

SR  
378.05  
05

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY  
OF ADELAIDE  
01 SEP 2004

October 9  
eh, Johnny?


That's right Ralph,  
IT'S ON FOR YOUNG & OLD!

# On Dit

Volume 72  
Edition 16  
31.08.2004







RUN SAHIB!  
IT'S THE STUDENT ELECTIONS!

**Editors**  
James Cameron  
& Tristan Mahoney

**Advertising**  
Matthew Osborn  
0402 760 028

**Printing**  
Cadillac

**Opinion**  
Russell Marks  
**Current Affairs**  
Nick Parkin  
Alex Solomon-Bridge  
**Music**  
Dan Joyce  
&  
Dan Varrichio  
**Local Music**  
Ben Vistoli

**Füd**  
Esha Thaper  
**Film**  
Danny Wills  
**Literature**  
Sukhmani Khorana  
**Arts & Theatre**  
Alex Rafalowicz  
&  
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.

**Thankyous:** The more prompt candidates, Cadillac Printing for their infinite patience, Andrew Perry for his amusingly gory marrow sucking stories, and those days when you just don't get to bed.



# The criminalisation of marijuana

Walking down the main street of Lisbon, Portugal, everyone could tell we were foreigners. We were sporting huge backpacks and unkempt facial hair, wearing thongs and speaking English - a dead giveaway. At an intersection we were approached by a guy selling "watches and jewellery". After his watches spiel and a quick glance over his shoulder he said under his breath, "hashish?", whereupon he produced a rectangular block approximately half-way between the size of a regular and a king size Mars bar.

He then whispered his special price of "20 euros" while rubbing his thumb and forefinger together and promptly showcasing his other wares (including bag after bag of rather dried-out weed from Morocco). We could see more guys like this, posted on every street corner, trying to make a living from one of the most popular and prolific recreational drugs in the world.

The political debate over legalisation of marijuana in Australia has a long history and South Australia has often been prominent. Don Dunstan instigated a Royal Commission into the Non-Medical Use of Drugs in 1978. The Commission examined 5 possible scenarios for marijuana:

- Total Prohibition (the American Zero Tolerance/War on Drugs approach),
- Prohibition with Civil Penalty (like the "on-the-spot" fines in SA and the ACT),
- Partial Prohibition (as in Germany, Spain and Italy),
- Regulated Availability (the Dutch Coffee shop model, Alaska from 1975-1986)
- Free Availability (where anything goes, with no supervision, quality control, age limits or taxation).

The Commission recommended that the Government adopt either a system of partial prohibition or regulated availability. But by then Dunstan had already resigned due to ill health and the recommendations were consigned to the dustbin.

A recent government survey into marijuana/cannabis use in Australia found 9.1% of 14-19 year olds and 12.4% of 20-29 year olds had used the drug in the week the survey was taken; 33.1% of the Australian population have smoked in their lifetime; and of the people that do smoke, 16% (including 17.7% of 20-29 year olds) smoke everyday. Basically, a lot of Australians are into dope.

Despite most Australians' lax attitude to marijuana and its widespread use, some contend marijuana is not the victimised, harmless drug that many make it out to be. They claim long-term marijuana use can lead to a particularly nasty form of psychosis. Hallucinations, disorganised speech, delusions and schizophrenic symptoms can reduce a long-term smoker to a blubbery, immobilised wreck. A 1997 article in the British Journal of Psychiatry sounded other warnings about use of marijuana including dependency, adolescent developmental problems, and permanent cognitive impairment. Some of the well-recognised chronic symptoms of marijuana use are memory loss, apathy, loss of motivation and paranoia.

The psychotic effects are tragic on any person but most agree this can only happen with extended use of the drug and, even then, only in certain people.

In particular, people with histories of mental illness in their families and who also smoke heavily (more than a couple of joints per day) are at a much greater risk. Unfortunately, many people are not sufficiently aware of family mental histories before they engage in heavy and regular smoking.

Proponents of legalisation point to tobacco and alcohol (both legal) being far more dangerous drugs. According to the *World Health Organisation (WHO) Tobacco Atlas*:

- Cigarettes kill half of all lifetime users, with half dying in middle age
- Smoking is responsible for 90% of all lung cancer
- Smoking costs the Australian economy \$6 billion each year.

Meanwhile, a total of 31,133 Australians died from alcohol (mainly through alcoholic liver cirrhosis, car accidents, cancer and alcohol-related suicide) in the decade to 2001. Marijuana, in comparison, appears relatively harmless, especially when you consider the further social effects of alcohol abuse (domestic violence etc.).

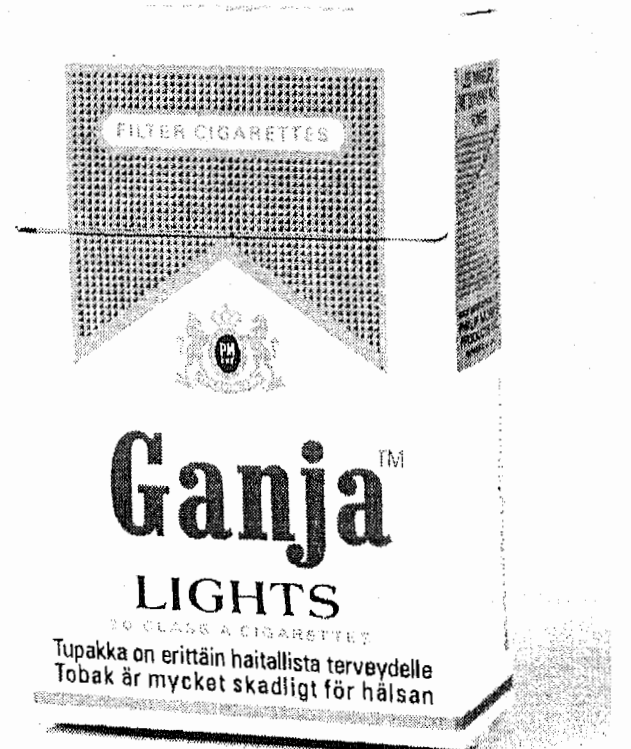
The fact is, governments can make efforts to curb the use of tobacco and alcohol, but in reality the drugs have become too institutionalised (especially alcohol) to ever be criminalised (plus there are all those government taxes involved). Marijuana is unlikely ever to attain the privileged status of alcohol because governments simply don't want to be responsible for policing another recreational drug or be seen as a 'drug dealer' by the electorate.

The argument that 'tobacco is more deadly yet legal' doesn't wash with doctors either who fear that legalising marijuana would encourage and possibly institutionalise the use of another potentially destructive drug.

Then there are the social conservatives who see marijuana as a 'stepping stone'; they fear post-legalisation people would experiment with much harder drugs (which have already proven destructive effects) or that we'll be demanding, god forbid, legalisation of heroin. Discipline and hard-work will be forgotten in a drug-crazed stupor and society will descend into anarchy.

The issue is as murky as ever. Ideals of society, problems of enforcement, social realities, theories of discrimination, institutionalisation, market forces and damning scientific evidence seem to clash. All this leaves us no wiser as to how to deal with a practice in which a third of Australians have illegally engaged. Although, rest assured, in Lisbon in 20 years time there will still be the same sort of guys trying to sell you their watches and their 'special price' Mars bars.

Alex Solomon-Bridge



The staff of *On Dit* cordially invite readers to the annual post election

## PARTY

This Saturday September 4.

To be held at a location disclosed only to those who visit the On Dit office (basement of the George Murray building) after 1pm.

Details will be pinned below the cover of edition nine.

Help Stan & Jimmy intimidate the winners, taunt the losers and generally exhibit the kind of unproductive, cynical and abusive behaviour that makes student media so much more fun than student politics.



"I heartily endorse this product or event."

## A double shot with those standards, please

Womy,

I find it funny (as in outrageous) that you dare to attack a woman's right to contraception and abortion in the same breath. Fuck your double standards! I'd also suggest getting your facts straight before harass Kellie. Have you had an abortion? Have you impregnated any woman unfortunate enough to know you? If the answer's no, then you have no idea what you're talking about. Abortion, especially if it is performed within the first trimester, is one of the safest medical procedures available. Very early abortions can even be performed using local anaesthetic, making it even safer. Any woman considering abortion receives mandatory counselling before being allowed to go ahead with it. Seeing a termination as an easy way out of an inconvenient situation is very discouraged. Yes, abortion can be distressing, and certainly quite painful afterwards, but surely the alternative could be irresponsible, especially for young women. Unplanned pregnancies can be the result of rape, abuse, faulty contraception and/or fuckwit boyfriends neglecting to divulge information about a broken condom. Would you rather see millions of women butchered by coat hangers, knitting needles and wire? You will not take away our freedom of choice. Grow up, or get used to babysitting.

Ms M.

## Trashing Christ

Regarding 'Badass Boys of the Bible' (*On Dit* 72.16):

Dear Clementine,

No, 'religion was *always* this weird' for those who cherish prejudice. I suggest you stop feeding ignorance.

Alternatively, why not write a series entitled 'Badass Boys of the Qur'an' (or some such thing)? Should you be unwilling to do so, I recommend that you stop trashing Christ.

Regards,

Arthur Davis

## festering ivory towers

To all (real) students,

I thank Rowan Nicholson for mentioning in his column in last weeks *On Dit* the point that students are now referred to as "customers". This is an interesting exercise in newspeak on behalf of the bureaucratic demons (no offense) that are taking over the educational mindspace in this country.

The phrase, "the customer is always right" springs to mind. What does this imply if students are actually customers of the university? That the lecturers need to bow to the whims of the students? (I do not address anything other than the academic side of university here.) I realise that there are standards to be kept in lecturing, and I was on a committee to keep track of this in my own department (before it became a "discipline" - down, Freud, down). But when students whine and say "I don't understand the lecturer. She/he uses words I don't understand. I can't read the copybook-neat cursive on the board, because I was only taught print at school", it annoys me.

Perhaps this only applies in the enabling sciences (maths/physics chemistry etc) - high school education seeming to cater perfectly for the humanities (nothing against them). Also, the concept of a customer removes any expectation of learning, success and achievement, although now with the Stalinist "Personal Learning Entitlement" having been introduced, people will realise that one cannot come to uni then window shop for a bit before deciding that this isn't where one desires to purchase one's education. And purchase it is. Agreed, something had to be done about the funding of Higher Education in this country, and although I have reservations about the new model - it's definitely more economically sustainable (I'm equivocating, I know, but it's only the PLE that really rankles with me), the entire attitude towards academia is degrading. People complain of ivory towers, but if there aren't any ivory towers, where can the craziest, non-commercialisable, abstract ideas sprout and mature (or fester) - from which we derive sometimes non-measurable benefits. What's the point of pure mathematics? people say (actually to produce more pure mathematics, like any beast). But what it does is to produce an environment in which we can train persons in the mathematical arts, who then go into the world and apply them to a myriad of jobs which are oft necessary for the running of the country (it's true!).

If you've got this far and are complaining about the high handedness of my attitude - good

on you - I take this view because we need high achievers, like we need middle achievers, who, although they find university challenging, go at it like a bull at a red flag and finish a more well-rounded person who has exposed themselves to a range of ideas they wouldn't have found elsewhere - exactly the other purpose of a university.

David Roberts

Not an educationalist at all and proud of it.

## feminist double agents

Hey Stan and JC,

I'm a little puzzled as to why some women (some of whom proclaim to be feminists in the women's network which i organize) are finding my Baby Bonus article disturbing enough to write in and launch personal attacks, that end in me seeming like some insidious fraud who is trying to bring down both mothers and the feminist movement in one foul swoop. I have read my article several times since reading both Danna Cooke and Kim Littler's letters (which are inaccurate at best and malicious at worst) and feel my article is well argued and supported by good sources (see below), and presents a passionate critique of how the government is limiting women's CHOICE through the Baby Bonus. At no point do i say anything offensive towards mothers - and so i ask, what does one do to deserve such comments as "shame on you Mel Purcell for calling yourself a feminist" or "...rejecting any change because you think it will make for a good article in *On Dit*"?

Shit, who needs patriarchy when we have two women such as yourselves undermining feminists from the inside!!

This is a serious issue! Women hacking women needlessly, and attempting to discourage women writers' attempts to get their voices heard and affect change, is part of the reason that feminism isn't working as well as it could. In the end it will be disunity, and such attempts to disempower other women like those undertaken by Kim and Danna, that will keep women silenced in society as well as on the pages of *On Dit*. Until then, i'm just going to listen to myself and the dozens of other students who have told me that my article rocked!

Cheers;

Mel Purcell.

PS: My example for the Baby Bonus article is sourced from:

Anne Summers, "The end of equality : work, babies and women's choices

in 21st century Australia", Milsons Point, N.S.W. : Random House, 2003. The exact example, referring to the income assistance offered to mothers through Family Tax Benefit Part B, is on page 149. Happy reading, Danna!

## that's your answer to everything

Dear On Dit,

I was thinking, wouldn't it be a great idea to make a reality TV show based on student elections? Not that I'd watch, but reality TV is a real cash-cow, waiting to be milked - everyone's making money by going on TV - why not students? Plus, student elections have everything - the highs, the lows, complex factional deals and manoeuvring, and something akin to love triangles that can only be expressed in Euclidian geometry. There's an underlying sense of purposelessness, but most of all there's the laughter. Follow the factions in the build up to election week, culminating in the week itself. Most of all, people might actually be interested in voting.

Who wants to get on board?

Mr P.

## it makes me sooooo-mad...

Dear Editor,

It being the last edition of *On Dit* for this current SAUA executive, I thought I should make mention of the work done by out-going Women's Officer, Kellie Armstrong-Smith.

Recently I have noticed that Kellie has undertaken a campaign to boost her profile as Women's Officer. Although it a bit late, I commend her on attempting to legitimise the office to which she was not elected.

I must first notice the two most recent articles that have appeared in *On Dit*. The first article refers to a female who is a "mini Margaret Thatcher". This may shock you Kellie, but Margaret Thatcher has done more to advance the status of women than any pathetic, feral lefty hack such as yourself could ever do. It occurs to me that if a "mini Margaret Thatcher" were elected to the office you are fortunately vacating, she would do a job far superior than in your wildest dreams. Come to think of, you were not even ELECTED. Some might even say that the only reason you received the job was a case of "Jobs for the boys."

As for your final article which covered nine criteria for a Women's Officer, I found it to be more a list



of mannerisms and personality traits that you could never have, mainly because you are an unattractive, filthy wet, who can only cry foul because you are incapable of making any real changes yourself. As for point one, it would be nice to not have a Trot such as yourself. Perhaps a dry Liberal could mop up the wet mess you leave behind. Point two, you are jealous of those who can be proud of themselves, and those whom are not compulsive wingers (see your previous comments about "Penis Envy")

We all know whom you are attempting to slander by your recent comments. You are insulting a higher echelon of human being. One, which you will never ascend to, based on the principle of social Darwinism and natural selection.

I would like to that you for the work you have done this year. Your articles and profanity have done those who don't want a Women's Vice-President position an enormous favour. Who could imagine the likes of you being a VP of the SAUA?

SJW

Hey SJW,

Why You Gotta Hate?

What ever happened to LOVE?

- Eds

the empire strikes back

To start with I always think it's gutless to not put your name to something if you are criticising someone as harshly as you did. On that, maybe you have a point, maybe Alice could chair meetings better, but you fail to mention a number of other things such as the ACVP who has failed to rock up to so many council meetings I've lost count, or in fact do anything substantial this year in that position. You also failed to mention the certain Councillor who is running for president, who thought it more

important to sing Karaoke in the Uni Bar than to come to the Council meeting to pass the referendum reforms. That aside though, 'Possibly Joe', you make a number of really good points.

The ballot draw, for those poor souls who had the displeasure of attending was a reflection of the student movement at the moment. And I say the student movement, because that's what I believe it is. It's been tainted student politics because that's what it's become about, politics, and not the issues. The Students Association has become a place to get a cushy job, where you waste your own time, and student's money. Possibly Joe is right, "It's a fucking outrage". Again, I agree "most students don't give a shit about students politics" or student representation depending on what you priorities are, and who can blame them? Certainly not me.

So if someone tells me to fuck off in election week, I'll understand why. If they spit on one of my friends, again I'll understand why. It is a fucking outrage what some of these people do with out money, and then take pride in the fact that they have abused the trust that we have put in them. It twice as much of an outrage that they then feel the need to rub it in our faces by running this hacks ticket. Luckily, however, this week is election week, and it gives all students' the opportunity to vote in the next bunch. So make an informed vote, find one of these new, fresh faces, and vote for them, and if you can't do that, as possibly Joe said, Vote no candidate, it's better having no one than another one of these 'tossers' who will waste their time and your money!

See you out there.  
David Pearson  
SAUA Councillor

im a boy, im a boy,  
but my mum wont  
admit it

When will feminists realise that men and women will never be equal. They can never be by their very natures. That is not to say that one sex is superior to the other. It just means that men will always excel in some fields, whilst women in others. The sooner feminists realise that complete gender equity is unatatinable the sooner they will be able to attain happiness with who they are.

Romeo

Page

5

**tafesa** [www.tafe.sa.edu.au](http://www.tafe.sa.edu.au)

ADELAIDE INSTITUTE OF TAFE

## ENGLISH LANGUAGE SERVICES (ELS)

SA's largest provider of the Commonwealth-funded Adult Migrant English Language Program (AMEP)

*Interested in teaching English to migrants/refugees in SA?*

For details about

- professional qualifications for teaching at ELS
- TESOL courses for teaching overseas

please contact

English Language Services (ELS)  
127 Rundle Mall Adelaide SA 5000

Ph: **8226 6555**

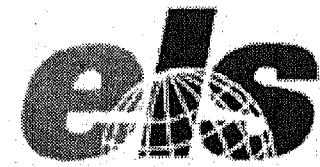
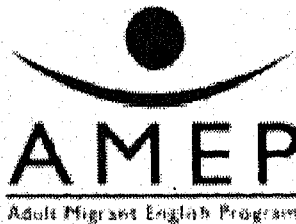
[els@adel.tafe.sa.edu.au](mailto:els@adel.tafe.sa.edu.au)

[www.els.sa.edu.au](http://www.els.sa.edu.au)



Government of South Australia

Department of Further Education Employment Science and Technology



AIT English Language Services



ADINTACED0748



## All Fear The Scarlet Pachaderm...



It came to my knowledge quite a long while ago that, you sirs, hold in your grubby little grasps a crap publication, namely *On Dit*. I mean, there is page after page of mindnumbing articles that couldn't tickle the pickle of a Frenchman high on aphrodisiacs. Where do you get this tripe from? I'm not going to pretend that I'm an Arts student (though God knows why anyone would lessen themselves to that) and that I know anything about writing a piece of journalism, but I know shit when I see it.

Let's have a look at Mr. Volume 72, Edition 15 page by page shall we? Let's just see how much of this needs to be abolished. I must concede from the get go, however, the demon you've enslaved to do your graphics should be given a gift basket of headless deities. Look at all the purty colours...

\*opens OnDit\* Let's see... contents page... boring... page 2... boring... \*turns page\*... OH GOD! Look at that one! SAUA! Who the fuck cares about that? I demand that it be banished! Tell them to burn their pants and sell themselves to Evil Fabio. There's nothing else to be done with it! You can't save their souls now!

Page 5, I presume... Holy Shit Critters! It's that damn robot from Design Graphics! Someone tell Colin Kestell his robot has escaped and become a crack fiend! He looks like an extra in *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*! Somebody give him a herring! And then the letters! Why is no one here complaining about the crapness of this magazine? Why are their not lists entailing the 101 things you can do with *On Dit* besides actually reading it? Where are the monkeys?! Or at least the exploding chickens?!!

Hrm... home surgery... you may keep this Jimmy Trash. The Scarlet Pachyderm approves of such things (that's meat for eating!), but off with Russell Marks's head! Also, I've seen this Lavinia. Or Holly as she's known in some satanic circles. She's a wily creature. Quoting things and such whilst I try to exorcise those jeans off her for reasons of my own

not to be discussed in front of the children.

\*flicks through the pages\* ..boring... anal?... \*cut's out and saves for later\* ...fetussess... boring... back issues? You stoooid hamsters. Who wants back issues? I'll back issue you!... Oooh! Fucking the Olympics... boring... Ahahaha! Look at that! It's Pacman and his 'magic pills'. OnDit scores another point, but hastily loses it as SAUA is mentioned YET AGAIN! How many times must I banish thee from the pages? It befouls everything with its drollness! Or it's trolls (I'd like my goats returned, please). I shall use my magical powers to combine Kellie, Rel and and El Presidente, Alice and What's-his-face on page 4 and quash them with my almighty Smiting powers. Smite them good, I says!

Vox Pop. Hurrah! Look at all their stoooid faces! I see you've met my bed fellow, Lovecraft. As his name implies he is a craft made for... love making... Why I could tell you of that time at the Laundromat where H.P. had a little accident when we were... wait, I can't tell that story in this time slot!

Let me tell you about Jesus instead. He's quite tasty.

Look at page 21! That boy is fondling that man's finger with his chest! You idiotic baby eater! How perverted! I demand more tasteful pictures! I demand some raw naked Maths lecturer on Maths lecturer action, all hot and sweaty, orthoganal projecting each other and integrating all over the place with unbounded limits! That's the sort of stuff I demand! Sweet maths porn. None of this 12 year old paedophile stuff, but the real Hardcore action! I think it best we hurry on before my pants 'accidentall fall off' again...

Oh mercy! More Boring!  
Look, I'll let you keep the Cinema, Music and Arts sections but for Evil Fabio's sake give Magnetman a whole freaking page to himself. He's the true star of *On Dit*. He's the Coolest Cool that ever was Cool. What are you people? Cow Pies! That's what you are!

Add what's with Stan and Jimmy? I mean, can they contain their closet homosexuality (not that there's anything wrong with that) any longer or will we witness some of that sweet aforementioned Maths action? Pachyderms such as myself are partial to such things and demand more smut. If I don't get me daily dose of smut then there will be

consequences! Consequences and repercussions!!

In closing, let me reconfirm in your minds that ONDIT IS SHIT. Is it a coincidence that those two words rhyme? I THINK NOT! (*okay, I've let a lot slip for dramatic purposes, but I'm going to have to pull you up on that one. Silent T, Frenchie - Ed*). Perhaps it is time we voted you off your little island and brought in the midgets! Who could possibly do a better job than midgets? Well, maybe the ninjas could, but until I find them and bend them to my will I shall send you midgets instead!

In short... \*cracks whip at OnDit\* INTO THE BIN!

On a final note, your mother was a hamster and your father smelt of elderberries, now all of you fire yourselves or shall taunt you a second time.

### The Scarlet Pachaderm

## Fair Go For Racists and Homophobes

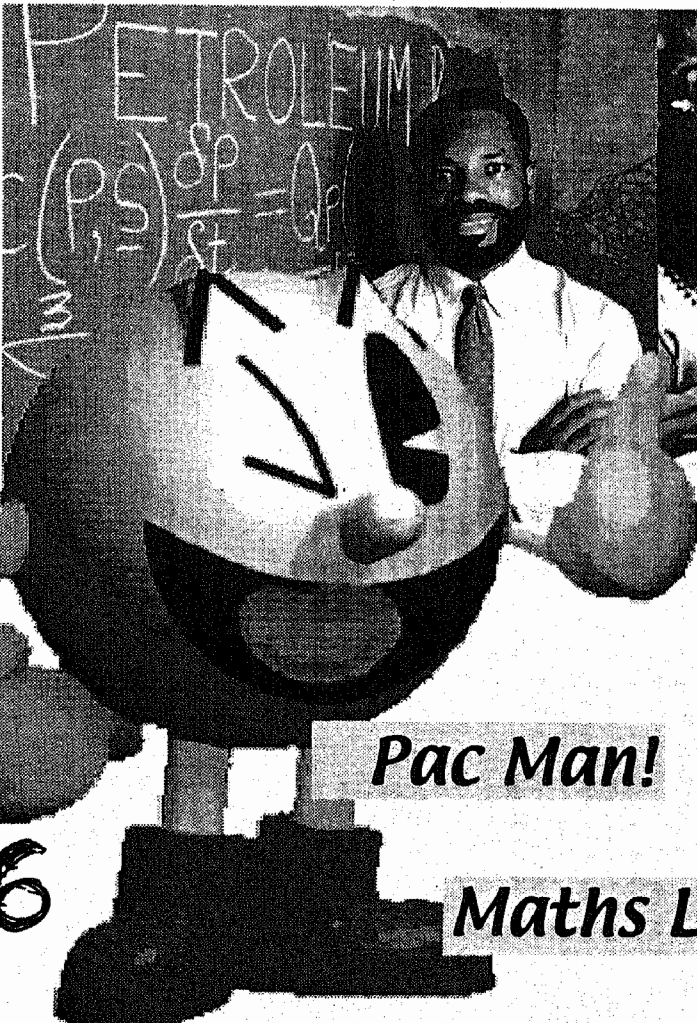
Dear Editors,

I know this edition will be coming out during election week, so I wanted to put my two cents in. I saw that the 'racist' SAUA Councillor wannabe had nominated for the elections. It's funny that he's being labelled a racist because I was only just informed that he was homophobic. Why? He doesn't believe in gay people married! Good one! You go to university now, and it's an educated environment. Get your head out of your arse and realise that being a social conservative, especially within the student movement is regressive, unwanted and not to the benefit of all people, let alone students.

