them the truth: a) they looked like a gerbil when they orgasmed, b) they smelled of cat pee and Vegemite, c) you wanted to fuck their brains out, but it appeared someone had beaten you to it. In fact, make it a game. Score points for every hateful comment you used. Compete with your friends.

3. Revenge

Nothing says I'm over you like a potato up your ex's exhaust pipe. This is a bit highschool though. We're uni students now. We take revenge with class and creativity. www.revengeunlimited will send you gifts for your ex: condoms for small peckers or dead bouquets. You can take a DIY approach. Put cling wrap over their toilet seat, salt in the sugar bowl and write obscene messages on their lawn in antifreeze. Place an ad in your local classifieds for a 1999 Honda civic for \$500 with their phone number. They will be bothered unmercifully by bargain hunters of The Castle variety. Collect hair clippings from salons, soak them in a solution of liquid laundry bleach and you'll have killer itching powder. Go to www.virtual-design.com and design your own voodoo doll, pins and all, to be emailed to your ex. Or if you're really serious, check out www.spymall.com/ctalog/revenge/htm. These guys are seriously evil, with attachments for phone lines which will dial international numbers every two minutes and liquid equine laxatives.

DISCLAIMER: REVENGE IS WRONG AND SHOULD NOT BE DONE WITHOUT THE RECIPIENT'S PERMISSION

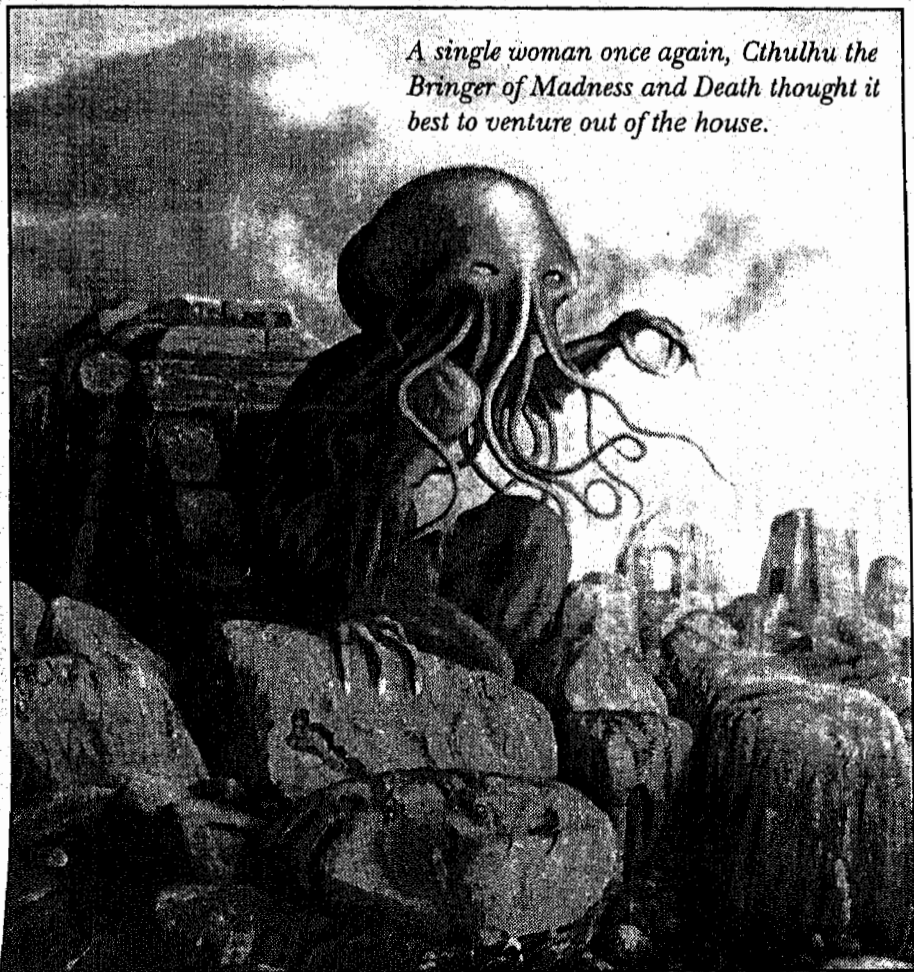
Can you tell that I've googled this extensively? It was fun.

Of course the best revenge is the ability to walk away with your head held high. Sure, your heart might have been ripped out through your nasal passage and you're leaving a bloody trail in your wake, but do it in style.

There is no breakup you can't survive.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey

A single woman once again, Cthulhu the Bringer of Madness and Death thought it best to venture out of the house.



What Happened to Ideology?

[Elderly Hippie Laments]

Before I get into this article, I feel I should warn you that lamentations of 'leftie-types' are only going to appeal to a certain demographic, that if you read this aloud it might sound like a disheartened student exhaling bitterly in the way disheartened students do, and that this article might be a bit of a page-turner in the sense that it could have you flipping around trying to find something more palatable. There will be no sex tips here, just me venting. You've been warned.

When I look at the state of our country, I wonder what happened to ideology (hence the title). Was the notion of striving towards some utopia ever on the agenda? I have to say that it was to varying degrees in our past, notably when Whitlam went for free education and health-care (no 'HELP' and 'PELS' loan schemes, and no "Medicare Plus Star Asterisk" complete with umbrellas, gaps and safety nets). I don't want to get into an argument about the policies' practicality with anyone not put off by my opening paragraph (though I do believe idealistic policy can be practical and beneficial in both the short and long term, and I'm not the world's biggest John Kerr fan). I just want to point out that policy geared towards creating an egalitarian society has been drafted in this nation's past.

But what about the present? There is an old axiom that says we get the politicians we deserve. What, it has to be asked, did we do to deserve this lot? We have a Prime Minister who power-walks his way to various war memorials, our great white patriarch, who remains infallible despite getting an awful lot of things wrong (Tampa, WMDs, etc.). We have a foreign minister whose idea of diplomacy is to announce our importance in the region and draw analogies between other countries and confectionary. While I have no doubt as to his deep and profound knowledge of confectionary (I have him pegged as a disciple of sweets since he donned the knee-high socks with his chums at PAC), I do sometimes wonder about his understanding of other cultures and other societies, and his comprehension of certain diplomatic fundamentals. There's Abbott & Costello, one of the all-time great comedy duos...and don't get me started on the rest of them - there are other things I want to talk about. I don't want to sit here and defend the Opposition either. The question I really want to address is this: did we deserve this, and if so, why?

Politics, it seems to me, is not about ideology. Or at the very least, it is not primarily about ideology. It is about power: wielding it and maintaining it. And under the system that we have, it has to be. Ideology is useless unless you are in government and have the power to implement your policies. Take, as an example, the free trade agreement with America. If Labor strategists decide it should not be an election issue, they have to support it

in some form. If they can force the government to make some concessions, then they can claim a victory in that it was their model that was implemented. So even if the FTA goes against Labor principles (and I'm not saying it does or it doesn't), they are almost forced to support it in a modified form, in the hope that not making it an election issue will better their chances of seizing power and implementing their ideologies. The problem is not so much that politics is about power - in a democratic society it pretty much has to be. The problem is that power and ideology seem so far removed - almost incompatible. And here we as a society have to take some of the blame. Ultimately, we decide what the election issues are. We are influenced, granted - manipulated by scare campaigns and mass-government advertising. But we are the voters - we decide what is important to us. So what is important to us?

Let me ask you a question: if I offer you the choice between accepting \$100 today or \$200 in one year, what would you take? I expect many of you will take the hundred, even though you'd be better off in the long term with \$200. The point is that humans have a tendency to take the immediate reward over the long-term benefit. We as a wealthy, democratic and westernised society are individualistic, as opposed to collectivist, and so we tend to be lured by who can offer us the most, as opposed to who can offer the most to society. In a sense this seems reasonable as we all get to vote, so the winning party should be best for most people. Not necessarily. The problem is that some policies can offer immediate benefits at the expense of long-term wellbeing and social welfare. Consider the privatisation of an electricity company (I know this was a state issue, but hypothetically, it could be a national issue too). It might bring an immediate windfall of a billion dollars, which a treasurer can put in the bank account and smile smugly at the profit/surplus.

The government can then give a tax-break to mums and dads come election time, and they can gleefully invest in the company which they formally owned by the mere fact that they were Australian citizens. But as a private company, this electricity producer now has to focus on maintaining profits for its shareholders, to keep them happy and wealthy. When it was publicly-owned, it had to break even, and any profits were utilized to the country's benefit: maintaining roads and the like. There may have been an environmental push to switch off lights when you're not using them, and unplug electrical appliances at night. But in a profit-oriented private company, such measures will only see the cost of electricity rise, to ensure profits are maintained. Screw any environmental concerns - if you can afford to light your house like a bloody Christmas tree, it's your goddamn right, goddamn it! So while the cost of living skyrockets, an increasing gap develops between wealthy "mums and dads" shareholders and the poverty-stricken, who can no longer afford electricity.

So, I want to argue, such policies designed to lure the populus into immediate benefit ultimately lead to the fraying of our society. I want to argue further, and suggest that as the poor become poorer they also become more desperate and turn to crime, but I might leave that for another day. I want to address one more question: does it have to be like this, and what can we do to change it (okay, that's two questions)? I don't think we are condemned to a fate of policies that offer us short-term rewards to the detriment of our long-term social structure. However, I think all social classes are guilty of voting for the party that they believe will best benefit them. We cannot be surprised that parties appeal to this. They will continue to do so until we vote not on the basis of who can best line our pockets with cash, but on the basis of who has beliefs and ideologies that, when implemented will yield a nation that we can be proud to pass on to our grandchildren. At every election we should be concerned about the state of the environment both today and in 20, 50, 100 years. We should consider how our youth will be educated, how our elders will be cared for, and what standard of living every Australian is entitled to.

With that, I make my final plea: when we do go to the polls this election, consider it carefully, not just from your point of view, but from the point of view of all Australians, and the betterment of this country's long term future. Maybe, in doing so, you can restore some of this lefty's faith in society. I would appreciate it.

Paul Campbell

An Opportunity Not to be Missed

What we need to promote peace this year is an election in Washington and Canberra, with electable alternative candidates to the warmongers. And by George we got 'em!

Latham and Kerry have criticised the neoconservative war policy trenchantly, and are talking socioeconomic equity about education and health. They also have a genuine interest in reducing military expenditure to fund their social investment policies and ease pressure on interest rates, which the War on Whatever has begun to drive up to the detriment of any graduate who has hopes of owning a home, [whenever they have paid of their HECS debt of course] Latham and Kerry represent that strain of pragmatic technocratic idealism of which Whitlam and Kennedy were successful exponents. So far as Latham is concerned, it is no accident that Latham is an educated Western Suburbs boy who got his start in politics working for Whitlam. He knows such a line can be made to work electorally and provides a mandate for effective administration.

By conscience voting for candidates of those parties which support peace and social development, we open a second front against the Howard regime which mendaciously took us to war. There will be many issues in this election campaign. That is the beauty of it. The Howard government will not get the distorted managed media poll on a restricted aspect of security which it engineered by ambush during the Truth Overboard Affair. Thus the peace vote will not turn the election into a referendum.

But it has the potential if stimulated and organised to turn conservatives out of marginal lower house seats, like Adelaide and others in South Australia, and cost them control of the Senate. As Howard knows, there are only 8 House of Reps seats in it, and a big swing is not required to banish the conservatives to the losing side of the House. If 1% of the vote shifted across the centre from Howard to Latham and co., it might, in conjunction with other issues, make the result interesting.

And the preferential system means that electors can signal their intentions by voting Labor on their second preference to determine government, and for other peace parties such as the Democrats, Greens, Socialist Alliance et al. their first preference to indicate where their hearts are and to keep a Labor government honest.

The truth in government issue makes it imperative that the Howard regime be turned out of office. Democracy is all about accountability. A government which systematically resorts to lying to the people as the Howard government has done is ruling by subterfuge and has withdrawn itself from scrutiny and accountability. Any government which does this ought to be thrown out whatever its politics. If the other crowd forget the lesson in office then they too ought to be turfed, until all sides of politics remember the rules of the constitutional game. It is high time to remind all political players of this basic truth.

David Faber



Without ideology to protect them, humanity was at the mercy of the evil Dr Hobbes' Monstrous Leviathan.

searched, and the persons or
sized.

ARTICLE VII.

No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime without indictment or indictment of a grand jury in cases arising in the land or sea, or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall, in any criminal case, be compelled, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

ARTICLE VIII.

In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the state and district where the crime shall have been committed, or in which it shall have been previously committed, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation, to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense.

ARTICLE IX.

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and in any case, tried by a jury, shall be preserved, and in any court of the United States, excepting the Supreme Court, the trial by jury according to the rules of the common law shall be preserved.

ARTICLE X.

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

The debate over a bill of rights in Australia needs revisiting

As the High Court recently affirmed the Howard Government's right to detain failed asylum seekers indefinitely, it seems well overdue that Australia revisit the debate over whether we need a bill of rights at the Federal level.

Many leading academics and practising lawyers in Australia have not seen the necessity for a bill of rights in past years, as have the Australian people with a failed referendum on the issue in 1988, along with many previous attempts. Yet with unprecedented terrorism and immigration legislation in the past four years this has reinvigorated the need for a debate on the issue.

The High Court's decision last fortnight perhaps provides the most salient argument why Australia needs to align itself with every other Western country in the world and adopt a bill of rights, that is, to attain a base level of rights that the Executive can not surpass. Undoubtedly the common law and a responsible government will protect Australian citizens in most cases, but as Peter Singer outlined on the 26 July in Bonython Hall Australia's report card on human rights is not as clean as the Executive might like the electorate to think it is.

The arbitrary nature of indefinite immigration detention would not stand up with a safety net of a bill of rights, as the UK has found in relation to its processing centres for asylum seekers since Blair's enactment of a Human Rights Act in 1998. A bill of rights would enhance government policy, requiring the Government to legislate in a more humane manner that would respect civil liberties and avoid continuous litigation against the Executive.

Critics of a bill of rights argue that it is placing the power of the elected government in the hands of the unelected judiciary by allowing them to overturn legislation which may be part of the Government's mandate as voted by their constituents. However, this is a flawed argument seeing the Parliament would be responsible for establishing a Bill of Rights based on the will of the people in the outset and would rather be required to legislate within the confines of

fundamental rights as established universally under such instruments as the *International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights*, to which Australia is a signatory. Furthermore, if Parliament was to pass legislation in the form of the ACT's or UK's Human Rights Act,

it does not have the cemented presence of a constitutional bill of rights such as in the US. Thus in order to amend a Human Rights Act it would only require Parliament to make such amendments, whereas a Constitutional Bill of Rights would require the Australian people to vote via referendum every time it would require alteration, which would be costly and cumbersome.

The ACT, on 1 July 2004, adopted Australia's first bill of rights. The *Human Rights Act* in the ACT was developed through a highly democratic, 'softly, softly'

A bill of rights would enhance government policy, requiring the Government to legislate in a more humane manner that would respect civil liberties and avoid continuous litigation against the Executive.

approach to its determination, much to the scorn of the Howard Government. The Chief Minister in the ACT, Jon Stanhope, undertook a unique and lengthy system of engaging the public through regular forums and consultation to ascertain what the electorate's views were on a bill of rights and what they saw as being essential to its content. This was a process that perhaps could serve as a model at the Federal level in years to come.

Unless we are prepared to continue encroachment of basic human rights by the Executive in the form of border protection, terrorism and criminal justice we need to begin a public debate over the merits of a bill of rights. A change of government is not the ultimate solution seeing the Labor Party was responsible for the arbitrary detention of asylum seekers in 1992 and would be just as capable of harsh legislation with incumbency given the right conditions of fear. Thus we need to move toward regulating the actions of the government to obviate its ability, amongst other areas, to detain people, theoretically until their death, who have not committed a crime.

Timothy Wetherell

The Amazing Mysteries of Predictive Text :)

Consider for a moment the modern phenomenon of predictive text. Most mobile phones have it - a system of typing that works by cycling through alphabetical permutations of a word each time you press the hash key.

What few people notice is that predictive text reveals some truly bizarre coincidences. For example, 'baker' mutates into 'cakes', 'cock' into 'anal', 'homo' into 'hmmm', 'lips' into 'kiss' then into 'lisp'.

There certainly seems to be an altogether peculiar relationship between words when they are permuted in the three-letter keypad system. But why? Could it be that the person who invented the English language (Shakespeare, wasn't it?) had strange Nostradamus-like foresight, allowing them to predict (as it were) the invention of the Nokia 82-10? Hmmm.

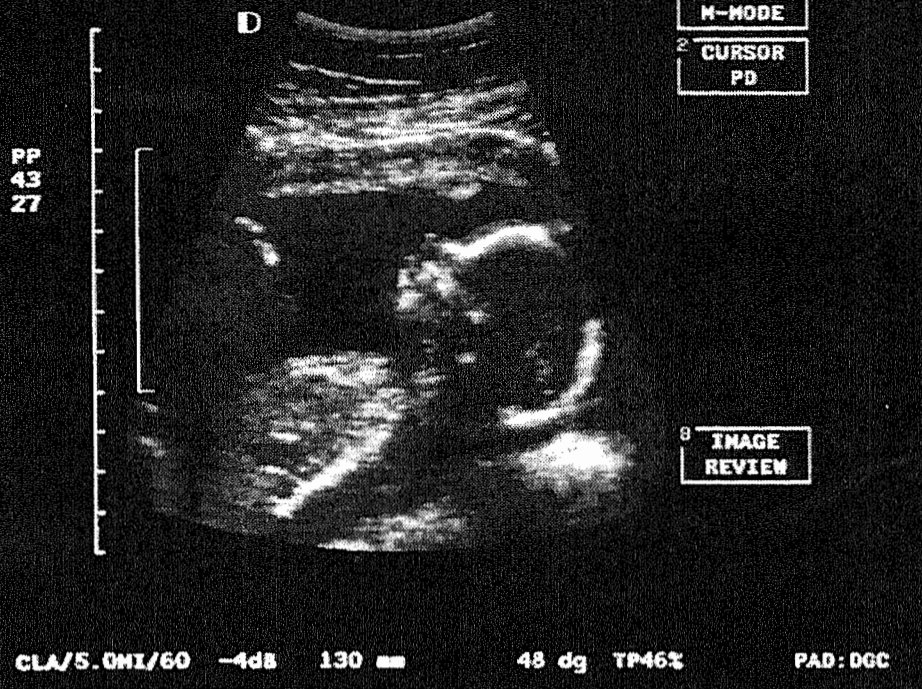
bosoms -> cosmos
cock -> anal
homo -> hmmm
waves -> water
lips -> kiss -> lisp
baker -> cakes
have -> gave
jazz -> lazy

666

fear cthulhu

kill your parents

DRYBURN HOSPITAL
ULTRASOUND 1



A couple of weeks ago (Sunday 8 August), Julia Black's documentary film *My Foetus* was shown on the ABC's religious affairs program, *Compass*. *My Foetus* was first screened in April in the UK and has continued to cause a stir since. The daughter of a pro-choice clinic pioneer, Black had an abortion when she was twenty one, but now in her thirties, another pregnancy prompted her to consider the abortion issue more deeply. In around twenty five minutes, Black's frank and mostly transparent comments run parallel with a handful of interviews as she weighs up different perspectives. One doctor remains steadfastly pro-choice, while another, having helped develop the '4D' imaging technology that renders the inhabitant of the womb in such detail, has become less so. One pro-life activist likens abortion to genocide and helps organise truck convoys bearing super-sized images of aborted foetuses. Another was arrested for publicly displaying the disturbing image of a 21 week-old aborted foetus (which is then shown on-screen).

Following the footage of an abortion procedure (at seven weeks' pregnancy), Black speaks with an abortion surgeon. It is this television-first footage of the procedure that has been controversial, not to mention the photographs of aborted foetuses that juxtapose the persistent imagery of life in the womb and the heavily pregnant Black's own stomach. The abortion procedure is a simple one and takes only a few minutes. Apart from the bloody mush we see being sucked into a tube, it indeed seems very straightforward, very clinical. It is not until at least ten weeks into the pregnancy that the human form becomes immediately recognisable, says the surgeon, sifting through the pulverised contents of the uterus. (In the UK, abortion is legal up to twenty four weeks, although terminations later than twenty weeks are rare.) Make of all this what you will. Watch the film.

