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Here's Folding Instructions:

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|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|  |  |  |  |
| 1. Blank side up. Fold the page in half along line 1. | 2. Open the paper up again. Fold down corners A and B towards you so that they meet at the centre fold. | 3. Now fold the triangle made by A & B down the blank side. | 4. Take corners C and D and fold them in towards the centre of the page until their points touch E and F respectively. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 5. This is what you should have so far - the printed side is now showing. | 6. Now fold up the little triangle marked "FLAP" so that it covers (and "locks") corners C & D. | 7. Fold the paper back in half along line 1. And you're almost there! | 8. Now fold down the "wings" along lines 4 & 5 so that the two halves of the face meet. |

That's it! You're ready to fly!

On — — Dit

ADELAIDE UNI STUDENT RAG
VOLUME 73 EDITION 8 03/05/05

On Dit

Volume 73 Edition 7 27.4.2005

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

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The Invisible Man

About the cover:

Inspid nods to conservative press

Wanna write?

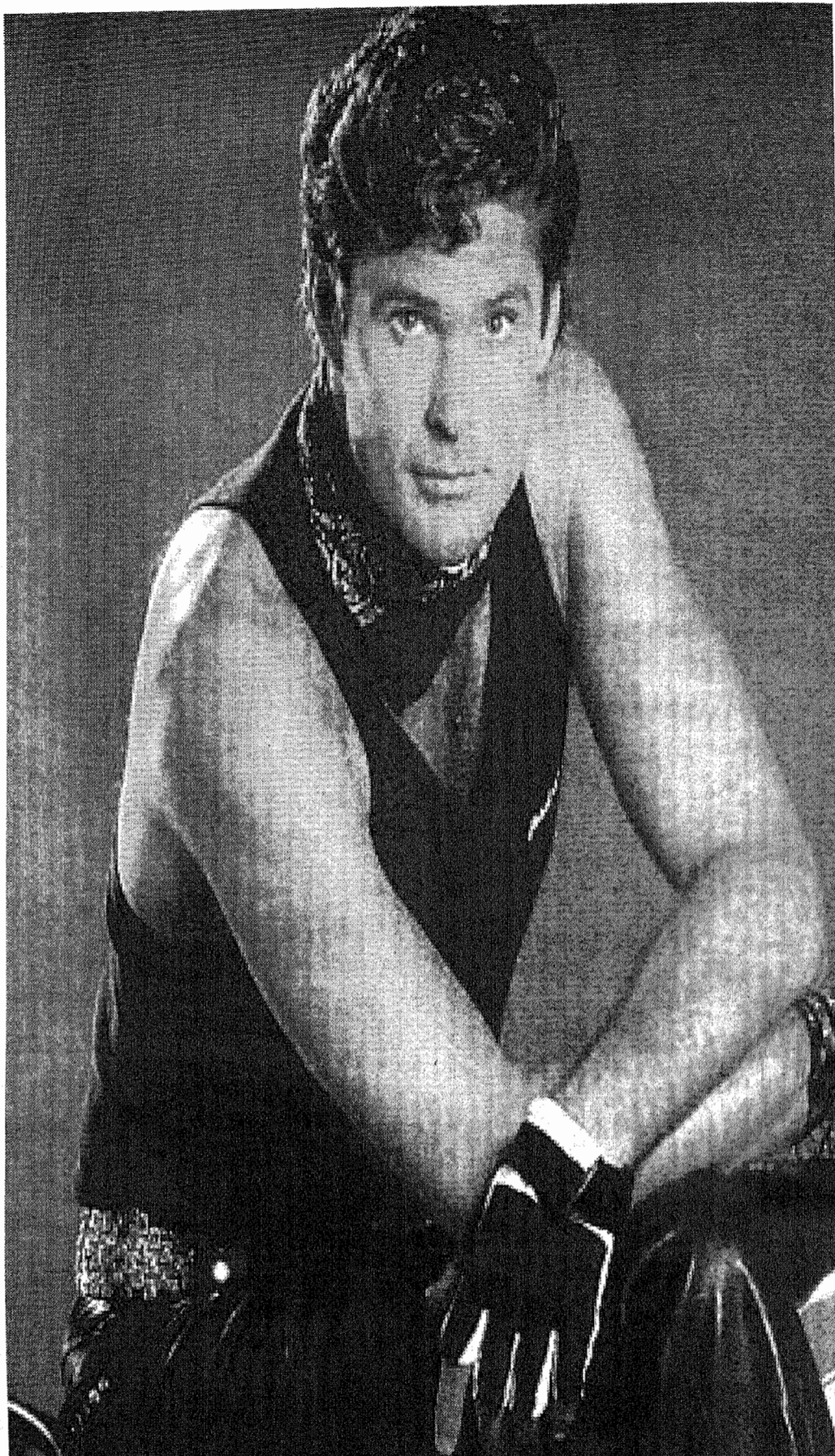
Come down to our friendly little orifice. You'll find us in the basement of the George Murray building just opposite the Barr Smith Lawns and next to the boys' can. If you're still lost, just look for the hobo sleeping on the stairwell. That will be Alexis, the foodie. Otherwise, get in touch with us via email at ondit@adelaide.edu.au or call us on 8303 5404.