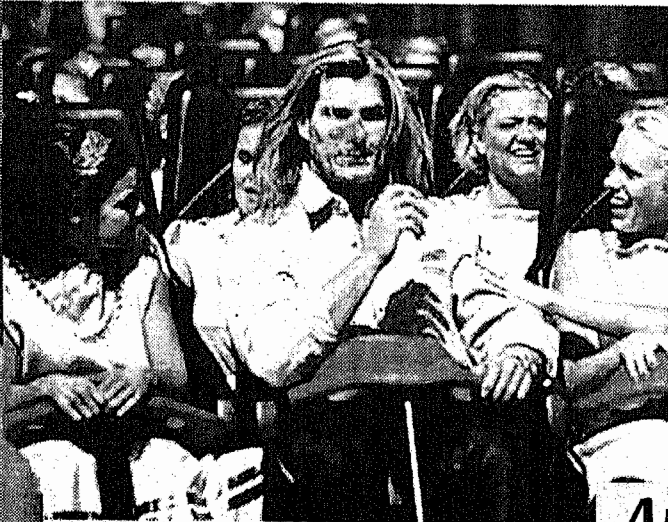
Anonymous

## NEXT WEEK!

*On Dit* according to *The Scarlet Pachaderm*



**Pac Man!**



**Evil Fabio!**



**And Crazy Chickens!**

**Maths Lecturer Porn!**

HAPPY NOW?

☹



*The following six pages contain*

*On Dit's*

*Historic*

*Students' Association of the University of Adelaide*

*Election Special.*

*It took a great deal of time to assemble, and has resulted in the mental breakdown of a certain editor, who shall remain nameless. With the exception of Environment Officer, Radio Directors and Orientation Co-ordinator, every serious candidate for an Office Bearer position has been examined. Our deepest apologies to those who missed out due to the usual restrictions of time, space and effort.*

*Suffice to say that On Dit hopes you find the following candidate profiles entertaining, if not particularly informative.*

*They are intended to be a snapshot of the kind of people who run in what are supposed to be the most hotly contested student elections in the country.*

*In reality, this election is almost a forgone conclusion, the results almost certainly orchestrated by factional deals made well in advance of the Ballot.*

*Is it their fault?*

*Is it our fault?*

*Is it Howard's fault?*

*I blame television.*

*(and boat shoes)*



# SAUA Elections 2004

## Meet the Candidates

By Stan.

### SAUA President



**Sarah Busuttil**

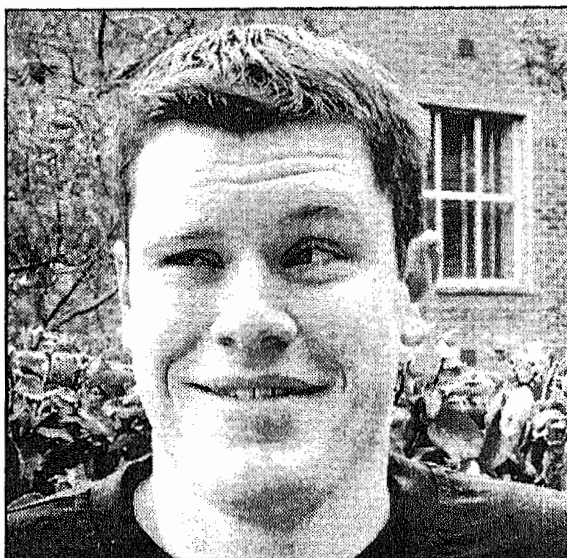
"I'll just be a minute, Jeez!" Despite her initial eagerness to be interviewed, when the time came, Sarah Busuttil seemed more interested in hobnobbing with the band she had organised to play on the lawns. "All right, already! They're just signing my CD, okay?"

Last election, the notoriously energetic campaigner was elected to the SAUA Activities Standing Committee, SAUA Council and Union Board, managing also to win appointment to the Chair of the newly revamped Union Activities Committee as well as a coveted leadership position on O' Camp. For all intents and purposes, Busuttil is the quintessential Bright Young Indie. "I knew from an early age that I would be great. I guess student politics is the perfect vessel for my greatness," says Busuttil, tongue firmly in cheek.

Indeed. Not long after the political elite on campus recovered from their initial horror at her massively successful electoral debut, many had to admit that she certainly had a knack for event management. From the current success of the Campus Band Competition to the variety of themed events she has organised in her capacity as Activities Chair, Busuttil demonstrates the view that activities are just as important as political advocacy. "Activities exist to draw attention to political causes," she muses. "Having said that, I don't feel that every activity should be politically based -- I think activities and representation should work hand in hand." In this respect, she believes she can make the SAUA appear more inclusive to students who currently feel alienated from their Association.

While her ability to manage events is above question, critics of the outspoken dynamo of excitement suggest that she is weaker on the activist front, making her less credible when compared to her more politically zealous opponents. Given that the race for SAUA President will probably be one of the more tightly contested this year, Busuttil's credibility as a representative of students' affairs will be under scrutiny. Is Buzzi the breath of fresh air the SAUA needs, or is our sole independent representative body in danger of losing its credibility in the eyes of the University and the wider community?

In her own words: "Opportunities come to you, and if you don't grab them they may never come back. My mother always said, 'You can do anything, Sarah.' Well, maybe this is my anything, y'know?"



**David Pearson**

In the last ten months as SAUA Councillor, Dave Pearson has developed a reputation as a pious watchdog of accountability. His fearless and habitual practise of holding Office Bearers to account for the ineffectiveness of the Students' Association has made him one of the more controversial figures in political life on campus. His successful push to compel Office Bearers to table humiliating fortnightly 'Task Lists' of various mundane tasks they have completed is an example of his Spanish Inquisition approach to fiduciary duty. "Look, I have a track record of accountability on Council," says the former resident of Alice Springs. "I think accountability is one of the things that is lacking in the SAUA at the moment."

Is Pearson's head kicking reputation warranted? More to the point, is his forthright nature what the SAUA needs in 2005? "As a Councillor, I have spent almost a year figuring out what the SAUA needs to be more effective and positive in the eyes of students. I'm now ready to enact some change in the SAUA." Dave feels that there needs to be more of a focus on lobbying, representation and political activism, "because the SAUA is first and foremost a political body there to represent the needs of students."

He also believes that the SAUA should work more closely with the Adelaide University Union. He is more than happy for non-politically orientated activities to be relinquished to the AUU's Activities Committee, allowing the SAUA to specialise in its main role as an independent political body.

Interestingly, the third year International Studies student's entrance into politics was more or less the result of a dare. "When I arrived at university I wasn't as politically aware as I am now. I barely knew the difference between Labor and Liberal." It was a college roommate's accusation of fence-sitting that spurred his interest in politics, and after listening to the likes of Senators Kerry Nettle and Meg Lees speak about Higher Education, Pearson started to realise that the campaign against the Howard Government's reforms was a cause worth fighting for.

If anything, Pearson's style has mellowed in the twelve months since his obnoxious verbal attack on a Liberal candidate during last year's election speeches. His attitude on Council has grown more accommodating, even when it comes to issues dear to the heart of his faction. Aside from an increased emphasis on activist representation, the main thrust of his campaign seems to be one of inclusiveness -- in this respect perhaps he is more similar to his closest rival than we thought.



**Samantha Bowden**

This will be Samantha's fourth election, but she is nevertheless first to acknowledge that she is barely an outside chance. "I am an outsider, I don't have a massive deal behind me and I am a Liberal, which is not a popular thing to be at university."

On that point, the high profile figure in the Young Liberal scene is correct. More than a decade after current Liberal Federal MP Chris Pyne ascended to the SAUA Presidency, the Liberals (running under the moniker of Action), are far from a political force in the Students' Association. If anything, this suggests that candidates like Bowden are certainly not running for positions as a means to further their political careers. "I don't see the position as something to put on my resume," says Bowden, who is currently President of the Australian Liberal Students' Federation and a staffer for none other than Foreign Affairs Minister Alexander Downer. "I'm not going to promise a whole lot of wild and wonderful ideas. I can say that I am responsible, committed and will use common sense in the role of an Office Bearer."

In keeping with the Liberal's fondness of financial accountability, Bowden's knowledge of the AUU's budget is impressive. She believes that the Union's \$7 million in revenue (\$3.5 million of which comes from the compulsory Union fee) needs to be spent wisely, preferably as a result of student plebiscites.

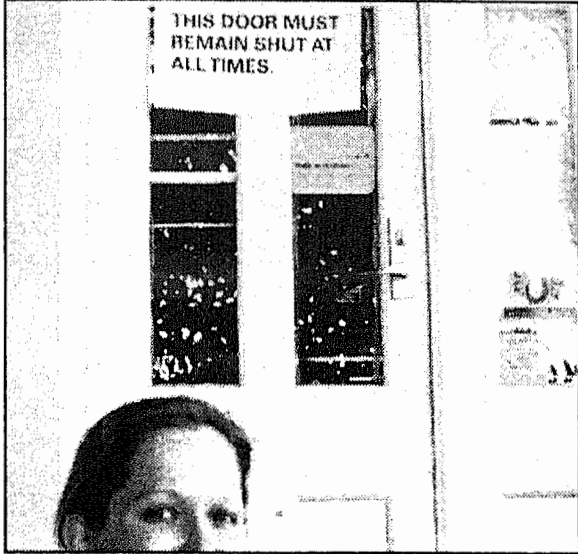
How does she respond to the inevitable criticism that her conservative politics are at odds with the progressive student movement? "I feel that describing the Left as 'Progressive' is an oxymoron. At university, the Left is anti-everything, and is not always relevant to students either." She was drawn into student politics for similar reasons. "From the moment I arrived at university, I noticed that there was an immediate dislike for the 'haves' from the 'have nots'. It would be better to perceive people on their merits -- their intelligence, friendliness and conversational skill -- as opposed to what school they went to or what kind of shoes they wear."

Perhaps she has a point. The next time I see someone wearing shiny boat shoes, I'll try not to spit on them, (unless for some reason they ask me to).



# SAUA Elections 2004 Meet the Candidates

## SAUA President continued



**Georgia Phillips**

Readers of this year's Election Broadsheet may have noticed several candidates listing their expansive credentials in place of conventional policy statements. These people call themselves 'hacks'.

Hacks are strange creatures in the realm of student activism. Most of them are adept politicians, with impeccable knowledge of factional manoeuvring, general meeting procedure and the patient art of climbing the slippery ladder from Orientation gimp all the way to President. Many wind up working for grown up politicians, others go on to further their own political careers in the wider community. Democrats Senator and former SAUA Women's Officer Natasha Stott-Despoja is a classic example.

This year, various hacks have returned to the fray for one last hurrah, and Georgia Phillips is their Presidential Candidate. "A group of us were sitting in the bar one night and we decided it would be funny to put together a ticket of former student politicians," says Phillips.

But that's not all. The people behind the Hack ticket (who originally planned to call themselves 'Hacktivate', choosing not to after current NOLS hacks suggested that it wouldn't be such a good idea) are also attempting to make a statement about the current crop of representatives. According to Phillips, part of the problem in the SAUA and the AUU stems from a lack of experience. Apparently, the reason why so many Office Bearers have dropped out recently is because they haven't gone to the effort of figuring out how the system works, hence the Hack ticket's tagline: 'We know what we're doing'.

Are they right? Or is it the case, as some of their opponents have suggested, that the job of today's political hack is that much harder because the so-called Old Guard of 'activists' were so obsessed with their own insular realm of childish intrigue that they failed to see how alienated their constituents had become? If indeed the Old Guard knew 'what they were doing', perhaps today's representatives wouldn't be faced with such an uphill struggle.

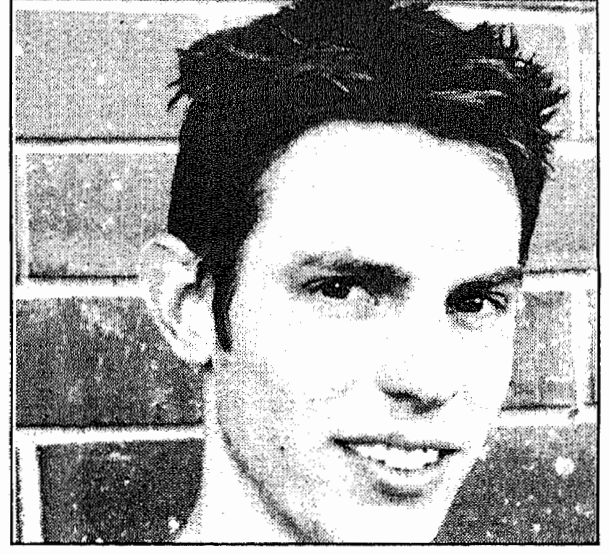
Maybe I'm just miffed that they didn't ask me to join their stupid ticket for losers.



**Victor Stamatescu**

What more can be said about Victor Stamatescu? His outstanding campaign technique has earned him a position in the hallowed Indie Hall of Fame, yet the Honours Physics student has somehow escaped the fate of most other factional stalwarts. Earlier this year he presided over arguably the most successful Orientation in four years. After the hellish ordeal that was organising an army of stoned and confused volunteers, Stamatescu currently provides a clam voice of reason on Union Board.

So why the tilt for the coveted corner office? "In Russia, when President Vladimir Putin runs for office, the Kremlin puts forward its own candidate to make the election constitutionally safe, and to give the appearance of a fair contest. The candidate attends debates and speaks about what a great President Putin would make... Sarah Busuttil is like Putin."



**Aaron Russell**

"We're running against the tide of political hacks, career politicians and those who want to waste our so-called student services fee." So says Aaron Russell, who appears to have formed a loose ticket of Engineers, refreshingly free of bad jokes, beer and chauvinism.

Instead, 'Against the Tide' is about raising more interest in the way the Union fee is spent. A Mechatronic Engineering student who works as a lifeguard to pay up-front fees, Russell is particularly bitter about the fee being used to fund "irrelevant" political campaigns. "It's a service fee, not a political donation," he says.

Russell will be damned if he can't complain about having to chip in his hard-earned forty five cents per annum so some bleeding heart hack can pine over towel heads rotting in the dessert. Which is why his campaign for the SAUA Presidency is no more than a clever attempt to publicise for his genuine campaign for Union Board. I for one agree with the man, despite his ideas not going far enough. I move that we smash the entire political wing of the Union and sink the money back into *real* student services like catering, kegs on the lawns and free advice on how to rot the welfare system. Who's with me?

Vote 1  
VICTORB

(The 'B' is for 'Bargain').

# SAUA Elections 2004 Meet the Candidates Education Vice-President

# Activities Vice- President



**Jess Cronin**

Jess Cronin's father was a union card-carrying ABC employee, her mother worked for the Seaman's Union and her grandpa was Liverpoolian dock worker. If family history is anything to go by, Activate's candidate for EVP should be about as red as they come.

Having grown up in working class Gosford before moving to Adelaide and a wealthy private school, Cronin claims to have some understanding of the inequities in the public education. "I remember being dragged along to working class protests when I was a kid, but it was only when I switched to a wealthier school in Adelaide that I saw just how the other half of the education system worked," says the current SAUA Councillor. Indeed, she believes that her private school education helps her level with some of the more sceptical boat shoe shufflers on campus. "In a way it helps because I have seen both ends of the spectrum."

Her involvement in the campaign against the Howard Government's higher education reforms is indicative of this sense of injustice.

If elected, one of her top priorities will be a campaign to reduce some of the additional costs of a degree, such as the record high cost of textbooks. Regardless of who wins the Federal Election, Cronin also plans to lobby the University administration such that students at least have a chance of getting the most out of the infamous 25 percent HECS increase. "If we are indeed faced with another Liberal government, we should at least try working towards some value for money. The university should be sinking the extra revenue into quality and accessibility, not frivolous marketing and signage."



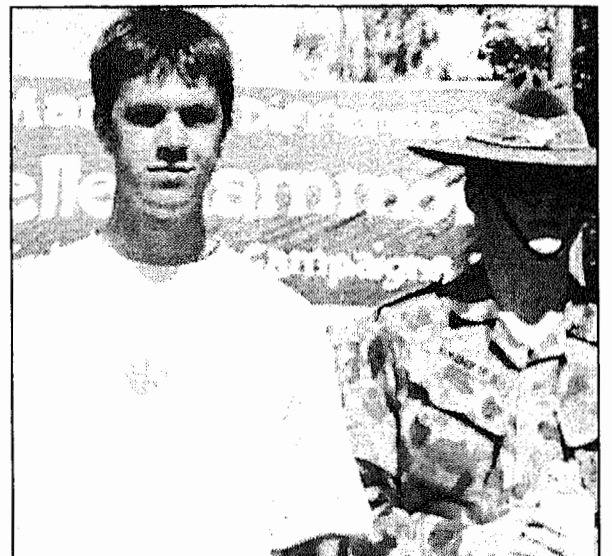
**Sam Duluk**

In 2004, Sam Duluk has been one of the more visible young Liberals on campus. Among other things, he is responsible for Federal Health Minister Tony Abbott's guest lecture, as well as the revival of the Adelaide University chapter of the notoriously conservative Democratic Club.

The loud protest that accompanied Abbot's lecture was a sore point for Duluk, who currently holds the position of Welfare Officer for the South Australian branch of the NUS. "If elected, I would endeavour to make the department much more inclusive. I would be an Education Officer for all students," he says. Presumably, Duluk is referring to the Silent Majority of students who will be voting Liberal in the coming Federal Election.

On the issue of state funding for Higher Education, he believes that the Howard Government's reforms - including the 25 percent HECS increase - were spot on. "You need to strike a balance between what society benefits and what the student will eventually gain from a University degree," says Duluk, who feels that the increased burden on students was necessary. "From a selfish point of view, I would be opposed to the HECS increase, but from a common sense approach, the reforms were in fact to the benefit of society."

How nice.



**Matthew Walton**

Where have all the good times gone?

So laments SAUA Councillor Matthew Walton in his broadsheet statement. Where indeed? According to some, the SAUA's Activities Department ceased to function in any meaningful way some time in the early 'Twenty-first Century. The result is the current push to abolish the department all together, with the bulk of 'fun' activities to be organised by an expanded Union Activities Committee.

So why campaign for a position that might no longer exist after next year? "To be honest, I doubt it will be," says Walton. "We will be campaigning against the referendum to abolish the department, and I'm pretty sure the Indies will too."

The future of the Department aside, Walton promises a wider range of activities in 2005. "The purpose of the Activities Department is really to make politics fun. Past ACVPs haven't done this, but I'm prepared to change all that. You know, bands on the lawns, barbeques that sort of thing." If Walton's amusingly droll 'Busk For Your HECS' idea for a stunt-based protest is anything to go by, we can expect a world of fun and excitement to emerge from the portfolio in 2005.

(picture may not resemble  
actual candidate).

Sam's much older.



# SAUA Elections 2004 Meet the Candidates

## Activities Vice-President continued



**Michael Crosby**

The Liberal ticket's candidate for Activities Officer is more or less a cookie cutter of their offerings for every other officer bearer position. Michael Crosby doesn't have a hope of winning – not because he won't campaign hard enough, nor because his ideas for the Department are particularly innovative (they aren't, by the way). Crosby never had a snowball's chance because every other major faction was always going to lock him and his like out of the Students' Association on preferences. *C'est la vie.*

In my darker moments, I sometimes wish the Liberals would emerge from the wilderness and wreak all manner of havoc in the Lady Symon building. Wouldn't that be a lark?

*File photo not available*

*Shame. She's quite pretty.*

**Tania McCudden**

"It's all a crock of shit," says Tania McCudden. "Every ACVP in the last five years has been paid to do fuck all. It's my dream job. Beats Union catering, anyhow." Gold. She has our vote.

## Sexuality Officers



**Lavinia Emmett-Grey**

Virtually uncontested for the position of Female Sexuality Officer, Lavinia Emmett-Grey is surprisingly nervous about her interview. "I know I've got it stitched up," frets the second year Arts student. "I just don't want to look like a dick. You won't make me look like a dick, will you?"

Activate's newest recruit is probably more notable for her sexually themed column in the pages of *On Dit*. Nevertheless, Emmett-Grey seems well suited to the position, largely due to her approachable nature and instinctive sense of empathy.

When elected, it is Lavinia's intention to work in close conjunction with the SAUA Women's Department as well as organisations such as Shine SA and the Gay and Lesbian Crisis Centre. She also intends to place particular importance on the importance of campaigns promoting sexual health and equal civil rights for the queer community.

One particularly hectic morning in the *On Dit* office springs to mind when considering Emmett-Grey's candidacy for what is perhaps one of the more counselling-orientated positions on the ballot. It starts with one of our music reviewers shuffling into the office with tears in her eyes, prompting staff and hangers on alike to look extra busy in an effort to avoid the awkward melodrama. There, like some merciful cross between a hummingbird and Mother Theresa, Lavinia appears from nowhere with a shoulder to cry on and some choice words of consolation.

I never found out exactly what brought on the tears. Hacks like us are callous folk with precious little patience for waterworks. It's handy to have a sympathetic woman like Lavinia around to pick up the emotional slack – a skill that will probably make her one of the more competent Office Bearers in 2005.



**David Kavanagh**

In the last couple of years, David 'Kavvy' Kavanagh has been a fixture in the Student's Association, doing his bit to prop up the beleaguered Sexuality Department. Currently a member of the Sexuality Standing Committee and the Queer Officer for the SA branch of NUS, Kavvy is no stranger to the strange world of queer politics.

That isn't to say that Kavvy subscribes to any militant form of queer activism. "I'm a firm believer in queer friendly space, as opposed to strictly queer autonomous space. I like to think that I have an open, inclusive and non-confrontational style." Despite this, Kavvy also sees the importance of at least one of the Sexuality Officers identifying as queer – something that hasn't always been the case in previous years.

His ideas for the Department include campaigns to promote queer law reform on both a state and federal level, as well as the introduction of regular "Sixties chill-out love fests" on the Barr Smith Lawns. He is also fond of more subtle initiatives, such as Church sit-ins promoting the acceptance of queer spirituality. "I'm not particularly religious myself, but I think it would be a nice gesture of solidarity and visibility for queer people to just quietly go to Church on a Sunday morning like any other partitoner."

He would also like to be the first Male Sexuality Officer in two years to stick out his entire term of office.



# SAUA Elections 2004 Meet the Candidates

## Women's Officer



### Danna Cooke

Danna Cook is perhaps the only serious office bearer candidate who is genuinely separate from factional politics. Indeed, it seems as if her distaste for factionalism was the main motivation for her candidacy. "Factions make deals at the expense of quality candidates," muses the single mother and Board Member of the Adelaide University Child Care Centre.

So what makes Cooke any different from her factional opponents? For a start, she has extremely strong sense of what it is like to be a woman cking out an academic career between the twin stresses of motherhood and work. Indeed, one of Cooke's main beefs with the plight of women on campus is the union's attitude towards childcare, not least the fact that most mothers have to wait eighteen months for a place – an issue that she has

already formally raised with the Vice-Chancellor.

As for the continuing feminist debate that has been a feature in the letters pages of *On Dit* of late, Cooke feels that a more inclusive attitude towards feminist politics is required. "Of course there are different types of feminism, but there is still a commonality amongst women that needs to be emphasised. I'm a firm believer in respect – especially self-respect. I think that's part of what has been missing in the SAUA this year."