Black, for her part, believes that debate needs to be stimulated, and wants to contribute to that. She is not simply playing the controversialist. In *My Foetus* she concludes, 'it is possible to be opposed to what abortion actually is while still being pro-choice'. She commented further on ABC's *LateLine* (Thursday 5 August) that she has aimed to help mothers 'reclaim the fate of the foetus' while retaining 'choice'.

While I basically agree with Black's

motivations, I believe her approach in *My Foetus* is grossly lacking. In this brief article I want to look at the title of the film, both words of which are significant. Firstly, the term 'foetus' is consistently applied throughout the documentary. *Foetus* simply means 'offspring'. Its wholesale use has the effect of distancing us from the unborn child, somehow placing it in the realm of the pre-human or the animal. (In an odd moment, Black refers to the parasitic nature of the foetus—which would make sense, if it was something other than her child.) The terminology of 'the foetus' is actually raised during the film itself. Black observes, after watching the 4D inter uterine images, that the foetus is clearly a *baby* even at twelve weeks gestation. The form we see on the screen and its movements are immediately and inescapably human. However, even after Black's own 'foetus' has emerged from the womb—and we see her young child as the film draws to a close—the tag remains. Despite the film's very human imagery of pregnancy and the womb, the narration does not speak of 'the baby'. Why might this be? Being diligent with such terminology perhaps allows us to consider 'the issues' more sensibly, with greater objectivity. I suggest this is wrong-footed. Why persist with such a title when it is simply inaccurate? 'The unborn child' is appropriate, and the title of the film might instead be 'My Baby'. This issue is not my primary consideration here, however. It is the 'my' in *My Foetus* that I am particularly concerned about. In the film, Black's 'partner' is conspicuous by his absence, and hardly rates a mention. (Perhaps he wanted no part in the film.) Shouldn't the documentary be, however, 'Our Foetus'? As a man, I have in my care everything necessary to make a baby, as does a woman, provided we become one flesh. There is no foetus without the man, or apart from him. (I understand this is, in one sense, the case for female kangaroos, but certainly not for humans.) Black's partner is mentioned as having created the baby with her. Why, then, does he seemingly play so small a role?

A woman has the additional privilege and burden of bearing the child. Obviously this fact may mean a woman forms a deeper emotional connection with the child. Does the childbearing function and experience, however, necessarily mean that the baby is more the woman's than the man's? I think not. Black certainly speaks as if her role as mother grants her special responsibility

My Foetus

abortion & paternal rights

discussion with two other women. One, a professor of applied philosophy and ethics, made the point that the focus has too often been placed unduly on the foetus, and should be brought back to the woman. The abortion debate, however, has consistently moved to and fro over 'foetal' rights and women's rights (interestingly, rarely 'mothers' rights'), when 'father's rights' is just as much an issue. This third factor must be given as much weight as the woman's role.

If we are to be 'pro-choice' regarding the role of women, we must be pro-choice about 'fathers' rights'. Regardless of what you believe about the rights of the unborn child, have you considered the role and responsibility of the father? Perhaps it should be 'My Baby'; it certainly must be 'Our Foetus'.

Arthur Davis.

arthur.davis@student.adelaide.edu.au

in the matter. I suggest this assumption is mistaken. A mother's body may be her very own, but the life inside it is there because of the father as much as her.

Fathers' responsibility has not been paid enough attention; indeed, it has largely been ignored. If it becomes an important issue, further questions are naturally raised. What if the father wants to raise and care for a baby the mother is determined to abort? What if the father insists that the mother abort a baby she wants at least to give birth to? (I guess such a scenario was potentially a part of Donna Cooke's story in *Elle Dit* last week, for example.) As complicated as these might become, we nonetheless have a responsibility to reclaim the role of the man as father. Such responsibility will surely be confronting for men who have hitherto considered these things 'women's stuff'.

LateLine (Thursday 5 August), facilitated by Tony Jones, featured Black in

The editors would like to remind readers that this bit of the paper is the opinion section.

Despite our amusingly avant garde decision not to label each section, it should be obvious that some parts of *On Dit* are in fact the opinions of contributors, and not necessarily those of the editors and staff.

As such, it is by no means necessary for disgruntled readers to bathe our office in fire.

The Christian Medical and
Dental Fellowship (CMDF) brings you...

Is The Foetus Never Human?

A Specialist's View on Abortion

Presented by Professor Anthony Radford
Monday 30th August 2004 @ 5pm
Venue: Florey Lecture Theatre, Medical School
Level 1, Frome Road

Come and hear a Christian specialist in
Obstetrics and Gynaecology speak on abortion and
the ethical issues surrounding it.

There will also be time at the end for you
to pose any questions.

All welcome
Hope to see you there!

Any further queries? Please feel free to call
Arlene (0419 487 417) or email us on

cmdfa_adelaide@yahoo.com.au

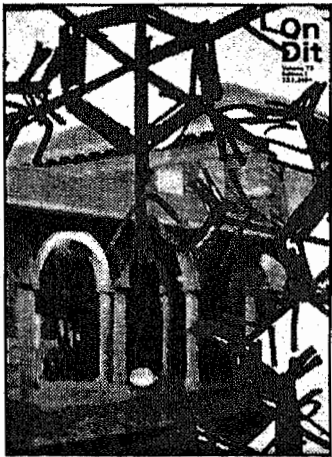
Advertisement

On Dit 2004

Back Issues

It certainly has been a strange year in the history of everyone's favourite student rag. For starters, it's the first time it's been run by a pair of bumbling fools like us. Help us clean our office by picking up all the editions you've missed (basement of the George Murray building, in case you didn't know). Collect the whole set!*

* Except maybe edition four. Although rumour has it that you can pick one up from a Hindly Street pornography store for tidy sum.



On Dit 72.1
'Fuck me
it's cold!'



On Dit 72.2
'I call him
Gambler!'



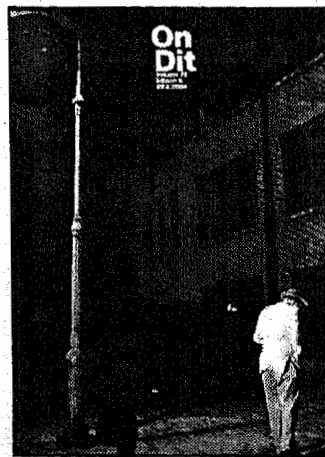
On Dit 72.3
'Constructi-
OnDit'



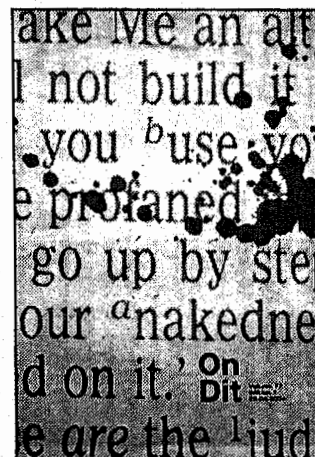
On Dit 72.4
'The One
That Got
Banned'



On Dit 72.5
'The Nice,
Friendly
Pink One
That Made
Up for
the One
That Got
Banned'



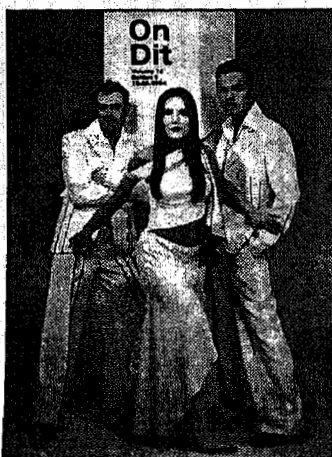
On Dit 72.6
'New
Schmork'



On Dit 72.7
'Religi-
OnDit'



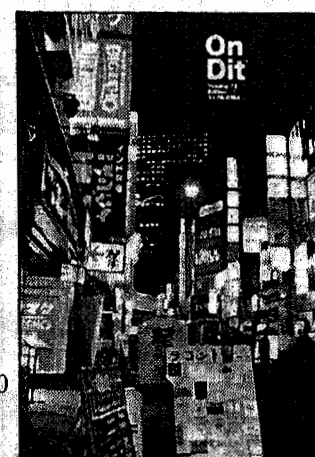
On Dit 72.8
'Ennui'



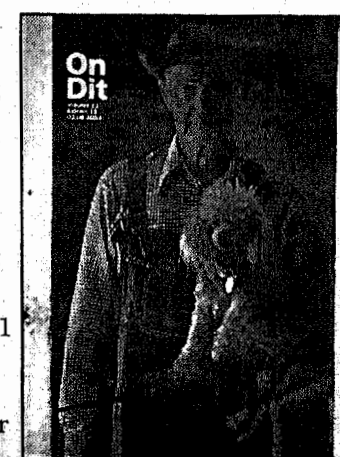
On Dit 72.9
'Eurotrash'



On Dit 72.10
'The Disas-
ter Edition'

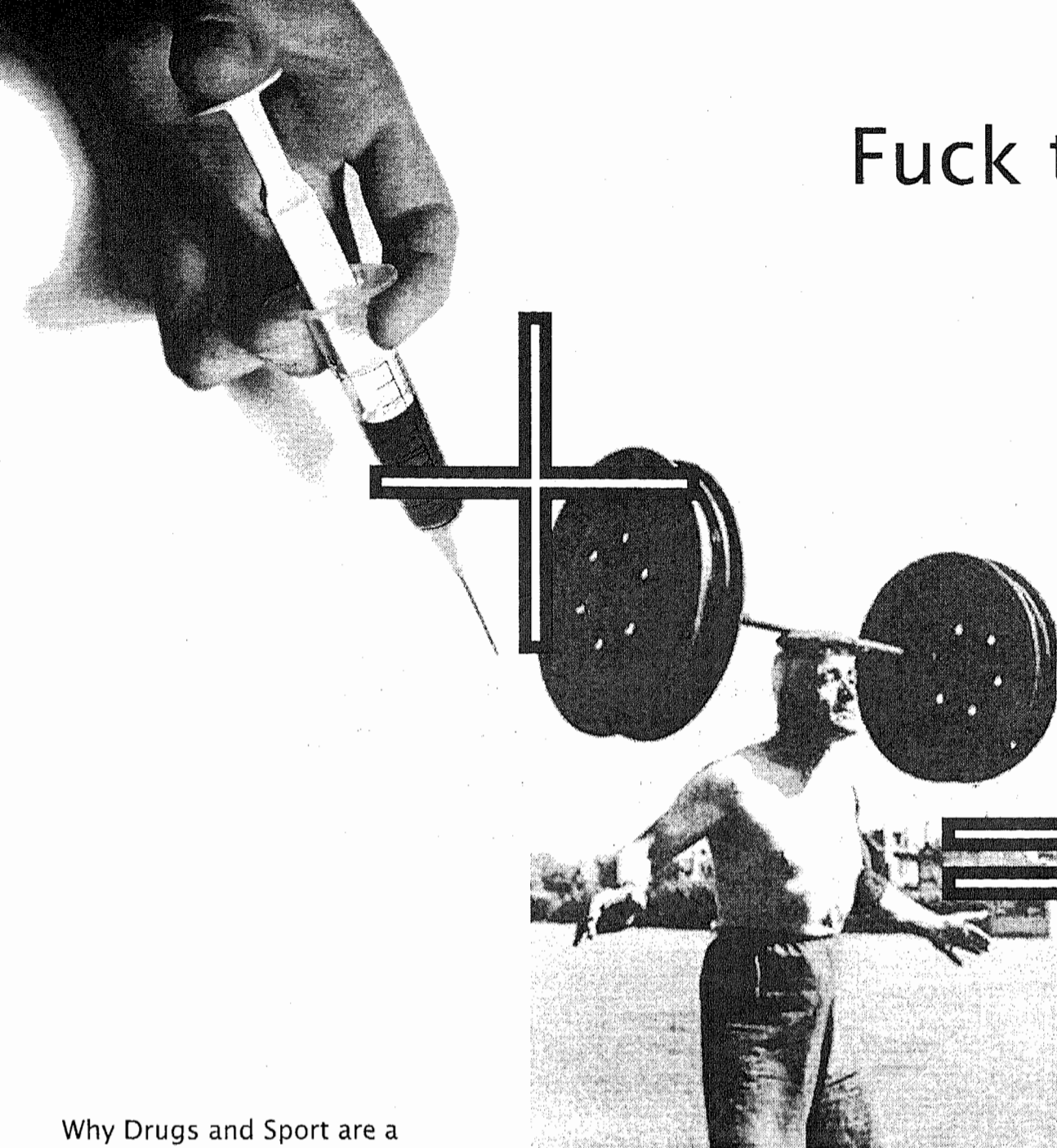


On Dit 72.11
'Ads? I'll
give you
ads, mother
fucker!'



On Dit 72.12
'Too stoned
to think of a
theme.'

Fuck the Olympics



Why Drugs and Sport are a marriage made on Mount Olympus

It's time to buy your crappy three dollar Cunnos mini Australian flag and wave it in front of a television with a bunch of other patriotic arseholes. The period of your favourite television programs being disrupted (not that Channel 7 has anything decent anyway) only comes along once every four years. Too long between drinks I say. I love watching fine specimens of the human race exerting themselves to their very limit, whilst I sit on my couch stuffing my mouth full of munchies. But somehow I feel the Olympics could get just that very bit better. To up the bar, one could say.

And the answer? Drugs.

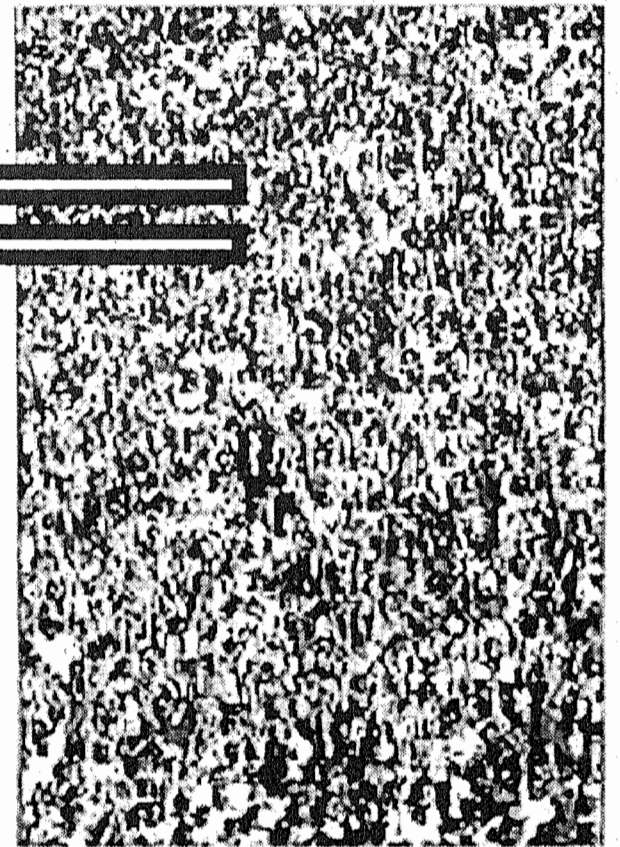
Drugs have been as common in the headlines as Olympian's medals, but have so far been reported with derogatory stigma. I say let the drugs in. I mean, imagine the possibilities if Olympians were allowed to take drugs. We wouldn't just have a show; we'd have a spectacle on our hands.

Fuck, who doesn't want to see the 100m being run in under five seconds? I want to have to watch the slow mo instant replay to decipher the blur in front of my eyes. Imagine javelins being thrown out of stadiums, shotputts hitting people in the crowds, and hurdles falling over by the jet stream of Olympians jumping them.

There is no way that drugs are going to ever

be stamped out of the Olympics anyway. So far at these Olympics there have been positive drug results and consequently athletes being disqualified from weightlifting, shot putt, boxing, sprinting and cycling events. And with new drugs being developed, athletes are going to be able to continue taking drugs until new testing procedures are developed to test for the new drugs. Until people start genetically engineering their children to be Olympians, drugs are the best way to combine technology and physical prowess in the quest for gold. Although, I can't help but think that Australia's golden boy Thorpey may be a genetically modified test tube tadpole. Either that, or the love child of Dame Edna Everage and Kieren Perkins'. Perks for the flippers, and Dame for the (flam)buoyancy.

Bring on the technology. I mean, it's 2004 not fucking 1896. We haven't just developed cars, mobile phones, computers and what not to sit in the spare room and collect dust because we fill like exerting ourselves. We developed that shit so it would make our life easier and more interesting. Olympian's equipment and apparel have developed so they can get 'that edge'. We're not even witnessing the natural athlete being one with body and mind for physical supremacy. So why not save a lot of the time beating round the bush and let these freaks



of the human race use chemical stimulation for the edge. And yes, Olympians are freaks. People who can run 100m in under 10 seconds are freaks. So let the freaks have their freaky drugs. Currently musicians, writers, artists and chefs are considered the 'freaks' of society, and they've had some marvellous results while 'under the influence'. Could you imagine The Beatles if they hadn't started smoking pot and dropping acid? Then they'd have stuck with singing songs like I want to hold your hand:

*Oh yeah, I'll tell you something,
I think you'll understand.
When I'll say that something
I want to hold your hand,
I want to hold your hand,
I want to hold your hand.*

Allowing drug taking will start a new chapter in the pursuit of human beings pushing their physical (and chemical) limits. And if nothing else, it's sure to grantee that seats in stadiums will for fill their purpose of being: to be sat on.

Yuky

AVCON 2004



For any of you who came through the campus on July 17 or 18, you may have seen strange things in Union Hall or Union House... hundreds of people watching cartoons in a cinema, gamers in dark smelly rooms playing video game tournaments, or even people dressed as Pac-Man ghosts... yes, AVCon, Adelaide's anime and video game convention, was back for 2004.

AJAS (Adelaide Japanese Animation Society) and AUVGA (Adelaide University Video Games Association) have organized this event each year since 2002. Rather than being one of the few cities who don't have a nerd convention, both clubs joined to create AVCon, the first convention in Australia to feature both anime and video games.

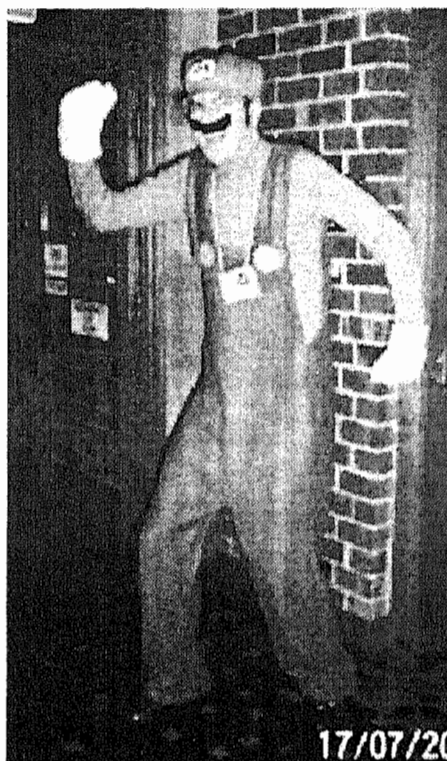
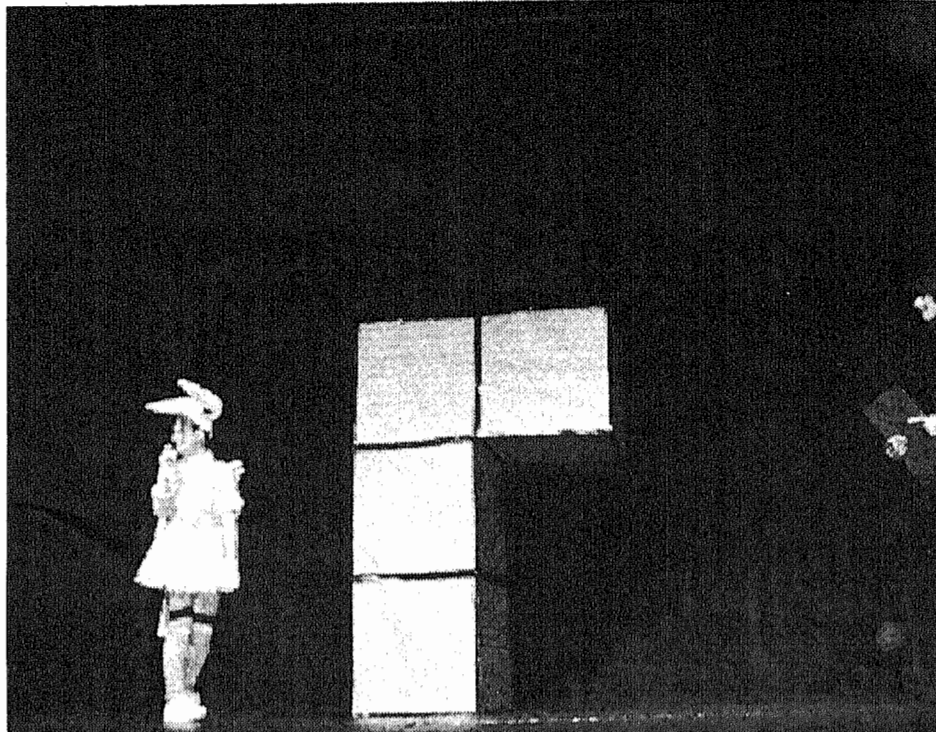
This year we had quite a mix of events. On the anime side we launched two new anime series in Australia: "Azumanga Daioh" (insane high school comedy) and "She, the ultimate weapon" (drama surrounding a young girl who just happens to be a military death machine). As with every year, DDR tournaments happened (you know, the "dancing game" where participants seem to be having epileptic fits to Japanese music while somehow still standing) and were hugely popular, with participants showing a bewildering amount of skill at stepping on coloured arrows. Videogame tournaments were well fought, with gamers becoming championship kart racers, sword fighters, and ninjas, even if only on a television for half an hour. Add to the mix sumo suit matches, art and fanfic competitions, a quiz night, and of course... cosplay.