Next Edition:

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David Hasselhoff thanks:

Emily from P-Boi, cask wine, Alexis, Anna Svedberg ooh ooh, Helene, Buzzi, David Pearson, Jessica Cronin, Matthew Walton, Melissa Purcell, David Kavanagh, Lavinia Emmet-Grey, Milijana Stodjaninovic, Joel Bayliss, Jennifer Turner, James Byrne, Alexandra Thompson, Josh Rainer, Russell Marks, Kate Walsh, John Pezy, Ross Roberts-Thomson, Christian Winterfield, we are humble before you.



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HASSELHOFF, HASSELHOFF

An ode by Anna Svedberg

David, David, or shall I name thee Mitch
Dr Foster, Snapper or Michael Knight?
Hasselhoff, a name so burly
David, a true man thou art

Within mine chest, behind mine rib
Inside mine bosom pounds a heart
Each throb to the rhythm of your euro styled beat
Each pulse in anticipation for your rap
with Ice-T

In the night I dream of you David
Your body folding into and out of mine
We are origami David
You and I entwine

And I know das Germans adore thee David
But their love doth not compete
For the depth of the Rhine is not comparable
David,
To the intensity of mein heart beat

Oh your naked exquisiteness David
I can but pant at the thought
Of unpeeling thine red, wet, clinging board short

In mine boudoir David, I quiver at thy sight
Your socks softly scrunched against thine bronzed
shin
Your blue eyes expressing the aphrodisia within

I run my fingers over your forehead,
into your sun blessed locks I land
Sea and salt crumbling from above
I am immersed in love and sand