### Amy Lambert

Amy Lambert's ideas about inclusiveness and empowerment are surprisingly similar in tone to those belonging to some of the more seasoned feminists on campus.

Lambert is especially adept at explaining how she rationalises her conservative ideals with those of the feminist movement. "First of all, I was woman before I was a member of the Liberal Party, so I know where my priorities are," she quips. "The Liberal Party is all about the individual, and women in particular need to embrace their individuality."

Indeed, much like her more progressively minded opponents, Lambert recognises the importance of a greater focus on inclusiveness. "Sometimes I think that some forms of activism can go too far, which alienates some people."



### Mel Purcell

"I'm always the 'crazy feminist' in every tute," laughs the Indies' candidate for Women's Officer.

The product of an ethnic Macedonian upbringing, Mel Purcell is known for her quietly pensive nature, commitment to women's issues and trademark shock of blonde hair. Purcell lists her mother as one of the strongest influences on her feminist politics. "Growing up with such a strong woman who isn't shy about speaking her mind had such an effect on me. She's still the kind of woman who gets through the world by asking for the manager," says the NUS State Women's Officer.

Much like her opponent, Purcell's plans for the Department seem to be focussed on the idea of a woman's self-worth. "I think it's important for women to have a sense of self-respect. I want people to see examples of strong, independent women – woman's comedy nights, women's bands and women speakers." Purcell is also unimpressed with the level of criticism that has been levelled at the current SAUA Women's Officer. "Arguments about who's feminist politics better do nothing for the women's movement. The sooner women realise that there is more than one kind of feminism, the better."



*Escape the daily grind.*

**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!**

**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.**



# SAUA Elections 2004 Meet the Candidates

## On Dit Editors



### Ford, Joyce & Wills

It's always heartbreaking for an editorial team to comment on their potential successors, so we'll try to keep these brief. This year is particularly difficult seeing as there are three credible teams of masochistic individuals competing to take the reigns of the weekly nightmare that is *On Dit*.

Having said that, Jimmy and I are perhaps too close to Clementine Ford, Dan Joyce and Danny Wills to make an objective assessment (especially four exhausting hours past the deadline). Nevertheless, these guys are simply the team we know best, and short of compelling you to vote for them, we simply suggest that you attempt to look past their lacklustre campaign material. But don't take our word for it - we're just a pair of drug-addled goons. Here's what the smug bastards have to say about themselves.

"As the only team that has spent Sunday nights in the office proofreading before deadlines, we already know how the paper works and how it can improve. With a few organisational changes, we're sure we can produce a wicked-bad newspaper with flair, rather than just chasing deadlines from week to week." Dan Joyce.

"People are more likely to read what you write than listen to what you say - we want *On Dit* to be the kind of paper that'll allow students to speak to the world outside." Danny Wills.

"There's a difference between producing great ideas and the ability to produce a newspaper. Fortunately, we have both!" Clementine Ford.



### Parkin, Solomon-Bridge & Chatterton

What Nick Parkin, Alex Solomon-Bridge and Lachy Chatterton might lack in experience, they certainly make up for in enthusiasm and vision. While Parkin and Solomon Bridge entered the *On Dit* fold at a very late stage (filling the breach in the news section left by the departure of two of our Current Affairs Subeditors) their interest in the demanding editorship was apparent from the outset.

The two were regular readers of the paper, and had already decided that a cookie-cutter degree in journalism wasn't what they were looking for. *On Dit* seemed like the perfect way for the two to get hands-on experience in the industry. "I was pretty bored when they asked me to run with them, which is probably why I said yes," mumbles Chatterton, who writes the occasional review for the music section. Evidently, Chatterton provides the team's humorous edge.

Their main concern seems to lie with the balance between current affairs and opinion. "Both streams are important," says Solomon-Bridge. "While a healthy opinion section is a good way to sustain student activism and debate, it's important keep it separate from more objective news and current affairs."

"We like the idea of providing coverage of a broader range of campus life next year," adds Parkin, perhaps alluding to the current perception that *On Dit* places too much emphasis on the petty political manoeuvrings within the student movement.

It's a fair cop, I suppose.



### Toop, Ward & Kazmierczack

It is perhaps safe to say that these guys are the craziest *On Dit* candidates to emerge for some time. And by crazy, I mean gibbering, cuckoo clock, nuttier-than-squirrel-shit crazy. We only managed to talk to Julia Kazmierczack and Nick Ward, as the notoriously insane Luke Toop was still skiing interstate as this edition goes to print.

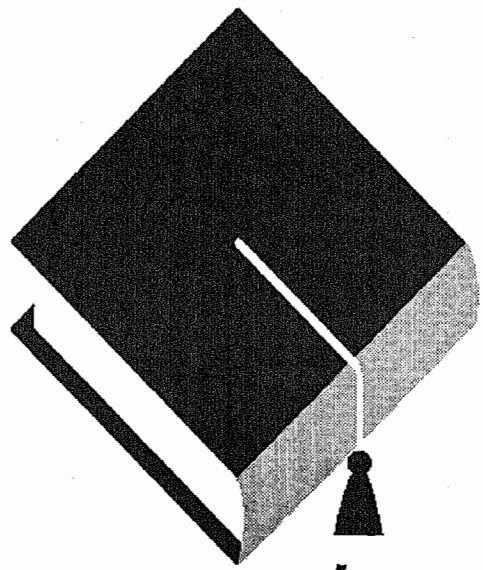
Nevertheless, even without the former radio director, the interview had a certain disjointed air of weirdness about it. Is disjointed weirdness precisely what *On Dit* needs more of in 2005? Of course it is!! Aaaahhhhh ha ha ha ha ha h a h a a a a a a a a!!!  
@burLLap&%\_ --- same.

[Ahem. On account of the current reporter's sleep deprivation, *On Dit* recommends that readers consult the Election Broadsheet for further details.]

I feel a bit peekish.

I think I'll take a nap.

Stan  
x x



# Unibooks

massive book clearance!

books  
from  
\$1

grab yourself  
a bargain! hurry  
limited time  
only!

\$250,000  
of books must  
go!

design nursing cultural studies art  
history anthropology philosophy english  
engineering fiction computing education  
science fiction sociology law health science  
medicine art psychology management architecture  
crime art psychology management design

eclipse function room

9-5 daily

september 6 - 10



We now return you to your regular programming...

(Static)



# Eco TVC Reception

With much back patting and circular congratulations the first Ecotvc competition was officially launched in one of town hall's many rooms of 'Australian brand' opulence. The Ecotvc competition calls for Adelaide's youth to come up ideas for a 30 second television commercial highlighting environmental issues in four key areas: water use and quality, climate change, species loss and the marine water and coastal environment. To illustrate the issues to those in the room who were new to environmentalism (and no doubt there were many), minor celebrity speaker Jane O'Reilly fell perfectly into her weatherwoman persona to amusingly deliver the forecast for the not too distant future.

Ecotvc entrants must produce a script to be judged by a panel including director Scott Hicks, with the 4 finalists receiving \$4,000 funding to produce a finished product. Those commercials will be screened at the Adelaide Film Festival earlier next year and the winner will eventually be used on commercial television, giving students both a chance to win some dosh and some kudos in the film industry.

The Adelaide City Council as a sponsor, has thrown it's full support behind the environmental awareness raising Ecotvc project, Lord Mayor Michael Harbison appearing to have a much greener complexion at the launch than he may have worn during his time at Woodroffe beverages. The majority of Harbison's environmental enthusiasm seems to lay in the logic of increasing urban density which theoretically reduces the pressure of suburban sprawl, encourages efficient community management and decreases car-centric transport. This particular brand of urban ecology conveniently coincides with his penchant for high-density apartments and growing a commercially valuable city population. Harbison weighed into a debate earlier this year that centred around my very own, soon to be demolished residence, pushing the importance of constructing an apartment block on the site rather than the developers preference for

smaller townhouse units.

A blooming urban population can have unpredictable consequences for the environment depending on how stringent community management is. Urban communities are more likely to become distanced from nature while still drawing vast resources from the environment outside the city areas. If city councils are not careful to instil a level of environmental responsibility in the community then denser cities are not likely to significantly reduce the demands placed on our environment. For this reason the Ecotvc project is a great way to foster a sense of environmental concern, but without solid planning and policy from the ACC it would be little more than greenwash. Citizens and particularly the youth that are being called upon to participate must be able to see tangible progress from the council itself.

Interestingly the competition was born from a variety of organisations, including the tireless Carclew Arts Centre and the Green City Project, which supports the ACC's aim to have a "Waterproof Adelaide, achieve Zero Waste... and be a leader in sustainable environmental management through its programs in water management, energy efficiency and biodiversity" by 2010. As a city dweller I've noticed more acutely than most, the vast amount of development occurring within the city mile and was curious as to just how far the ACC has travelled toward the aims outlined the Green City Project. The North Terrace renovation has been the most ubiquitous but doesn't seem to have incorporated permeable pavers to decrease stormwater or to have used native vegetation. In this instance the council was hamstrung by public resistance to native plants in favour of the traditional style of the Terrace and permeable pavers were negated by fear of water damage to buildings and, of course, cost. The Museum forecourt does have an excellent underground stormwater capture system but more needs to be done to restrict the volume of

stormwater flowing from impermeable surfaces into Adelaide's creeks and rivers.

Earlier in the year I was asked to fill in a survey regarding a proposed increase in car parking on Hutt St but was bemused to find there was no questions regarding the adequacy of available alternative transport or bike facilities. The council's policy on bicycle access acknowledges the need for improved parking facilities and safer cycling routes. The ACC is currently spending \$175,000 and is developing a strategy called Active Accessible Adelaide, which gives mention of a free city bike scheme. Unfortunately it seems the council is unlikely to invest in placing most bike lanes on footpaths, safely away from traffic, as they are throughout cities in Europe.

The council's water saving incentives are most topical at the moment considering the rise in public concern for the Murray. The most significant changes would certainly be legislation or state wide policy. For instance the council offers a rainwater tank rebate scheme, but this does nothing to reward those who have been using water saving devices for years nor does it penalise those who continue with high water consumption. An appropriate incentive would involve a rebate on low per capita use of water, which probably falls outside the sphere of local council.

For the budding environmentalist Adelaide is a city ripe for change, opportunities seem to be missed with frustrating frequency. The ACC is at least talking the talk, having outlined a vast array of policy to maintain (or create) our clean green image and in some instances implementing it, possibly exceeding resident demand. The Ecotvc project will hopefully bolster the public support that is so crucial for local governments to keep moving, albeit slowly, in the right direction.

Dan J



# What better time than Student Election Week to whinge about the current state of Australian democracy?



*The President v David Hicks*, a documentary directed by Curtis Levy and Bentley Dean, played for a week at the Palace in early August.

The film, which had previously screened on SBS in mid-March, is a lucid, passionate, and at times farcical look at the situation facing 29-year-old David who, in case you've been somewhere very much 'else' for the past three years, is one of two Australian citizens detained at Camp Delta in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

David's pro bono lawyer, Stephen Kenny, a mostly commercial lawyer who had previously represented the Ngarrindjeri women in their High Court case over the proposed Hindmarsh Bridge development in 1998, made himself available for questions after the film's first screening night at the Palace, as did David's father, Terry. It was an incredible forum to experience: for more than half an hour, Terry and Stephen fielded all types of questions from an audience determined to get to the truth of the situation – or, at least, to get closer than they were already.

The forum was more or less repeated the following day, when Stephen addressed an eager audience in the Napier building at the University of Adelaide. He began his presentation by raising the most recent developments in his client's case, which at the time were the US Supreme Court's decision in *Rasul v Bush* (124 S.Ct. 2686, 28 June 2004) and the publication of the 115-page dossier, entitled 'Detention in Afghanistan and Guantanamo Bay', by British ex-detainees Shafiq Rasul, Asif Iqbal and Rihuel Ahmed, on August 4.

In *Rasul*, the Supreme Court held, 6-3, that Guantanamo Bay detainees have the right to appeal the legality of their detention in the US civil courts system, by virtue of the conferral of a federal habeas corpus statute onto district court jurisdiction in relation to non-citizens. As Stephen warns, however, a conclusive judgement on the legality of the Cuban detention may be years away,

as the case works its way up through the notoriously slow US court structure on appeal after appeal. As a side note, it is interesting to read the explosive dissent tendered by the notorious Reagan appointee Antonin Scalia, who will be well-known to anyone remotely familiar with US Supreme Court decisions. 'This is not only a novel holding', says he; 'it contradicts a half-century-old precedent on which the military undoubtedly relied'. 'This is an irresponsible overturning of settled law in a matter of extreme importance to our forces currently in the field' (my emphasis).

Shafiq, Asif and Rihuel make startling allegations in their dossier – startling, even, to those of us who think we know what's going on in these places. Here's a selection from the first pages of the dossier:

I recall that one of them said 'you killed my family in the towers and now it's time to get you back'... and I think over the three or four hours that I was sitting there, I must have been punched, kicked, slapped or struck with a rifle butt at least 30 or 40 times. It came to a point that I was simply too numb from the cold and exhaustion to respond to the pain.

All three men were detained in Northern Afghanistan on 28 November 2001 by forces loyal to General Dostum. They were loaded onto containers and transported to Sherbegan Prison. [...] On arrival...of the 200 originally in the container only 20 were alive, some of them seriously injured. [...] I think we were all suffering from the cold, dehydration, hunger, the uncertainty as well as the pain caused by the plastic ties. Added to this, periodically Special

Forces soldiers would walk along a line of sitting detainees and kick us or beat us at will. [...] They would abuse us in English, constantly swearing and threatening us. I recall that one of them said 'you killed my family in the towers and now it's time to get you back'. They kept calling us mother fuckers and I think over the three or four hours that I was sitting there, I must have been punched, kicked, slapped or struck with a rifle butt at least 30 or 40 times. It came to a point that I was simply too numb from the cold and exhaustion to respond to the pain.

As I write this, David Hicks is preparing to front the special Military Tribunal, established by George W Bush, for the first time, and to see his father for the first time in five years. No doubt by the time this is published you will know all about what happened. This development, of course, is assessed against the release of former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger's report into incidents of torture and abuse at Abu Ghraib, which was surprisingly critical of Donald Rumsfeld's structure of handling detainees.

Just what is the Australian government doing, supporting the US regime in Guantanamo Bay and, less directly, Abu Ghraib? As Stephen Kenny points out, the next time Australians are detained by people even less "friendly" than the Americans, those authorities now have a legitimate choice as to whether they apply the 1949 Geneva Convention Relative to the Treatment of Prisoners of War, or the US-style 'Guantanamo doctrine' relating to 'enemy combatants', a term revived from pre-Geneva (indeed pre-World War 2) days when, according to language historian Noam Chomsky, states 'were allowed to do just about anything'.

Margo Kingston, for one, reckons Australia's democracy is in trouble, declaring it "dead" if John Howard happens to be re-elected. What she means, I think, is that Australia's particular system of democracy depends on a few things happening – such as its citizens taking an



active interest in its state of wellbeing and in the issues of the day – and a few things not happening – such as political leaders lying, bald-faced, to get themselves re-elected.

Her new book, *Not Happy John: Defending Our Democracy* (Penguin, \$24.95, bright blue) is less of a cynical rant against the man who's taken the Liberal Party so far to the 'right' that it's about to fall off the edge than it could have been. Margo, having graduated with honours from the University of Queensland and worked as a commercial lawyer and a lecturer before winning a *Courier-Mail* cadetship at the age of 26, now works on the *Sydney Morning Herald's* Webdiary, having been a member of the Canberra Press Gallery for more than a decade. She's a fiercely independent and passionate character who can appear, as good writers often do, completely disorganised while at the same time imaginative and brilliantly random.

*Not Happy John*, whose title derived from that business directory advertisement and has since been adopted by ex-Liberal Party president and long-time Howard friend and colleague John Valder in his campaign against the Prime Minister in his Sydney electorate of Bennelong, is perhaps a little long-winded, and could have benefited from some editing in places (if long-windedness were a crime, this *On Dit* writer would probably be penning his articles from a Yatala cell). But she spends time on issues she's covered, and which are important: the private GW Bush Barbecue, to which Liberal Party donors received the majority of invites (along with Lleyton Hewitt); the silencing of dissent in our Parliament House when Bush came to visit; Tony Abbott's slush fund to attempt to silence Pauline Hanson (on whom Kingston has written an illuminating book, *Off the Rails*); the disgraceful treatment of Kylie Russell, partner to Andrew, who was Australia's first combat death since Viet Nam; the scary prospect of John Howard getting his way and Kerry Packer becoming owner of the Fairfax Group, which publishes Australia's only quality daily newspapers, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, the *Age*, and the *Financial Review*.

Not quite Michael Moore, it's investigative journalism, unabridged. In a slightly different style, so is Tony Kevin's new book, *A Certain Maritime Incident: The Sinking of SIEV X* (Scribe, \$32.95, black and white stripes). Tony retired from Alexander Downer's Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade (DFAT) in 1998 after a thirty-year career in the public service. He

was Australia's Ambassador to Poland and Cambodia, consecutively, during the 1990s. But instead of loosening the belt and taking up lawn bowls like every 'good' Australian does upon retirement, Tony, since 2002, has been obsessively researching the sinking of 'Suspected Illegal Entry Vessel – Unknown', which he dubbed 'SIEV-X'.

SIEV-X was a small, rickety boat that embarked from Indonesian shores on 18 October 2001. Initially carrying 421 asylum

**Australian governments have expended considerable resources rescuing one, two and three people from yachting and other boating mishaps in international waters, and major investigations have been launched whenever people have died in the Sydney-Hobart yacht race: so why was this mass drowning not investigated?**

seekers of mainly Iraqi and Afghani origin, it sank somewhere between Java and Christmas Island not 24 hours later, drowning 353 people. As Tony himself puts it, Australian governments have expended considerable resources rescuing one, two and three people from yachting and other boating mishaps in international waters, and major investigations have been launched whenever people have died in the Sydney-Hobart yacht race: so why was this mass drowning not investigated?

Tony makes a point of throwing not-so-veiled accusations around in his book, in order to highlight the many unanswered questions. It's not like Australia didn't know the boat was coming: the small number of survivors was rescued by Indonesian fishing boats on the 20th, yet it wasn't until the 22nd that Australian authorities issued its first "overdue" notice. The Australian government continues to insist it doesn't know exactly where the boat sank; initially it had claimed the sinking occurred in Indonesian waters, but Tony discovers that it probably sank in international waters, which were actively patrolled by Australian naval vessels as part of Operation Relex, launched after the *Tampa* saga of August that year. Also left unknown is the role of the Australian Federal Police-

trained 'disruption' forces in the tragedy. Given most boats had been successfully returned to Indonesia by the Relex fleet until October, why did boats start getting through to Australian waters as soon as John Howard called the election on October 5? Why hasn't the full list of survivors ever been released? Why did the government block everyone it could from giving evidence at the Senate Select Committee on A Certain Maritime Incident, established in February 2002?

There are very few answers in Tony's book, although he collates a wealth of evidence and poses a lot of questions that need answers. Although the CMI Committee found that Peter Reith deliberately misled Parliament and the Australian people over the 'Children Overboard' claims in relation to SIEV-4, it was unable to determine Howard's own complicity; with the recent allegations made by former Defence Ministerial adviser Mike Scafton, backed up by former head of Defence and Public Affairs Jenny McKenry, that Howard knew of the doubts about those claims when he made them to the electorate prior to the 2001 election, the Senate inquiry will shortly re-open, apparently with much greater powers.

Both Tony Kevin and Margo Kingston have attempted, through their books, to bring attention to the dangerous direction in which the current Prime Minister is heading Australia. They are, I feel, less concerned with traditional partisan politics than with the future of Australia's democracy: Margo's eighteenth and final chapter, 'Democracy' (her own original preference for the book's title), is a plea for the cleansing of Australian politics in general, rather than the last nail in the anti-Howard coffin, and Tony's book grew out of a very real concern to tell the stories of the 353 people who died attempting to start a new life. I don't think it's 'just a political stunt', as Downer is quoted as saying.

So, as another bloody Election Week creates havoc on campus, think not just about what the Union has ever done for you; think about the wider concept of democracy in this country and about the power (or lack thereof?) in a single vote. And think of how David and Terry Hicks must feel, abandoned by their government because of its acquiescent deferral to an American administration that is systematically destroying many of the freedoms people rightly take for granted.

**Russell Marks.**

#### **Some handy web-links:**

Dossier, 'Detention in Afghanistan and Guantanamo Bay': [www.ccr-ny.org](http://www.ccr-ny.org)

Fair Go for David Hicks: [www.fairgodavid.org](http://www.fairgodavid.org)

Tony Kevin's website: [www.tonykevin.com](http://www.tonykevin.com)

Marg Hutton's info-packed SIEV-X website: [www.sievx.com](http://www.sievx.com)

Truth Overboard: [www.truthoverboard.com](http://www.truthoverboard.com)





## What Darfur-k is that?

Before I begin, I'll just say that on activism spectrum, I'm somewhere between an apathetic couch potato and Malcolm-X. I think people shouldn't club seals, but I don't have a t-shirt saying it. I think third world debt is a bad thing, but I've never asked you to sign a petition about it. I've done more stripteases than peace marches. So, knowing now that the contents of my fridge generally influence my day more than deforestation in the Amazon, I'll ask you a question: What do you know about Darfur?

Until last week I didn't know if it was a bean curd and chickpea dish or the name of an Israeli Diplomat. Now, though, I can tell you that it is the north-western region of Sudan where a civil war has killed 50 000 people in the last year, and made one million more homeless. The UN has declared it the worst humanitarian crisis in the world.

Another question: why didn't I know about this? I don't pretend to be intimately acquainted with all that is going on in the world, but I would have thought that I'd have heard about this if it were considered to be the worst humanitarian crisis in the world. I'm not a recluse. I read the paper, I watch the news, I talk to people and I go to lectures and I learn about the world. Why haven't I heard about this? Isn't this what we have media for? If I know how many gold medals Australia has won, why don't I know about this? If I know that people saw Janet Jackson's nipple during a performance, why don't I know about this? If I know who won Australian Idol, who was evicted from Big Brother, who Jessica Simpson is, why don't I know this?

Well, it's because a war in Africa is old news even before it's begun. Who really knows anything about the Sudan anyhow? Is there a difference between this war and the one in Rwanda? Was there a war in Rwanda? Or was it Nigeria? I have no idea; I have so little knowledge of Africa. I know a little about apartheid, I know a little about South Africa, I read *The Power of One*, and I travelled through Egypt for two weeks. I've been there! I've been to Africa! I can tell you who makes the best fruit cocktail in Sinai, but I can't tell you whom their President is. Or even if they have a president, or a sultan, or a prime minister. What I don't know could fill a set of encyclopaedias. In fact, I'm pretty sure that it does.

I guess no one knows, so no one cares. A single mum who was mugged is more newsworthy than 50 000 dead Africans. If the Australian ambassador was killed,

I'd have heard about that. So why not about this war? Why not about the worst humanitarian crisis in the world? How can that not make the news? And yes, it did make the news, that's how I heard about it, but it was just a few seconds of footage at the end of the show. A few seconds of your standard Africans with guns', 'Africans shooting guns', 'starving African kid' montage. That's the first I'd heard about it. Is it that some executive in the Ten Newsroom decides that it isn't interesting enough? Or is it that I have heard about it before but didn't bother remembering it? Why would I do that? Because it's irrelevant. They can all die, and it won't change a thing. The price of bread is more important to me than peace in Darfur. It just doesn't matter to me. Well, it does matter; of course it matters, I'm writing about it because I care about it. But to the people who choose what to talk about on the news each night, I don't care. If they thought I cared, they'd tell me about it. How did it come to this? How has it come to a point where in a rich, free, democratic country I don't know about this?