Yes, cosplay. What exactly inspires someone to dress as their favourite gaming or anime character can be debated, but this year the quality was the best yet. Final Fantasy 7's Cloud, complete with a 6 foot metal-worked buster sword. Read or Die's Yomiko Readman, the super heroine who fights using naught but paper. And... a Tetris block. The L shaped one, for those interested...

If there's one thing AVCon proves, it's that anime and video games culture is becoming more mainstream in Adelaide every year, with 2004's attendance nearly reaching 700. That's half the number who attend Manifest, Melbourne's convention, and they have over three times our population.....

Anyway, if AVCon sounds like something you'd be interested in, then perhaps you'll consider coming in 2005. And since planning for AVCon 2005 is already underway, you can be sure it'll be our best yet!

-Connell Wood



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Student Card Holders Save 15%

Kellie Armstrong - Smith Women's Officer



I wonder if I should start waving like the Queen does. Anytime someone goes by and gives me a look - you know, Oh My God There Goes the Women's Officer, What Has Her Pen Gotten Up To This Week sort of dagger - I should just primly cup the right hand upwards, place my elbow into a tight (but polite) deadlock, and rotate at the wrist.

Anyway, what I was really pondering this week was - no, not what the Queen would be like as a Women's Officer (hah, hah, hah) - I was pondering what a Perfect Women's Officer would be like.

Seeing that so many things are out for women these days - feminism, anger, emotions, fat storage, brains, wit, anger at injustices of any form, honesty, anger, and well, more feminism and more anger - seeing that these things are all clearly 'OUT' of fashion this winter, my little mind started wandering around what perhaps was classified as 'IN'.

After wandering around the more teen-aged clothes stores, I've compiled a list I decided was absolutely spiffing for a Perfect Women's Officer.

She would be:

1. Preferably dry Liberal or National - or even One Nation (provided the latter is not currently Doing Time, as black and white stripes never go well with pretty complexions in *On Dit* mug-shots)
2. 5'8, Platinum Blonde, proportions of a gazelle, aforementioned complexion of Snow White, Bambi-type cheekbones, Jackie Kennedy spaced eyes so wide apart you need a tape-measurer
3. A non-believer in feminism
4. A discreditor of history
5. Repugned at the mere mention of 'inequality' and 'women's rights' - would staunchly shake her head and tell the stats where to go
6. Anti-Abortion, believing an unborn development of a child as being more important than a fully

SAUA OFFICE BEARERS

grown, individual woman living her life

7. A firm believer that rape victims 'get what they asked for' and shouldn't have been outside (or inside, or in their bedrooms, or in their homes, or on the street, or visiting a friend) in the first place.

8. A follower of the 'Pretend I'm Not Going to Live in Poverty After I Retire' school of thought for women

and finally, the strongest requirement of all;

9. Believes firmly, fundamentally and finally that there is no such thing as gender equality and for that purpose there should be a Men's Officer to replace herself

- Kellie (a non-graduate of the above)

Rel Stapleton Education Vice - President



Thanks to everyone who has so far shown an interested in taking part in our **busk for your HECS** event. Unfortunately, we will have to postpone it due to election weeks coming up in succession for each of the three universities. We are now looking at week 8 or 9 which gives you plenty of time to think of a good act / skit / performance you can do in support of this event. More info will be coming out over following weeks. If you want to be involved but don't really feel confident about performing, I encourage you to participate in the organisation and promotion side of things. Either way you can email me or come down to the students' association (ground floor Lady Symon Building) to put your name on the sign up sheet.

To keep up to date with what is happening with your saua education department feel free to join the Yahoo Group Education_SA. This will let you know when meetings and events are happening, as well as provide you with other interesting information regarding education-related campaigns in South Australia. By signing up, you're not making any commitment to anything - its just a good way for people interested in this sort of thing to keep in

touch, share ideas and promote events and meetings when they come up which means you can get as involved as you want. All you have to do is go to yahoo.com.au, then go to groups, then search for Education_SA and join the group - its just that easy!

If its all too hard or you want any other info just email me:

aurelia.stapleton@adelaide.edu.au

Alice Campbell SAUA President



Hi everyone,

I hope you have all seen the leaflets that have been sent around campus to individual faculties to ask your advice about current resources available for students. This campaign will be continued throughout this week

with a **General Student Meeting** on the **Barr Smith lawns at 1pm Thursday 26th August**. There will be a presentation from myself and other SAUA officer bearers about the current university funding structure and suggestions about how to improve our current funding system. There'll also be food and entertainment from midday.

On another note, the federal election is fast approaching and the SAUA has received a lot of information from our National Union of Students about what the main political parties have been up to. We will be distributing this over the course of the semester but if you'd like to pick up some information yourselves, don't hesitate to visit us in our office on the ground floor, Lady Symon Building, which is the North West Corner of the Cloisters (I've typed our location a lot this year!)

Well I better go put up some more enrol to vote posters. Special thanks goes to everyone around campus who has taken them down, particularly the SAUA representative who took offence to them.

See you at the General Student Meeting!

Alice

17

Gloria Jean's Rundle Street

New Store Open
197-203 Rundle Street (near the Austral)
Open late EVERY evening

For the month of August ONLY...
an opening special for uni students - present your uni card and receive 10% off your order.
All day, every day!



Escape the daily grind

Help us design and paint our feature wall!
Submit your artwork to On Dit or Gloria Jean's Rundle Street by the end of September.

After eons of chaos and indecision, the People of the University of Adelaide rejoice at the return of the Ancient and Holy Order of...

VOX POP

Questions:

1. What do you love and/or hate most about the Olympics?
2. Without giving anyone a plug (or sledging), could you tell *On Dit* what you would like to see happen in the coming student elections?
3. If your life was made into a movie, which actor would play you?
4. Have you ever not been sure whether it's going to be a fart or a shit but let it rip anyway? (Optional)



The all-seeing eye of Murphy

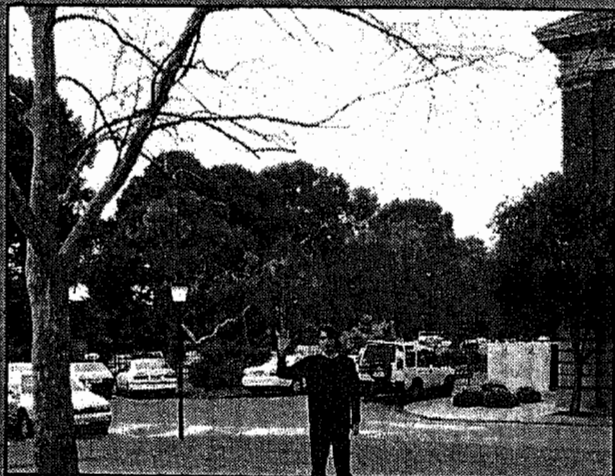
1. I hate it that Michael Klim hasn't come out yet. Keep reaching for that rainbow Michael.
2. I'd like to see less student apathy.
3. Pee Wee Herman.
4. I have indeed made the ultimate mistake and paid the ultimate price.



Luke

Late for a lecture

1. Love Bruce McAvanny. Hate swimmers who don't wax their bikini line.
2. I would like to see noone vote. Oh hang on, that happens every year. Boom boom.
3. Liam Gallagher. Wait, he's not an actor.
4. That has happened on occasion.....to other people I know.



Victor

Strangely Distant

1. I miss the East German Women's Weightlifters.
2. I'd like to see the Evangelical Union seize the government by military force.
3. The kid from Karate Kid. "Hey it's the eighties!"
4. Come on Joe! I'm running in elections. I can't answer that.



Suz

The Flying Dutchwomen

1. I love the Dutch. I hate the Australians because they beat the Dutch.
2. I'd like to see more punch ups like the one last week in the Uni bar.
3. John Goodman or Pamela Anderson.
4. You mean a Shard? Ummmm I would not like to comment.



Fiona

Vox Popped against her will

1. The swimming events. Love watching the Thorpedo.
2. Cage Fight.
3. That chick from the Piano who doesn't talk.
4. No. Nice girls don't do things like that.



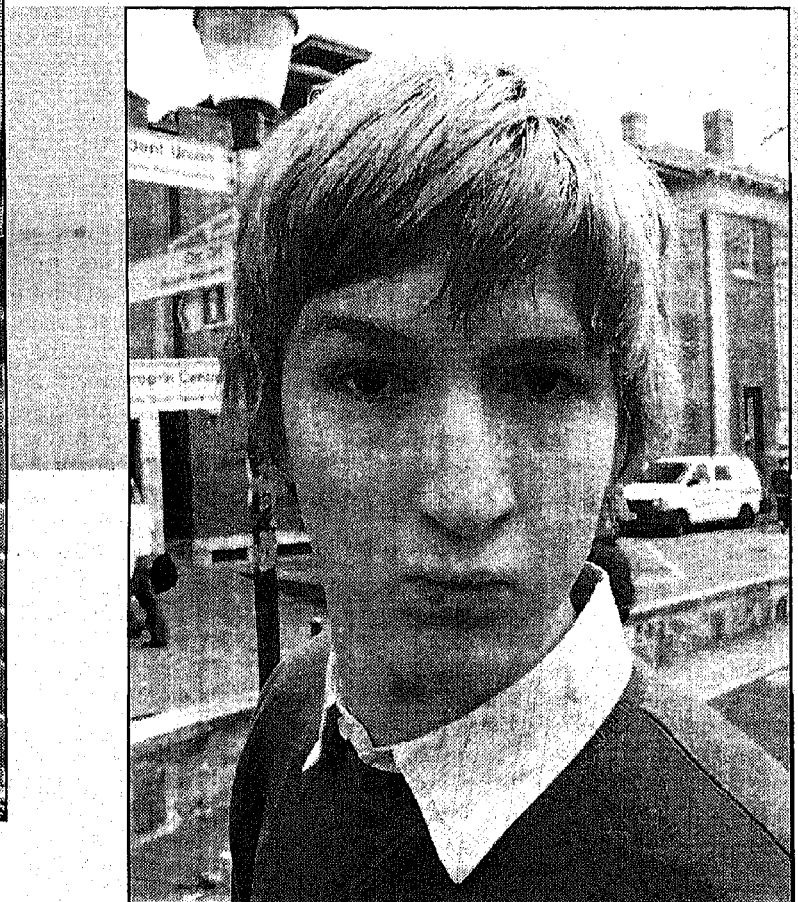
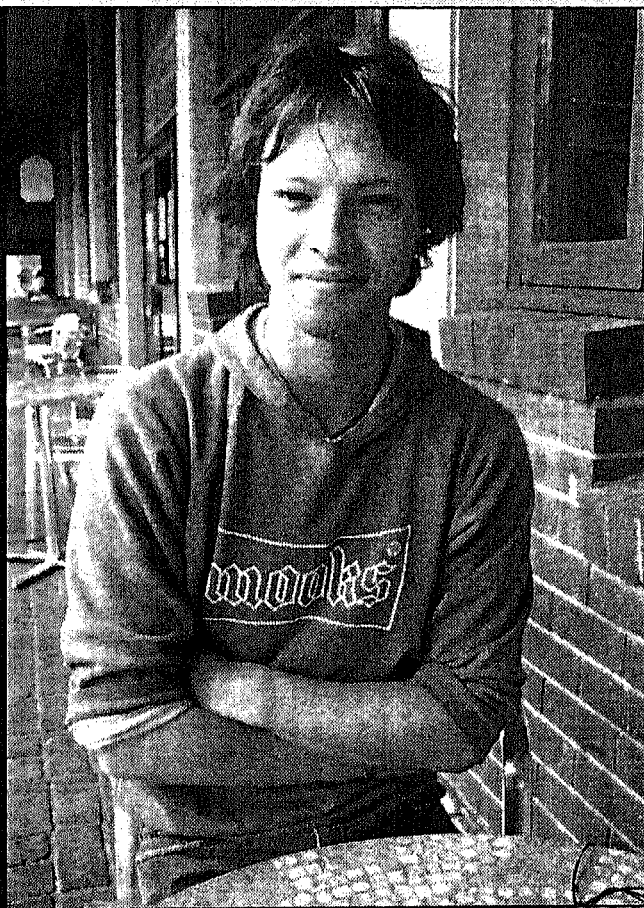
Alicia

Doesn't care for our allies across the Pacific

1. Alicia's answer was too racist to print - shame on you Alicia
2. No comment
3. Nicole Kidman because she is beautiful and has porcelain skin.
4. Definitely not.

Ben
Tellin' like it is damit!

1. I hate it because its bloody boring and channel 7 are a pack of wankers
2. I like to see someone fix up the union for once.
3. Paulie Shaw
4. No



Gus

Adelaide Uni's resident homeboy

1. I love those crazy Chinese, Korean and Brazilian supporters. They go totally mental.
2. Rather than the Presidential debates I'd like to see it all resolved on a mad lyrical freestyle battle.
3. Eddie Murphy.
4. I once did a mad Houdini shit. That's when you take a dump and when you check the bowl 'Shazzam!' it vanished.



H. P. Lovecraft

Mysterious Illuminati theorist

1. The Olympiad is but one of the many forms of the Beast Leviathan.
2. I'm happy so long as Cthuhlu the Bringer of Madness and Pain doesn't get SAUA President again.
3. Bette Middler.
4. [giggles] You're silly!

Badass Boys of the Bible!

The lost gospel of Saint Clementine.
The following excerpt is in no way intended to offend.
Kindly do not attempt to smite the author.

Jesus was having a very bad day. Not only had he stubbed his toe on God's right hand side, but he'd been forced to have some very stern words with St. Peter after he'd discovered that he'd been letting in some rough looking characters who were most definitely NOT on the list.

"What were you thinking?" Jesus had asked, perplexed. After all, old St. Peter may have been getting on in years, but he had never been this lax before.

"I just got sick of following the list, that's all." St. Peter had stated petulantly.

"Got sick of following the list? You can't get sick of it! It's your job for Heaven's sake! That list comes directly from the Man himself. You can't question it!"

This last part wasn't entirely true. Of course God had started off weeding out the good from the bad. He'd even rather enjoyed it an one point, often playing games with himself about who he'd rather spend eternity with. Jesus remembered a particularly famous incident when John Lennon missed out by a narrow margin. ("I like his music," God had said, "but he's a dreadful bore.") Lately however, the old coot had seemed to lose interest. He spent barely any time in the throne room, and could most often be found playing chess out in the vineyards with whoever was plucky enough to play him. It was a waste of time anyway. This was God - how could anyone expect to beat him at his own game? There was even talk of him abandoning this world altogether so he could try again with something else. He didn't have a lot of patience you see. "Just like a bloke," Mary often said.

Anyway, the upshot of the whole incident was that Jesus was becoming a little peeved. He was sick of filling in for the boss all the time, on top of being expected to perform miracles willy nilly and man the prayer switchboard while Michael was off on his booktour. Quite frankly, if he wasn't the Son of God, Jesus would be tempted to pack the whole thing in.

But there's an idea, he thought, as he witnessed the Witnesses snubbing the Lutherans while the Catholics looked on self-righteously. Why couldn't he go away? It wouldn't have to be for long. Just a holiday really, and if he was honest, his first real holiday in two thousand years. The more he looked around at the chaos surrounding him, the more it seemed like a good idea.

The only problem was deciding where to go. What with all the sightings and miracles he'd performed over the years as part of his contract with the Vatican, Jesus had pretty much seen everything there was to see on Earth. He wanted a challenge, an adventure, a Contiki tour without the wet clothes and unattractive travelling companions.

"That's it!" he exclaimed triumphantly. Packing his spare sandals and a small bag with bread and wine, he headed towards the Pearly Gates.

"Don't wait up Pete, I'm going away for awhile! Time to see what old Lucifer's been up to..."

"Blast these hot coals!" Lucifer had just stumbled across another pit meant for the damned. Usually these would be well marked in case of such eventualities. Since the strike however, there were more and more matters of upkeep that were being left untended. Lucifer looked in disgust at the picket line surrounding the sulphur pit. Minions, he thought. Give them an inch and they'll run you into the ground. He was sick of their endless demands and negotiations. Hell

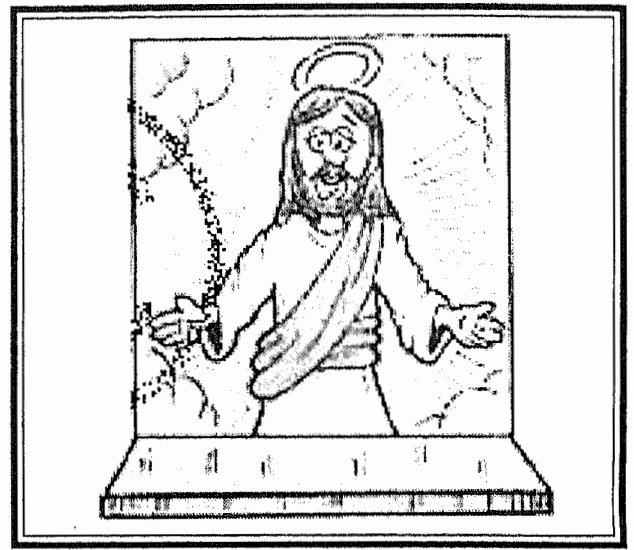
was supposed to be a place of torment and misery, but that was for the damned not their King! It was one thing to be surrounded by the stench of rotting meat all day while the chorus of scratched metal strummed from the balcony, but these protest chants were frankly more torture than he could stand. If he had to listen to one more late night vigil by that infernal bunch of Lennon groupies, he'd really give them something to sing about. Just once he wished somebody would realise how demanding it was to inflict pain all day. Furthermore, and at this he felt a twinge of pride, he felt you would be hard pressed to find someone capable of carrying out some of the more devilish plans he had in the past. These included:

1. World War I
2. The inauguration of George Bush Jr.
3. The entire Harry Potter series

Face it, it was tough work being the Lord of Darkness. Eternal hunger, bad lighting and a stench so powerful it could knock you six ways from Sunday, but did you see him complaining? Granted, there were a few perks that came with the job, like the time he was invited to the Playboy Mansion. So many go go dancers, and they all want a bad boy. He'd really cleaned up that week, but old Hef turned him out after the girls went all Exorcist on him. Couldn't really help that, thought Lucifer. You can't ride with the devil and expect to stay on the saddle. Besides, he'd tired of them anyway. They all had great tits, but couldn't string more than three sentences together. Monosyllabic? They probably thought it was some kind of virus.

There was definitely a downside to being King of the Underworld. Most of the people on earth didn't believe in him anyway (some trick that turned out to be) and they'd just started doing their own thing. Even though 'their own thing' constituted some pretty evil shit, Lucifer couldn't even be happy about that. Sure, it was less work for him, more time for the things he loved, but where was the fun in watching the explosion if you knew you hadn't pressed the button? Besides, most of their antics were pretty uncreative. That git in Australia, for example. What's the point in locking up a bunch of refugees if you're just going to turn your back? Where's the kerpow in that one? Frankly, it sounded very poorly thought out to him. Surely it would be more interesting to give them guns or something and tell them the last one standing gets to become a citizen. Either that, or just let them loose in Australia and let the deeply entrenched racism get to them. Lucifer didn't understand human racism. The way he saw it, they were all a bunch of inbred bastards anyway. If they were going to worry about anything, wouldn't it make more sense to worry about the real Big Bad (namely, him) rather than the pathetic creatures that universally comprised the human species? Couldn't see beyond the ends of their noses most of them. Hell, they didn't even realise that Dubya was the second Antichrist! (Despite popular opinion, there were only two. Napoleon was just a spot of fun really, and besides, who wants to spend eternity with a Frenchman?)