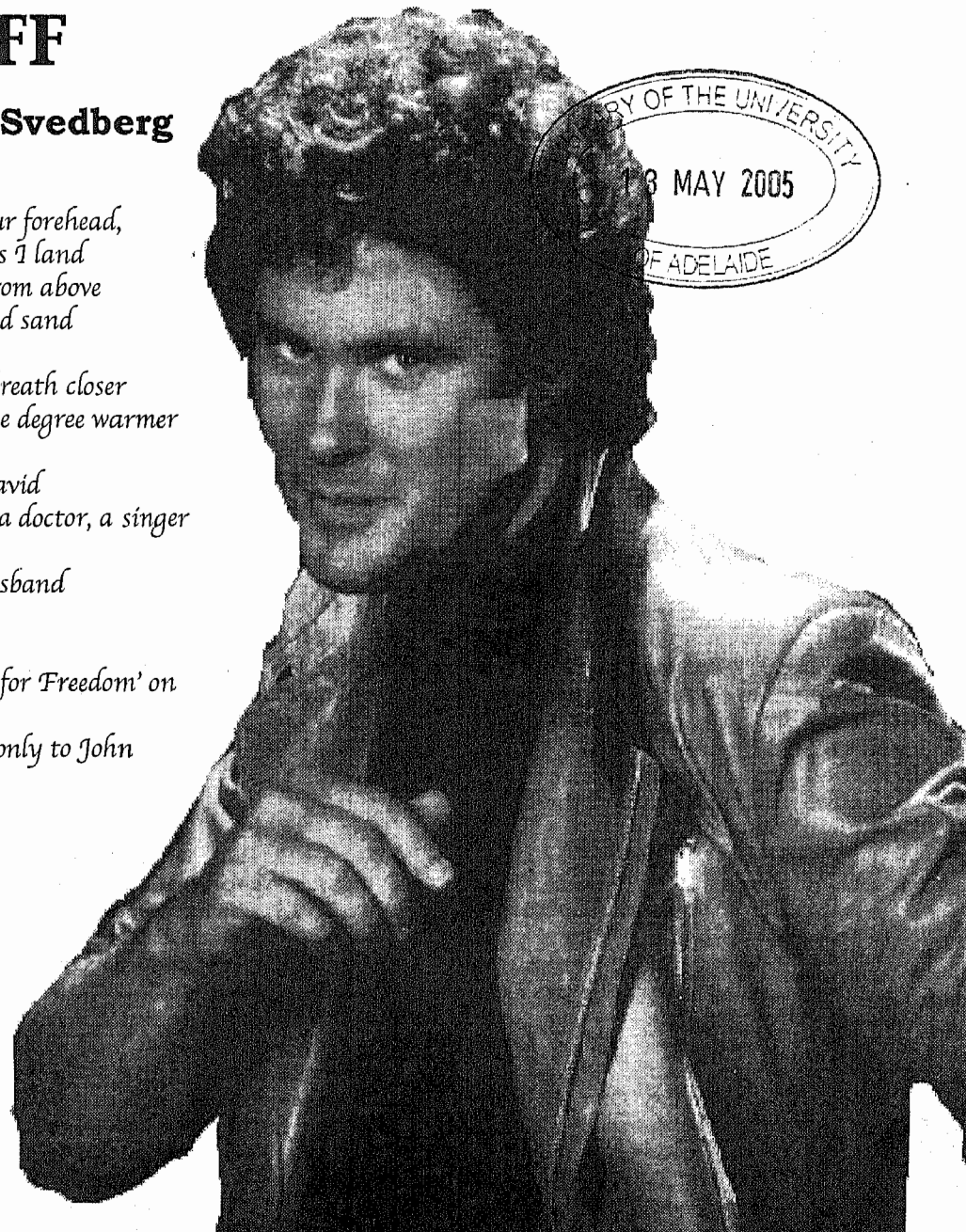
I inhale, our bodies, one breath closer
You exhale, our bodies, one degree warmer

Thou art a chameleon David
An actor, a Knightrider, a doctor, a singer
You are Hassel the Hoff
A lifesaver, a father, a husband

1989 David,
You performing 'Looking for Freedom' on
the Wall in Berlin
Your voice so passionate, only to John
Farnham akin

Your body a weapon
Your muscles robust

David, I feel so hollow
when I awaken to
fathom
The cool of my sheets is
not the kiss of the sea
But only the chasm
where thou will never be
xxx



Hello and welcome to what is arguably the best edition of *On Dit* in its glorious 73 year history! My name is David Hasselhoff. It was such an honour to be invited to edit this edition of your student newspaper. Although I'm a huge star with millions of dollars and more German fans than you can wave a bratwurst at, when the editors of *On Dit* contacted me to help out I just couldn't say no.

Although some might argue it was a significant slide down the ladder of fame to lend my name to such a small fry publication, I felt like it was my duty as self appointed Ambassador for Humanity to help my old friends out in their time of need.

When I discovered the difficult situation the editors had entered into with their Students' Association, I realised it would be selfish, nay, irresponsible for me to commit to anything other than helping them see the light.

See folks, you can't be a star in this world unless you work as part of a team.