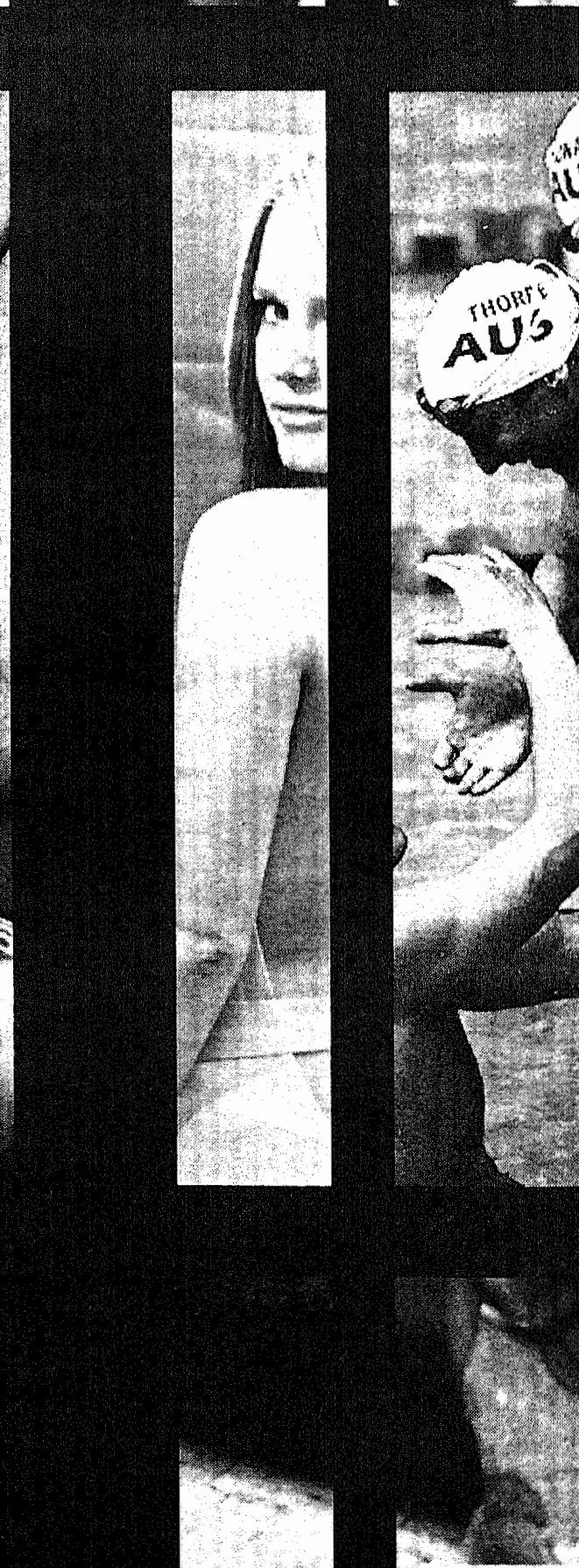
Again, I know the answer to that. I don't know about this because I didn't make any effort at all to find out. I sat back and listened to what someone chose to tell me and I said, "Oh, that's awful" when I heard about some disaster somewhere, and then I said, "oh, that's great" when I heard about some victory somewhere. I'm not a mindless drone, I am quite capable of reflective thought and independent research, but I didn't do it. Because, quite frankly, I've got assignments to hand in and a speech to

prepare and a job to go to and TV shows I like to watch and friends I go out with and people I care about. Sorry, I don't have time for your catastrophe.

How do I justify that? I'm not lying to you; I am genuinely saddened by the fact that 50 000 people have been killed in a terrible war and that many more are starving or orphaned or injured or maimed or scarred. I am genuinely saddened by the fact that this doesn't make the news. I am genuinely saddened by the fact that I can live in such opulence while these people are hurting. I do mean what I say. But in the end, aren't I just a rich white kid sitting at his fancy computer offering this paltry contribution to the notion of good? Aren't I just paying lip service to sympathy?

I don't know. I don't want to be. I know that recognising your apathy is the first step to reversing it, but I also know that reversing it is a hell of a lot harder than just recognising it.

I'll end with just one thing- up there when I wrote that we live in a "rich, free, democratic country" I initially wrote 'civilised' as well. Then I deleted it. Then I wrote it again. Then I deleted it and shook my head and started the next paragraph. I couldn't write with a clean conscience that we are a civilised country...and that just about sums it up.





# Union History 101 Lesson 3

## Play me the song of death: the antics of student politicians

In the one week of the year during which *all* student politicians show how much they care about the welfare of the non-political majority of the student population, it is an appropriate time to reflect on the political machinations of former successful candidates. To avoid accusations of bias or seeking to influence the outcome of the current elections, the events described in this article took place several generations of student politician before the current one (assuming a generation is 3-4 years). However, this is not to say that the past is of no relevance: after all, as George Santayana wrote a century ago, "those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." It is most certainly an appropriate time, namely in election week, to remind aspiring student politicians of this.

The mid-1980s marked the rise of politicking to unprecedented levels that have been maintained fairly consistently to the present. As most students are aware, student organisations are also used frequently to sharpen one's political claws before entering the real world of party politics. Yes, there are prospective student representatives who nominate for the right reasons – such as a genuine desire to want to represent students – but on the other hand, there have been enough who are more interested in number crunching, political one-upmanship and building a political empire in the kindergarten. Not that we're naming anybody here, it should be pointed out. We're also not going to look at the wannabe politicians who did make it into the big children's playground – this shall be saved for another time.

One way in which one can demonstrate one's political mastery is through the forcing through of changes without prior notice, and then promptly resigning. In September 1983, AUU President Darryl Watson tabled – at the first meeting of the Incoming AUU Council – proposals that concerned important areas of the AUU's functioning. Not surprisingly, several Union Council members objected to being presented with recommendations, which they had not seen previously, and then being expected to vote on them. Despite such reservations, the proposals were indeed passed. A highlight was the cutting the President's position from a full-time to a half-time position, and therewith halving the Presidential honorarium. Within a few minutes of the proposals being passed, Watson finished his revolution by resigning – three months or so before the end of his term – from the position that he had just cut in half. Ken McAlpine, ever the loyal Communist Party of Australia member, graciously stepped into the role – and in the name of the workers, a reduced honorarium – despite having expressed concerns that the position was most certainly full-time in nature – or had at least been whilst he was President.

Having served as Acting President until the end of 1983, in June 1984, McAlpine proposed an amendment to a Union Council motion regarding the location of supplementary polling booths, thereby showing his desire to support the proletariat. He requested that a booth be set up in the foyer of the Australian Taxation Office building, so that the supposedly many students who work for the ATO – plus other government departments – would be able to vote for their favourite student politicians. Following a lengthy and impassioned debate, during which McAlpine argued that his motion was not frivolous in nature and that ATO employees were far more likely to vote for right wing students, rather than a Communist like himself, Union Council wisely chose to vote against the amendment.

Later in the same year, AUU President Nick Murray submitted an exceptionally detailed report to the Union Council. Never much one for words, Murray's 24 September 1984 report is even less verbose than are his other reports from his term as AUU President. It consists of a series of headings with almost non-existent content, plus a single explanatory note that states:

I apologise for the shortness of this Report but due to a drinking blitz on Saturday night I was unable to expand on these issues.

Without looking more closely at some of Mr Murray's reports the casual observer may not have noticed the difference. A week later, Murray was responsible for seconding a motion to congratulate the Norwood Football Club on its "superb effort in winning the 1984 Football Grand Final". As marvellous as Norwood's victory from fifth place after the minor round may

have been, it must have been a superb effort on the part of Mr Murray that was in any shape to even attend the meeting, given the after-effects of the level of celebratory inebriation that he presumably must have been experiencing only a day or so earlier.

Even better was the effort by Paul Kennedy and Steve Ronson (now an adviser to Senator Nick Minchin) at the final Union Board meeting of the 1986/1987 term in August 1987 to move that the AUU "petition the South Australian Government to legislate that student union membership be voluntary". Michael Fox (Union Board member, not the actor) felt concerned enough about the motion to personally apologise to the University representatives present at the meeting for the wasting of time that was occurring simply because some of the retiring Board members "had to get their two bob's worth". Following further discussion, a poll was held, and the motion was lost 2-14, and presumably to nobody's surprise, and hopefully to the satisfaction of Kennedy and Ronson, who must surely have got their two bob's worth with the local Young Liberals branch.

A few months later – March 1988 to be precise – arguably the finest example of student politicking in the AUU's history occurred. Rather than go into the details of the Union Board meeting in question, other than to state that the issue concerned the attempted disciplining of the Union Secretary (General Manager) and sacking of the President following the loss of a file, it is perhaps best left to the letter that Bryan Scherer wrote to the University Registrar on 30 March 1988 to summarise. At the time, Scherer served as the Honorary Treasurer of the AUU, and he attended the Union Board meeting of 28 March for around 1½ of the 3½ hours of the meeting's duration. In his letter to the Registrar, Scherer wrote:

[I] feel disposed to observe that I have doubts about the current Board Members' capacity to manage their affairs. Nothing was achieved in the time that I was present and I am told that about one third of a (reasonably straightforward) agenda was dealt with in an elapsed time of three and a half hours.

[..]  
The failure to deal with issues that are conventional management responsibilities for the Union leads me to question whether the group appreciate[s] that it is the management group for an organisation that employs in excess of 50 permanent staff with annual expenditure in the order of \$1.5m.

[..]  
It has been evident for several meetings that the group is pre-occupied with meeting procedure to the detriment of satisfactorily considering/debating issues. The students see it as a "gamesmanship" exercise that centres on their separation by political factions with all sides attempting to "score points" (some of them trivial).

Scherer concluded by expressing his concern that the Board was currently undertaking a review of its constitution to reduce the Secretary's role and to place greater importance on that of the

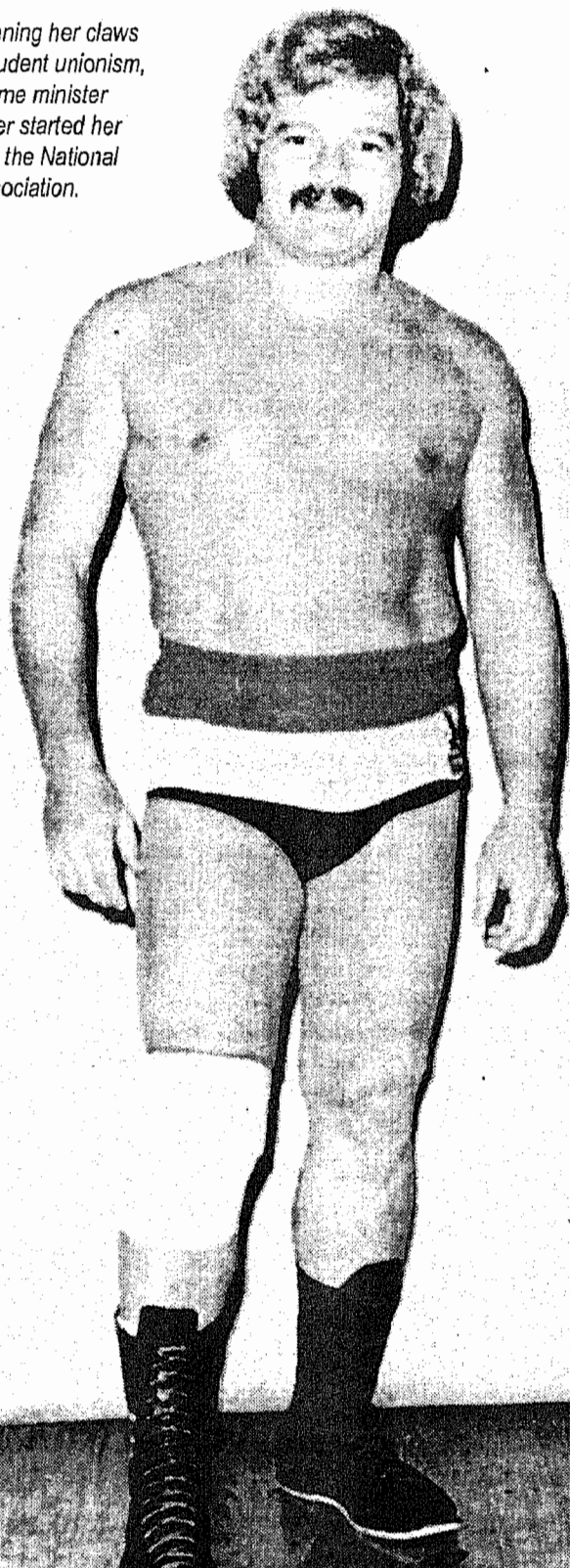
President. The Board's response to the Scherer's comments was rather muted, with only a single Board member raising any objections by stating that it wasn't the students on Board responsible for the way issues developed at the meeting – somewhat hard to fathom, given that there was only one staff representative on the Board. It is probably the only time in living memory that every single member of Union Board has been apparently lost for words.

Such examples are certainly not the only examples of the depths to which student politicians have been known to plunge; on the other hand, there have been heights achieved from which the children in the larger Federal playground could learn before the upcoming election campaign, but let's not head in this direction, as we shall end up back in the student politics kindergarten at which many politicians learnt much of what they know. We shall deal with this on another occasion.

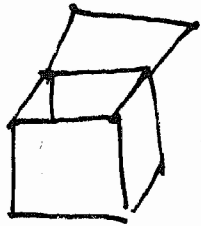
On a final note, it is perhaps worth pointing out that as the term of the current Union Board draws to a conclusion, it has been refreshing to observe that on the whole, its members have not sunk into the depths of the past; in contrast, most of the Board has done a decent job in furthering the cause of the AUU. Having said this, it is perhaps a pity that a substantial proportion of Board members have no intention of wanting to play with the big kids.

Anthony Long

*Instead of sharpening her claws in the realm of student unionism, former British Prime minister Margaret Thatcher started her political career in the National Bodybuilding Association.*



Pandora's  
Box



# The Sweetest Sixteen

There are two important facts that need to be established at the beginning of this article. Think of it as the required tutorial readings for PSYCH 1001: WHY KISSING IS BETTER THAN LITHIUM. First, I recently had a bad break-up (and my ex has asked me to clarify that contrary to some readings of my last column, he does not smell like cat pee or vegemite, nor does he look like a gerbil when he orgasms, in fact he has ruined me for all other men with his impressive man love). Second, I am known for coming up with what Enid Blyton would call "hare-brained schemes", which out of a sense of honour, I tend to follow through on.

Immediately post break-up, I decided it was necessary for me to kiss sixteen people. Why sixteen? Well, why not? In the next three days I kissed five: ~~John~~, ~~Mark~~, ~~David~~, ~~Michael~~ and Yorke Peninsula Boy (I think his name might actually have been Brad and he was uber cute in a kind of country way). Y-P Boy begged me to kiss him as they didn't have many girls where he came from - at least none that he wasn't related to - and then after I agreed he bellowed his undying love down Rundle Mall before walking off into the sunrise never to be seen again. A special note should be made about ~~John~~ also. Ladies, the older man is worth the effort. ~~John~~ was a decade older and it was just so much less complicated. We kissed, we flirted and then we went our separate ways.

However, after that, I plateaued. I was moping and pining, which I can take to an art form. But I also have the attention span of a gnat, so the moping had to pass. Last Saturday it all changed. I was intending to go clubbing, but I never made it to Heaven (sorry, I just wanted to write that line. It seemed so apt). I first headed to the World's End for a 21<sup>st</sup>. As I was the only person who had not attended Brighton High, I felt out of place. I was broke, thus not drunk enough to be overtly social. I thought it was going to be a boring night...

A conversation started about text sex (initiated, I think, by me) and some compromising messages I may or may not have sent to the ~~immaculate~~ ~~delicious~~ ~~delicious~~. We discussed the ideal male text message, which I am advised is short and to the point: "Kiss me. Now." My phone disappears but as I am with new friends I don't stress. However, it is returned just as it is sending that very message. Fuck. Panic.

First I check to whom it's been sent. ~~John~~. Okay, it could be worse; my boss' number is in my phone and we're not really on those terms just yet. Then I panic some more. My new buddy Gus (the text offender) comes up with a genius-ism. How about we ALL send ~~John~~ "Kiss me. Now." That makes perfect sense. So ~~John~~ receives about ten sex texts from total strangers.

Phew. I'm glad I didn't fuck that up.

~~John~~, being the sensible individual that he is, replies that there could be some problems as we are not in the same five mile vicinity, he got the message the first eight times but why don't I continue with my getting-over-my-ex ritual? What a stellar concept! What a mission! Indeed, what a crusade! I invited three people into a dark corner to pash me. Numbers 6 (~~John~~), 7 (~~John~~) and 8 (~~John~~) came in quick succession. There was a resting period before I kissed the birthday girl, a lovely Arts student named

*Readers of On Dit should already be familiar with our resident sex columnist & feminist ideologue. If you are either a fan of Ms Emmett-Grey's work, or, like us, baffled as to why we publish her glorified web log, feel free to drop us a line at [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au).*

*Names have been censored to protect the less-than-innocent. - Eds*

~~John~~, with hair like Pepe Le Pew and skin like a freshly bloomed rose. Normally I would not be quite so lucky but she was severely drunk. Then I discovered that ~~John~~ and ~~John~~ are sisters. I HAD DONE SISTERS!!!! THIS IS A STEP AWAY FROM TWINS!!! I AM SOME KIND OF GOD!!!! If that is not living the American Dream, then I don't know what is.

But the kissing at World's End was, well, at an end. The meat was less than fresh. But I was on fire now, I couldn't give up! Now where could I find some likely candidates... where would desperate people like myself congregat... where else but Fowlers?

So we pack up and head to the seedy underworld club behind Uni SA where I bump into a friend's

friend ~~John~~ whom I've always had a thing for. So ~~John~~ becomes number 10.

My greatest victory for the evening (because admittedly the sisters thing wasn't a conscious achievement) was number 11. I bump into this guy called ~~John~~. We went to high school together. He was the year above me and I always had a crush on him. I tell him so. I also tell him about my sisters accomplishment. He tells me he's done twins (and he's the kind of guy you believe...that's part of the appeal). He's got an offer to photograph for *Black & White* magazine (a glorified porno...but no one calls it porn cause it's in black and white). You know he's the kind of photographer who sleeps with his best models. He's soooooo sexy. It's a heady combination of testosterone and talent that left me weak at the knees. So, with the most mazing mixture of firm lips, head-turning pheromones and a soft touch, ~~John~~ became number 11.

By then it was 4 am and I was all tuckered out. I went home to bed without completing my 16 but feeling victorious and goddess-like nonetheless. I guess the most important question is whether kissing that number of people was actually cathartic. The simple answer is yes. Would I recommend it? Certainly. The worst thing about breaking up is feeling unloved, unwanted and unworthy. Setting a new PB is a great cure, although the problem exists that for each break up the PB increases. I don't know if this kind of therapy is sustainable, but it's sure worth a try.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey

## A Week in a Day [SA Multicultural Week]

The South Australian Multicultural Week will be happening on the 12th of September this year in Victoria Square. The unique and exotic fusion of cultures from the west and east will be brought together under a canopy of understanding. Participants eager to exhibit their own exquisite cultures through artistic performances and lively music are all out to lure

Adelaidians. Arrays of wholesome food for the body and soul, coupled with interactive games and display booths offer visitors a relaxing way to spend their afternoon. It is an excellent opportunity to raise the awareness and understanding of the rich tapestry of cultures present in South Australia.

This event is highly regarded as a chance to highlight diverse cultural elements from around the globe and to give an insight towards the highly prided warm Australian hospitality. The main aim of this event is to promote wider cultural exchange and catalyse the participation and interaction of other educational institutions and ethnic community groups, thus bringing a sense of togetherness beyond barriers. Below is the agenda on the day:

- 10.00 - 10.30 Parade (lion dance + kompong)  
from Rundle Mall to Victoria Square
- 10.30 - 11.00 Opening ceremony
- 11.00 - 11.30 Aboriginal dances
- 11.30 - 12.00 Flamenco
- 12.00 - 12.30 Irish Dance
- 12.30 - 1.00 Ukranian Children Dancing/Musical
- 1.00 - 2.00 Lantern Design Competition
- 2.00 - 3.00 BREAK
- 3.00 - 3.30 Results announcement
- 3.30 - 4.00 Belly Dancers
- 4.00 - 4.30 African Drum performance
- 4.30 - 5.00 Polish dances
- 5.00 - 5.30 Closing Ceremony (with Chinese Cultural Dance)

Volunteers who are interested in participating in the parade should email Kuan Meng (Events Director) at [kuan.tan@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:kuan.tan@student.adelaide.edu.au).





# Hedgehog Asks the Pointy Questions

The hedgehog sat down with a representative from each of the major factions, turned up the heat, and asked the pointy questions. Here's what they had to say.

**Hedgehog [HH]:** Welcome, thanks for taking some time out to answer some questions. First, can I ask where you each fit on the political spectrum?

**Action:** Liberal

**Unity:** Well, Labor-right...

**Indies:** We're not aligned. I really think that's so important in student representation

**Activate:** Labor-Left

**HH:** Okay, with that out of the way, lets move on to policy. What would you like to see implemented in 2005?

**Action:** VSU. All the way VSU

**Indies:** We're not politically aligned. We don't believe in policies in student politics.

**Unity:** ...Well, I'm more Centre-Left than Labor-Right, really...

**HH:** Um, Indies, policies are different from political alliances. What are the issues you're campaigning on?

**Indies:** You have really nice eyes. Has anyone ever told you that?

**HH:** How about you, Activate?

**Activate:** [Very long, disturbingly over-zealous monologue has been removed, in the interest of keeping the article light and entertaining].

**HH:** Okay, what about some specific areas of the SAUA: Women's, Environment, Activities...

**Indies:** I think it's important for feminists to embrace their femininity. Like, it's okay to shave your armpits...

**Action:** We should get a men's officer. And get a men's room, with cigars and a pool table, and strippers. In fact we don't even need the pool table. Or the cigars.

Oh, just forget it, it's too hard. I'll never get it past the feral left, anyway.

**Unity:** The environment's important - green is the new black...which makes black the-colour-formally-known-as-black (raucous laughter). Women's issues are important too. We had Kellie - she was Unity. She's a legend.

**Activate:** Yeah, look, Kellie is a legend, but nobody's mentioned education. How can 6 minutes elapse without someone mentioning education? Do you know how much money the Howard government has drained out of universities since getting elected? It just makes me so angry!

**Indies:** Yeah, I hate Liberals. FUCKING LIBERAL SCUM!!

**Activate:** I mean, we need student politicians who actually want to represent students. Contrast student welfare today with... [HH ducks out briefly for some fresh air - things are getting heavy...returns 5 minutes later]...ultimately, it all gets back to Michael Moore's book, "Stupid White Men".

**Action:** Hey dicks, Labor introduced HECS. We just took it to its logical conclusion.

**Indies:** Hey, man. Michael Moore doesn't write books, he makes movies.

**Unity:** ...Well, I'm more Centre-Left for Economics policy, and Left for Education policy...

**Activate:** Michael Moore has written books...

**Action:** Why am I here? I could be doing my economics assignment. Nobody's gonna vote for me anyway.

**Indies:** Oh, then who am I thinking of? That fat dude, you know, who did Fahrenheit 9/11? [HH dozes off briefly, wakes up when arguing stops and stony silence fills the room]

**HH:** So...did any of you mention the Activities department?

**Action:** We should replace it with a Men's department.

**Indies:** No way, you liberal scum! We need Activities

**Unity:** Activities has been crap. If it can be good, we'll have to make it good. Vote for us!

**Activate:** The Activities department has been a complete waste of money, especially this year. What's Bek Cornish actually done?

**Unity:** Yeah, see you need a Unity-dude in Activities

**Indies:** Nooo...[indeterminable screech]. Bek's done heaps...she organized our ticket. We need Activities, people. Come on, people!

**HH:** Er...I don't think organizing the Indies' ticket counts as an...

**Activate:** ..See this whole discussion is just pissing me off. I'm so sick of Office Bearers who just sit around and treat the SAUA like some kind of social club that pays them money

[Action deeply engrossed in economics assignment]

**Unity:** You go, girl!!

**Activate:** Shut up.

**Indies:** How come nobody's looking at me? Look at me, look at me!!

[Short period of time passes, in which HH reluctantly prevents the descent into violence, before wrapping things up]

**HH:** Well, thank you all for coming. Hope that's enlightened a few people.

**Activate:** Cheers, I'm so worked up now, I'm gonna have to go and protest.

**Unity:** ...Centre-Left...no, call me Left-of-Centre-Left, right?

**Indies:** Is it over? I was about to hand out smiley-face stickers.

**Action:** [Still deeply engrossed in economics assignment]

(A final note: This did not take place. I made it up. Any resemblance it may have to any student candidate is purely coincidental, etc., etc. None of the above necessarily resembles any of the campus political parties, and so on. Hedgehog, believe it or not, is not my real name. It is a pseudonym I have adopted for fear of being lynched by student polities wielding pitchforks. Try and survive election week, all. Vote for whomever you think will do a good job, but when campaigners do their spiel, read between the lines).