No, the situation was getting way out of hand. What was supposed to happen was this - after Bush finalised the preparations for September 11 (and just quietly, Lucifer was a tad chuffed at the speed in which the whole event had become branded, like a huge corporation almost. He had Phil Knight to thank for that one, he'd really come through with that Nike deal) he was supposed to turn the American wrath against the rest of the free world, who were supposed to oppose his militaristic actions. Carnage was supposed to ensue. The Middle East was NEVER supposed to come into it - Lucifer already had that area of the world enslaved what with poverty and hunger and religious zealots bringing up the rear. But some little Afghan upstart decides to take the credit and all of a sudden the American idiot forgets the plan and the whole world's up in arms! Lucifer should have seen it coming - Dubya was awfully stupid after all. He had thought this would make him easier to control, but all it did was render him incapable of following the most basic of instructions. So now the whole world was in a jolly unplanned mess and Bin Laden had stolen his thunder. Worse, Dubya had gone and locked up one of Lucifer's most diligent servants! True, it had created a mass division in world politics, but only within public opinion. What good does that do? Lucifer had a half a mind to set his hounds on the bally lot of them.



Lucifer suddenly snapped out of his reverie as a flying placard clipped his horn. He picked it up and read, "Minions Against Cruel King's Exacting Regime Expect Lentence!" M.A.C.K.E.R.E.L? That wasn't a political movement, it was a fish! Christ, he'd had his back turned for one minute and Hell had been overrun by a bunch of frickin' hippies! He'd have to cross through them to reach his study, where he planned to compose a very strongly worded letter to God demanding that he relax his dress code, and another more frantic one to his lawyer who was, Lucifer thought crossly, still living it up in Vegas and neglecting his judicial obligations in the process.

Pushing his way through the picket line, he began his descent into the sulphur pit while the chorus of, "Scabl Scabl" reigned above him. For goodness sake, it wasn't his fault they were a bunch of nasty pillocks up on earth! Blame God, not him. He didn't ask for their company.

"Lucifer, it's too hot!"

"Lucifer, we're hungry, so hungry!"

"Lucifer, the air is so dense, we can't breathe!"

Whinge, whinge, whinge, all day long, then they have to go and sing a bloody song about it. Lucifer sank into the plush leather chair behind his mahogany desk and poured himself a glass of Sin. Reclining, he sighed. When had it all become so... boring? The human race left a lot to be desired. He was beginning to think that they didn't really have a need for him anymore. For the first time in eternity (okay, second, if you can't that *minuscule* moment back in the sixties when the overbearing scent of love wafted down at him), Lucifer began to feel a little lonely.

Lucifer's reverie was interrupted by a renewed bout of screeching from the inner ring. Dammit, if they were going to insist on making such a ruckus, you'd think they could be a little more organised about it. But wait - the howls of the damned had taken on a more urgent tone than usual. Lucifer also noticed thin streams of light snaking their way down into his study. He stood up suddenly to see what was afoot just as a figure cloaked in what used to be white landed at his feet. *Kerthwump!*

"Well I'll be damned!" the King of Darkness exclaimed. "If it isn't my old nemesis! And looking a little tarnished too! What brings you to my neck of the woods JC?"

Jesus was rubbing his sore backside. He'd landed on a particularly large lump of coal and it had embedded itself into his divine derriere. What a nuisance! He'd planned his entrance to the enth degree on his jet ride through the seventh dimension, and no part of it had included kerthwumping like a jolly fool at Lucifer's hooves.

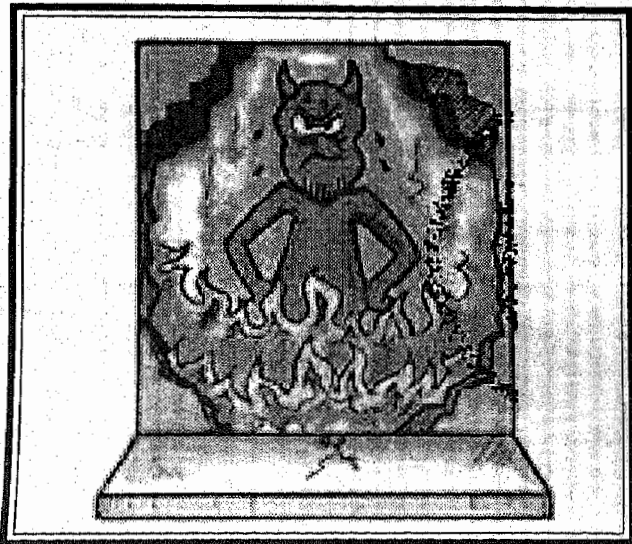
"You don't have to cackle quite so uproariously, you heathen goat! If it weren't for that uncontrollable rabble upstairs, I wouldn't be in this position. Help me up would you old boy?"

Lucifer considered the spectacle in front of him with an amused twinkle in his eye, then extended his hand. He pulled Jesus to his feet.

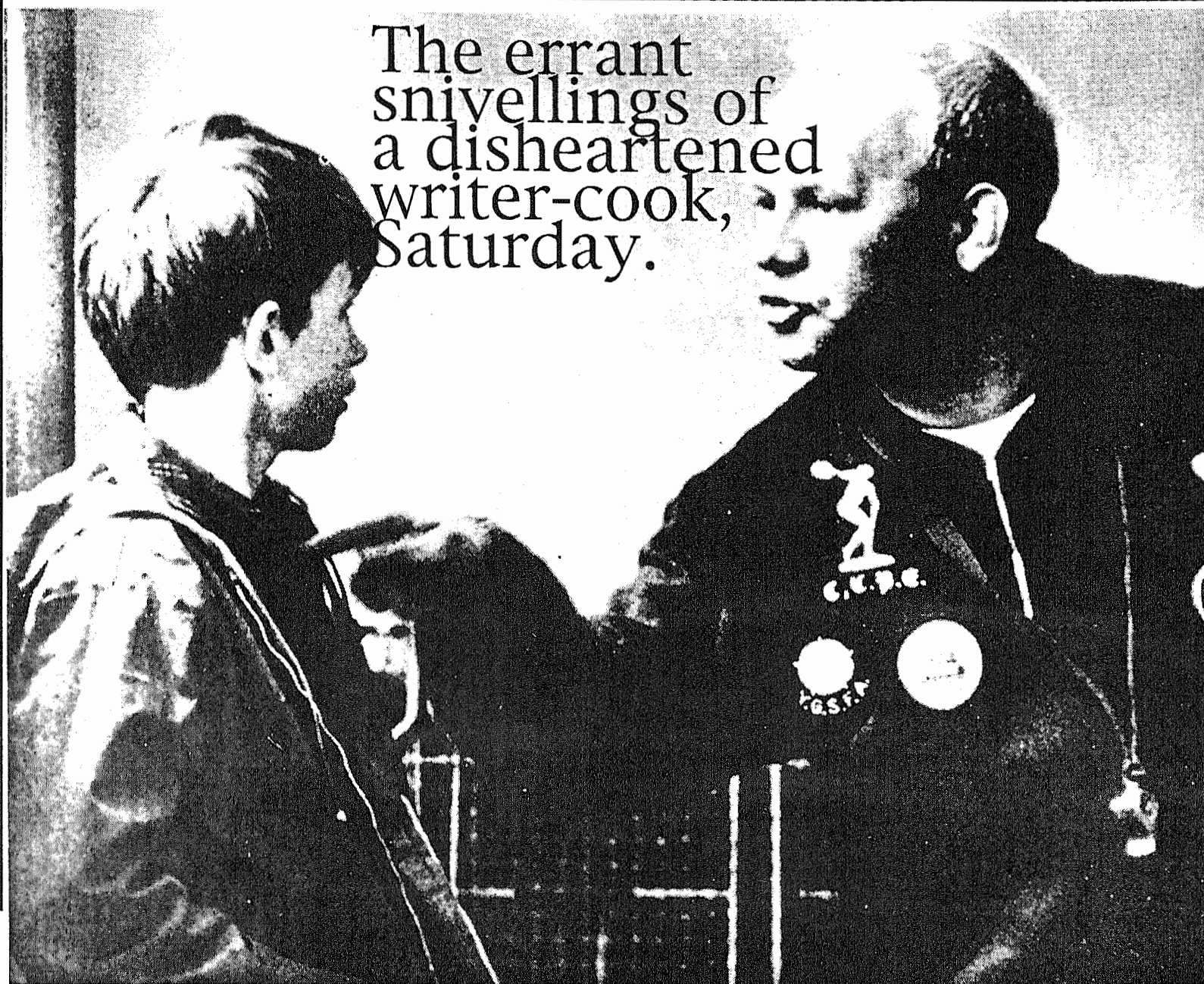
"Glass of Sin, JC?"

Tune in next week to see what rollicking tricks our Badass Boys of the Bible get up to! Religion was never this weird!

Saint Clementine Ford
Blessed be the flock.



The errant snivellings of a disheartened writer-cook, Saturday.



"The concavities of my body are like another Hell for their capacity".

-Dr. F. Rabelais

Wheels touch tarmac spot-on Eleven o' the clock. The jolt causes me, in my inebriated and poorly prepared state, to splash crappy shiraz over pages 84-5... Why the hell are all these trucks blowing their airhorns, lined up through the left lane heading east along North Terrace. This is just the time when my boyhood days of shooting STA buses with a hand-fashioned shanghai ["Whaddaya want with all those rubber bands, son?"] could really have paid off. Thirteenth floor, and no way to trace the line of fire. Why, I'd sock the living daylight out of the driver's side window of each and every semi that's rolling past in some kind of blaring, pathetic, semi-non-violent protest against, oh, fuck knows? Union shit, no doubt; Why don't the useless fucks just fuck the hell off? Fuuuck-orf-you-farkin'-carnts! My girlfriend is trying to sleep in the next room, and it's Sunday, you inconsiderate FUCKS! Aah, sirens; the pitifully

withered, yet slithery arm of the law has come to dole out some much needed Sabbath justice. How dare these dexamphetamine-popping deadbeats and ruffians disturb the public peace on a holy day of rest?!

Sadly, the police put a stop to my stone-slinging shennigans a long time ago: My father put the shanghai through a chipper as he strolled, the casual air with which he always regarded the bottom rung of the Law hanging heavy in the Hawthandene mist, uninterestedly towards the opening doors of a blue-checked squad car. I hid behind an onion-smelling bush in the backyard, shitting myself, but not knowing what to fear more; Juvenile remand, or the hiding I'd get when the cops pissed off?

Dad came to get me from behind the bush, pushing aside the tall spears of green to reveal his petrified child, shaking in the mud and a school uniform. I braced like hell, but his face held only grave concern for me: "It's the police, Son. They want to take you for a ride..."

Oh my god: He's sold me out! But wha... no, aww fuck...

The tears well in my eyes. This is really it, I say to myself as my own father frog-marches me down to the road. But there is no waiting police car, no handcuffs. The fuzz have cruised.

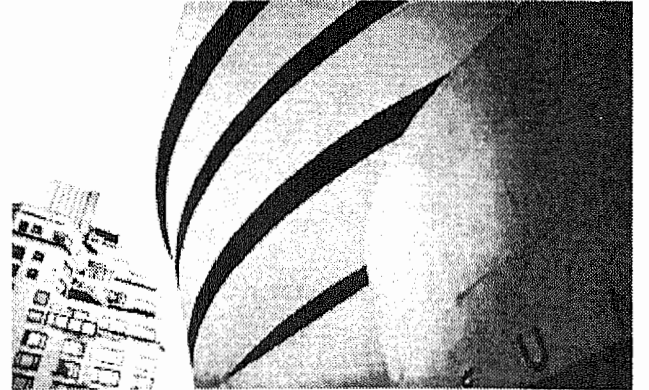
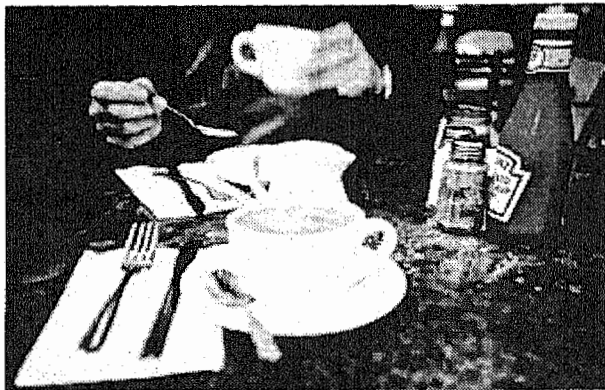
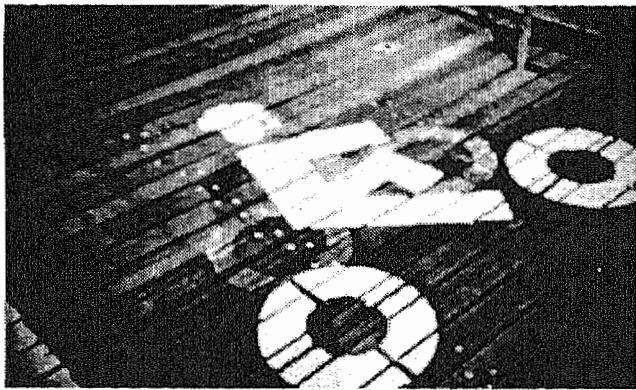
Strangely, I felt no relief, only confusion. The ultimate question of blood and loyalty had been... hmm, *asked*? Doesn't come *close* to conveying the significance of such a moment: It was stamped on my poor little brain with a red-hot, fucking great cattle iron, for Christ's sake! My father's most cruel and unusual brand of education (the Realist-Geared curriculum) had struck again; his psychological switch against my cerebrally bare buttocks. Dahl's old schoolmaster, the Bishop of Canturbury would have been proud, I'm sure. The welts took a long time to fade.

I learned a good many lessons that day: That STA buses have aluminium paneling, which resounds *inside* the bus when struck by a pebble at suitable velocities; That one must waste no time in making the decision to

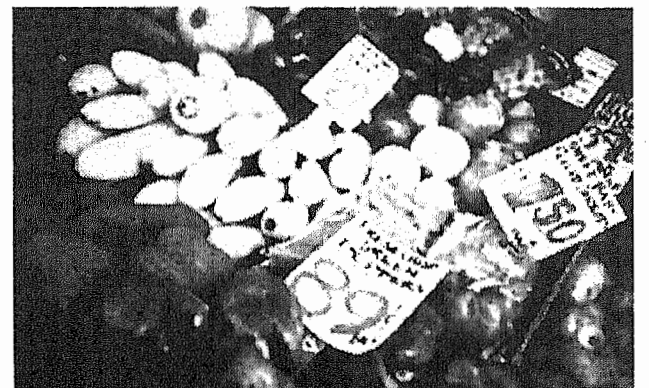
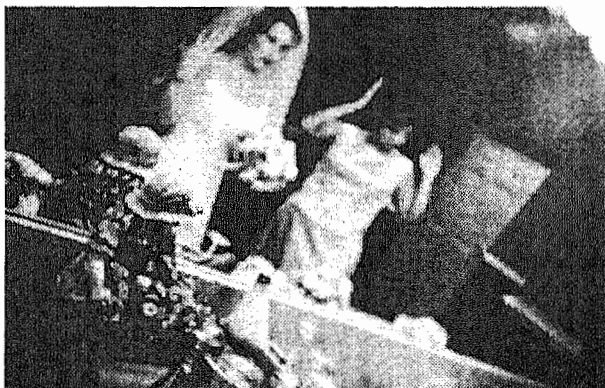
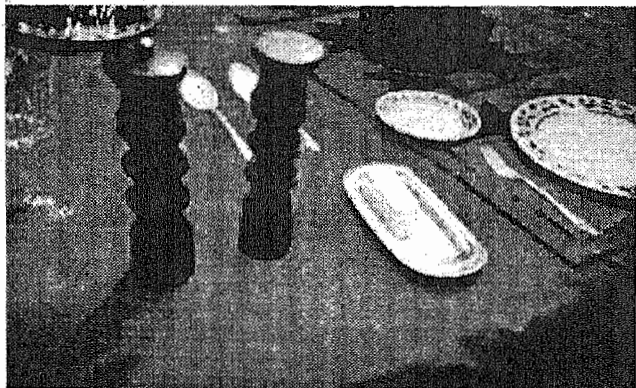
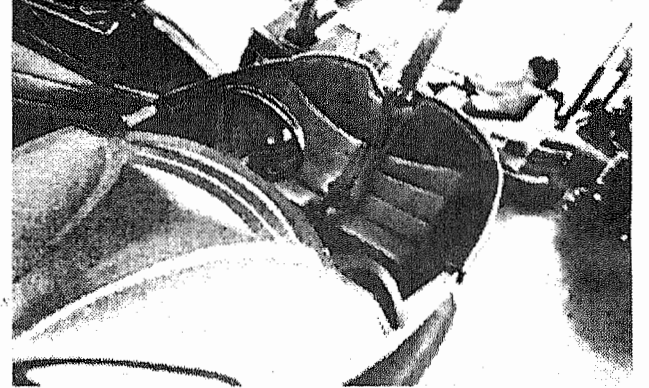
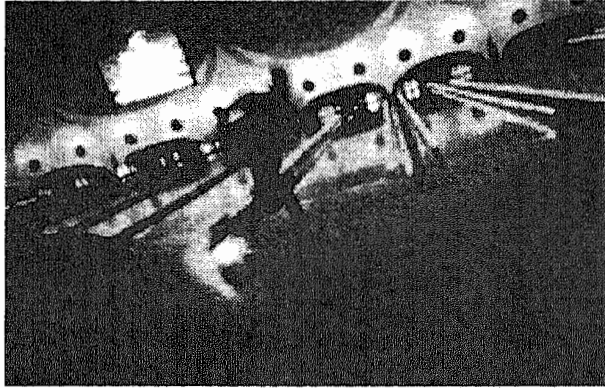
"leg-it", if needs be; That red hair stands out against green leaves; That one should never, ever, rat someone out to the cops, even for the pettiest of crimes; That one's father *is* sadistic enough to make one *think* he ratted you out, just to teach you a lesson for being a little shit; That one should not be a little shit...

Phew! Reliving that kind of experience is always bound to take it out of you. Not only that, I seem to have undergone both temporal and spatial travels. I'm no longer in the middle of a raging truck protest on North Terrace, because I'm sitting at home in the middle of a raging bonfire party, Carlsberg fuelled, and sweating the juice of a man on a deadline, three weeks later. Looks like a short chapter in my life, cause I just can't concentrate in the din of drunken voices, and blaring Rae and Christian (S&M rocks the spot, yes indeed). Rabelais, drink your heart out, and fight off the future thirst. More on the exiting Melbournian saga next week...

Hagemann

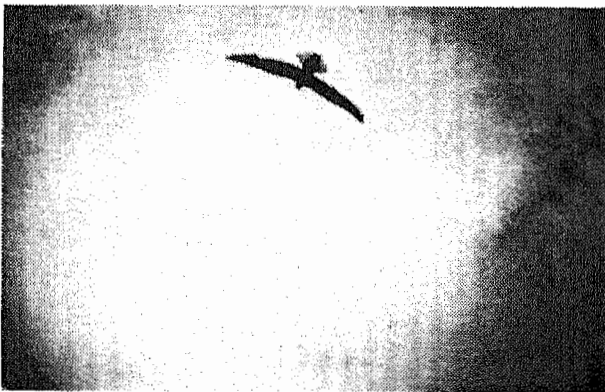


student radio 101.5fm 9pm til 1am every monday, tuesday and saturday

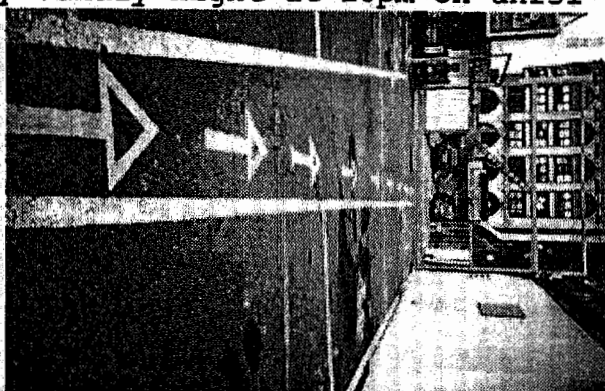


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where else are you going to get it from?



student tv every sunday night at 10pm on uhf31 (just above sbs)



18 Union Street, City
Tel: 0353 3320

Food:

Chocolate Bean



Chocolate. What if we didn't have chocolate? No nights spent in front of a lame chick flick with a block of trusty fruit and nut in hand. No consolation after a break-up. No packets of Mint Slice while I cram for exams. No last minute token gift. No mudcake, no brownies, no Haighs hazelnut praline! The sheer terror of it all! Life would end as we know it. But it's okay; I can breathe, because it doesn't look like things are about to change, especially since Chocolate Bean has just opened up.