Look at *Baywatch*. Beyond its entertainment value, *Baywatch* has enriched and, in many cases, helped save lives. I know that most of the time it seemed like it was just me doing all the work, but despite appearances the whole lifeguard team worked as a solid entity. Without the unrelenting commitment of Pamela Anderson, Erika Eleniak, David Charvet, Carmen Electra and Jason Simons to name a few, all we would have been left with was a fairly tired looking set with generic storylines. It's the effort, the drive, the *unquestionable loyalty* that held the show so tightly together and helped elevate it to the hard hitting, intelligent drama you all came to know and adore. At the end of the day, it didn't matter that I was paid just that little bit more, or that I had a secret veto on storylines that involved David Charvet

getting more hot girl action than myself (the obvious star of the show - after all, I *was* the chief lifeguard). What mattered was we were a *team*, a tight organization of people working for the same grand cause - the chance to make people laugh, cry and often think deeply about deep things.

Working with the editors this weekend, I've tried to impress upon them the great need to respect this team and defer to their wishes. I've helped them realise that sometimes it isn't necessarily to paint a complete picture for their audience - that sometimes, subtlety is the key. Like when my character Mitch and Stephanie used to flirt all the time. Everybody knew we were in love. Heck, we knew it too. But we didn't feel the need to beat people over the head with it.

"It's the same with *On Dit*, guys," I said to them. "Just because you think students have a right to know about some of the things that are happening around them doesn't mean they do. If the Students' Association is trying to communicate to you that some things are best kept on the quiet, well, you gotta respect that man."

All in all, I've had a super fun time acting as Chief Editor this week. It's been really great to be able to act as advisor, mentor and benefactor all in one hit. Plus, I feel I've brought some really special elements to the new look paper, especially with the snapshots of me throughout my long and illustrious career.

Peace and love guys,

David Hasselhoff
xxx

SAUA Round Up

Council meeting 13/4/05 consisted mainly of responsible SAUA cost cutting in light of the impending funding shortage. Phone lines were immediately cut, the president's mobile phone subsidy was cut and honoria for 2006 will be withheld. Discussion will be undertaken as to the futures of the SAUA's most expensive trophies Student Radio and *On Dit*.

Amongst much impotent speech making (mostly on the part of Pearson (President) and Joyce (*On Dit*)) some interesting questions were asked. In response to the slogan that students should decide if VSU is to be implemented John Pezy asked, "If students decide that they do want VSU, will the SAUA stop campaigning against it?" Dave, somewhat comically, responded "no."

And from *On Dit*, "Has any research been undertaken as to how effective the SAUA can be with the proposed cuts, and is there a chance it could have been effective without that funding all along?"

After an outburst from the Women's and Environment Officers in regards to money spent covering damages from O'Camp some small fuss was made over Lavinia (Sexuality) and her report. Within the report reference was made to her carnal experiences with a Labour boy as well as to her disapproval of her fellow Sexuality Officer's recent efforts. While originally she was urged to cut sections of the report out, Councillor Marks cautioned

against Big Brotheresque erasure of history and instead implored her to seriously consider the longevity of what had been written. In the end the report was passed virtually untouched and is in the SAUA for all to see.

Council meeting 13/04/05 was always going to be a rush with the Make Some Noise rally on the very next day. Reports were rushed through as well as a little bit of policy concerning *On Dit* and possibly prompted by *On Dit's* reticent attitude to SAUA actions of late, in particular the aforementioned rally.

On Dit had failed to publish some anti-VSU information and had declined to participate in the Make Some Noise publication after deciding that students would be unhappy with an anti VSU rally that cost \$15,000, and did not wish to implicate themselves.

The policy is:

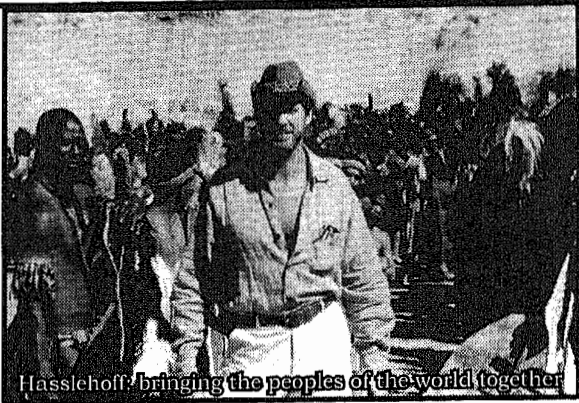
4a) 1.2 On Dit shall promote the official activities and campaigns of the SAUA.

b)1.1 On Dit shall be recognised as the official publication of the SAUA.