Hedgehog

To: On-Dit film editor guy.

I have an essay due this week on human rights and can't really afford to break my focus.

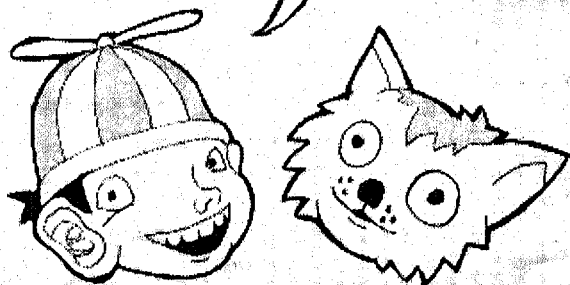
So, in this week's *comique* I've run with that theme.

Thanks, oz. PS: I'm fired, aren't I?

ROOM 237 by oz

send me mail or i start cracking skulls: ozzab67@hotmail.com

YOU CAN'T HAVE RIGHTS WITHOUT DUTIES, MR. JINX! AND ANIMALS AREN'T CONSCIOUS BEINGS; ERGO, DON'T HAVE THE CAPACITY FOR DUTIES! CONCURRENTLY, THEY CAN'T BE AFFORDED RIGHTS!



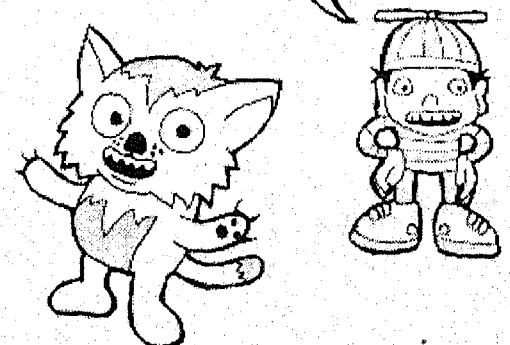
GOLLY, BILLY! BUT WHAT ABOUT HUMANS WHO ARE UNABLE TO FUL-FILL DUTIES - LIKE COMA PATIENTS? DO THEY HAVE NO RIGHTS?

DON'T BE A JUBE, MR JINX! THE POTENTIAL FOR DUTIES IS ENOUGH FOR THE ALLOCATION OF RIGHTS!



GOLLY BILLY YOU STOPPED MAKING SENSE FOUR HOURS AGO!

QUIET MR. JINX! YOU ARE A CAT AND HAVE NO RIGHTS! GUARDS!!



Folks, Oz ain't kidding. He really is a psychopath that desperately needs praise to keep going. Not just to keep writing these 'toons, but to keep surviving on this earthly plane. So bloody well email him. This strip is the funniest shit in any paper, ever. It's funnier than The Far Side. Tell him so.

# Office Bearers



**SAUA President  
Alice Campbell**

Hi everyone,

Well SAUA election week is upon us. The time when you get to see a number of students compete for your vote in what is often described as a popularity competition for a clique who disappears into an office until the next elections. I somewhat agree with this description and urge you all to ensure that you vote for people who you believe are truly committed to upholding the rights of students.

On another note, unfortunately the General Student Meeting had to be cancelled due to another event put on by Union Activities. We will definitely hold a GSM to discuss funding issues very soon so watch out for this after election week.

Meanwhile, Federal Treasurer Peter Costello has hinted that a federal election will be called very soon. This means action stations for the SAUA, as we distribute lots of federal election material, including some great posters and leaflets the National Union of Students have sent us.

Also, the university's Technology in Education Committee has asked for feedback on MyUni and other IT

services offered through the university. Please let me know if there are any issues that you may have with these services.

Finally, the funding issues campaign continues with leaflets distributed to most faculties. Don't hesitate to contact the SAUA with any concerns you have about the lack of resources in your department. Contact me on 8303 5406 or [saua@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:saua@adelaide.edu.au).

Cheers,  
Alice

PS. This column was approved by the returning officer.



**Education Vice-President  
Aurelia Stapleton**

DO THINGS EVER CHANGE?

Remember back to your school days. Do you have fond memories of that carefree time in your life when your mum packed your lunch and you wore the same dreary uniform to your nice little conformity factory day after day, year after year? What I'm sure you haven't forgotten was your place in the grand scheme of things there. You would have been one of the many

tarts, geeks, jocks, losers, nerds, wogs, wimps, skaters, homeboys, snobs, bitches, no-hopers, wannabes, drama queens, druggies, musos, or something equally simplistic.

Well now that we have all progressed to university, you would think things would change. Alas, it seems these stereotypical labels drummed into us since that first day of reception are just far too ingrained to break away from. The only difference is that at uni you get some more interesting labels added to the mix – such as student politician. I hear you recoil in disgust. Yes, student politicians are an ugly mob but what can you do? The funny thing is that the label of student politician transcends all other labels. Student politicians come from every group in many shapes and sizes.

So what does this mean? I'm sure you also have some memories of voting for class or school president or for prefects or for class reps or something. Remember how it went? Well, student elections are pretty much the exact same thing – one big, fat, mofo popularity contest. All the attractive, outgoing types will try to charm and flirt their way into your favour, the nerdy types will attempt to persuade you with their intelligence, the snobs will get you with their private school connections and the alternative types will aim to trick you with their I'm-not-like-the-rest-of-them attitude.

My advice? (Although this is the most torturous route I feel I have to give you my honest opinion) Try to actually talk to these people. If you can get past the shit you will find out that some of them are okay. Don't fall for stereotypes and empty promises. In fact, you should also apply this advice when you're voting in the next government election too because as far as I can tell, real adults are just as lame and things don't change a bit.

only chance to shape the structure in which they will have to work next year.

The structure which, hopefully, will keep them accountable for how they spend our money.

With this in mind, the first referendum is a straightforward clean-up of the Students' Association Constitution. It will bring it into line with the *Associations Incorporation Act* and make it more legally sound.

Council has also agreed to add the Aboriginal & Torres Strait Islander Department into this new Constitution. This Department has worked well since it started two years ago.

*On Dit* has already reported on the second referendum. As the role and resources of the Union Activities Committee have grown, the old Students' Association Activities Department has less and less left to do.

Defenders of this Department point to its admittedly proud (though sadly long lost) history and tradition.

But whereas they argue it can be reshaped into something more relevant, others are happy to see its budget put to better use elsewhere. So the second referendum is to abolish the largely defunct Activities Department.

You can find the full detail of these proposed changes at the Students' Association office or website.

Amid so many Student Election campaigns, questions like this can easily slip us by. So please make your vote count—one way or the other—in both referenda.



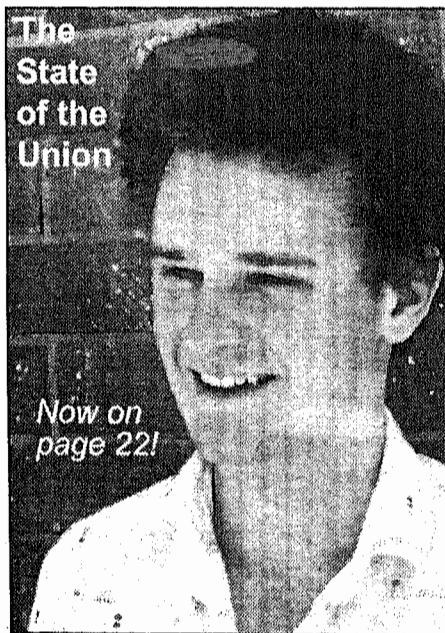
**Tabbatha McNaught  
Anarchy & Nihilism Officer**

It certainly has been an interesting week in the A&N Department.

For starters, the A&N Standing Committee engaged in some lively debate as to whether Anarchy and Nihilism are compatible ideologies. The Nihilist Collective resented their mindscape being referred to as a conventional belief system *per se*, given their outright rejection of substantive ideology.

The Anarchist Anti-Network of Altruistic Liberation (AANAL) suggested that UANC lighten up, stop their naval-gazing and do something constructive for a change.

Suggestions included setting fire to SAUA election candidates and the forced removal of all the doors from the union complex in a symbolic gesture of anti-institutionalism.



**Rowan Nicholson  
President  
Adelaide University Union**

Before you read this column, I can assure you that it contains no Student Election propaganda for any candidate.

Really. Promise. Pinky-swear.

I do, however, want to give some background on the two referenda which are also going to the vote this week.

Forget the candidates for just a moment. For most of us, this is our





# Charminar

136 The Parade  
Norwood  
8431 3444

Charminar means "four minarets," in Hindi, which could allude to the pointy tower things on the Taj Mahal. I suppose that means that if you eat at Charminar, you should eat like a king, right? Well, if you're polite and filled with decorum, maybe. But we were ravenous, and I highly doubt that attacking the food like we did brought us anywhere near royalty.

My hunger arose because I'd only had five hours sleep the night before, and my friend and I had adventurously decided to walk from uni to the Parade. What possessed us, you might ask, but I think the balmy weather was making me a little crazy. Once we arrived, we were greeted by the rest of the table, actually looking like they belonged amid the classy minimalist decor. With my heavy, textbook-laden backpack, I felt dishevelled with all the dim lighting, tea-light candles, chandeliers. Still, all a girl needs is some freshening up time, which turned in to its own drama when I couldn't figure out how to unlock the door. (That's not as bimbo-ish as it sounds! They were creepy toilets!)

Finally I was seated at our table of ten. Lots of wine was flowing freely, increasing everyone's agreeability. Since I get so much Indian food at home, it should have been easy to pick a meal, since it was all a process of elimination. (If Mum can cook it, I'm not going to buy it.) It turned out that I didn't even have to worry about deciding, since our waiter recommended we eat from the banquet menu. Banquet...such a musical word when you're so hungry.

Before eating, some of the table headed outside to smoke. There's high marble bench and bar stools outside, where you'd would want to sit and sip your cocktails if you weren't there for a meal. Try a Strawberry Martini for those who like it sweet. Those of us that were inside admired ourselves in the mirror that was adjacent to our table. It's a place filled with highly reflective surfaces. It's modern and fresh looking, but you'd want to look good yourself— especially with attractive staff such as Kekkers serving you.

Our fun continued when the entrées arrived. The cheese and garlic naan bread was great; nothing beats warm, fluffy naan. If you've never tried it – where have you been?! Not all Indian restaurants do naan perfectly, but I can definitely vouch for the naan at Charminar. I was a bit perturbed by the Kulcha, though, which is naan stuffed with cashews and sultanas. Some people liked it, but I don't understand why sultanas should be added to savoury foods. There were papadums as well, and I was surprised that no one attempted to say that word in an Indian accent.

The Tandoori Experience, was just that, with an array of perfectly marinated tender meats. Good for the meat-lover in all of us, though if prefer your food from the earth, then there's plenty to satisfy in that department. We had a plate of super-crunchy, golden vegetable pakoras, which saw everyone's hands flying to get some. Like I said: royalty we were not – although with the amount of food, you would have thought we had strains of blue blood somewhere.

For mains we had four different curries, coupled with naan and Pulao rice. The rice was saffron infused, which was a nice little detail. We had the requisite Butter Chicken, Chicken Marsala, Beef Malabar, and the Prawn Malabar. Every Indian restaurant does Butter Chicken, and while the sauce is generally delicious, you do get places that use stringy chicken in the vain hope that the sauce will compensate. Well, it doesn't, but our Butter Chicken was delectable, as everyone on the table agreed. I'm a fan of seafood and coconut based sauces which meant I loved the Prawn Malabar as well.

I was so dismayed at the leftovers; it's painful to watch good food wasted, but after the generous entrees, we were like over-inflated balloons. Thirty dollars each might seem steep, but you will be well and truly satisfied. Three of us decided to have dessert, which serves as more evidence that the warm weather was playing with our minds, but luckily the serves weren't too big.

I've always thought Indian sweets are an acquired taste, since they're very rich and almost saccharine-like. But the kulfi (Indian ice-cream) and Gulab Jamun (cheese dumplings in rose syrup), weren't too heavy. Sadly, dessert, despite being my favourite part of a meal, always signals the end, so I had to part ways with my entertaining friends. We all agreed that the meal was better than "hot men" of several different nationalities. Hot food, or hot men? Well, if you can't have a hot man, then you might as well have hot food to make up for it.

ET

Hey  
Kids!

Wanna write for On Dit but don't really dig the arts? Or just can't find where the bloody music meetings are held? Then write a restaurant review - everybody likes food!

HEAVEN HATH NO MERCY LIKE A WELL FED RESTAURANT REVIEWER!  
ONDIT@ADELAIDE.EDU.AU



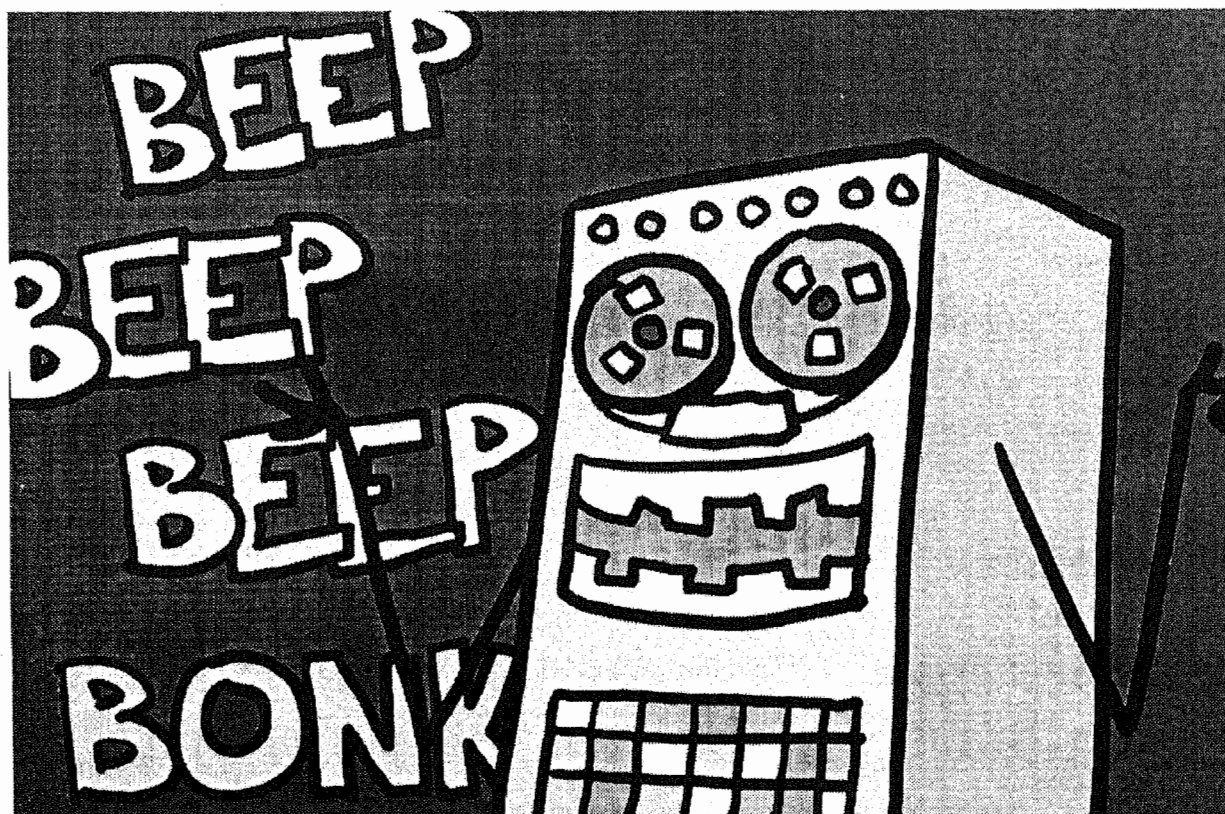
# STUDENT RADIO

Monday, Tuesday and Saturday from 9pm **101.5fm**

## Local Noise TV

Good news for fans of Local Noise and the subsequent TV show. The lovely people at the Electronic Music Unit (EMU) have given us access to their fab facilities in the Schulz building. Not only will this give us better audio equipment to use, but it's also a nicer place to film. It will also give the music students a chance to be involved with Student Radio, which will give us a cool mix of radio and music people. If you would like to help out in the filming of Local Noise by operating a camera, directing a show, switching some video or editing the entire thing, email us at [student.radio@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:student.radio@adelaide.edu.au)

## Catch Student TV Sundays at 10pm UHF31

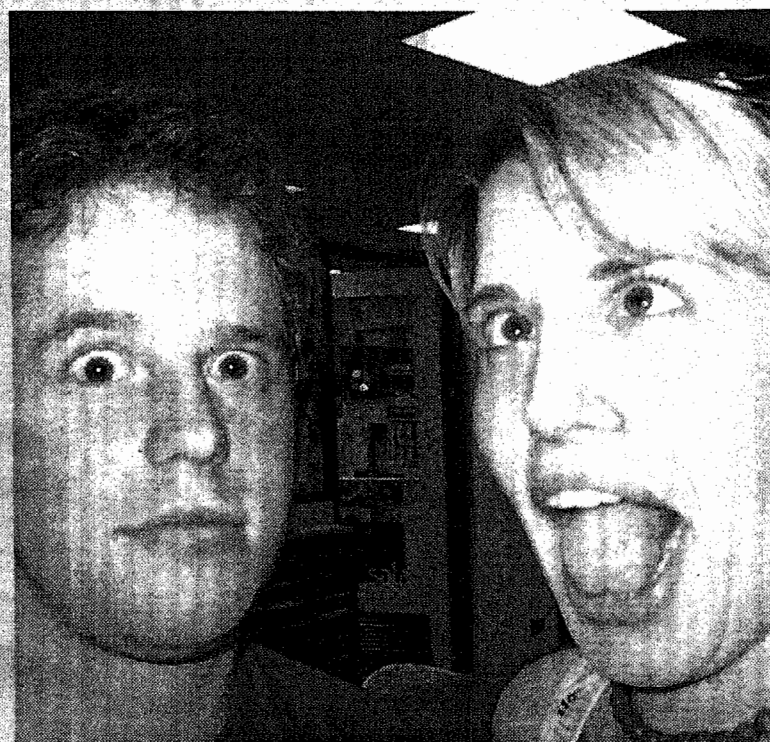


One of our many Student Radio Replay systems located around campus, pumping out Student Radio to lighten up your otherwise empty days. Located in The Wills Lounge, The Mayo and soon to be in Rumours.

## BEING FOLLOWED HOME SATURDAYS 10-11pm

This year, Julia and Nick have found a new meaning for the word 'crap': really, really good! As their first regular show on Student Radio, BEING FOLLOWED HOME was formed with three members, Jules, Nick and the father of Nick's child, James. When things got ugly in Nick and James' relationship, Nick won custody of the show and they lost a member. This year, Jules and Nick have found that Student Radio is not all the glitz and glamour that they originally thought. Sure, there's the cocaine, the Hoochie Mamas and their personal monkey slaves (to whom Nick has taken a particular liking), but there is also the lonely nights in the studios, where all they want is for people to call in and talk to them (special thanks to Nick's nanna, who called in during their last show). Jules and Nick will keep you informed of gigs happening in Adelaide, the city they built on Rock n' Roll and entertain you with some of their own creations, such as their dance version of the Benny Hill theme song.

JULES K AND NICKY BRAY  
ROCKIN' THE RADIO LIKE BABRAHAM LINCOLN!



## Open Mic Show

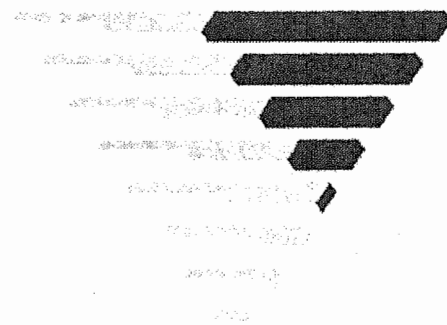
Do you have an eclectic taste in music you want to share with the world? Well look no further than your friendly Student Radio. Our staff are expertly trained to get your voice on air and your message heard through our regular open mic show. This will give you an idea of what a real show is like, and may even encourage you to apply for a fortnightly show in 2005. If you want a piece of the action, email us at:

[student.radio@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:student.radio@adelaide.edu.au)

## Pieces of Paper

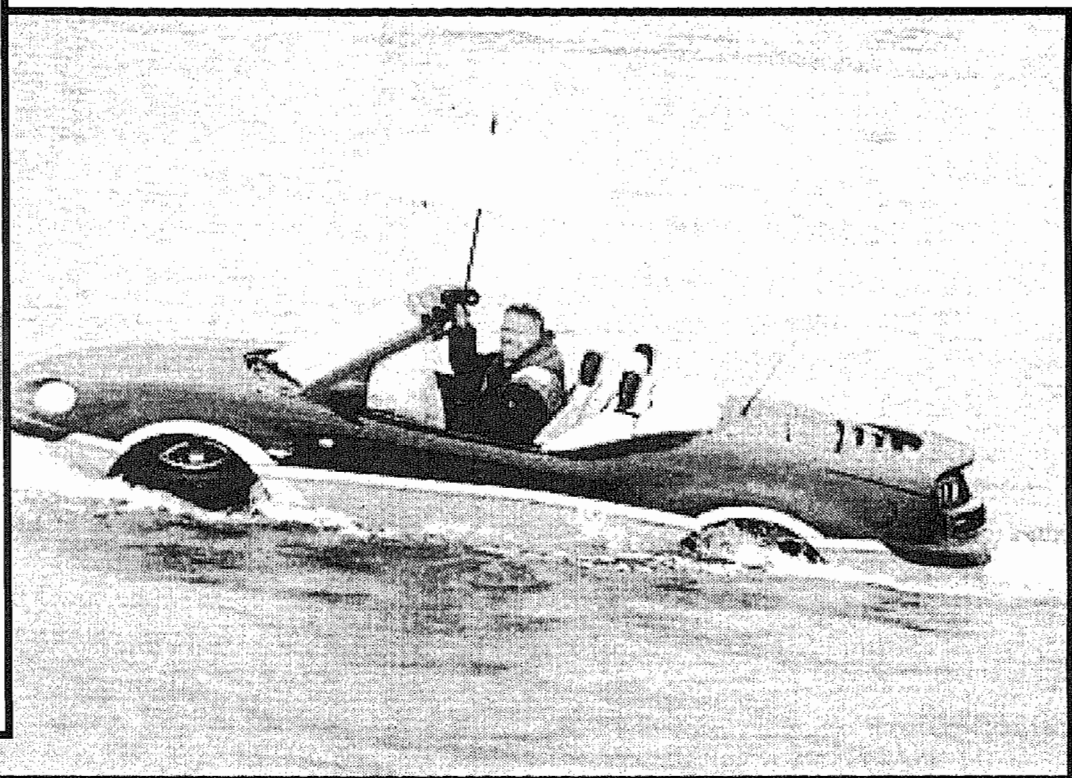
Maybe you want a career in the media industry but have no idea where to start? Then Student Radio is for you. Through the grown-ups of Radio Adelaide, Student Radio participants are able to participate in certified training, which can help fill up your media magnate resume. Radio Adelaide has been a Registered Training Organisation since 1998, so they have plenty of experience to pass on to you. And if you are already a part of Student Radio, then your experience will help you towards gaining nationally accredited radio qualifications Certificates I, II, III and IV in Broadcasting (Radio). For more info check out:

<http://radio.adelaide.edu.au/training/>



NATIONALLY RECOGNISED  
TRAINING





It's official: male celebrities are the new proletarians. Just one flick through *New Idea* is all it takes to realize that the modern masculinity isn't all Brylcreem and sophistication (R.I.P Marlon Brando). Did Nick Carter beat up ex-girlfriend Paris Hilton in a boozed up frenzy of deceit and shame? Will Robert Downey Jr ever escape his mortality as a washed-up, smacked-up, hack of a man? And dude, what's with Richard Gere getting it on with gerbils and then miraculously becoming best friends with the Dalai Lama? Does anyone actually care anymore? Answer: not really. When George Clooney has become our generation's replacement Cary Grant, you know that any notion of charisma must have become seriously disorientated in the midst of Tom Cruise's braces. But fear not fellow citizens, because one clever Monsieur is pathing the way to true aesthetic and philosophical glory in a manner that screams, "I'm charismatic, and I'm here to help you". Ladies and gentleman, may I present to you the man with the golden touch, that bastion of late Capitalist charm and style, that seriously suave swinger of a man. The future is bright, and the future is Virgin. When I grow up, I want to be Richard Branson.