As the name implies, Chocolate Bean will satisfy all your chocolate requirements from cake, to pudding, to brownies, to Chili Chocolate, to Chocolate Duck...That's right. *Chocolate Duck*. And Chocolate Nachos. Do you love these descriptions as much as I do? Probably not, but you'd have to agree that it seems strange to write duck and chocolate in the same sentence. In theory it might sound bizarre, but in practise it really works. This is probably because the chocolate used in the savoury dishes isn't actually sweet. But I've discovered that good quality chocolate, sweetened or unsweetened, can make anything taste good.

When you enter Chocolate Bean, the first thing that hits you is the amazing smell. The second thing is the tiny kitchen, which is open for everyone to see. Obviously they have nothing to be ashamed of, which is comforting on so many levels. The colour scheme is purple, and made me think of Cadbury – which was evil, since Cadbury is far inferior to the chocolate that the owners, Ainslee and Grant, source. Ainslee and Grant converted Citrus Blu in to Chocolate Bean only a little while ago, and even though I was a fan of Citrus Blu, Chocolate Bean outdoes it.

Dragging ourselves away from the delights of downstairs, we went upstairs to see an adorable seating area, with white curtains separating each intimate table of four. We made our meal decisions,

but this took quite a while because it was so much fun to exclaim over the chocolate combinations. My personal favourite was Chocolate Sushi. Yes, it does exist.



The lovely and accommodating Ainslee took our orders, while I looked longingly at the chocolate brownies and other assorted chocolate products. Ainslee informed us that most of the sweet products, such as the cake, are gluten-free. How fortunate for those with an aversion to gluten. She also told us about the tantalising new menu that will be arriving in a few weeks, which - if the current menu is anything to go by - is something to look forward to.

Anyway, the food arrived with the guy who prepared the meals with Ainslee, and I was impressed by the lack of food stains on his white shirt. Trust me, I've experienced hospitality, and it takes great skill not to get splashes of food everywhere during food preparation. My salad was excellent, and the price was so reasonable for the quality of the ingredients.

Unlike so many other places that disappoint with their salads, there was just as much chicken as greens. The chocolate balsamic vinegar made plain balsamic vinegar seem so bland – how will I ever go back to normal dressing? The others were equally delighted with the crostini with chocolate tapenade, and a vegetarian doorstep. While the doorstep didn't feature any chocolate (damn!), it was still delicious, and I was fascinated by the olive and chocolate combination on the crostini. Our shared chocolate duck was an unusual but tasty inclusion, and left us bursting out of our jeans.

Still, it just seems tragic to go to a place called Chocolate Bean, and not have dessert, don't you agree? We decided to get the Chocolate Shots, which can really only be described by saying "omigod" over and over again. Separate shotglasses filled with warm, melted, dark, white and milk chocolate, which you must drink ever so slowly, since sheer richness prevents you from downing them too quickly. No exaggeration. We were intoxicated. The dark chocolate shot was my personal favourite – I could have had another two of those. We decided – or rather, I decided – to use the last white chocolate shot as an accompaniment to our mudcake, which just doubled the "omigod" factor. It was the best mudcake I have ever had, but I was thankful the others were there to share the richness around. However, if I was wallowing in a huge morass of self-pity, and needed extreme comfort, a slice to myself would be an adequate remedy.

All in all, it was such an interesting meal. It was like one of those childhood fantasies where you don't have to eat anything but chocolate, had come true. Well, almost. I'm not sure I fantasised about combining chicken and chocolate when I was younger, but, hey, I guess some things were just too mature for me in my tender Cadbury eating days.

The Crop

Director: Scott Patterson
Starring: George Elliot, Holly Brisley,
Rhys Muldoon and Kelly Butler

Adding to an increasingly long list of gangster/comedies produced by the Australian film industry in the last few years (*Gettin' Square*, *Dirty Deeds*, *Two Hands* and, more recently, *Under the Radar*) is *The Crop*, a film starring, written and produced by ex-Nascar driver George Elliot.

Elliot plays Ronald 'Blade' Gillette, a 1980's nightclub owner who is on the verge of losing his business due to the introduction of the Breathalyzer. His customers no longer come in to the bar, spend money on drinks and then drive home tanked. Instead they take up in the car park, come into the bar, drink glasses of water, ogle the gyrating entertainment for free and drive home stoned. Realizing he needs to diversify his business to stay afloat, Blade decides to tap into the drug market that has been encouraged by the Breathalyzer. He enlists his mate Wack (Rhys Muldoon) and girlfriend Geraldine (Holly Brisley) to help him out. They find some farming land out in the bush and, with the (unwanted) help of Wack's brother and another hanger on, go to work on their marijuana crop, only to see their best laid plans go awry due to a series of interferences from malevolent forces like bent cops, ruthless associates and ah, rabbits.

Anything that is said about the movie must be prefixed with a short spiel about George Elliot, because he's truly a man to be admired. The combination of his ambition, confidence and dogged determination has seen him excel in areas as diverse as Nascar driving and novel writing. His books 'Final Custody' and 'Terminal Greed' have become best sellers and he now moves into film with little previous experience but armed with a passion to succeed.

These compliments aside, there's something missing from *The Crop*, well, a lot actually. While it does have an endearing familiarity to it, and Elliot's performance is quite good, there are many noticeable flaws. Holly Brisley's acting is more wooden than her body is plastic (in an odd way making her perfectly cast as the vapid girlfriend character) and the conclusion is far too clean and there's no reasoning given for the *very* convenient coincidence that saves Blade at the end. The attempts at comedy consistently fall just sort of the mark. There's a few scenes involving misbehaving animals and annoying girlfriends that just become annoying and banal themselves. This wouldn't be a problem if the story was strong enough to sustain it but, unfortunately, we're out of luck on this one.

While it is an interesting period in Australian history to look at, the idea isn't developed well enough for it to be engaging and just doesn't sustain interest. Ultimately *The Crop* is all ambition and potential but provides little in the way of entertainment or insight. It's just one more on the pile of the relatively undistinguished Aussie comedies of the last few years.

**
Danny Wills



Before Sunset

Director: Richard Linklater
Starring: Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy

Before Sunrise meets 24. That might not be the best way to describe the reunion of Ethan Hawke, Julie Delpy and director Richard Linklater for *Before Sunset*, but it gives you an idea of the slightly different approach taken with this sequel to the 1995 original. The last film featured Hawke, as Jesse, and Delpy, as Celine, meeting on a train headed for Vienna. They spent an idyllic day together, forming a strong connection with each other before Jesse had to catch a plane back to the US, while Celine had to catch a train home to Paris. The film was left open-ended: Jesse and Celine agreed to meet again in Vienna six months later, although it was never revealed if they did.

Sunset raises the bar considerably over what was a charming film. Nine years later, Jesse has written a fictional novel which is a thinly veiled recounting of his experiences with Celine in Vienna. A mere few hours before he is meant to be at the airport, he and Celine meet again at a bookstore where he is doing promotional interviews for the novel. What follows, in 80 minutes of film, is 80 minutes in real-time of Jesse and Celine catching up. It's a beautiful, unique experience that is also very difficult to sum up on paper without taking several pages, since almost the entire film revolves around conversation between the two, as they wander around Paris. That may sound boring to some, but instead, it's intimate to the point that the audience may feel almost like voyeurs,

secretly eavesdropping on a conversation. They talk about their experience nine years ago and how it has affected their lives. Both regret not having exchanged phone numbers last time they met, because both of them still (clearly) have feelings for each other.

In *Sunset*, most of the time was devoted to developing the chemistry between the two characters. This time around, it feels like watching people who have known each other for years - which is even more of an achievement when it's considered that these characters haven't seen each other in almost a decade. The screenplay, which they both co-wrote with Linklater, facilitates this: the dialogue is completely unforced, the acting about as natural as is imaginable on camera. This is accentuated by the beautiful Parisian scenery, which adds to the atmosphere in the absence of interaction with other characters aside from Jesse and Celine. Nothing more is needed, as these two thoroughly believable people bring such an intimate experience to life.

Before Sunset feels considerably more personal than *Sunset*. It's touching but not overly sentimental, with considerable range despite its simple premise. Linklater has revealed himself to be an authentic and original director, Hawke and Delpy have an obvious chemistry onscreen and they give the film a great sense of familiarity. The ending, like in *Sunset*, leaves a considerable amount to the imagination, indicating the possibility of another sequel at some point in future. One can only hope.

****1/2
Brian O'Neill

Free Weed!

Despite my grumbling like a grizzled old prospector about *The Crop* the kind people at Picture This! marketing have given us a pile of double passes and a T-shirt to give away. Come down to the *On Dit* office at 2pm on the afternoon of Wednesday the 25th and double passes aplenty shall be yours. If you don't come ill ah, kill you.

24

Free Surf Babes!

Under the Radar is a new Australian surfing/crime/gangster/comedy film starring *The Matrix*'s Clayton Watson. The lovely gents and ladies at Picture This! marketing have seen fit to bestow upon us many free passes to see this wacky little movie. It also has Chloe Maxwell from those Just Jeans ads (you know, the hot one). If you would like one, come to the office at 2pm on the afternoon of the 25th and collect some or ill jump out of the page right now and eat your larynx.

Free... ah, movie tickets

The desk monkeys at United International Pictures have sent us some tix to the new Meg Ryan film *Against the Ropes* where she plays a sassy young female boxing promoter (take that internalised patriarchal ideals). Come down to the *On Dit* office at 2pm on the afternoon of Wednesday the 25th and you'll be assaulted by so many double passes that you'll need an A-grade cut man to insert twine into your brow to stem the flow of blood. See you then my loverlies.

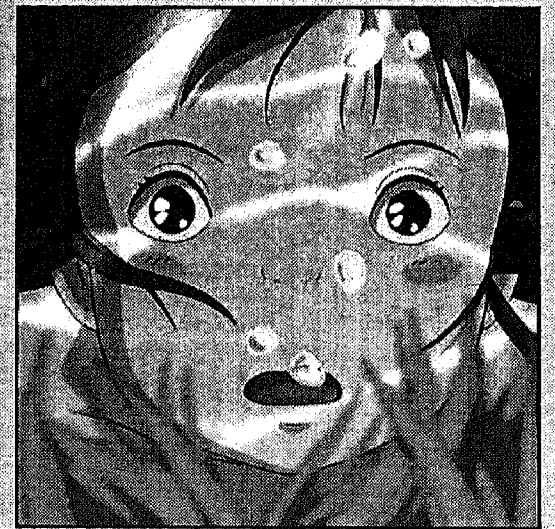
No shit, more free stuff!

Miyazaki Showcase

There are precious few directors making quality anime now-a-days. What makes it even worse is that much of it is seldom seen outside the smaller, cheaper and more efficient shores of Japan. But fear not kiddies, for the good people at Palace cinemas have the tonic for what ails ya. The Miyazaki Showcase that screens August 26 until September 8 features five of the directors highly acclaimed films including *Porco Rosso*, *My Neighbor Totoro* and *Kiki's Delivery Service*.

Thanks to Palace cinemas we have 4 double in-season passes to give away. Come down to the *On Dit* office at 2.30 on the afternoon of Wednesday the 25th and tell us the name of the young girl in Miyazaki's *Spirited Away* or um, I'll turn into a large psychedelic anime pig and kill you.

Danny and the film kids.



Take this ticket to the Miyazaki Showcase, Small Child. Or I'll kill you.



COFFEE AND CIGARETTES

Il nuove film di JIM JARMUSCH

Director: Jim Jarmusch

Starring: Bill Murray, Cate Blanchette, Steve Buscemi, Roberto Benigni, Iggy Pop, Tom Waits, Meg White, Jack White, RZA, GZA and so on and so on...

Jim Jarmusch almost single handedly began the New Independent Cinema movement in the US in 1984 with his breakthrough feature *Stranger Than Paradise*. In the twenty years ensuing he's developed an oeuvre and aura of absolute and uncontested cool. His latest feature, *Coffee and Cigarettes*, fits right in with this sensibility.

The film began in 1986 when Jarmusch produced a 12 minute short named 'Coffee and Cigarettes' featuring comedian Stephen Wright and manic actor/director Roberto Benigni in discussion at a coffee house. They speak in staccato, of nothing in particular, but with an air of cool that makes them oddly, and inescapably compelling. This short was latter accompanied by a few more filmic riffs on the same theme: 'Memphis Version' featuring Steve Buscemi with Joie and Cinqué Lee (siblings of director Spike) and 'Somewhere in America' featuring rock legends Iggy Pop and Tom Waits. These have now been included with many others in *Coffee and Cigarettes*, an episodic conversation movie that is the very definition of the 'indie' film. Jarmusch continues his preference for black and white cinematography that was displayed in *Stranger Than Paradise* and *Dead Man* and keeps the simple 'film school' style of credits and editing.

The recent editions to the film include a sequence with Bill Murray and RZA and GZA from the Wu-tang clan discussing the health risks of too much caffeine, Cate Blanchette discussing the price and benefits of fame with her cousin (who she also plays) and two segments with older men ruminating on their lives.

There are a few 'conversation films' that have achieved high acclaim, from Louis Malle's post-nouveau vague classic *My Dinner With André* to the more recent Richard Linklater movies like *Waking Life*, *Before Sunrise* and *Before Sunset*. It's a very difficult kind of movie to pull off well, not only do you have to have charismatic characters, but, quite obviously, they need to have things to say that are interesting enough to hold you in the cinema. Jarmusch's characters never really discuss anything of particular gravitas but do manage to be very



interesting. From Jack and Meg White's ruminations on the operation of a Tesla coil to Steve Buscemi's theorizing on the possibility of an Elvis Presley twin who filled in for him during the 'fat Elvis' years, the film remains interesting and engaging whilst all the time maintaining its 'cool factor'.

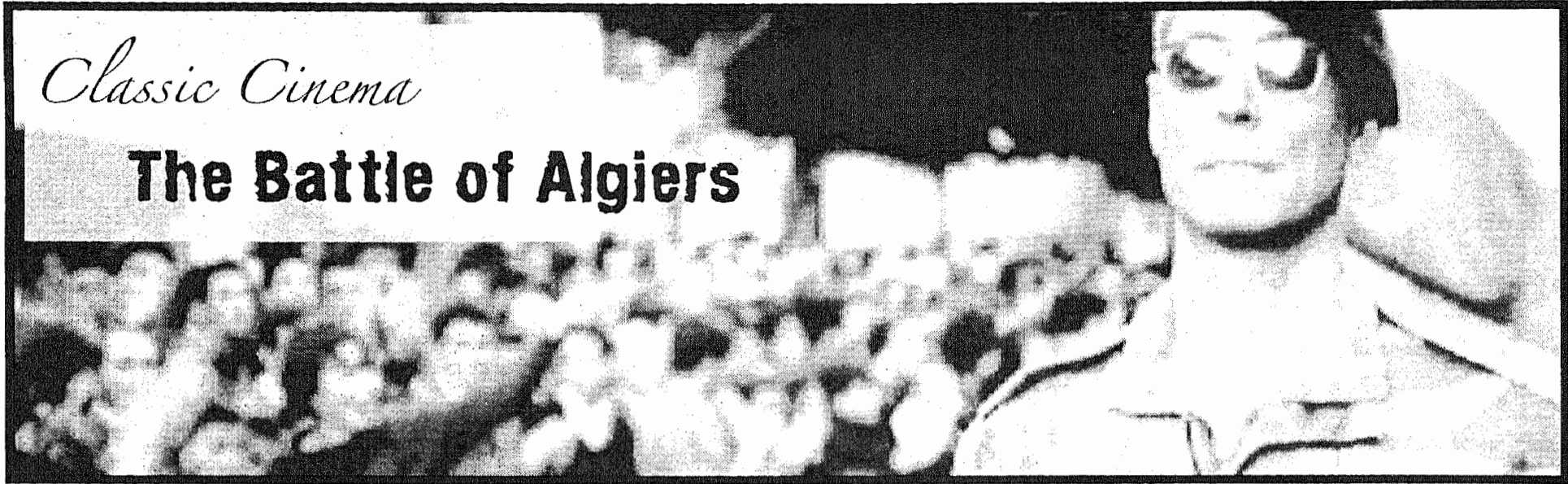
What it seems to lack though is any cohesive theme besides the titular vices. There are recurring topics in the conversations, such as Tesla, cousins, and pop culture, but nothing that lends the film any sense of profundity. At one point it is said by Tom Waits that our generation "really is the generation of coffee and cigarettes" and that the generation before us was "the generation of coffee and pie". This is about as close as we get to any real kind of insight.

Coffee and Cigarettes is unconventional, freewheeling and unique. It's typically Jarmusch. In some ways he's like Andy Warhol, perpetuating a structured and deliberate kind of cool, and he's so cool that profundity is assumed without having to be proved. *Coffee and Cigarettes* is a fun 90 minutes, and it may nag at you after you leave the cinema, you may feel it mock you slightly, snigger at you for not unraveling it's profound secret, but the truth is that it has none, and that's why it's so cool.

Danny Wills

25

The Battle of Algiers



The Battle of Algiers opens with Ali la-Pointe, a young Algerian male, fleeing from the police only to be tripped by a group of French boys. Rather than running he knocks one of the to the ground and is promptly arrested. In a jail full of native Algerians he watches a man placed under the appropriately French guillotine and before being contacted for the first time by the socialist National Liberation Front (NLF).

The Italian director, Gillo Pontecorvo lived as a Communist supporter until he became disillusioned with the Communists' links with the Soviet Union in 1957. Though officially leaving the Communist party he directed his attention to "the people's struggle" in other parts of the world, taking him to Algiers in 1966 when asked by the newly independent Algerian government to recount the NLF led revolution 4 years earlier. Pontecorvo exposes the ironies, contradictions, petty humiliations and horrific consequences of the confrontation between the French colony and the Algerian underclass. In particular, the way in which unconventional methods of fighting were used to unsettle the French general population. Women and children carried bombs in baskets to civilian targets and militants shot police

officers specifically in the back rather than engaging in outright fighting. The inane forms of oppression faced by the Algerian people are covered without dwelling on them. The wedding scene is perfectly illustrative in which a seemingly innocent ceremony must be held in secret for fear of French restriction.

As many war analysts have been quick to point out, the Algerian revolution is significantly different to the current Iraq conflict. The movie does however provide an amazingly frank and unceremonious account of the techniques employed by terrorist groups and their unflinching but not necessarily extremist motivations. For this reason the Pentagon has shown the film to its strategists while ironically, numerous Socialist groups have also misappropriated its rousing sentiment to inspire comrades. Both parties are searching in vain. The NLF were obliterated by the French military machine, while the nature of French military actions coupled with a loss in diplomatic strength sees the French lose power to an inexplicable people's uprising. Appropriately offering no answers *The Battle of Algiers* simply but superbly shows the problem of entrenched conflict between entangled and incompatible cultures with distinct differences in power.

Pontecorvo spends the entirety of the film exploring with deft and even hands the logical and reasoned but problematic stance on both sides of the battle, a tribute to his integrity as a director considering the film was basically commissioned by the Algerian government. The same musical motifs of tragedy play for French and Algerian victims alike. And we are painfully shown the innocence of normalcy that is about to be obliterated in soon to be bombed French cafes and clubs. The French having lived there for 130 years – generations of Algerian born, are understandably loath to leave while the Algerians having precolonial claim to the territory and marginalised on their own land are not content to have them stay.