1.2 On Dit shall strive to publish editions that are in the best interest of the members of the SAUA.

1.3 On Dit shall at no time discriminate between the different departments of the SAUA.

1.4 The SAUA recognises that On Dit's ability to achieve its mission statement and objectives would be



Hasslehoff bringing the peoples of the world together

eroded significantly or completely under VSU. On Dit shall strive to promote this policy at all applicable times.

The effect of the policy depends on whether the interest of the SAUA and its members is synonymous with the SAUA council and open to various interpretations. With council's current presumption of some sort of mandate (despite only 15% of the uni population voting) it seems that the Editors may have some difficulty in arguing that they are able to judge (should they be so presumptuous) the interest of the students and use their editorial control accordingly.

It may simply be a friendly reminder that *On Dit* should not prevent the dissemination of SAUA info, in which case we give a jolly wave back. Or it may open the way for a more intimate form of SAUA interference in *On Dit* content and comment, which ultimately damages the organisation's much needed transparency.

Dan Joyce

Prez Sez

Again, I find myself in a situation of having to justify myself and the AUU - and it is again- based on your own inability to seek accurate information or seemingly ask any more than one or two biased sources.

I never refused a waiver for the Little Theatre unless the logo was splashed all over the promotional material. The waiver had already been granted and I simply drew the Women's Vice-President's attention to the fact that in policy - the posters of any affiliate of the AUU requires the AUU logo on them. And after all, it is the Women's Department of the SAUA (an AUU funded affiliate) running this event.

I am also extremely frustrated by *On Dit's* seeming unawareness of the goings-on around them by stating that the AUU is "going to bat so hard against the inevitable (VSU) (rather than trying to perform some damage control and organization)" Hello? What have I been doing for the last 4 months? In fact, we now have the first draft of a strategic plan - that I insisted ALL of the affiliates and stakeholder of the AUU must dictate - that will guide our restructure so that everything can stay alive in some form - including representation after VSU is implemented. If I keep working at this rate, I am confident that the AUU will survive and will accept nothing less. Sorry Andres, I'm stealing your dramatic schtick.

In addition, Don't you think it might be a wee bit counter-productive to slag off Prosh - another student event with a different but just as worthy message? I realise that you believe that the AUU just approached Matt Walton the Activities Officer and organiser and just gave him sponsorship for it because he's a darling - but he actually went through a process of requesting that sponsorship from us. On the other hand, the AUU was never approached for sponsorship by the organiser of "The Vagina Monologues". And we would have most certainly supported sponsoring this event. Without a doubt.

Your last cover, although meant satirically, was also culturally offensive to a lot of people and you should have thought and checked with the OSA before you ran it

So, again, I reiterate - check your facts. With more than one opinion if you don't already know firsthand and while I'm at it - learn that part of journalistic integrity is not abusing people in print for their opinions in your paper. Part of democracy is that everyone has a right to a say. Within reason. Nazi Germany was probably taking it a bit too far.

Jennifer Turner
President

Adelaide University Union

The Union was never asked for sponsorship, it was asked to waive a fee for a space that shouldn't be so horrifically overpriced in the first place. Prosh was never 'slagged off', the funding allocated to it was. As I pointed out to you, the information I received was from David Pearson, an accurate source for SAUA justifications I'm sure you'd agree. Meanwhile, it's a cheap swipe to try and validate your hollow argument by attacking last week's cover. Ever heard of subversive art? - Clementine

Editorials

It seems that a diversity of opinion on how to tackle the VSU problem conflicts with the 'team spirit' so pertinently outlined by David (Hasslehoff).

In line with new Students' Association policy and as part of my attempt to rise from my "dingy office" and join with those "students that are actually out there doing something to fight VSU" I will be endeavouring to "do the right thing and join a club", commit to memory a vast bank of vague and alliterated slogans, such as "Fight the Fees!" and "VSU Silences You" while generally incorporating 'you' and 'your' into every aspect of my political volcubularly (eg. *your* voice, *needs you*, *your* money etc).