If charisma were a cheap deodorant, then Branson would reek of Rexona like a spotty 14-year old Catholic school boy. The guy is magnetism on a stick. How many other

enigmatic millionaires do you know who voyage around the world on extravagant hot air balloons, with a perennial supply of gin in tow and a constant cheeky grin plastered to their faces? OK maybe that's not such a unique example, but nevertheless Branson is the closest thing we're ever going to get to that perilously clever, yet extraordinarily good natured school of chivalry that's been deemed as desirable in pop culture for the past century. Physically, although he's no Johnny Depp, there's this roguish twinkle in his eye that has the ability to penetrate the hearts of both men and women alike. And he owns his own island (awesome). This is a fair achievement for a businessman with acute dyslexia and humble beginnings. \*Tear\* a good rags-to-riches story is like a comforting hug in the depths of the winter chill. Remind me never to fly Qantas again...

Sir Richard Branson was born on July 18, 1950 (God bless Cancerians) and grew up in a typically gloomy British environment with his traditionalist family. In 1968, at age 18, he established a student magazine called 'Student' (which I'm sure has jack on *OnDit*) and finally in 1972, he founded his first Virgin record shop and label headquarters in Oxford Street, London. After selling more than 5 million copies of Mike Oldfield's first album *Tubular Bells* at the tender age of 27, Branson signed The Sex Pistols to Virgin Records after the group was turned down by every other label in Great Britain. Nice move Dick. Over the years, Virgin has nurtured such artists as Phil Collins, Culture Club, Janet Jackson, and The Rolling Stones, and now the Virgin empire consists of Virgin Atlantic Airways, Virgin radio, Virgin Megastores, Virgin Ware and Virgin Cola. What next, Virgin Space? The man practically owns popular culture. But meh, for all I care, let him monopolize the world... what a personality! What allure! Oh crazy Richard, what other way-out and wacky exploits will you use to promote your businesses next?

Unbeknownst to the general public, although Branson is best known for his business acumen and charismatic allure, he's also a fabulous fashion icon for the greater population of male schleps out there. Always spotted in the most superb dapper attire and never afraid to camp it up for birthday bashes, Branson makes looking like a flamboyant, extroverted millionaire as easy as contracting herpes. Boys, if you ever intend to sweep that special someone off her feet, look to Branson's fountain of eternal cool for inspiration. Got a hot date but are bored to tears at wearing yet another jeans + old school jacket combo? Don a black leather jacket, black skivvy, skinny Levi's, a pair of Ray Bans and a filthy menagerie of gold rings, and you'll be knocking on the door to her heart in no time. Start talking about

hydrofoils, the English Channel and the greater good of mankind, and not even a brush with impotence could lower your chances at a second date.

When Hollywood is promoting a plethora of shoddy romps involving more close ups of George Clooney than humanly necessary, you know it's time to find glory and wonder in the rich, the powerful and the devilishly good natured. And considering that Sir Richard Branson has even managed to guest star on *Friends* and *Baywatch*, why would we even consider emulating any old B-grade reject of Alyssa Milano? With a personal wealth estimated at nearly 3 billion dollars, Richard Branson is the real life James Bond (without all the whole secret agent shenanigans) and the coolest millionaire businessman to hit the newsstands since Donald Trump and his infamous hairpiece. As his granny said to him in perhaps the most fittingly accurate use of a Hallmark slogan in the history of mankind, "You've got one go in life, so make the most of it". By Jove, he may have done just that.

#### Steph Mountzouris

### What's Hot

Being inhumanely afraid of commitment.

Partially shaved legs. Superfluous body hair is seriously the only way to do summer this year. Yay naturalism!

The Fashion of Oppression: Hitler's Nazi Stormtrooper uniform vs. Stalin's Soviet Russia garb (thanks Oz).

### What's Not

Metrosexual Mohawks. You know the kind... shaped and chiseled to oblivion with a hefty lashing of bleach for good measure. Walk into Whistles and see them congregate like a pack of vultures. A disease of the modern condition, I tell you.

Nature. All that sunshine, grass and shit. Who needs chlorophyll when you can buy true love at your local Woolworths?

Girls who didn't take my advice and are STILL wearing ugh boots and miniskirts. Was one warning really not sufficient enough to tell you that you look like you're perennially getting it on at The Exchange? You people make me sick.



# AFTERNOON OF THE ELVES

Windmill Performing Arts and State Theatre  
At Dunstan Playhouse  
Until September 4

The magic of childhood dreams is touchingly questioned in Windmill's "family" production, *Afternoon of the Elves*. Under the direction of Seattle Children's Theatre's Linda Hatzell, the playhouse stage is filled with the excitement and energy of after-school fun, as the cool clique of my primary school memories begin to battle with the individualist outsider. The play progressively darkens as we meander further down the garden path, but York's subtle and layered writing ensures that the simple message of acceptance and the uplifting, if painful, story can be expertly expressed.

The experts are the schoolgirls, "the mighty three" (Katherine Fyffe, Emily Hunt and Ursula Yovich) who do everything alike. Except, Hillary (Hunt) suddenly thinks differently after talking to the recalcitrant and rough Sarah Kate (Amber McMahon) about a 'private' matter occurring where their two backyards meet. McMahon and Hunt have an undoubted chemistry

which balances the fire of their characters' individual searches for acceptance, with the girls' childish hopes in the wonder and the magic of the world. Hunt commands the physicality of Hillary perfectly and eloquently controls the moving emotions. McMahon plays Sarah-Kate's tenderness and spirit with great maturity and when acting with Hunt, the dynamic is irresistible.

As is Mary Moore's amazing maze of a set, which provides all the groomed gardens, elvish towns, and houses needed for the adventure. The design is effective and visually stunning, adding another magical element to the play as a whole. This magic is complimented by the afternoon sun lighting, designed by Mark Shelton, and the subtle but haunting sounds of Glyn Lehmann's composition.

And *Afternoon of the Elves* is both haunting and subtle. For all the charming acting of the 'children' and the comedic moments of Rory Walker as the fussy father, this play is captivating because of its seriousness and because of its ideas. It is multi-faceted to cater for different crowds, but all should be able to find an identifiable moment or memory in this clever exploration of the spirit of a child struggling to survive.

Raf



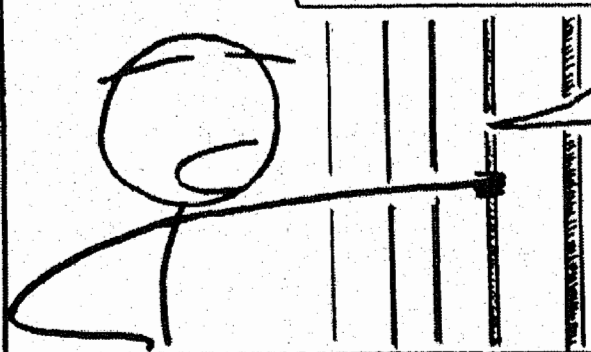
Write us some bloody arts articles you lazy sonofabitch!

the value-packed adventures of...

by Sam O'lechnowicz

INSERT POIGNANT WITTICISM HERE!

LAST WEEK, MAGNETBOY HAD THE COUNT TRAPPED! HOWEVER, SOMEONE KNOCKED OUR HERO OUT FROM BEHIND & NOW HE IS IMPRISONED!

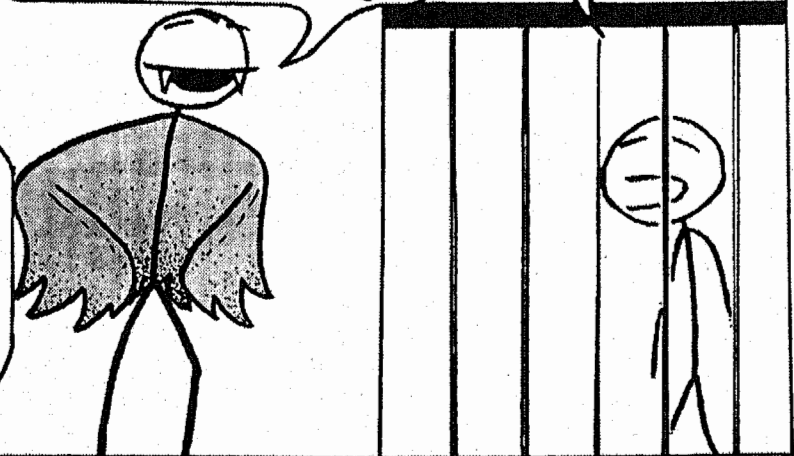


OH-YOOHOO! COUNT EVILOVIC! EITHER RELEASE ME OR TELL ME ABOUT YOUR SECRET EVIL PLANS NOW PLEASE...

THE COUNT APPROACHES THE CAGE..

but magnetboy! dont ju vant to know who attacked ju in ze dark alley?

OKAY, WHO WAS IT?



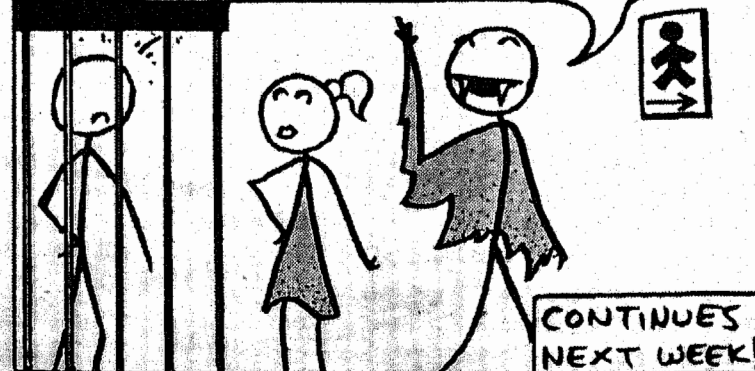
it vas your von true love-MAGGIE!

IT'S TRUE. I AM IN COHOOTS WITH THE COUNT.

MAGGIE! HOW COULD YOU?



but anyway. now, i must go make pee-pees.. i vill leave maggie to interrogate and torture you and whatnot. and soon i vill be back to make more evil!!!



CONTINUES NEXT WEEK!



# Cornelius the Alchemist

In a dank boardroom, high above the once golden boulevards of Hollywood, a coven of small gnomish men sit around a large ovular table. The room is cavernous and unwelcoming. They titter and hiss at each other, occasionally leaping to their feet and exclaiming in their boldest voices things that they have heard echoing from the corridors of the offices of Junior Vice Presidents. They hurl phrases and buzz words at each other, like "You're just not a team player Bob!"

"What are the demographics for this thing?"

"How are we supposed to sell this?" and

"I don't know, that all sounds a little 'arty' to me".

Behind their bloodshot eyes their rodent minds race, running after that distant oasis, an original idea.

One man sits apart from the rest, beneath quicksilver shadows that cover his entire face. He's visible from the neck down and is immaculately dressed. Surprisingly however, he doesn't have the aura of refinement that is ordinarily assumed of one of such high purchasing power. Instead, an invisible fog of tawdry malevolence surrounds him. To gaze at him is look upon the most divine actualization of corruption and greed; he's like the bastard love child of Henry Ford and DW Griffith. His most striking feature is his hands, punctuated by their callused, stubby fingers - custom built for strangulation. The pack of gnomes before him are hyper aware of his presence and perform to him, hoping to endear themselves to this deity of capitalism.

One of the more portly of the gnomes, a desk monkey named Cornelius, rises to his feet and peers out upon the room from behind his glasses. The wolfish eyes of his colleagues quickly fix upon him and the room is enveloped in the most deafening of silences. In a squeaky voice and racked with nervousness and trepidation he submits his idea. With an unexpected grace and poise he explains to the group, and to the austere mannequin in the corner, that "superheroes are big right now, and that they have huge 'market share' and 'marketability'". He continues on, unsure if his colleagues are ready to lynch him or carry him off on their shoulders. He carefully outlines that if they are wise with their handling of the phenomena, they could make a thousand movies about superheroes, each one fantastically shittier and more

formulaic than the last, and reap huge sums. They'd be rich, richer than the five kings of Europe! And all thanks to a few cartoons of flamboyantly camp men with their undergarments on the outside.

The attention of the coven now turns to the man in the corner, their commander and chief. None of them bother considering for themselves whether or not it is a good idea, because soon they will know, he will tell them, and all will be well. With the assured composure of Caesar himself, his authoritative hands form a thumbs up and from the darkness his gravelly voice bellows: "Superheroes it shall be!"

Cornelius raises and broadens his shoulders out of the defensive slump into which they had fallen and a smirk spreads across his face, and rasps, "You like it master, I've done well haven't I?"

"Indeed" bellows the response from the corner. "What other genius do you have for us Cornelius? Don't withhold your brilliance from us now."

"Well sir, I have other ideas, ways that we can churn out movie after movie, with absolutely no effort required on our part." There is a brief pause, and a chuckle comes from beneath the shadows. Cornelius leans forward, thinking he has done something please and amuse his demonic lord. "Impossible!" comes the earth shattering reply "Do you consider yourself an *alchemist* Cornelius? No effort, no originality, bah! What you speak of is the Holy Grail, you blaspheme! Get out of my sight!"

After recovering from the devastating reply Cornelius meekly offers, in the most submissive voice he can muster, "Sir, I have no such goal, blasphemy was never my intention, and I understand why you react so harshly, but truly sir, there is a way."

The room is silent again, as silent as a tomb. For a moment Cornelius thinks he has been struck down and killed for the twin sins of blasphemy and dissent. Just then, his master's voice commands again, even more vehemently and insanely than before "Continue then! You can fall no farther in my consideration!" Cornelius then explains, with a regained levelness, that there is a whole pile of movies that *other* people have made, that can be copied, 'remade' if you will.

The room immediately notices the genius of his conception and begs him to continue, squeaks of "bravo!" and "super!" seep out from the dark crevices of the chamber. "You see" Cornelius asserts, "It cuts out all the stuff that gets in the way, you know, the creativity". He knows he has done well and rocks proudly back and fourth on his heels. The others collected around the table swoon in admiration and a couple of them lean over in an attempt to touch the hem of Cornelius' garment. His once vitriolic boss simply mutters "Brilliant. Genius. I see I have mistaken you good sir, you truly are the blessed one they speak of"

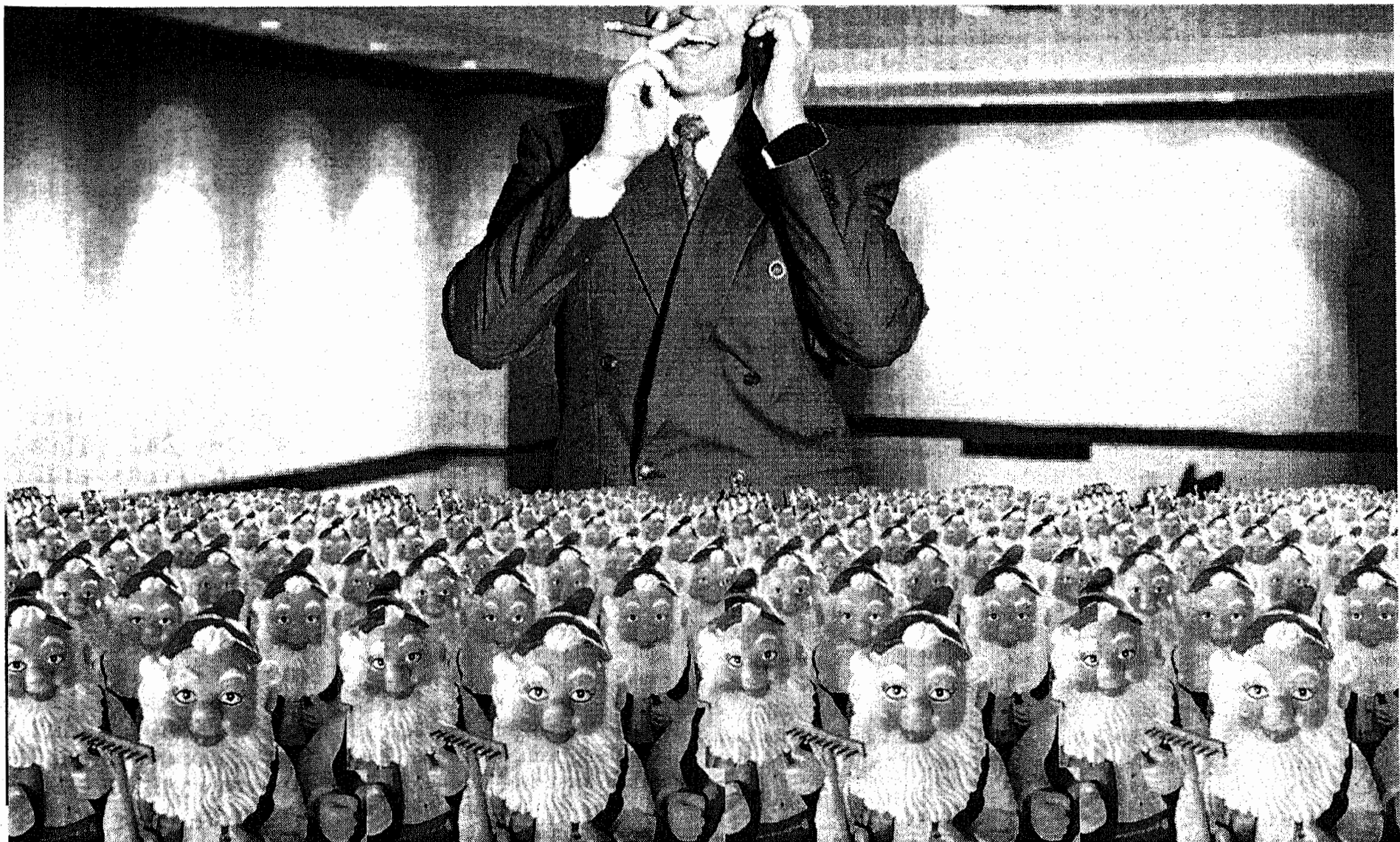
Another curmudgeonly man sitting across the table, known to all by the name of Alfred, scoffs at this assertion and says, "the one the prophecy speaks of is said to bring us three insights, this impostor only has two, if he truly is the anointed one, he would have more words, equally as intoxicating as what we have already heard, this man is but a mere impostor".

"I am no such thing!" screams Cornelius, devastated by such an assertion, and he proves as such, saying, "When a movie ends, why must that be it? It's merely an arbitrary point, what if we could make the movie continue, and make people pay again to see it? You see! We *double* ticket sales! I call these economic miracles 'sequels'".

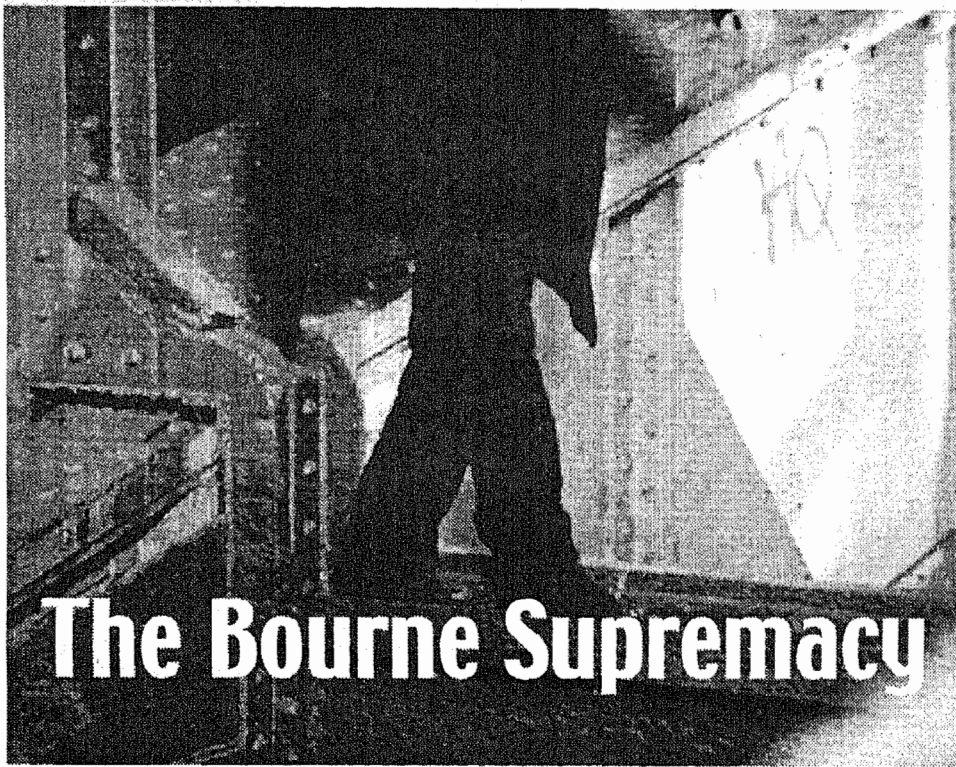
At this point the room breaks into rapturous applause. Men who previously have never in their life shown affection toward anything other than inanimate objects run over and throw themselves at Cornelius' feet. He looks over to the corner, to see the reaction of his master. Any fortune and reward will be worthless without his approval. "You have done well my son" he mutters, "You have made an old man proud". He stands and walks over to Cornelius, exiting the shadows that had kept him perpetually cloaked. Cornelius now sees his face for the first time, illuminated and radiant with gold fever. They embrace, they know they have done it, the world is theirs, and they have a virtual license to print money!

No one can stop them, least of all you.

**Danny Wills**







## The Bourne Supremacy

On a long and stressful flight home over Christmas last year I attempted to watch *The Bourne Identity*. Unfortunately, the action blockbuster failed to enthrall me and I was forced to spend countless hours playing old skool Mario Bros on Malaysian Airlines excellent computer games network, while cursing the inability of said airline to provide decent celluloid entertainment. So it was with some trepidation that I entered the delightfully crumbling Capri theatre to watch the second instalment of Robert Ludlum's Jason Bourne trilogy. I've long been a fan of Matt Damon, and I tend to believe his skills as an actor range far beyond the confines of the action genre. *The Bourne Supremacy* proved this to me. Hackneyed, dry and as dull as a lunchtime soiree with the Kirabili Krew, Paul Greengrass' interpretation of *Bourne II* proved to be two hours of my life I will never retrieve.

The film began promisingly. A covert CIA operation is thwarted by a couple of rogue Russians who cause a fair bit of carnage and set Bourne (Matt Damon) up for the fall. Vowing vengeance, op leader Pamela Landy (Joan Allen) sets up a taskforce to retrieve the lost amnesiac troublemaker. Meanwhile, the Russians are dispatching their baddest badass to the Indian tourist mecca of Goa to take Bourne out once and for all. Bourne and his main squeeze Marie (Franka Potente) have been hiding out by the beach, soaking up the rays and trying to deal with the fact that Bourne has no idea who he is. When the Russian shows up, Bourne's old CIA instincts kick in (apparently a well muscled man in cheesecloth spells TROUBLE) and he and Marie make a break for it. Some confused plans follow regarding blowing up a bridge and escaping the gun toting, ill-dressed assassin, whilst simultaneous discussions of moral choice and escapism ensue. Unfortunately,

Marie is iced before she has a chance to guilt trip Bourne further and their car plunges off of the aforementioned bridge. As Bourne displays an amazing disregard for oxygen deprivation, Marie's body floats off into the muddy water. Everyone is sad.

Twenty minutes in and we've hit the most exciting part of the film.

Sadly, everything after Marie's death is a baby step towards the end of a long and tortuous film. I find it difficult to actually recall the events in any chronological order, as each boring and incomprehensible scene blends into the next. I think there was something in there about a CIA conspiracy and a secret assassination, but that seems to be fairly par for the course in any action film concerning covert government operations. Herein lies the fundamental flaw of Greengrass' painful movie – everything seems to have been lifted out of *The Dummies Guide To Making a Crap Action Film*. Amazingly, Tony Gilroy's script even points out the pathetic nature of the formulaic script when Pamela Landy is accused of speaking as if from a spy novel. About the only impressive parts are the city scape shots, and even they get tired and old after awhile.

So that you don't have to see the movie, here is a handy summary for your brain to absorb.