Insight comes in equal parts from the military and the terrorists. Despite his rock-like demeanour French Colonel Mathieu provides the cold realist voice, laying out the consequences of maintaining colonial settlements, challenging the righteous French media to come up with civilised solutions to unconventional battles. The character is entirely and poorly copied by Bruce Willis in the superficial American version, *Under Siege*. Mathieu acknowledges the strange nature of necessity in conflict and the reality of torture, warning that "those of you who call us Nazi's may not know that amongst us are survivors of the camps." Frightening to think that the Pentagon may be replaying this speech to justify the cases of torture in the less necessary Iraq war.

When the NLF leader, Ben M'Hidi is brought before the media to defend the legitimacy of terrorist tactics he classically quips, "give me your bombers and I'll give you our baskets." Mathieu completes the circle claiming torture is in the spirit of a conflict where humanitarian concerns are a priority of neither side. Prophetically, considering the recent political unrest in Algeria, and with relevance to Iraq, M'Hidi explains the problem of political change, "terrorism is only useful in the beginning... it is hard to start a revolution... and very hard to win, but it is only then that the real difficulties begin."

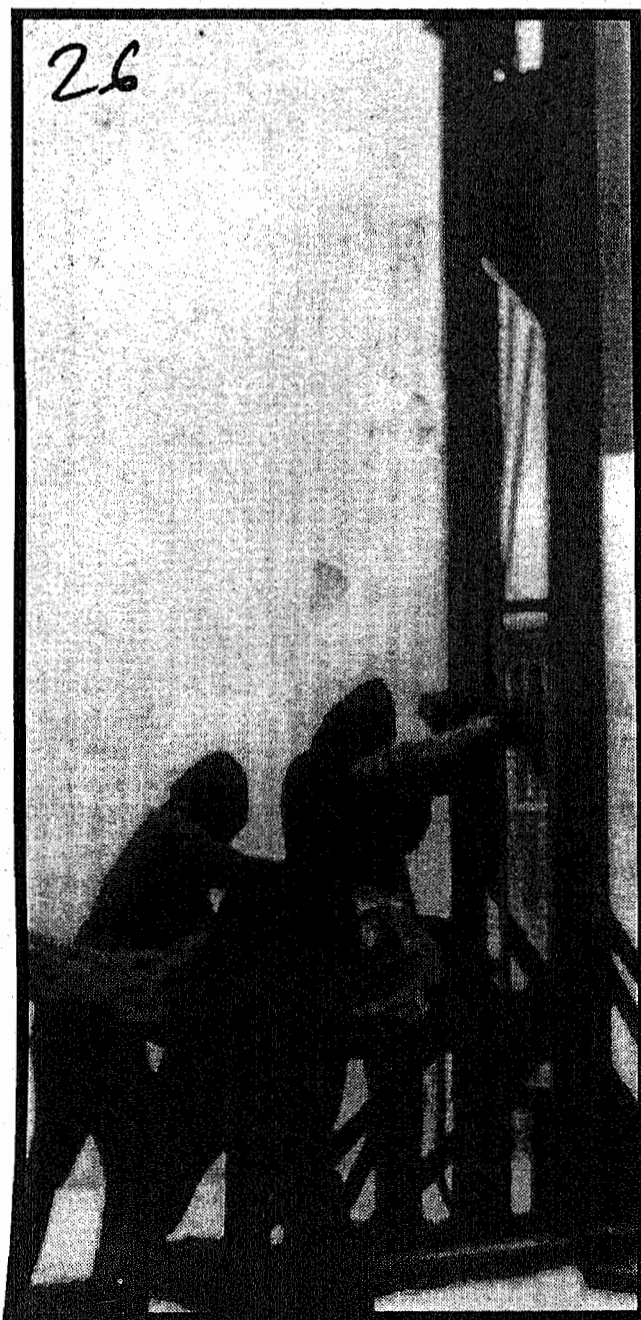
I had the pleasure of first seeing *The Battle of Algiers* on a sweltering day in an empty Flinders Uni theatre and it completely changed the way I consider the quality of commercially produced films. Pontecorvo's style is deliberately anti-cinema, anti-Hollywood. The editing is littered with strained cuts and jumpy scene changes that in any other film would seem awkward but perfectly fit Pontecorvo's goal. Apparently there's even a scene in which the boom microphone can be seen. By no means though is the film amateur. The black and white medium is used to capture the intensity of the faces and give texture and shadow to the washed out and labyrinthian Algerian cityscape. Ennio Morricone, before becoming a musical master of the spaghetti Western, set the Arabic musical timbre broken by pulse thumping drums as the pressure mounts before lives are risked and lost. *The Battle of Algiers* is beautiful and undeniably masterful cinema but the deliberate mistakes and breaks in continuity fulfil their function. Pontecorvo never wanted a piece of cinematic fantasy, like those that had long been lulling Western audiences. The audience needed to be aware that this was not a movie, it was a form of communication, a clear case of storytelling, which many actually mistook for a documentary because of its realism. A story that had existed in real life and in many parts of the world still does.

Most courageously Pontecorvo refuses to use the hero character that usually provides an easily identifiable, stereotyped Hollywood device. Although Ali la-Pointe is a protagonist he is often lost amongst the struggle of the Algerian community and ultimately the liberation lies with them. *The Battle of Algiers* uncovers the ridiculously false nature of the Hollywood hero complex and the endearing, complete and well-rounded story that comes from avoiding a focus on characters singularly.

The ability of the film to engage the viewer is all the more amazing, and somehow fitting, knowing that only one professional actor was used in the film, Colonel Mathieu. Over a hundred people were picked from the streets as Pontecorvo wandered through Algiers. The soldiers were mainly British tourists and the 'lead' character Ali la-Pointe was played by Brahim Haggiag, an illiterate farmer who had to be explained his part through signals and minimal line learning. Being made only 4 years after independence Pontecorvo was able to use some of the terrorists that were involved in the revolution. Kadar, the NLF leader was played by Jacef Saadi who was actively involved in the NLF's terrorist movement in the 50s.

Battle of Algiers is a must see for anyone interested in international altercations or perhaps more importantly anyone not currently interested. Unfortunately only one copy that I know of exists in this state, of course at Kino. *The Battle of Algiers* manages to tease apart and arrange with simplicity the main obstacles to peaceful resolution while subtly inferring the complexity of the human side of conflict and struggle.

Dan J



Alkinos Tsilimidos

The man behind *Tom White*



Alkinos Tsilimidos seems relaxed. He stubs out a cigarette as I arrive, and we drift easily into a discussion of Tom White, his new, unruly baby. In fact, it was in a conversation with regular scriptwriter, Daniel Keene, over coffee and cigarettes that this production had its genesis (Jim Jarmusch isn't the only one inspired by these ubiquitous facets of life). His third feature film is in many ways a real accomplishment for a very determined story-teller in that this is a yarn that you ain't gonna see in cinemas too often. Though flawed, this episodic tale of modern man in freefall odyssey-mode has some decent, insightful punch to it, refreshing in an often-stale Aussie industry climate.

For Tsilimidos, Colin Friel's central character of Tom was to be a fish-out-of-water with a difference - a device that's made for some

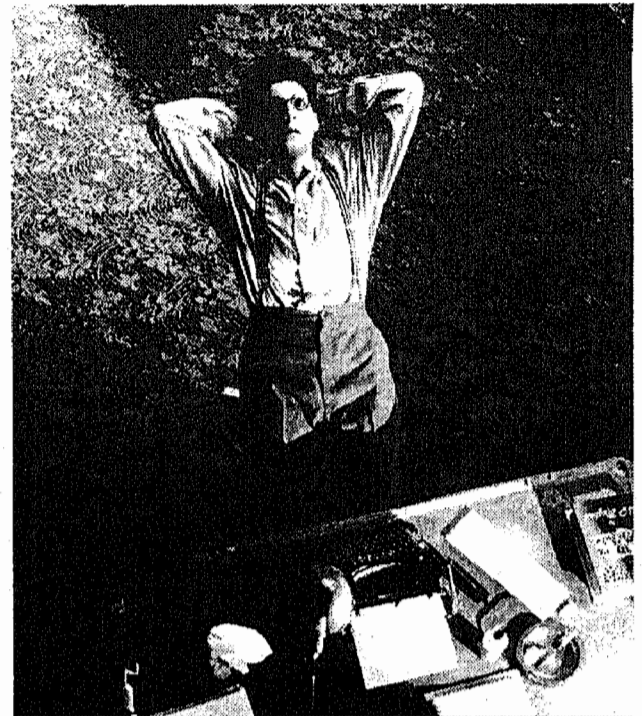
intriguing story set-ups in the past. "The hook for me was to take a man, a family man who designs houses for a living and then make him homeless." Tom White takes to the strange comfort of the street to nurse his soul - bruised by the wearing, insistent pressures of life in the "real world". He encounters numerous unfamiliar worlds peopled by similarly bruised, though naively wise characters. There is comradeship, but with a paradoxical hollow centre.

"It's not a victim film. There's a carelessness about Tom White and that was kind of what we intended, but slowly he regains that care and he's like all of us, we should disappoint our family and friends, and our friends and family should be proud of us at some stage, you know? To me he has all the dimensions to a real human being and that's why he's able to transcend through these worlds, that are sometimes harsh, sometimes funny, sometimes tragic, but he comes out of it with a sense of an odyssey complete."

The end result has been met well by the people who know. Charity preview screenings for the Salvos and Missing Persons Australia have brought favourable comments on what was likened to "an unmasking of reality". How people deal, or don't deal, with the stresses of everyday life, and the depression and other forms of mental health issues that can arise leads more people than we would realise to take to the streets to escape.

Tsilimidos speaks of a fairly simple guiding principle at the project's centre - a desire to keep returning to the honest, un sentimental depiction of these lives. "We're all just human. We do bad things, and we do good things - it's brutal and it's beautiful. And that's what life is." This film is a darker version of the dream-like state we all enter into with the cinematic experience. This at times nightmare-like vision may feel completely strange, but it has an intriguingly familiar feel to it as well. Perhaps we're looking at people not so removed from ourselves. The filmmakers are to be congratulated for this.

David Wilkins



You Know, For Kids!

A man awakens and reflects on the night that just passed. He slowly remembers what he had been up to and foggy images seep into his vision. 'Yeah, that's right, that writer girl came over and we finally capitalised on all those weeks of sexual tension.' A feeling of calm comes over him as he gently reaches for the bedside table and picks up his glasses. His sight begins to clear and he turns his head toward the maiden beside him. She lies motionless. He gazes upon her with a faint smile, which quickly vanishes when he notices moisture in the bed.

It's scarlet, the colour of a thousand sunsets drowned in a barrel of Chablis.

He panics. He starts. He screams silently. Drawing back the covers he sees his lover's corpse. It's awash with death and decay - too much for his gentle sensibility to bear. Time dilates and, rather than flashing before his eyes, his carefully maintained life - the quiet life of a writer - disintegrates into a thousand fantastically jagged splinters. The possibilities flash across his mind. Who, when, how and what now? Who do I tell? Can I tell anyone? Did I do it? Who am I? At this point there is a rapping, a gentle tapping, upon his chamber door. His friend's voice bellows - 'Barton, Barton, what's wrong!?' and Barton knows his life will never be the same, if it is his life. Then again, 'same' is relative.

The Mercury cinema is soon holding a short retrospective of the works of the Coen Brothers. The brothers have been making films over the last twenty years that are a unique blend of the oddball and screwball; they range from the comedic, to the absurd, the reassuring to the nihilistic. The Mercury begins their programme with *Barton Fink* this Friday at 8pm and it continues the four Fridays following at 7.30pm. After *Barton Fink* comes *Hudsucker Proxy*, an oddball comedy that takes on big business, on September 3, *Raising Arizona*, a screwball comedy about kidnapping on September 10, *Miller's Crossing*, a subversive reinvention of gangster movie clichés on September 17 and *The Man Who Wasn't There*, the Palme D'Or winning modern film noir on September 24.

Go see them, or it's your head!

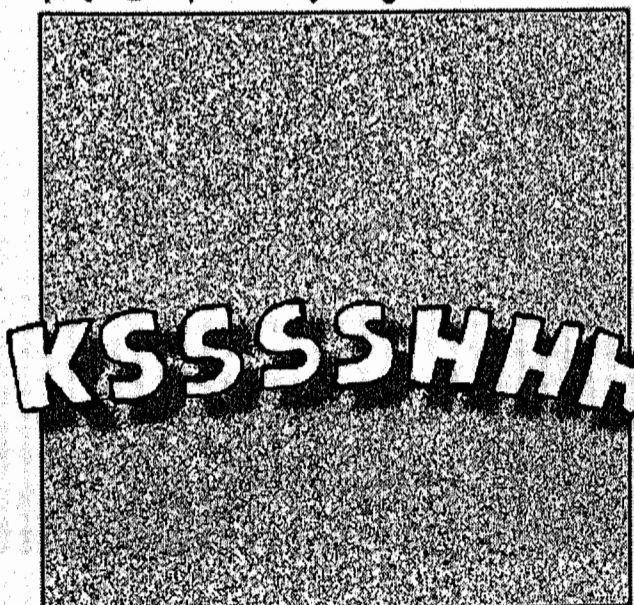
Danny Wills



A Scene from Tsilimidos' new film, Tom White.

27

ROOM 237 by OZ



HI THERE. UNFORTUNATELY, THIS COMIC HAS NOW BEEN SUBSUMED BY CHANNEL 7'S BROADCAST OF THE OLYMPICS.

SO STAY TUNED FOR MORE FROM THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF CABER TOSSING, WITH SERBIA + MONTENEGRO V. LESOTHO: HEAT SIX.



abuse: ozza667@hotmail.com

Stan: *Wow, what a lucky coincidence that I discovered how to make solid spots just as we run out of material for the Arts & Theatre section.*

Jimmy: *Nice one Stanley. Looks a bit like spots on a dalmatian, too. We're such clever designers.*

Stan: *Agreed.*

81 929

The Story of the Man who Turned into a Dog

By Osvaldo Dragun
Urban Myth Theatre of Youth Acting Ensemble
Holden Street Theatres

"A man can get used to almost anything" declare the captivating clowns as they narrate Dragun's humorous yet harrowing allegory of a man who becomes truly alienated from his labour. The Urban Myth Acting Ensemble under the direction of Alerio Zavarce, have adapted the Argentinean socialist vignette *Dog* to tenderly fill twenty minutes of magical theatre and the whole Holden Street stage.

Maintaining concepts central to the origins of the play, the young cast mix the camaraderie of *commedia del'arte* actors, with the loneliness of the labourer, played earnestly by Brad Williams. The clowning friends of Dog tell how their friend fell on hard times, and took a job as a nightwatchman's dog. They promise to tell his story exactly as it was told to them, and by incorporating the cheeky grins, melodramatic moments and unstoppable excitement, they undoubtedly do.

The design elements of the play; from the bright red noses, to Williams' white face, to the capitalist's crowing top-hat, combine to create an almost carnival atmosphere. The old church stage and the simple but effective lighting by Craig Lehman, especially the haunting shadows, set the scene on a street corner. And as the actors continue calling out past the rows of seats, this feeling is fortunately conveyed further. This story isn't one to be kept inside; it's a powerful message that has resonance to every person, from Koala-suited salesmen to the (unmentioned) McDonald's workers.

All the actors succeed in portraying this person's descent into dogness as a cautionary fable. They tell it with spark, smiles and suitable, mature emotion. The ensemble, under the direction of Sam Haren in the theatre, has produced a short and shiny show that is nevertheless packed with substance. I'm sure we're all waiting to see what more these up-and-comings can do.

Maxamilen Speranza

Two shows, in two weeks, from two very different companies. But that one unifying (pun intended) theme: capitalism's crushing effect on human lives, in the name of economic rationalism. Henry Miller's masterpiece, *Death of a Salesman* (performed by the State Theatre Company) and Dragun's direct but effecting *The Story of the Man who Turned into a Dog* (performed by Urban Myth Theatre of Youth) both revolve around characters who seemingly suffer inevitably, as a natural footnote to the success of the 'system.' Whilst *Death of a Salesman* fits the mould of a more orthodox modern play, *Dog* experiments with age-old and direct techniques of Commedia Del'arte and clowning. These differences are expected derivatives of the origins of the playwrights' societal and cultural experiences. But the message remains the same.

So my message is, where are such stories

today? If *Salesman* can sell out, if school kids are force-fed it, if (aside from schools) the average audience member is almost as old as Miller himself, how does *Salesman's* warning fit into our cultural context? Do the students who watch it miss the message? Do the seniors who see it, nod knowingly and then exasperatedly express a reluctance to do anything? If the young actors at Urban Myth explored the ideas of Dragun, will they let it lie, once they've wiped the clown makeup away?

Not long ago T-shirts of Adelaide's beloved festival proudly proclaimed that "if art isn't fatal, it isn't any good." Neither *Salesman* nor *Dog* appear to have sparked more than a murmur of 'nice acting' and 'the characters were good', has our constant exposure to the banalities of *Big Brother* blinded us to the idea that art can have a message, a meaning, which resonates beyond the medium in

which it is expressed and should motivate the minds of us all to stop the suffering that the system inflicts?

Next time you enjoy a night at the theatre, a film with some friends, a tried TV show or a new novel, let the ideas sink in. Remember them, use them, let them inspire you and let yourself inspire others. To make Adelaide an artistic "Athens of the South" we don't need more thinkers in residence we need more residents thinking. We need you to create the cutting edge art, that questions the way the world works. Just like Miller and Dragun did in their own time and place.

MY BIG FAT GREEK ZEITGEIST

If these weekly tidbits haven't been terribly good exercises in exclaiming my true adoration for the aesthetic over the course of the year, let me get one thing straight: I love fashion. One minute a random entity can be proclaimed as the next second coming of cool, and the next, well, it may as well reside in the bin alongside autographed photos of Bette Midler and archaic copies of Smash Hits. We pick up magazines expecting the most sterling of advice on how to overcome the plights of this cruel post-modern world, only to discover that perky and 70s is the new prim and proper 50s. As any good proletarian would have no doubt discovered, trends come and go in a cyclical sort of, ahem, fashion. A few years ago, I noticed that girls had a penchant for sporting rather juvenile necklaces adorned with dummies and other baby paraphernalia in an attempt to create some sort of fashion statement. Now, to be seen wearing such frivolities is a form of social suicide (wait two more years, then they'll make an old school comeback. I promise).

But it's not only fashion accessories made popular by the technicolour trappings of the late 1980s that encompass the true meaning of *the trend*. Anything can be a fad. Remember the incessant airwave domination of The Offspring's 'Pretty fly for a White Guy' circa 1998? Or the Australian public's obtuse fascination with that daft Tasmanian who happened to shag the right university companion and conveniently become a princess? Yep, trends constitute a hefty portion of popular culture. This explains the reasons as to why hoards of obnoxious teenage girls took to wearing those meaningless Lycra belts last year (but I'm still yet to demystify the allure of looking like a cheap imitation Britney Spears. So much trailer chic, so little time). One is left to ponder, what exactly is society's plat du jour in mid-2004? Given the media's current fascination with the Olympics and shonky businessmen, nowadays, it's done Greek style, or bust.

Greek chic is seriously the new black. Anyone who tries to deny this fact of existence has either been living under a rock over the past two months, or has good taste. Everything about popular culture at the present moment has something to do with those crazy ethnics and their fanatical, tempestuous natures. It all started with the Greek soccer team finally winning something. The fact that it happened to be the European Cup was not only a refreshing additive to their already sport-fuelled cocktail of euphoria, but it also guaranteed fellow dispersed Greeks around the world another opportunity to get wasted. People were congratulating each other as if they were to all become expecting parents again. An ethnic cultural storm was brewing, which was only to bubble and boil at the commencement of these damn Olympics. Post-opening ceremony, well, let's just say that even our very own Rumours café has tapped into Greek chic by having daily souvlaki specials. And they thought we were all about bouzoukis and having absurd amounts of cousins...

Although current social trends lie in all things Hellenic, the Greek way of life has hardly been exempt from the scrutinizing gaze of popular culture in the past. Take that bastion of the modern twenty-something Greek-Australian, Nick Giannopoulos. I once read in an interview that with his 'wog' themed stage shows, he was merely trying to poke fun at racial stereotypes with the intention of eventually contributing to breaking them down. Nice work Nikos! Hmm, here's an idea...Let's produce a film that ascertains the Greek-Australian population, objectifies and stereotypes them to proverbial hell and perpetuates any antagonistic notions held by the greater public against them! Pot? Kettle? Black? Don't even get me started on Effie or Aphrodite from Big Brother. Ugh. Won't they think of the children?