Over the next few weeks students will notice several *On Dit* banners of appropriately dubious construction hung, in lurid colour, against the walls of aged University buildings

and if you come down to the office and sign a petition I might even have a lollipop waiting for you.

Dan Joyce

On Dit has become a combatant in a fight that it has no interest in being involved in.

The tone in which the policy changes were passed at council is of great concern. At several points in the meeting I was reminded of Council's power to both cut honouraria and, of greater concern, editions. Given the success of this year's volume there is no justification beyond that *On Dit* isn't parroting SAUA rhetoric.

By passing Policy point 4.b.1.4 Council is attempting to direct the content of what should be an independent publication.

It's lucky that I am personally opposed to VSU because otherwise this policy would force me to seriously compromise my integrity.

If I am against VSU, or any other SAUA position, I have the right to say so in my elected capacity.

Any direction from any external body other than the student collective is more than *On Dit* should have to suffer. We should be as critical of the SAUA's control over *On Dit* as Murdoch's control over Fox.

Please everyone, just be cool, and let us keep doing our job.

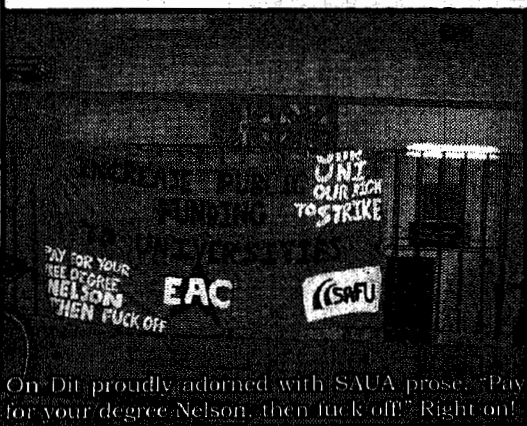
Danny Wills



The SAUA seems content to deign to dictate what should and shouldn't go into *On Dit* without considering the larger elements of why they wanted to be representatives in the first place.

So they want us to don strings and dance to their merry music? Interesting. I'd like to know what everybody else thinks. Is it unfair to assume students can take some sort of responsibility for knowledge re the inner workings of our hallowed student organisation? Apparently so.

Clementine Ford



On Dit proudly adorned with SAUA prose: "Pay for your degree Nelson, then fuck off!" Right on!



On Dit 73.7, Multicultural Edition

THE BUZZ ON THE STREET

Dear Editors,

I write to express my concern about the way students money is being wasted on this Make Some Noise campaign. Whether you like it or not VSU is inevitable. What the union should be doing is concentrating on how to give students the best possible value for their union fee. That way next year when students will have the choice, they may think to themselves "I got my money's worth last year, so I'm going join up again this year." Wasting money on pointless campaigns is only going to ensure that union membership drops enormously.

To the union I say, you have seven months to convince students that membership to the union is worthwhile, make the most of it.

Jerome Appleby

"OWNED BY A HIERARCHY OF STUDENT POLITICIANS"

Dear Danny,

I was curious as to how it felt when last week SAUA Council passed the motion that *On Dit* is to be under their control? How does it feel that your position is now owned by a hierarchy of student politicians? So much for freedom of the press. *On Dit* is now a politically controlled tool. It seems that what little *On Dit* criticised the practices of the union was just too much for them to handle. So much for the SAUA promoting the voice of students. There'll be none

of that any more, you'll take your orders from above and students can look forward to future additions laden with propaganda. To be honest it sounds like a pretty shitty prospect to me Danny so I'd hate to think of how you feel.

Perhaps it's time to consider *On Dit's* options. The possibility of accepting sponsorship through advertising from outside the University is something you will no doubt come to consider with onset of VSU but have you considered that *On Dit's* financial independence will allow you to disaffiliate from the fascist regime that is our Union? You would be free to print what you want. Yes you would have to pander to the desires of you readers but it's surely the lesser of two evils. Oh... but what am I saying? I forgot that the Editors have the upmost respect for the student population despite the seeming condescending tone of so many articles.

Jo Selbert

Thanks for your interest Jo. Needless to say we are a little concerned about the attitude of the SAUA toward us at the moment and I must admit that I didn't enjoy the repeated threats to cut editions. Hopefully if we just keep doing a good job people will cool out a little and realise that On Dit doesn't want to make any enemies. As for condescending - it's hard to be condescending when you're looking up from a basement.