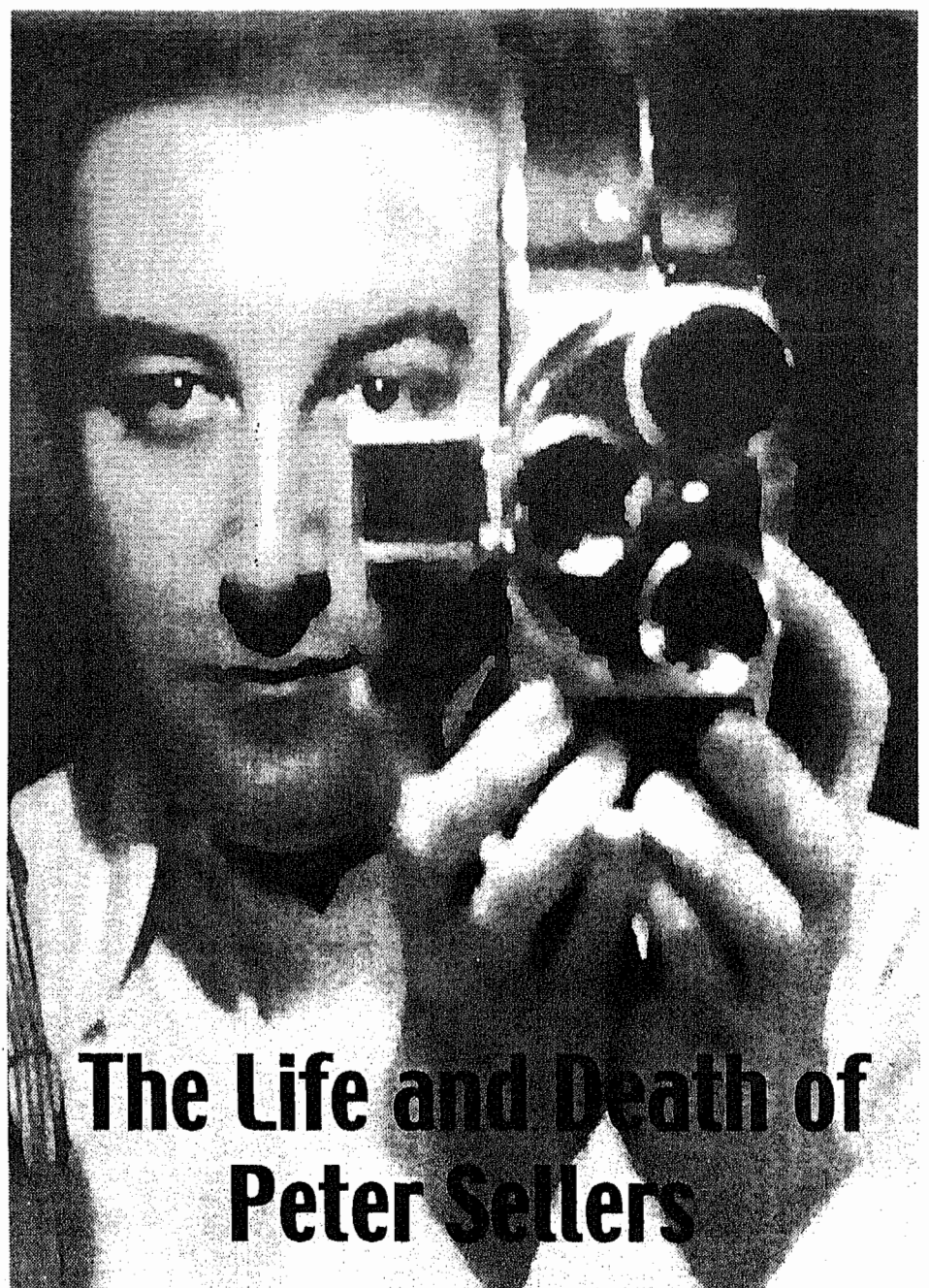
Amnesiac special agent is framed (again) for crimes he didn't commit. After his bit of stuff is killed, he travels into the heart of the beast to discover what the fuck is going on. Lots of people die. Lots of crap dialogue is said. He clears his name, but still has no idea who he is. Julia Stiles is crap as usual.

Length of film: 120 minutes

Length of feeling: 6000 hours

\*\* (an extra half a star for being slightly better than *Spiderman 2*)

Clementine



## The Life and Death of Peter Sellers

*The Life and Death of Peter Sellers* has a splendid mixture of comic exuberance and dark drama – much like the fractured personality of Peter Sellers. Yet even though the scenes work well standing alone, as a whole they create an emotionally and thematically confusing film.

Inspired by Roger Lewis' biography, the film follows the life of British comedian Peter Sellers (Geoffrey Rush). Introduced to Sellers when he is a radio star on *The Goon Show*, we soon learn of his aspirations to feature in films. His career is launched when he steals the show in *The Pink Panther*. *The Life and Death of Peter Sellers* also reveals Sellers' tumultuous personal relationships from his first marriage to Anne (Emily Watson, in another solid performance) to his second marriage to Britt Ekland (Charlize Theron, mastering the accent wonderfully). Throughout his career and personal life, Sellers appeared to have been a tortured genius. The film shows that the tragedy of his life was that by taking on so many characters – he disappeared as a man.

Rush delivers a colourful and layered performance; his portrayal reveals why Sellers was both loveable and frightening. Sellers' relationship with his mother Peg (Miriam Margolyes) is one of the film's most interesting themes. Peg's drive for her son to have a successful career certainly

contributed to his hardened and often ugly character.

It is a bad sign when you wish a film had ended an hour earlier. *The Life and Death of Peter Sellers* will be particularly enjoyable for those who followed Sellers' career and can understand all the cameos and references. For most however, the film will seem like a portrait of a very troubled and selfish man. *The Life and Death of Peter Sellers* needed more of an essential ingredient – the comedy that made Sellers a star.

2 ½ stars

Simone Bannister

**Danny does film for On Dit. He's alright. Pretty amiable guy really. Anyway he told me that if I had an extra space in this here section, that I should ask for some more keen reviewers. Good lookin' ones. Well he didn't say good lookin', but everything else. Promise.**





**Dr Laura Schlessinger is a US broadcaster who dispenses advice to people who call her radio show. This is a letter from an appreciative listener:**

Dear Dr Laura

Thank you for doing so much to educate people regarding God's law. I have learned a great deal from your show, and I try to share that knowledge with as many people as I can. When people try to defend their homosexual lifestyle, for example, I simply remind them that *Leviticus 18.22* clearly states it to be an abomination. End of debate. I do need some advice from you, however, regarding some of the other specific laws and how to follow them.

a) When I burn a bull on the altar of sacrifice, I know it creates a pleasing odour for the Lord (*Le 1.9*). The problem is my neighbours. They claim that the stench of the entrails and burning flesh is not pleasing to them. Should I smite them in God's name?

b) I would like to sell my daughter into slavery, as sanctioned in *Exodus 21.17*. At this point of time, what do you think would be a fair price for her?

c) I know that I am allowed no contact with a woman while she is in her period of menstrual uncleanness (*Le 15.19-24*). The problem is, how do I tell? I have tried asking, but women seem to take offence at the question.

d) *Le 25.44* states that I may indeed possess slaves, both male and female, provided they are purchased from neighbouring nations. A friend of mine claims that this applies to Mexicans but not to Canadians. Can you please clarify? Why can't I own a Canadian?

e) I know from *Deuteronomy 23.18* that I am allowed to pimp for a prostitute provided I do not use the proceeds to purchase a beast for sacrifice at God's altar, for, as we well know, that would be an abomination in his sight. Do you think you could sort out the civil authorities in this matter so that they may walk in step with God?

f) I have a neighbour who insists on working on the sabbath. *Exodus 35.2* clearly states that he should be put to death. Am I morally obliged to kill him myself?

g) A friend of mine feels that even though eating shellfish is an abomination (*Le 11.10*) it is a lesser abomination than homosexuality. I don't agree. Can you settle this argument for us?

h) *Le 21.20* states that I may not approach the altar of God if I have a defect in my sight. I have to admit that I wear reading

glasses. Does my vision have to be 20/20, or is there some wiggle-room here?

i) Most of my male friends get their hair trimmed, including hair around their temples, even though this is expressly forbidden by *Le 19.27*. How should they be put to death?

j) I know from *Le 11.6-8* that touching the skin of a dead pig makes me unclean. But may I still play football if I wear gloves?

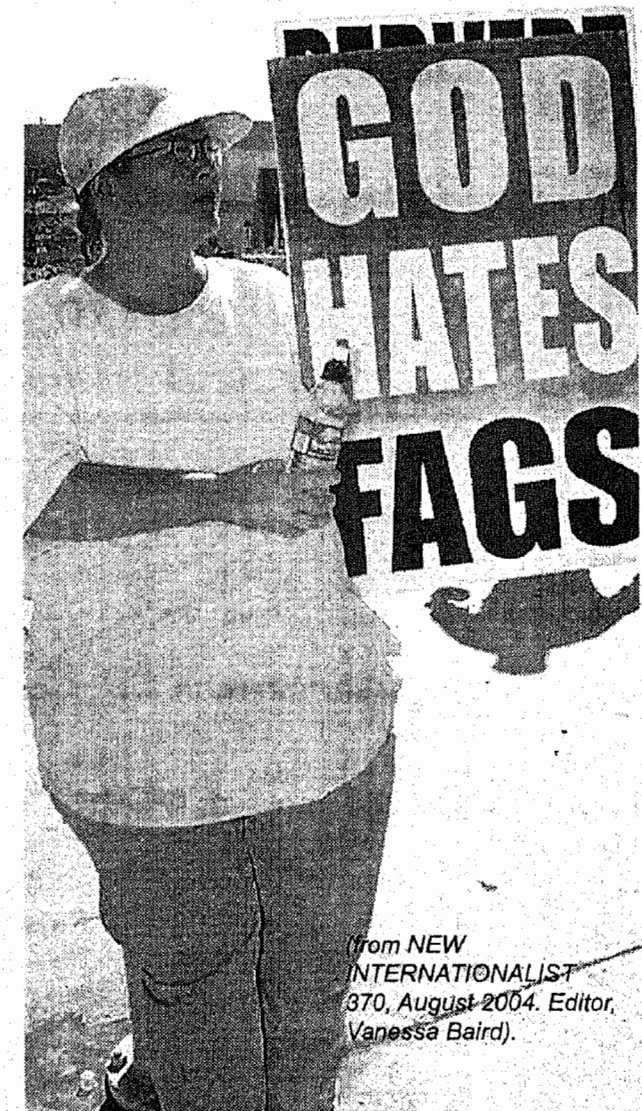
k) My uncle has a farm. He violates *Le 19.19* by planting two different crops in the same field, as do his wife and daughters by wearing garments made of two different kinds of thread (cotton/polyester blend). Is it really necessary that we go to the trouble of getting the whole town together to stone them (*Le 24.10-16*)? Would it be kosher to visit sudden and violent death upon them at a private family affair like we do with people who sleep with their in-laws (*Le 20.14*)?

l) Some of my friends are given to blaspheming, and I know from *Le 24.16* that they must be put to death. I ask you for guidance here as to whether they should be stoned or burned. Which do you recommend?

I know that you have studied these things extensively, so I am confident that you can help. And thank you for again and again reminding us that God's word is eternal and unchanging.

Your faithful listener

B. Amboozled.



(from *NEW INTERNATIONALIST* 370, August 2004. Editor, Vanessa Baird).

# Ask Dr Laura Religious advice for Religious People



wolf and cub  
iron man and  
skull  
hit the jackpot  
sat 21st @  
fowlers live

wanna gig-  
cd review-  
plug?  
let us know  
onditmusic  
@yahoo.com.au

You'd think a line up that boasts 'Hey, promising local bands!!' would attract more heads than the few that greeted Hit the Jackpot to the Fowlers stage. HTJ stumbled through their brand of stripped down, guitar and drums, indie-pop. It's not hard for this band to command attention, i.e. they play cool short ditties, and yeah they've got likeable tunes. However, on this occasion, I couldn't help feeling torn between endearment and feeling a little let down. Unfortunately the delivery was marred by stops'n'starts, lost timing, and microphone level issues, although the endearingness came across in their clever songs and the 'ah well' approach to it all. The guitar sounded great through the substantial PA, especially the thick gravy fuzz of Kynan's power chords. It was clearly the glue of the performance and reminded me of how good a sole guitar can sound played very loud. Likewise the vocals and drum power of brand new face, was the notable highlight that saved what would have been an otherwise

lacklustre set.

It's difficult to witness HTJ in the wake of their Sonic Youth support, as one expects a little from them.

However, it seemed to me that I found such expectations an over hyped distraction from what should really be taken as a cool new band and not the latest conquerors of indie-pop.

Iron Man and Skull were next up, and as the crowd grew so did the curiosity. The stage was adorned

with percussion: big African drums, bongos, cymbals, chimes, and smaller bongos (that annoying people usually think they can play). The five piece, now calling themselves Headdress of Neon Flames, took to the stage like a bunch of wayward voodoo shamen, conjuring up a spell of rumbling rhythms and eastern flavour. Progressing through what I assume was a fairly open and improvised agenda, they incorporated a snake charmer's tin flute, tribal shouting, and low level-white noise synth freak outs. The direction was focused by the excellent driving grooves of their drummer Nick and the threatening telecaster jangle of main man Leni. Lyrically I was quite amused by such lines as "drink the black sperm of my vengeance" and found myself stepping out of the mushroom harvest for a while. They ended things with a layered collage produced by tweaking the fuck out of all their effects, tapes, vinyl noise and the odd scream.

Thankfully a nice enough crowd had amassed by the time Wolf and Cub were ready to rock, and rock they did. Wolf and Cub's energy struck me as the obvious attraction to their music. They maintained it well with solid driven bass lines and by interchanging their two percussionists, a drummer and bongo/percussion player.

of guitarist Joel was used quite uniquely. I liked the way he mixed his rapid, mid range hammer-ons with slower, circular, distorting harmonics. Visually, he maintained a spectacle with a passionate performance, very reminiscent of a young Tim Rogers. Although the effort roared like a steam train they ran the risk of not mixing it up enough, treading the fine line of having it all sound kinda the same. Still, it capped off what was a good, if early, night.

## some local gigs to check out

### thurs 2nd:

Lines of Departure, Wolf and cub, Diplomat @ Crown and Anchor

### fri 3rd:

the phobias supporting mick hart @ Jive

**duck duck goose:** iron man & skull, pat saracino, pistol whipped and J dubbz/instar @ the Gov

James Henry, the yearlings @ FAD

### Sat 4th:

Mirrorline, Tommygun, Before the Aftermath @ the Jade Monkey  
Mere Theory (EP launch), The Hot Lies, Hi-End Audio, Shane Shepherd @ Enigma

### Sun 5:

The New Pollutants @ Jive

## local music quiz:

1. Band that had an insanely long residency at the Exeter on Monday nights?
2. According to The Mark of Cain there's "Three ways to die". What are they?
3. Name one Superjesus album that isn't shit?

1. kenny's window  
2. the 1st: man made,  
2nd: nature, and the  
3rd: well she's at  
home with your best  
friend (from the song  
'pointman')  
3. quite a tough one  
!sn't it?!

## Answers:



# The Phobias

Interview with Wayne Palmer, singer/guitarist from Adelaide post-alternative-art-rock band The Phobias.

**Q:** Does the whole band have a phobia of anything, spiders, interviews, Mum finding punctured Mariah Carey blow-up doll under your bed?

**A:** Yeh, a phobia of the 'local' music industry continually kicking itself in the balls all the time with things like 'Battle of the Bands'. What the hell is a battle of the bands? I had the misfortune of seeing one once, one of the bands that played and ironically won, got up & slagged Australian Idol. That's a bit hypocritical in my opinion, what is the difference? Everyone's opinion is important, unique and should be equally valued. When you subject the opinion to a few people you undermine the meaning of art. I could go on, but I won't =]. I also won't mention our bass player is judging one this week.

**Q:** When's your next gig?

**A:** Friday September 3rd @ Jive. We are supporting Mick Hart from NSW and we are very excited. He has supported Bob Dylan, Gomez, Zwan & Audioslave, which is rather impressive & very diverse. We were very surprised to hear that they wanted use our backline, mainly because he is flying in. It's going to be interesting to hear what our equipment sounds like through front of house.

**Q:** Are you fans of anyone you are going to or have support/ed?

**A:** Definitely, we supported Evermore from NZ not too long ago and they are the most intelligent kids I've spoken too in a while. Both bands kept asking the other about some of their 'sound-secrets', and we were both knowledgeable enough to detect that the other party was lying. It was quite entertaining, in the end everyone just had big smiles on their faces. We'd like to support them again when they become as big as Dave Dobbyn.

**Q:** When was the band conceived, where, and how?

**A:** Like most half decent bands, we formed by leaving crapper bands. Something like this took place at the start of the year. We used to practice

out the back of the Hilton Hotel on South Rd, where we spent more time eating chicken palms and talking about how idealistic socialism is, rather than actually writing songs.

**Q:** Who will you be voting for in the coming election?

**A:** Certainly not for any ass-lickers.

**Q:** Would you rather play with Radiohead or the Olsen twins?

**A:** Well if we were The Bumblebeez (*who supported Radiohead for their latest Melbourne joint, just in case you didn't know dear readers- SubEd.*) I'd say the Olsen twins, definitely.

**Q:** Describe your music as best as you can utilising ghost metaphors, similies and or double entendres.

**A:** Aren't you the journalist?

**Q:** Disregarding yourselves, who is the best local band around?

**A:** Don't know about the word "best", and I won't speak for all the guys but I'd have to say my favourite band is Mr. Wednesday. They have an ambient electronic thing happening that I believe requires a lot of creativity and intelligence to make it work.

**Q:** Do you have any qualms with the Public Transport System?

**A:** There's no qualms. You have to HAVE a public transport system, before you can have qualms about it. I don't class an O-barn and one tram-line as a PTS, its more primitive than an aqueduct.

**Q:** Describe your song writing process.

**A:** There definitely isn't a process. I'm a believer of trying anything to get a great song out of it. But generally there are two songwriters in the band who shape a concept into a basic song with lyrics, melody, chords and most importantly, feel. Anything less than that is not even worth presenting to the rest of the band, they will just throw it in the bin. I used to play in a band where people would bring me a bunch of chords, I figure if the best you can come up with is a nice chord progression, you should probably find something else to do with your time, like Contiki tours or 'heaven-on-a-boat' cruises. Anyway, everyone then gets involved with polishing and adding to this foundation. All bands members can play everyone else's instruments quite well, its a bit

like Malcolm Blights 97 Crows team, and some of the other guys can even sing a bit as well. So instruments are used predominately like tools. In the majority of our songs, a lot of the parts are written by somebody other than the person performing it. I think

this is a real strength of our band, it promotes diversity.

**Q:** Which one of the following would you most likely bow to under record

company pressure?

(a) changing your band name

(b) getting Shannon Noll to sing lead vocals

(c) a national tour supporting JET

(d) contract to wear Dunlop K26's

**A:** All of the above, since Shannon Noll is on everything lately, I'm sure the record company would demand he sing for us. This would prompt a name

change to prevent ridicule from alternative publications such as On-Dit. Undoubtedly by this stage the companies would want to get some extra-extra mileage out of Jet's older cover songs. This could be achieved with The Phobias and Noll re-releasing covers of them, hence, making them covers of covers of covers. At this stage I would hope to God that we are contracted to Dunlop so I could use them to run far, far away.

**Q:** What is the best public toilet you've ever been in and why?

**A:** Hahahaha, the one at The Gov and I really can't say why, but I guess that gives it away.

**Q:** What's the best venue in Adelaide to play and why?

**A:** Well our sound and songs probably suits the bigger venues such as The Gov, Fowlers and Jive because it has more a stadium vibe to it. But as a front man I've always been a fan of playing to the general public, entertaining people who have never seen you before and are just at the Venue for a beer and want to be surprised. So I'd probably say The Grace Emily or The Exeter, despite the lesser sound quality.

The Phobias will support Mick Hart at Jive on Friday the 3rd of September. For more information visit their website - [www.thephobias.com](http://www.thephobias.com)

# LEIGH STAR DUST

Crown & Anchor  
Sunday 15 August

I love this girl, and if you ever get the chance to see her live, you will too. But, if you have not seen Leighstardust yet, then you cannot have been taking advantage of her live performances on the lawns this year, most recently during Re-Orientation Week and way back in Orientation Week.

I was up for a hot August night (at 11 degrees) and figured the Crown & Anchor was where I would find what I wanted. It was not that I was really clever, I had just seen the posters around in the week leading up to the gig.

Hello Minnesota's front-woman, Leighstardust, has an awesome stage presence and even if you not into girly-pop, she is still worth seeing because she is so funny on stage. Never have I seen a person dedicate so many songs to Meatloaf in one set. Perhaps the funniest line for the evening was when she had finished a song and said "...that song had an ending. My Dad always says to me 'why don't you write some endings?' and I say to him 'why don't you write some songs?'"

The musical highlight of the evening was when she covered the Roy Orbison song "You Got It", complete with a keyboard rendition of that guitar part that everybody loves so much. Her song Jealousy also appeared to be a favourite of the small crowd that still managed to nicely pack the front bar of the Crown & Anchor. The non-musical highlight would have to be the garbage bag full of popcorn that I managed to get earlier that day...but maybe I'll write more on that in a later issue. (*Better hurry, my face is going blue* - Ed)

One thing that I love about solo artists is the way that they can put on a performance that can be so spontaneous with its set list. Throughout her set, Leighstardust would ask, "What do you want to hear next?" then someone in the room would yell out a song and she would play it for them...it's so much more laid back and fun than performances by bands who need to practice for hours to make sure they have a tight set...keep in mind though, that this is not an attack on those musicians who do spend weeks rehearsing before gigs, I admire their motivation.

My only warning for anyone going to a Leighstardust show would be that if you have a sister with a really loud and, er, interesting laugh, then you might not want to take her along, unless you want to be rude and not stand with her, but if you look just like her, then people will make the association anyway. I made this mistake and spent the night thinking "Stop being so funny...everyone keeps looking over here when she laughs!!" (I love you really, sis).

I guess I'll see you at Leighstardust's next gig then??

Julia Kazmierczak

31

## Concrete



## Child

Concrete Child are a tasty dish recently added to Adelaide's platter of talented, newborn bands just starting to play around town. Their style is a very vague mix between epic Godspeed/Constellation rock and something a lot more original and gothic. Horrible clichés cloud my mind in the forms of 'atmospheric', 'powerful' and 'haunting' when trying to describe their sound, which really doesn't do them justice. At times all five members are playing so much that the music is confusing and hurts to listen to - and at other times their crescendos peak at such a zenith it is blissful. Ingenious six-minute songs employ some awesome keyboard effects, and the guitarist is much more of a sound manufacturer than anything chordal. The vocalist can scream horrible banshee style and croon like Como, and both drums and bass players construct intricate lines and ferocious pounds of music. Combine this complicated aural element with the fact they are all tall, skinny dudes with haircuts that border on the mathematical, and the end result is a hell of a show. Their egotistical stage presence and amusing on-stage banter are also a treat.

Concrete Child are playing this Thursday 4<sup>th</sup> at the Jade Monkey with Aclinicline and somebody else.





The Finn Brothers  
*Everyone Is Here*  
EMI

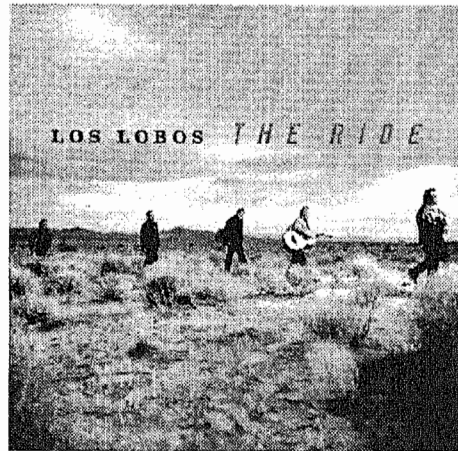
Mmm, pop rock with a cherry on top. I'm passing this album on to my Dad (Happy Father's Day Pops, you're the best!). This is pretty standard fare from these old hands. It's a shame that the opening track, 'Won't Give In' is the chosen single, because I found it to be the weakest link. Sure, the harmony and chord pattern is comforting and pleasant, but it's just a little boring compared to the rest of the tracks. I'm also perturbed by the lack of info accompanying the CD; where's the freakin' booklet guys? Surely you lads didn't play all the instruments! Anyhoo, snaps to the percussion, bass and string players.