In an age when it's easy to deem cultural roots as being passé, there's nothing quite like having an appreciation for all things multicultural, because undeniably having an open mind is a trend that will never go out of fashion.

However, given this fact, don't be surprised if you go into a Greek restaurant and end up paying \$25 for a few paltry dips and pita bread. It's OK to capitalize on Greek culture, just because it's just so damn hot right now. Want to extend your love of the Aegean to your wardrobes? Gold victory wreaths look bitchin' with flowy tops and tight black jeans tucked into knee-high boots. Manage to get your hands on a Greek national costume, and in the name of Zeus glory shall be yours. Alternatively, if you choose to emulate the look of the more contemporary Greek chick, all you need is a silky bomber jacket, thick, frizzed-up straight black hair, a pair of slinky Supré bootleg pants and a pair of Diesel street shoes to boot. Add an inhuman interest in Heaven (the nightclub) and watch your ethnic cred soar like a mountain eagle.

I'm Greek, therefore I am.

The hopelessly Aryan
Stavroula Stephanie Mountzouris

WHAT'S HOT

Autism. Asperger's Syndrome. Hooray for being socially awkward.

Beating up pesky ex-boyfriends with fashion accessories. Stiletto heels, handbags, brooches, whatever goods you have at your disposal. Take that male scum, just try and avenge my new love interest. Just you try.

B52 bombs. Mmmmm....Armageddon goodness.



WHAT'S NOT

Being obsessed with the 80s in a really text book kinda way. "Michael Jackson is my favourite singer and my favourite film is The Breakfast Club". Failing to have remembered Harry and the Hendersons. Do me a favor, and slink back to the hole from whence you came.

Pink Ralph Lauren Polo tops on boys who desperately lack any true sense of creativity. Ring any bells, ex-PAC/Saints students?

Good posture. Scoliosis is for pussies anyway.

Local Music



Thomas C Barton cd/web launch with No Through Road and The Sunroom

Friday 13th
@ the Jade Monkey

People braving a cold August night were rewarded with an excellent evening out at the Jade. *No Through Road*, aka Matt Banham, started his set with a drawn out cover of Outkast's *Hey Ya*. It was apparently a request, and I could see the humorous intention, however, it came across a little amateur. It seemed to me that Matt's charm doesn't require such gimmicks, although it did provide a interesting contrast to the rest of his set.

There aren't many local acts around who can hang their shit on the line and come up roses quite like *No Through Road*. His songs are starkly confrontational; he couples beautiful details with an awareness of how disappointing life can be. They got my attention-- in fact, I think anyone who failed to relate really missed the point.

The deft lyricism of *No Through Road* also impressed me: he made *almost* predictable lines such as "...it's a fucking beautiful world and you're a fucking beautiful girl.." and "...so don't give it all away just cause you feel like shit today..." work in the context of something substantial.

Thomas C Barton's cd/web launch was the punter's main drawcard of the night. Embarking on a solo project (his other role is guitarist for the *Laybacks*) he presented a show that was obviously a grand effort in the making. Accompanied by his P.C, Thom played guitar and sang over pre-recorded backing tracks that had this reviewer in disbelief that Logic Audio Pro could do such things. The accompaniment of this gig reminded me of the similar approach of ex-Pavement guitarist Spiral Stairs, except Thom had a series of cool short films projected behind him. It was at the same venue and despite being a Pavement fan, I have to say

that Thom's was better.

Kicking off with *Feel Lighter Tonight*, the prepared string arrangements were exquisite behind the dirty strumming. Thom's clear ability to hold a note worked in well with programmed harmonies on *Makes Me Sing*, and likewise the notable mix-up of percussion.

Thom sings in a very English way, think Stone Roses/ Ride/ "I'm feeling supersonic"-esque style, minus the wank factor. This would have to be the most apparent influence on his music, the driving beat of *Suicide* an enjoyable example.

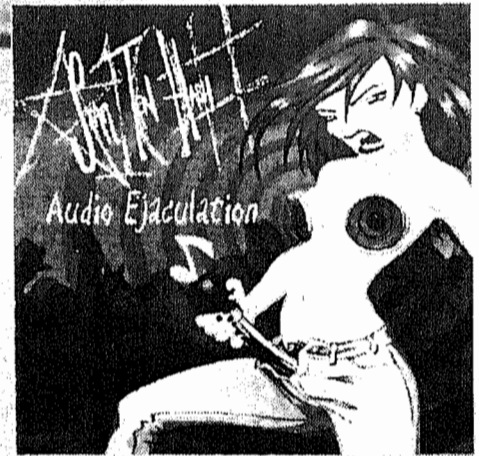
Now, anyone could belt out a cover of the Stooges classic *I Wanna be Your Dog*. But, Thom's decision to marinate it in a slow, sexy, very british tone, and perform before a backdrop of crashing waves and sped-up sky, made every bloke in the place want to be him and every girl pay attention (fucking bastard, wish I'd thought of that). *Control* lived up to its title with sublime guitar solos, and was a nice contrast to the guitar explosion of *Rise to the Sun*. The only negative criticism I have is that his instrumental track, which granted was a work in progress, was a little threadbare in an otherwise seamless performance.

Unfortunately the public transport schedule (not another band) prevented me from seeing the *Sunroom* and thus I apologise. However I hear they played a very nice set and was disappointed I missed it, so go see them, they're apparently really good.

Bus Review: somehow those so called Smart Stops have the ability to control time. How a bus can still be 2 minutes away after 5 have passed on the clock amazes me.

-BLV

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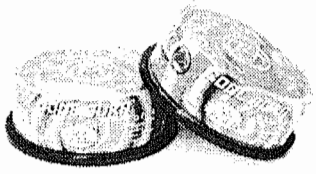
Star Ten Hash
Audio Ejaculation

Star Ten Hash have continued to develop 'their own sound' (fucking clichés) in this sharp-as-stick-on-nails release. Melt all types of music down into a massive black cauldron, add a shitload of metal, feminist politics, sampled madness and four gorgeous truculent females and you have the tip of Star Ten Hash's delectable iceberg.

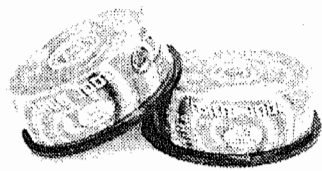
This recording is much more thorough than their previous releases, and the studio time has done them well. The bass lines are much more solid, and the effects work a treat, and everything is perfect musically. Lara's guitar work is swirling and increasingly hypnotic, and the band has reacted well to the slowing of tempos in their songs. And Angie's voice, oh sweet teenage Jesus. In the first song "Dominate", all within eight seconds of each other, she sings the parts of a massive, heaving metal head with no vocal chords left save for that banked by whisky, an indie pop princess and a snotty English post punkette. Her erratic ad-lib between verses, squeals and moans, and all over ruthlessness with the vocals is sensational.

Audio Ejaculation contains five new songs and a better-musically-but-less-raw version of their quasi-hit 'pornography'. I don't really like any metal after Motorhead but I love these gals. And 'Dumb Fucken Sluts' and 'When I' are such cool songs.

Jimmy Trash



ARE YOU KILLING YOUR FAVOURITE BAND?



Consider the thrill of strutting into uni records and submitting to the magnetism between you and that piece of audio bliss. The joy of opening the case to reveal the inlay full of delightful pictures or possibly artistic creations nestled in the comfort of lyrics and gratitudes, all of which bear accomplice to the round reflective wonder we call the disc. It is all yours, and you have the right to play it...

Is the excitement of this experience enough to make you buy a CD, or do you prefer to sit in the dark crevices of your room, illegally downloading music from the internet? If you are more inclined to the latter which could be more commonly known as stealing, then you may need to be informed of some ethical and legal considerations.

By downloading the music of your favourite artist you could be sapping their pockets of the cash they use to reimburse their label. Ultimately this makes it unlikely that they will make a real profit of their own and live lives as lustrous rock stars who drive fast cars. More importantly, they may lack the funds to tour and play for you, or even pursue their next CD.

Music piracy has caused CD sales to decrease by 17% since March 2003 and the industry could possibly be losing \$200 million per month in royalties. Consequently, over the past few years there have been a number of law suits against those who make a profit from trafficking illegal sound recordings.

In late 2003, three online identities called 'Pimp Daddy', 'Meistro' and 'DJ Ace' were prosecuted for internet music piracy. The Sydney Uni Students operated their enterprise from a home computer, providing music downloads free of charge. Most of the material was directly recorded from discs they owned but 'DJ Ace' sought to further capitalize from the venture by offering his own mixed variations to certain songs. Luckily, for the three, they managed to evade jail sentences with the harshest penalty imposed being 200 hours of community service. It is questionable as to whether such a punishment is adequate considering that the youths gave away up to \$200 million worth of music for free. When the amount of music available is placed in the context of the amount of times each song is actually downloaded, the magnitude of the problem is evident and the concern of the music industry wholly justified.

You don't have to actually provide a service which *supplies* the downloads to infringe copyright law. Early this year, the music industry sought to further crack down on illegal downloads by pursuing an action against a company that facilitates file-sharing. Kazaa is an ISP which provides users with the means to swap music files on the internet. The site uses a person to person mode of sharing so that users can directly swap with one another in the confines of the online community which the site supports. You could liken it to a chat room but for the exception of swapping music as opposed to two dimensional letters on a page. David Casselman, owner of the site, reasons that his service should not be isolated from other technologies which

facilitate the illegal acquisition of music for free. Search engines such as Google enable users to locate free downloads and CD burners actually encourage the copying of music from the legitimate source. If Kazaa is to be shutdown, should not these technologies also be regulated or even eliminated? Just how far do we have to go to ensure that Machine Gun's KK continues to prance around in her plastic buoyancy vest on stage?

As of March this year, 1600 individual users in the United States had been prosecuted for internet music piracy. Such a figure represents the determination of the music industry in its attempt to deter the general public from illegal downloading and force them to turn to the shelves. Many feel that this approach is taking it way too far.

Alternatively, you can fight fire with fire and introduce new technologies to help solve the problem. Digital Rights Management has been used by some artists to combat the burning of their CD's. Unfortunately, it robs the user of the opportunity to use other technologies. For example, Radiohead's latest CD can't be conveyed to an MP3 player and it will freeze your computer if you attempt to play it this way, leaving its use somewhat limited to the humble CD player.

Some feel that the downloading of music from the net should be embraced as a natural technological evolution in music distribution which need not deprive the artist. It has the capacity to change the music industry by eliminating the need for record companies and replacing them with a system of direct distribution, where the artist independently produces and sells their material online through ISP's such as Kazaa. This would certainly see an end to tacky advertising campaigns and level out the playing field between well established and premature bands alike. However, this is unlikely to be a reality due to the obvious revolt of the empire we call the record industry.

At this point in time, the crux of the argument rests upon whether users are prepared to buy CD's after downloading part(s) of it for free on the net. If downloads do not detract from CD sales then they should obviously be supported as they are simply another avenue from which the artist can gain exposure. However, evidence does support that record sales are down and consequently the struggle is likely to continue. No one wants to see Adalita wearing her dirty jeans while slapping patties at Hungry Jacks just so the band can afford to tour. So don't steal from the people who give you musical love unless you are prepared to buy their CD and counteract that bad karma.

Bridget Cormack

page #3 1

Common arguments for & against file sharing

From File Sharing: A Debate, (www.mredkj.com/other/sharing.html)

Arguments for

- * A CD only has a few good songs.
- * CDs cost too much.
- * I wouldn't have bought the CD anyway.
- * I only download hard-to-find songs.
- * I don't have a CD burner, so I only download songs I already own as a backup copy.
- * Most of the MP3s being shared are low quality.
- * Popular artists make plenty of money already.
- * If sharing with one friend is ok, then why is sharing with everybody wrong?
- * I preview songs before buying the CD.
- * Some artists get good word of mouth when their music is traded.
- * Whenever Hilary Rosen (or Metallica, etc.) tells me not to steal music, I do it just to spite them.
- * The music industry is dragging its heels in creating a legitimate online music business model.
- * Peer to peer networks have many useful applications; they shouldn't be shut down to stop music piracy.
- * Can use them to distribute files that don't have copyright restrictions.
- * *"Publish and obtain information on the Internet without fear of censorship."*
- * The music industry said the same thing about cassette tapes, and the industry didn't crumble.
- * The movie industry was also opposed to recordable media. i.e. Betamax Case
- * The Internet is global, and the RIAA is forcing American laws on the world.
- * Since I've started downloading MP3s, I've bought more CDs / more diverse music.
- * Bands make their money by touring / live concerts.

Arguments against

- * Trading MP3s is like stealing a CD from a store.
- * The recording industry is having declining sales.
- * Struggling artists are losing out.
- * Recording industry workers are losing out.
- * Record stores are losing out.
- * Children are growing up thinking music should be free.
- * The threat is greater than previous piracy technology, because distribution is practically free.
- * The recording industry cannot compete against free.
- * Creativity will suffer, because no one would be willing to take the risk of pursuing a music career.
- * You may not care that you're stealing, but admit what you're doing is wrong.
- * *"Each sale by a pirate represents a lost legitimate sale..."*
- * MP3s are almost CD quality and trading them cannot be compared to recording off the radio.

**Turn over to the next page to
read the alternate view of the
matter in hand.**



In Defence of 'File Sharing'

"If a music industry executive claims I should agree with their agenda because it will make me more money, I put my hand on my wallet... and check it after they leave, just to make sure nothing's missing."
— Janis Ian, musician.

Against the howls of record companies it may be tempting to use Fat Tony's classic argument for thievery, "Put it this way, is wrong to steal a loaf of bread to feed a family? And what if my family don't like bread? they like, cigarettes...". but there is no doubt that acquiring music without paying for it and against the wishes of the artist is wrong. However, new technology invariably creates a grey area in business and law so rather than labelling the entire process of file sharing as piracy, it may be more useful to see how file sharing works as a system of online distribution and dissemination. In particular, how the technology can be used to deliver product innovation and improvements to consumers and more livable incomes to a wider proportion of artists.

Strangely most proponents of file sharing simply throw back cries of fowl play by the RIAA and record labels as pure self-destructive stupidity. That somehow record labels are so focused on the idea of people getting something for nothing that they are blind to the possibilities for raising record company profits with internet swapping.

Fed Durst is an unlikely (perhaps unwanted?) but convincing spokesperson for the pirates, eloquently claiming that the fat cats are "gonna fuck themselves right out of a business". He uses Norah Jones as an example of the priceless exposure provided by file sharing networks. Despite significant radio play she made record companies millions presumably because of non-traditional method of exposure including file sharing.

For many new artists exposure is most important factor in generating income and is something record companies do not provide evenly, putting most of their efforts into a small percentage of bands labelled the 'next big thing'. File sharing

has been likened to a form of progressive taxation. The most well known and wealthy artists who are given most record company support lose a little off the top while it is then redistributed at the bottom end generating exposure and some album sales to artists who previously had none.

There is no doubt that many fans use downloaded music to sample other releases from their favourite performers or hard to obtain albums before ordering them in, \$30 is pretty high price to pay for a product you're unsure about. Listeners could go to records stores and put the headphones on but the internet opens up a vast amount of easily accessible samples, which is free advertising for artists.

The question is whether or not listeners will then become consumers. The vast amount of music downloaded would probably not be purchased anyway and the RIAA itself admits this. The problem is a multiple one. During a period of economic slowdown, rising CD prices plus fewer and arguably lower quality acts being released consumers are taking the out offered by a low priced (currently free) alternative. The advent of pay TV and the persistence of cinema, though very different forms, show that free can be replaced by higher quality but affordable alternatives.

It's important to note that record labels released 12,000 or 25% less acts in 2001 than in 1999. It's hard to say if Napster was responsible for the reduced signing but there is no doubt that less acts to choose from reduces the likely hood that consumers will find music favourable to them. During this same period record sales dropped by only 4% meaning that record companies were taking less risks and actually making more money per act released than in 1999. Remember this is during Napster's hey day, it wasn't until well after they were shut down in 2000 that record sales really slowed down. Although peer to peer software enabled continued file sharing it isn't nearly as convenient and accessible as Napster was.

Online music also lowers the barriers to entry in the music industry, reducing the make or break nature of record deals. In many ways it simply changes the nature of music publishing displacing labels that are rooted in aging systems of production. Tim O'Reilly argues that there will always be a place for publishers as

the middleman to sort products for consumers. File sharing will not harm artists but instead forced change in the status quo of the publishing industry.

File sharing can also catch the record industry not doing its job or at least show up its static and stifling nature. Once a release has gone out of print an artist may be powerless to obtain the right to re-release it under another label complaining that the only place these records can be found is on file sharing networks because a record companies don't find it profitable enough to reprint. For instance, it is absolutely impossible to get a copy of *I Am an Elastic Fire Cracker* by The Tripping Daisies. I've tried four music stores in Adelaide, Ebay and ordering from overseas. I would be quite happy to buy the album online but I can't do that either so I'm gonna burn from a friend as soon as I can.

Record labels should be trying to find ways of plying their trade online. Internet sales are already going some way to make up for the losses in sales of tangible products despite the best attempts by record companies of limiting their profits there.

If the concern is truly for the artists, how about separating

the music from the record. The artists can sell their wares online for whatever it's worth whilst record companies can sell blank discs and burners (ironically Sony is one of the worlds largest labels and produces both of the offending items) and receive their \$1 per blank CD. Consumers can put the two together and a new type of financier separated from distribution can provide loans to pay for music production.

Meanwhile at the bottom of it all sits me, you - the pirates and purveyors of stolen goods. It's likely that most of our downloads are technically illegal but has anyone asked how many of us our downloading independently produced free for distribution releases or are legitimately taking advantage of Kazaa to swap home made porn? Slow to adapt, record industry fat cats are unfairly applying their significant weight to stifle consumer choice and crush any way for musicians to operate outside avenues controlled by the music industry. Perhaps it's not that dire, but should we really be penalised for taking advantage of technological innovation to access the music we love in the absence of legitimate alternatives?

Dan J



The Count had always been a fervent promoter of the free distribution of his educational goods.

Hit the Jackpot



Hit the Jackpot
Hit the Jackpot
 Fken Stoner Records

Local duo Hit the Jackpot offer six tasty songs in 13 minutes on their latest self-produced EP, but that's all they need to get their point across. A visit to the band's website sees them sum up their sound pretty succinctly: "There's two of us: Jessica on drums and vocals + Kyanan on guitars and vocals. Our music is pretty simple, but we like it that way." But though their music may be "simple", the Jackpot manage to pack these sub-three minute gems with variation, naturally assimilating the diverse sounds of indie noise, punk, dream pop, and stoner rock into a singular sound without sounding contrived, and with a full sound that belies their minimal two member set-up.

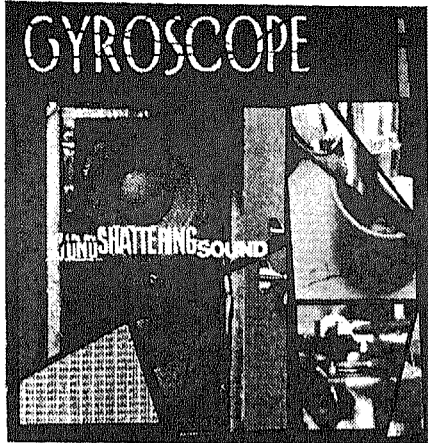
'Pictures on the Wall', kicks off the disc, with its solitary power chord ringing out like a church bell over the vocals, before a double time drum beat takes it into punkier territory that would have the Ramones beaming like proud papa's.

Jess' vocals are particularly varied; she covers both the sweet and sour vocal deliveries with equal aplomb, as evidenced by the raucous 'Brand New Face', and the pop-tastic 'Cats & Dogs', where the dual boy/girl vocals combine to form a sweet, heady melody hidden under the washes of guitar distortion.

"Nuggets" builds gradually from lightly strummed chords and cymbals, before erupting into a magnificently simple dreamy fuzz pop guitar riff. It's the stand out track in my opinion, and particularly effective in a live setting with the amps blaring and the guitar's harmonics are bouncing off the walls. It also highlights how it's often what's *not* played that makes Hit the Jackpot's tunes so enticing. They have a rare ability to emphasise hidden melodies within their minimal, "simple" structures, reminiscent of the way the Jesus & Mary Chain would erect pop hooks under layers of gorgeous grunge.