The album gathers momentum with the second and third tracks, which are chunkier rock efforts. The fourth track, 'Luckiest Man Alive' has a sexy bass line, but 'Homesick' is funkier, using syncopation on keys and a tambourine (yay!). The trademark Finn brothers' vocal harmony is relentless, and was beginning to tick me off by track 6, but the situation was rectified by 'A Life Between Us', which has a great chord pattern to support the thankfully mostly lone melody (the boys play nice and take turns). Best lyric of the CD goes to toetapper 'All God's Children' which features the line: "...God is a woman..." damn right!

The standout number is 'Edible Flowers' with a stunning arrangement for string quartet and moody piano ostinato, all performed within a minor blues key with a tasty final cadence. The siblings also save their best vocal work for this ballad, showing great tone and intonation, coupled with natural phrasing. The final track reinforces the cruisy Sunday barbie feel. 'Gentle Hum' is syncopated and sparsely layered with keys, accordion, drum kit played with brushes, acoustic guitar and strings. The melody is simple and sweet and the vocal

harmony is the gentle hum (clever). This album may be in danger of lying dormant until Boxing Day, but your rellies will get into it. Besides, doesn't everyone like to see his or her Uncles attempt air guitar?

### Heather is a shuffle junkie.



Los Lobos  
*The Ride*  
Hollywood Records

Scorchio! You kiddiewinks may think your dance music is cutting it, but if you really want to get your groove on, start here. Los Lobos are truly veterans of their craft, fusing Latin flavoured Mexican folk music with blues, soul, gospel and even country and western. Sound a little dodgy? Never fear, this is tidy work. I can honestly say there are no weak links on this album. The band has enlisted several respected guest artists, including Elvis Costello, Tom Waits and Mavis Staples (testify!).

I admit to never hearing of Los Lobos before, but an Internet search provided evidence of their popularity. They have their own polyphonic ringtones! Then there's the music proper. This album includes several classic Latin dance numbers (watch as your friends attempt the salsa!), showcasing an extraordinary rhythm section, and dynamic horns. They also flesh out rock and roll with driving bass lines and tricky time signatures (take that Santana!). Stand out tracks include 'Is This All There Is?' featuring guest vocalist Little Willie G and substantial blues tastiness, and Tom Waits' influence is felt on 'Kitate'; if Dr. Who were made in Mexico, this would've been the theme song. My favourites have to be the ultimate for booty shakin' medley 'Wicked Rain/Across 110<sup>th</sup> Street' with Bobby Womack, sure to be part of a Tarantino soundtrack and 'Someday', a gospel track with guts. Mavis Staples' voice is beautifully weathered, and the boys keep the groove low to show off her bluesy tones.

'Matter Of Time' is a stunning ballad featuring Elvis Costello. Tears are to be expected. Your Mum will love the crooning on 'Somewhere in Time', and your Dad will try to master the surprisingly pleasing country track 'Wreck of the Carlos Rey' on his guitar. Embarrassing but cute. This band makes the music sound effortless, and has fun with their toys. I lost count of how many different guitar pedals and percussion instruments they use.

You can also use this album to your advantage for it's sheer volume. Cursed with a neighbour with an unfortunate taste in music, I appreciated the dynamism and substance of this music greatly. Doof-doof doofus nil (you know who you are), McGinn household one. Play it at your next party, but B.Y.O maracas and tequila.

### Heather



Ministry Of Sound  
*Chillout Sessions 5*  
EMI

If you're after a chillout mix CD, this is another fine installment from MoS. The format remains the same: most of the 'chilling' is done during the first disc before the tempo lifts a little on disc two.

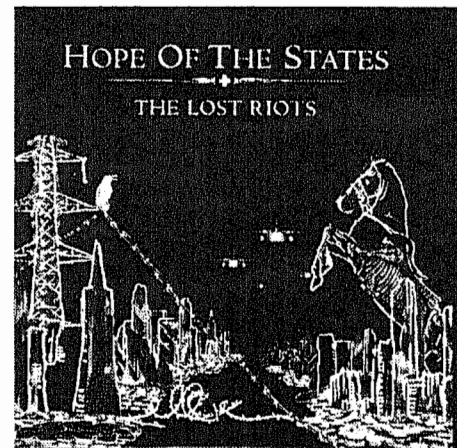
The first CD kicks off with 'Home' by Zero 7, a song that holds its own when compared to *Moon Safari* era Air - and that's no mean feat. Following smoothly is Adelaide's own Sia, with Four Tet's take on her gem 'Breathe Me'. The MoS definition of chillout is also thankfully inclusive of downtempo artists such as Coldplay, Turin Brakes and Jack Johnson, and even Joss Stone's mildly funky cover of The White Stripes' 'Fell In Love With A Girl' gets a run. Add old favourites Lamb, Jamiroquai and the Chemical Brothers and you have a very satisfying first disc.

Highlights on the dancier second disc include Ministry darlings Royksopp, Moloko, Groove Armada and Crazy Penis, albeit with songs fans

would've heard many a time before. The Thin White Duke's pumping remix of Starsailor's 'Four To The Floor' works, and it's good to hear Melbourne's Cut Copy give us 'Future'.

If you're an expert on the genre, then this may serve only as a ready-made compilation CD, although there are enough remixes to give it some added life. But for anyone unfamiliar with the world of chillout, there is definitely no better initiation than the Ministry of Sound series.

### Lachy C



Hope of the States  
*The Lost Riots*  
Sony

If you believe the hype and low-level hysteria, Hope of the States are the next big thing (if not purely because their hip long name shortens to form the even cooler acronym: HOTS. Such is the recipe for band success...) This disc, the English group's debut album, is widely touted as a possible winner of the Mercury Music Prize, Britain's ad hoc Album of the Year. All this despite the tragic suicide of their lead guitarist prior to the mixing of the album. Happily, the group pushed on, with lovely results.

HOTS' style of semi-prog rock is subtly atmospheric and easy on the jilted young ear. Instrumental tracks like the opener 'The Black Amnesias' produce a dark inspiration reminiscent of their snazzy quasi-apocalypse cover art. Listeners of the electric radio may be familiar with their current rousing and rambunctious 'The Red, The White, The Black, the Blue' which moves along at a forceful pace and inspires much bedroom air guitar, on my part at least. All songs are quality, but the lyrics have a tendency to oversimplify and pitch to the LCD of alterna-music listeners. Or maybe I'm just a rabid cynical snob. I like it. I give it 3.5 out of 5.

### Eskimo J.





Jebediah  
Braxton Hicks  
Redline Records

I was a Jebediah fan for the span of their first two releases. Those two will always remain favourites. Back in the days when I was interned temporarily in a tightly regimented fascist regime called high school, I made the effort to see them live a couple of times. They lost me when they released that song with the bagpipes in it.

The first time I listened to *this* album, I realised that my previous penchant for the band was going to make it harder to review. This is mainly because I didn't like it. This is hardly any fault of the bands'. This album may be, unconsciously to me, appealing to a new, younger group of listeners who haven't previously heard Jebediah.

Lyricaly, the content doesn't stray too far from songs like 'Spoil The Show' (*Slightly Oddway*) and 'Please Leave' (*Of Someday Shambles*). While I'm not disputing whether Kevin (singer) is feeling any less pain when he creates his heartfelt words, they just don't seem to carry the same impact. The music doesn't sound like it has progressed technically, although I guess they have incorporated more 'up to date' elements from styles that have been circulating through the hype-media. Occasionally, whole sections of songs ('Loaded Gun') sound like Blink 182 on downers (i.e. slower). The breaks where there are no vocals (which are refreshing on occasions) are more spaced out and relaxed, and are more prone to being filled with strange and sometimes misplaced guitar effects.

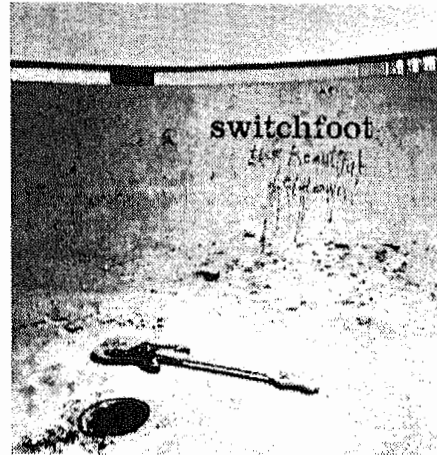
The only song that stuck with me after the first listen was the one I remember liking the least, 'Sew Your Life', which we won't cover in any detail. It feels like I've lost total relationship with this type of music, and there's no way to tell if they've moved backwards or if I've moved away.

The band still plays like the tight unit they've always

been, and all the songs are presented as well rehearsed pieces. 'First Time', to me, is the most attractive prospect present here. It shows the group at their most inventive, and Chris (guitarist) uses his trademark melodically jarring technique that characterises earlier tunes like 'Teflon' and 'Military Strongman'.

Bottom line; get this album if you're a fan of the Jeb's last couple of releases, but not if you're expecting it to be like their debut.

### Tony Marshall



Switchfoot  
*The Beautiful Letdown*  
Sony:Columbia

I really don't know what to make of this group. In some ways the albums' contents hook into me like, but I know that this 'friendly' style of music is also my sworn enemy. There is no way I can be prejudiced towards the group in any way having never heard of them before.

Every single track could be a contender for radio play, on any number of stations (except Triple J, it doesn't sound shitty or untalented enough). They combine, but in no way rip off, the sounds of Coldplay, Grinspoon (the later, sappy crud), and Sugar Ray (the laid back Californian sound, except less annoying). Traces of UK group Feeder can be picked up in the way the singer sounds as well.

Songs are simply constructed and elaborately embellished. While the group is a fairly run of the mill guitar, bass, drums and vocals band, a wide array of studio-generated noises are placed to fill the gaps to the listening pleasure of those of us born in the generation of the short attention span. This combination is sufficient in embedding the songs' viral qualities inside the listeners' mind. However, the songs 'Gone' and 'On Fire', which perhaps shouldn't have progressed beyond the 'ideas stage', do not conform to this.

Tracks to listen to include 'More Than Fine', 'Ammunition' and 'Redemption', of which are the most appealing.

This is the naïve and uniquely American sound that makes for easy driving on a day off, providing the sun is shining brightly and you aren't in traffic thicker than a gorilla's mat of chest hairs.

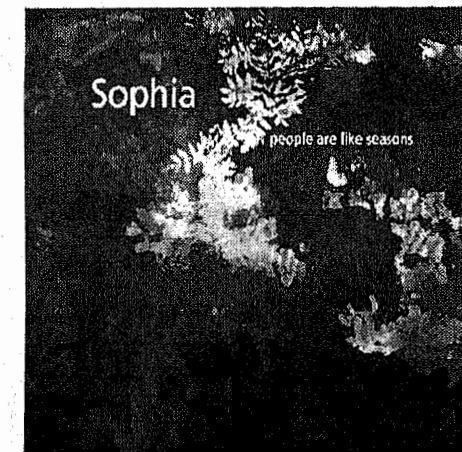
The lyrics are not monumental, but this means they are not pretentious. I was just glad the frontman wasn't using the band as his anger-management program. Surprisingly, the bass lines make interesting listening, and the player is successful in working with the rest of the music and also not just becoming the 'second guitar'.

The singer does a reasonably good job, even if his lines are occasionally a little predictable. While there are some melodies he sings that are comparable to other tunes you've heard before, he can surprise when you least expect it. Finally, the drums do their job and play in time, but do nothing remotely exciting.

I could have been *really* cynical and dissed this CD to the despairing depths of Hades (which it may appear I have already done, if so, try and read between the lines) if:

- a) It weren't for the fact that I've already given enough reviews of that variety until another 'Funk D' Void' album comes along, and
- b) I would still like record companies to send CD's to the OnDit office to review.

### Tony Marshall



Sophia  
*People Are Like Seasons*  
EMI

*People Are Like Seasons* is actually the fourth album that Sophia, headed by Robin Proper-Sheppard, has proffered. And it has been an emotional journey towards this creation.

Proper-Sheppard formed with two fellow high school friends from San Diego a band called "The God Machine", and created an intense contemporary rock

sound. However, before the release of their second album, having a fairly solid launch with the first, one of the band members passed away suddenly.

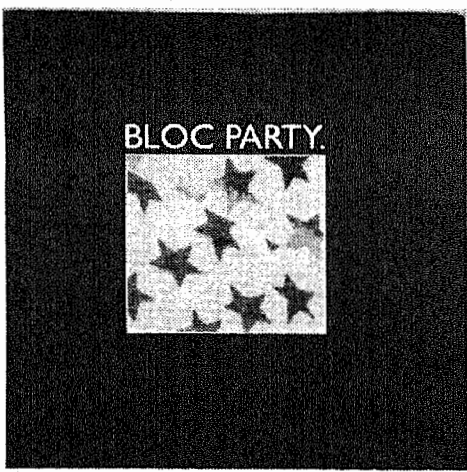
This marked a change in Proper-Sheppard's career as returning to that successful intense sound he had once created was all too painful. But after much experience, recording and progression since 1993, Sophia has finally begun to hedge once again into this sound.

Having said that, the whole album does not reflect this sound, building up and then dropping back. The sound peaks in the middle of the album, with tracks like 'Darkness' and 'If A Change Is Gonna Come' bordering into that intensity. 'Darkness' is especially a notable track, one that plays on in your mind long after its finished. After this the intensity drops off and the music becomes more of a blur. However there is some lovely acoustic work in the last track, 'Another Trauma', and Proper-Sheppard's emotion just seeps through. The fact that people are like seasons is almost reflected in the execution of catchy riffs in almost every track, developing throughout as people would through time, simultaneously exploring relationships as they change and move on yet stay the same. It's a step up from the three previous albums, losing that almost country twang that tinged their looser sound.

On first hearing *People Are Like Seasons* was nothing special, but after a more in depth appraisal the sound really grew on me. What initially seemed a little stilted smoothed over for the most part, though some of the juxtaposed tracks are very stark in contrast, but it's that contrast that makes it a balanced sound.

Jen





Bloc Party  
Self-Titled  
Mushroom

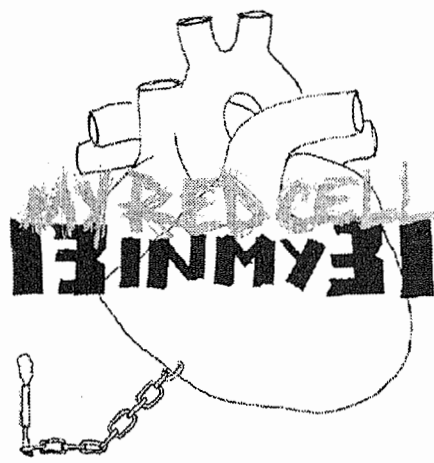
Bloc Party are really a lot like a shitter. Toilets don't have much of an impact on your life until you actually have a bowel movement, and then it is the most amazing and well-designed piece of equipment you could ever hope for. Well, Bloc Party are a latrine and the whole disco punk scene is a bowel movement.

Bloc Party are four of kids from the UK who play immaculately conceived disco-punk anthems, complete with an intentional touch of leftist intellectualism disguised as a love of pop culture. But that ain't bad in the slightest. While they don't push their music anywhere different enough to lift them away from being categorised, they do it a hell of a lot better than other bands. Plenty of "Hey!" chanting, cool disco punk drum beats and that intense, desperate singing style that is only occasionally performed successfully by other bands make Bloc Party a band that I'd like to dance drunk to out on a Saturday night, but fucked if I'd want to cook my dinner to it or chill out with friends to it. Kinda like the Chemical Brothers, I guess.

It's also hip that they have a black front man, named Kele. This generation has been so void of a cool black guys fronting rock bands, especially compared to those that have passed through the ranks of the last four decades.

These guys would be cool, but they have a Bertrand Russell quote on the titlepage of their website, so they suck wax from a pig's inner lobe.

Jimmy Trash



My Red Cell  
13 In My 31  
V2 Records

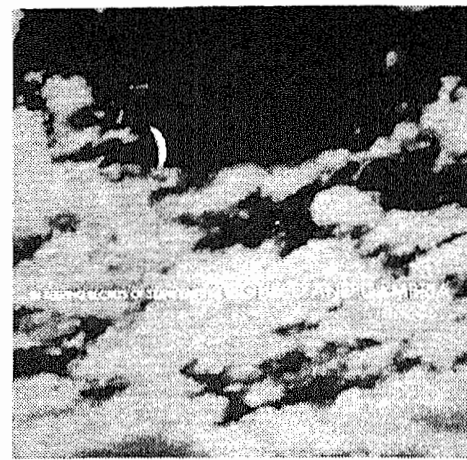
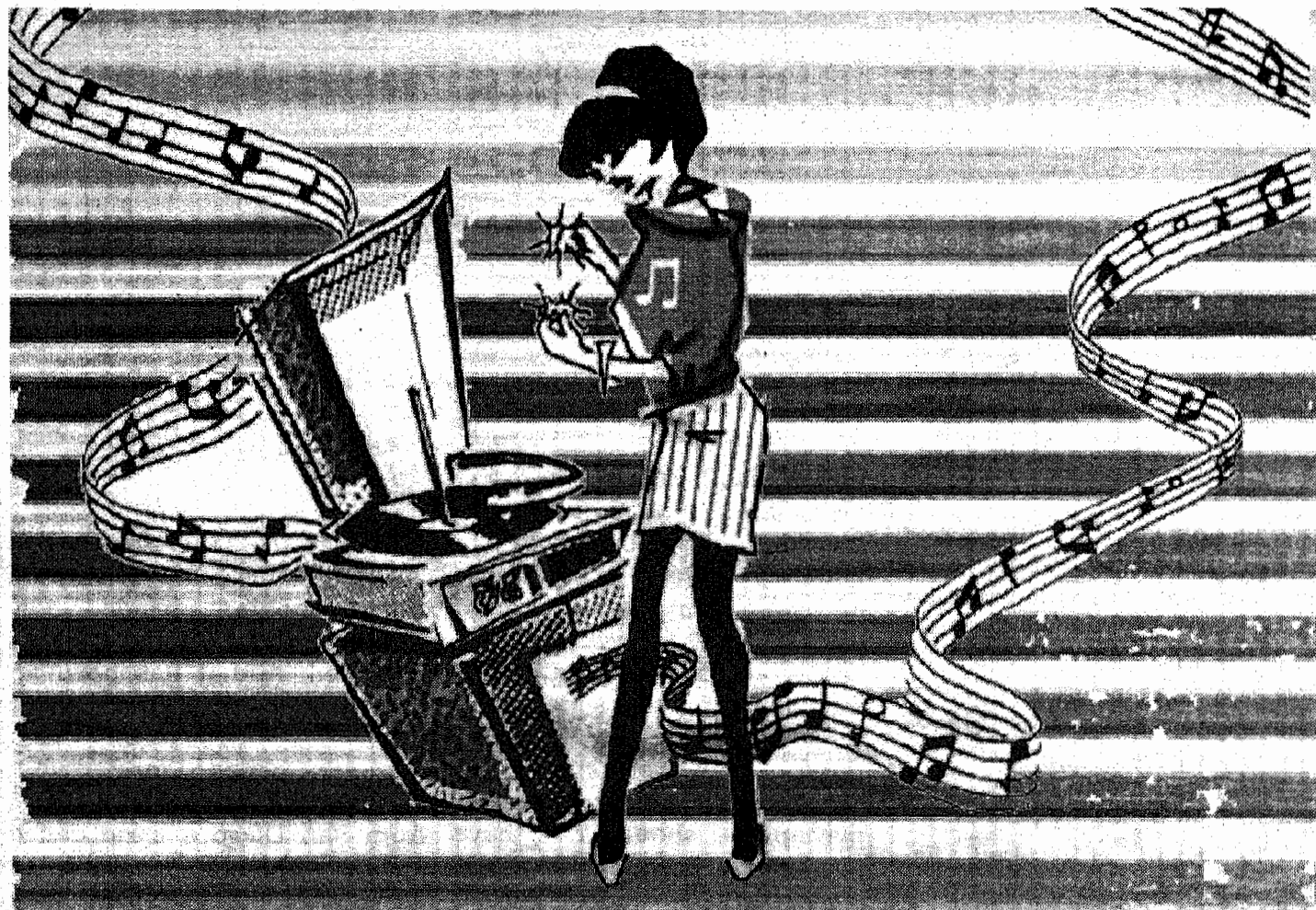
Welcome to the latest manic rock band. While many lyrics here will baffle anyone with any degree, and vocalist Russell Toomey sounds as though he's set to trade his trendy getup for a trim white straight-jacket, *13 In My 31* is an impressive debut release. My Red Cell have the right balance of down to earth and stupid to make this an engaging and entertaining listen without sounding outlandish for the sake of it.

A glance at the lyric booklet with references to knives, guns, bullets, death and broken hearts would give the impression of a decidedly morbid listen, but the lads make these things fun with a melodic jagged-rock sound. But geez that growling, snarling Toomey sounds as though he needs to get his love life straightened up.

Opener and radio single 'In A Cage (On Prozac)' is immediately catchy and rollicking good fun, as Toomey warns "I've got a knife and I know how to use it".

The highlight for mine is 'Knock me down' in which Toomey manages to sound very much like Jack White in a tale of despair over a love gone wrong; in fact *13 In My 31* was actually produced by Liam Watson of The Stripes' *Elephant* fame. Not a bad pickup for a group of teens recording a debut album, albeit after three years of solid touring.

Lachy C



Coheed and Cambria  
*In Keeping Secrets of  
Silent Earth: 3*  
Sony

From the planetary album cover and appropriately convoluted title this album either African tribal beats or an epic rock opera. The dark, floating, Godspeed intro rules out the former before bursting into jagged Texan post-punk with the obligatorily 'power' lyric "Man your battle stations!" *In Keeping Secrets...* plays like a poor metal interpretation of Mars Volta with a vocalist that's spent too much time in a dark room listening to *War of the Worlds*. The combination could possibly have been quite cool but soon the band's long curly heavy metal locks kick in and the album degenerates into corny, larger than life emo-rock mediocrity, dragged along with verbose lyrics. Coheed and Cambria paint such a large thematic picture that they can't help but fail to live up to it. One for all those punk kids with studded belts and obtuse haircuts.

Dan J



# Clubs And Classifieds

Adelaide University Writing Club is coming!

This club will be a great way to meet fellow writers and read and review other people's writing. Our numerous exciting plans can be found on our web site at <http://au.geocities.com/auwriting>. Expressions of interest to [auwriting@yahoo.com.au](mailto:auwriting@yahoo.com.au).

**Stan:** Jimmy, if you want to go to Bang! on Saturday nights and hang with scenester fuckwits then I suggest that you get as much work done during the week so we dont have to be working our asses off at 8.30 on Monday mornings before the courier comes in to pick up the paper. You know you're my brother and all, but this is just not cool.

**Jimmy:** Not now Stan...I have a headache.

## ULTIMATE FRISBEE

This alternative and exciting sport is on offer at YOUR UNIVERSITY! Thats right Adelaide Uni. has their own Ultimate Frisbee Club and we want YOU to come and have some fun playing the Ultimate sport - ULTIMATE Frisbee! What is Ultimate Frisbee? Ultimate Frisbee is a combination of rugby and netball. Players arenot allowed to run with the Frisbee but it must be passed down the field and caught in an 'endzone' which scores your team a point. It involves the quick passing of soccer and netball, the leaping marks of Aussie Rules and the diving catches of

cricket! Sick of BAD UMPRIES? Well be your own umpire and play ULTIMATE. This sport is self umpired AND non-contact! So for more information please contact Stephen Harfield, Adelaide Uni. Ultimate Frisbee Club's President on 0439 852 237 or go to the sports association and pick up a flyer!

## AUUFC 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 spetember? Want somewhere fun to go? COME TO THE AUUFC 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 AUUFC QUIZ NIGHT TROPHY!!! So get a table together today and contact Stephen Harfield on 0439 852 237! SEE YOU THERE!

YOU can get elected, even if your faction doesn't back you, even if your banners are crappy, even if your broadsheet photo makes you look like a 40 year old alcoholic, and you have spelling errors in your flyers. Hell, you can even get elected if you miss the primaries! The most important thing is to make sure ALL of your teeth are showing ALL the time.





Gosh, I hope no one notices the blood on my shoe...