From the cute dog-in-a-cage cover art, to the hand stamped CD-R within, this release demonstrates that Hit the Jackpot wear their DIY roots proudly on their sleeves. The meaty riffs, boot-stomp rhythms and infectious melodies provide the yummy frosting on the cake.

dan V



Gyroscope
Sound Shattering Sound
 FMR Records

Keep your backpack well stocked with tissues, your favourite black rimmed glasses well polished, and your best Dickies/Atticus 'Scorpion Reich' uniform washed and ironed by nummy. Gyroscope are here to touch your insides (not like that, you sick monkey). Make you feel real emotion.

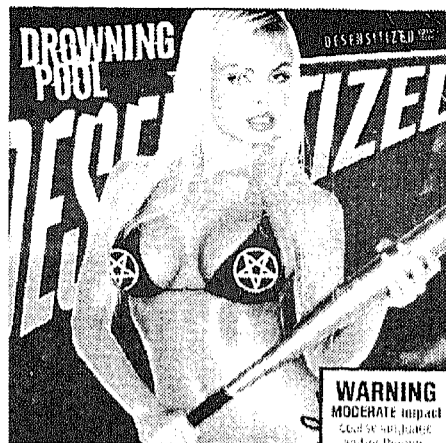
Their debut LP *Sound Shattering Sound* follows the same style as all recent bands that have been packed into the emo sardine can. Well learnt musicians, loud bits, soft bits, screamy bits, harmonised bits, black rimmed glasses, that emo lego man haircut (I fucking hate that hair), lyrics about personal conflicts, typical emo artwork (blurry live shots, close up of instruments) and a major label. My theory on the shit load of emo bands that have become of late is a conspiracy devised by crafty record company executives handing out copies of the "How to be an emo band manual" in order to turn the public into a bunch of whimpering emotional retards. I'm onto you. Anyway...

Although containing twelve songs, five of them ('Safe forever', 'Misery', 'Driving for the storm', 'Doctor Doctor' and 'Midnight Express') have previously been released on their past three EPs. The album contains different versions of the songs, being rerecorded to sound more "profesh" to use an industry word. This would be somewhat due to the intervention of producer Shaun O'Callaghan, who has been getting down that nice radio friendly sounding production, having recently worked with bands such as Eskimo Joe and The John Butler Trio (why the fuck are they called the trio. I mean, I don't reckon I've seen one photo of the whole band. What, does some of his dreads count as a couple of people?).

Gyroscope are good at what they do. I don't like what they do, but if you're a bit of a poo pirate emo dude or dudette, I'd have to definitely say check it out. The recording sounds like they'd be a good band to see live, giving off an energetic ambience. And you don't get to support bands such as *Blink 182*, *The Get Up Kids* and *The Living End* by sucking the fat one. Unless, the fat one is attached to a record executive...

U like emo, U like this.

Yuky



Drowning Pool
Desensitized
 Wind-Up Records / Sony

The death of a member to any band is a tragedy, and affects the chemistry of the band severely. Especially when the dead dude or dudette (don't bitch to me that I'm not PC) is the singer. Can you think of one band who's been as good after their singer died? AC/DC? No. They were still fucking good, but never up to the standard of the *TNT*, *Highway to Hell* Bon Scott days. INXS? Fuck no. They fucking sucked at the Sydney Olympics. If there's one lesson to be learnt in musical history, it's if your singer carks it, you're better off starting a new band. Look at bands such as Nirvana and Sublime, they had the sense to go out on a high (the remaining band members, not the dead singers). Drowning Pool have broken one of the cardinal rules of rock'n'roll.

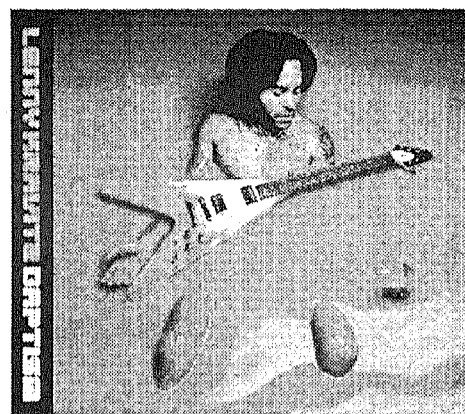
Don't follow the rules, and you'll be rewarded (if that's the right word) with something like *Desensitized*, the follow up album to 2000's debut *Sinner*, from the Dallas based band. In 2002 vocalist Dave Williams kicked the bucket from natural causes (not particularly rock, I may add), at the age of 30. After a reorganisation of the collective, local tattoo artist Jason "Gong" Jones took on vocal duties.

Music wise they lay somewhere in that cesspit nu-school metal/stadium rock category, that translates to pseudo passion, boring riffs (there was a cool guitar solo in 'Bringing me Down', but it was too short), annoying layered vocals, those fucking stupid metal beards (you know what those beards sound like!), sounding just as sterile as all the rest of the bands in that genre. Lyrics read like poetry written by a goth kid in a dark corner of the Proscenium. Wah.

The best thing going for the album is the front cover, which features a lovely scantily clothed young lass called Jesse Jane, of porn star fame, holding a baseball bat.

If you find yourself watching *The Osbournes*, wearing your pie-stained Austin 3:16 t-shirt, and laughing with Ozzy instead of at him, this CD is for you.

Yuky



Lenny Kravitz
Baptism
 Virgin Records

The first thing you notice about *Baptism* is the terrible cover-art. Sadly, it doesn't get much better after that. Kravitz has re-worked, retreaded, filtered and processed his way to an album that reminds of past 'glories' without offering a single new inductee.

Some of the lyrics here are so cliché and insipid you sometimes get the feeling Kravitz is having a lend of us yet he sings with such sincerity he more than dispels that theory.

In fairness, the songs here are generally more painfully average than bad. 'Calling All Angels' is the pick of some tedious sappy ballads, while the appearance of Jay-Z in 'Storm' adds something to an otherwise standard affair. The catchy pop-rock of 'California', whilst sounding contrived is not without merit but that's about it comrades.

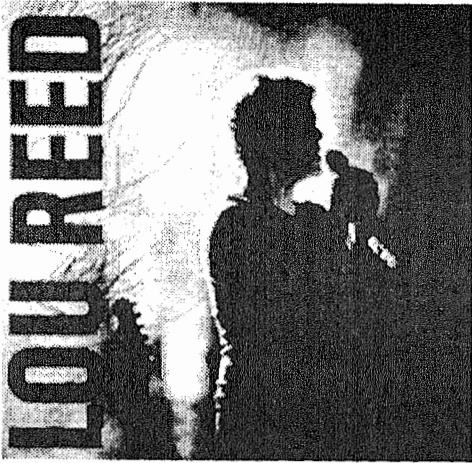
Kravitz has won his share of adult fans by drawing heavily from 60s and 70s influences, putting a somewhat modern spin on them, and attempts, sometimes succeeding, to offer both soulful ballads and inspiring stadium rockers. Surely Ben Harper has a much greater hit/miss ratio in this genre.

This is the Kraft processed cheese of rock- the instruments sounds mechanical, the lyrics brainless, while even the solos sound carefully constructed and uninspired, when they should be rushing out to salvage the songs. And the cheese has better packaging.

Lachy Chatterton



Lady Fortune was looking the other way when Lenny K designed his latest album cover



Lou Reed
Animal Serenade
Warner

Da da-da da-dum. 'So, I thought I would explain how you can make a career out of three chords,' quips a sarcastic Lou Reed to a deliberately ecstatic New York crowd. 'You younger bands had better pay attention.'

The ageing demagogue strums that famous rolling lick that made the album cut of 'Sweet Jane' one of the most influential and enduringly optimistic pop songs to emerge from the smack-addled underground art factory that was New York in the late sixties. *Da da-da da-DUM.* 'You'll notice that it's actually *four* chords. As with most things in life, it's all in that little hop at the end...'

Such is the arrogance of the man who once described the likes of Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead and Frank Zappa as 'the most untalented bores that ever came up.' Nevertheless, after a series of embarrassing releases, (including the unambitious 1989 *Ecstasy* album and, more recently, a bizarre and fairly condescending interpretation of the poems of Edgar Allan Poe), critics were beginning to doubt whether Reed's music was still up to the task of vindicating his famous *prima-donna* attitude.

They were right. Maybe it was because Lou was by now so far removed from the gritty experiences that had shaped his early career. Maybe it was because age had taken his ability to capture the poetry and sound of each new generation of navel-gazing malcontents. Maybe it was simply because the old bastard had shone too bright for too long, leaving him a victim of his own cult status - marooned on a lonely and derivative genre all to himself. In his own words, 'I don't think I'm part of rock & roll any more. There's a niche that's become 'Lou Reed Music'.

Hence *Animal Serenade*, an exhaustive live double album released exactly 30 years after *Rock & Roll Animal* cemented Lou's reputation as a seminal live performer. The album's aim is to remind fans of Lou's value-for-money professionalism on stage: here is a 62-year-old former smack addict who can still assemble a group of exceptional musicians and effortlessly set them about the task of performing his own work, including some of the most influential songs of all time.

Indeed, much of this album is carried by the classic Velvet Underground material that fans have long dreaded would suffer the same fate as the work of Van Morrison and Bob Dylan, who have essentially been covering their own songs for decades.

Mercifully, *Animal Serenade* escapes this, with songs like 'Sunday Morning', 'Venus in Furs' and 'The Day John Kennedy Died' hitting the mark, if not with the same gusto as they once did in the underground clubs of New York. Unfortunately, some might be appalled by an upbeat and thoroughly poppy version of 'All Tomorrow's Parties' (Andy would be proud), not to mention one or two thoroughly sappy examples of his later material.

One exception is a surprisingly intense 7 minute version of 'Ecstasy', which builds to a relentless and entirely unencumbered crescendo not unlike those of the golden live performances when the Velvets could hypnotise a room full of the most jaded of professional scenesters. Cellist Jane Scarpantoni's solo in the same song is astounding, as is the ease with which she lends depth and character to many of the more laid back moments on the album.

Lou's 'hop at the end' is an ambitious 10 minute version of the Velvet's achingly bittersweet 'Heroin'. Ambitious, because poor Lou probably hasn't tasted smack in decades, and if he has, he certainly hasn't had to deal with the frustrating yet apparently fertile experience that is bona fide 'Waiting for my Man' heroin addiction. An audacious and potentially embarrassing move to say the least, particularly *sans* drummer. To Lou's credit, he pulls it off, still managing to conjure the same combined sense of angst, wisdom, resignation and epiphany that makes so much of Lou Reed's body of work so utterly timeless.

Lou Reed is an island unto himself. In more ways than one, I would venture that he deserves such a predicament. If for no other reason, *Animal Serenade* is worth the effort because it is a living document of this.

Tristan Mahoney



Casiotone For The Painfully Alone
Twinkle Echo
Trifekta

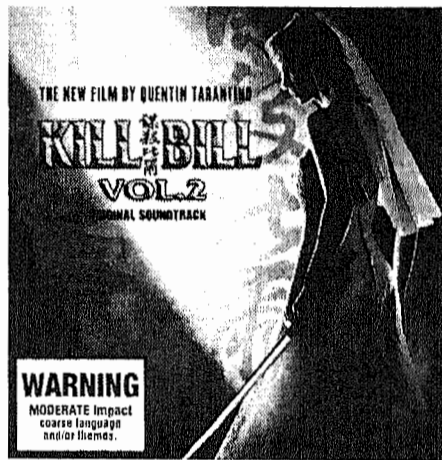
The modern trend of bedroom produced albums has brought numerous grainy, generally anguished voices ringing out from their little cubes of suburbia. And so it seems apt for Owen Ashworth to have adopted the name Casiotone for the Painfully Alone, epitomising and unfortunately nestling himself right in amongst the amateur crowd. Twinkle Echo is billed as short claustrophobic pop pieces - not really a selling point.

Created entirely with old (presumably) battery powered electronic, it does become interesting though, to hear those sounds that are

so often associated, at least for me, with crass eighties, mass produced electronic instruments and toys (Oh, the horrifically sterile Casio renditions of Chariots of Fire). Ashworth plays with the crackle and hiss inherent in these instruments but often ignored, drawing out a nostalgic ponder rather than cringe. "It Wasn't the Same Somehow" works directly on this imagined romanticism, that incidentally has led to the ridiculously high prices for Ataris and other relatively useless pop paraphernalia.

The tones on the album are surprisingly rich (suspiciously so) but Ashworth hasn't exploited the possibilities and is unable to resist the twitch-inducing Casio drumbeat in almost every track. Talk about painful. "Hey Eleanor" breaks the mould with a buzzing, strangely emotive 'star trekking' keyboard progression. While Twinkle Echo has its sparkling moments this dull review can't help but represent the prevalent feel of the album it reflects.

Dan J



Kill Bill Vol.2
Original Soundtrack
Warner

Whatever you think about his films, you have to admit Quentin Tarantino has a knack for filling them with cool tunes. There was a time there when the sound of the *Pulp Fiction* soundtrack blaring from a stereo was a prerequisite for any social gathering. Who can't recall throwing down litres of goon, kissing strangers and watching drunken guys compete to be the alpha male by dancing and singing along to 'Jungle Boogie'? In addition to being a great collection of songs, *Pulp Fiction* brought artists like the (self-proclaimed, though few would argue with him) "King of the Surf Guitar", Dick Dale, into the musical zeitgeist.

So when the first *Kill Bill* soundtrack proved to be a bit of a hit and miss affair (it included the amazing Nancy Sinatra track, next to the RZA's cringe-inducing spoken word theatrics about Lucy Liu's Vol.1 character Cottonmouth) you could be forgiven for thinking that perhaps Tarantino had lost his critical edge, his musical savvy. Thankfully *Vol.2* goes some way to arresting this niggling doubt, though it's not without it's problems.

Shivaree's tremoloed country-pop song 'Goodnight Moon' glistens, as does 'Tu Mira'; any song that combines a melancholic Spanish kiddie choir, pulsing Hammond organ, and 70's approved drum fills sounds like a winning formula to me. 'Urami Bushi's sweeping cinematic strings make me

want to learn Japanese. The dark disco-noir wah washes and spooky 12-string guitar chords of 'Summertime Killer' (by Louis Bacalov), and Johnny Cash's take on 'A Satisfied Mind' are also inspired choices.

The final unlisted track by RZA (and assorted Wu-Tang pals) on the other hand really is a bit of a fluff, and Malcolm McLaren's 'About Her', which borrows liberally from The Zombies' 'She's Not There' is a big down-beat let down.

Always the post-modern fan boy, Tarantino's reverence for the Spaghetti Western genre is given full reign, and there are no less than three tunes from the legendary film composer Ennio Morricone included here, though the fact that they can be found from their original soundtracks dampens their impact somewhat.

As is his won't to do, Tarantino has also scattered a few little sound bytes of dialogue from the film throughout. Bills' (David Carradine) recounting of 'The Legend of Pai Mei' to Uma's Bride is the best example, but they are too few and not representative of the film's many groovy dialogue scenes.

Whilst it may not get a party started like *Pulp Fiction* did, *Kill Bill Vol. 2* is still a worthy re-lease; if you like your soundtracks' to be of a brooding and more subdued nature, it would certainly be handy to have a copy lying around for your next poker and fondue night.

dan V

Snee?

Clubs & Classifieds

LOOKING FOR A DOG FRIENDLY HOUSE?
WANT TO BE ABLE TO WALK TO BURNSIDE?
10 MINS FROM UNI?
WANT A GOOD SIZED HOUSE WITH A BACKYARD?

THEN RENT OUR HOUSE!

317 Greenhill Road,
Toorak Gardens

\$205 per week for 2.5 bedrooms (the back room's a bit drafty)
Suit couple and/or share house

See www.rent-our-house.tk for more details
Or speak to Elders Payneham on 8337 6488

LOST
My phone number. Can I have yours?

AU FILM SOCIETY PRESENTS
Animation and laughs!
Thursday 26th August

Aardman Animation Compilation 1983-1989
Claymation at its best. The entire Shakespeare theatrical canon condensed into five minutes in *Next*, a man of many masks negotiating the big questions in life in *Indent*, and four other titles in which live interviews and conversations are imaginatively transposed onto animated figures: *Late Edition*, *Going Equipped*, *War Story* and *Creature Comforts* (1991 Academy Award winner). Plus three award winning pop promos: *Barefootin'*, *Sledgehammer* and *My Baby Just Cares for Me*. (45 mins)

+ Short:
Fawlty Towers: Gourmet Dinner (1975)
An episode from the classic comedy television series featuring the antics of Basil Fawlty (John Cleese), an incompetent and aggressively rude proprietor of a small English resort hotel. In this episode, Basil Fawlty supervises the provision of a gourmet dinner. (30 mins)

+ Shorter:
A Star Is Bored (Looney Tunes) (1956)
Daffy Duck must double for Bugs in any slapstick which Warners considers too dangerous for its star Bug Bunny. (7 mins)

Screening @ Union Cinema, Level 5,
Union Building, 7pm. Join for just \$5 now, weekly door prize.

WANTED
The wood that my Dad stole to build the extension on my house when I was a kid. He stole it and told my Mum that he got it from hard rubbish. The thing is, he neglected to get a council permit, and was locked away for the duration of my childhood. At least, that's what Mum told me.

Please return to Royal Park
Lumber Yard, Port Rd, West Lakes.

AUUFUC BBQ
EVERY Wednesday the Adelaide Uni Ultimate Frisbee Club will be holding a BBQ for your enjoyment and stomach satisfaction to raise money for our Frisbee teams Australian Uni. Games Campaign! Come and buy a Sausage or a Vege. Burger and send your ULTIMATE team to the TOP!

QUIZ NIGHT
Are you busy on the 10th or September? Want somewhere fun to go? COME TO THE AUUFUC QUIZ NIGHT 2004 in aid of our very own Adelaide Uni. Ultimate Frisbee team! The venue is at the EXCLUSIVE Waite fields Sports Club! Meet new people!
Win the prize for BIGGEST BAR TAB! AND compete in the race to win the coveted AUUFUC QUIZ NIGHT TROPHY!!! So get a table together today and contact Stephen Harfield on 0439 852 237! SEE YOU THERE!

FOR SALE
One small boy. Extensive experience in the field of nude modelling and photography. Answers to the name of 'C'mere you little punk!'
\$5,000 O.N.O.
Contact Germaine Greer
germaine@prepubescentlove.com

Thankyou:
Matty, Danny, Dan, Dan and Dan, Clemon Lemon bloody Blemen Lime, and those stupid, fat, dumb parking inspectors who have crippled me this weekend. Hell has a special room just for them. Oh, and Yuky too, I spose...

Survey on Staff-Student Sexual Relations
Hi, I am doing my honours thesis on staff-student sexual relations. To date, there have been no studies on the occurrence of staff student-sexual relations, nor the affects (good or bad) that they have on students.

This survey is for all students From it, I hope to discover:
• the extent to which staff-student sexual relations occur;
• the effect that they have on individual students;
• what you already know about current University policies relating to staff-student sexual relationships; and
• your attitude towards staff/student sexual relationships.

To fill it in, and for more information go to:
<https://www.adelaide.edu.au/surveys/intimate_relations.html>
It won't take longer than 5 minutes to fill in and I can guarantee complete anonymity. Last day to fill it in is Friday 27th August.
My name is Sarah Minney, I am an honours candidate at Adelaide University in the Politics department. If you want to contact me, you can do so via email: sarah.minney@adelaide.edu.au

FOR SALE
The memory of Dan Murphy's first erection.

One beer, or near offer. Send all expressions of interest to student.radio@adelaide.edu.au

Nerd Buyers beware
Pentium 3, 866 Mhz 64 MB 20 GB Harddrive, \$275.00 cash enquiries Union Reception see Vicki, Western end of cloisters, ground floor, lady symon building 8303 5401

The new Adelaide Uni Scottish Dancing Group is looking for members! This kind of dancing is easy to learn and great fun! No swords, kilts or bagpipes involved. The next two classes are from 7.30-10 pm on Thu, 12.8. in the WP Rogers Room and on Fri, 20.8. in the South Function Room, Level 4 Union House. We would be happy if you joined us. More information available from Birgit: birgit.hofmann@student.adelaide.edu.au

FOUND
Disturbing protuberance on the side of Jimmy Trash. Poo brown in colour, answers to the name of 'Miniskip'.
Please contact the *On Dit* office, or after next Wednesday, the National Meuseum of Natural Oddities, Canberra.

35

A die. Notice the number of dots. Coincidence?