Danny

SAUA RATS ON A SINKING SHIP

Dear OnDit,

I find it funny that the only time we (student body) ever get to see the SAUA rats is:

A) Election Time

B) Any thing that threatens the OB's cash flow for doing absolute jack. The only reason that the student polities are out today fighting VSU is so they dont loose their presious honouraria. I mean really, mandatory unionism has been gone for so long it isnt funny any more, sure i joined my union at work and they give away a CD each month but I chose to join. This university and its union makes us join and if we don't blocks access adelaide from us (I dont know my law too well but im guessing thats pretty shonky.) Its pathetic, most union things (ie child care and essentials) will contiue to run, the bar will either up prices or find a sponsor - i.e tooheys coopers - the Mayo will be replaced by regular food outlets YAY! So who looses from VSU - student politics, and who cares,

they're elected by the 1000 people minority can can be stuffed to vote or friends and the OB's get paid for shit, i mean really when was the last time we saw something from the enviromental officer???? (and same goes for last year.) So goodbye SAUA pack your bags and find a job - thats if a 7 year arts degree will get you anything better than picking garbage off a freeway....

B.T.W - stop shitting on about how HECS is unfair for underprivelaged kids, what about the 160 dollars you slam on them each semester??? The 400 dollar equal access scheme ain't too well advertertised either....

King Angry Dwarf

ALL OR NOTHING

Dear Editor

The moment is oportune for the self-declared ecumenical Pope Benedict XVI to advocate that all Christian denominations pledge a whole-hearted return to the law of God, rather than persisting in an observance that has for centuries been at best limp-wristed. For instance, it is written with absolute clarity (Leviticus 20: 13) that the homosexual offender has committed an abomination in the sight of the Lord *and must be put to death.* Are there two ways of reading that decree?

It is also written clearly enough that the blasphemer and the sabbath-breaker must also die the death, as must the adulterer, the man who sleeps with his father's wife, and the rebellious son. Why should the churches have any problem insisting that God's law be implemented *as it is written*, and not selectively in order to suit the whim of the age? Let each cardinal make it known to the secular arm of his or her State that the law of God is deadly serious, bearing in mind that Jesus was careful to state that he would not change as much as one of its jots or tittles.

I have spared you the list of other offences that are an abomination in the sight of "the Lord" as well as the list of sundry offences for which the punishment is variously death by stoning or burning, the cutting off of a hand, or ostracism. These matters are dealt with specifically in the Most Holy Books of *Leviticus* and *Deuteronomy* which should be made compulsory reading *in toto* at every Christian service of worship. Not to worry about fine distinctions: one book is quite as toxic as the other.

Sincerely
Bill Priest

WHAT THE HECS?

No offence Editors but why do you publish letters with false information such as "A loss of representation"? This person makes claims that "we want lower TER entrance scores, the Uni wants more fee paying students (creating less TER places). Creating less TER places? WHAT A FUCKING IDIOT!!!! The govt. sets the amount of HECS places per degree, the uni then opens extra places for those who are willing to pay upfront. The fee paying positions do NOT take away places from the HECS students. There are limits on who can enter each degree even if they're a fee paying student, in this case the Universtiy sets the cut off TER at which it thinks is suitable for the level of the course. I'm a fee paying student because in the end my degree will be cheaper, not because i didn't get the TER i needed.

I'd like to point out that AFBE students can also chose the option of applying for FEE-HELP which basically still means you don't pay off your degree untill you finish it and start working. It's exactly like HECS but at a better rate. I guess you wouldn't have known that because you make claims before knowing the facts. So if you still can't bring yourself to apply for an AFBE place at the TER it should be at then go apply at UniSA where the majority of TERs dropped this year, just like you wanted?

Proud AFBE student

SOME GUY COMPLAINS

Was it only a mischievous rumour, or a dream, that the Australian population overwhelmingly takes a dim view of this country's poodling too closely in the footsteps of you-know-who in the United States, under John Howard's so-called popular leadership?

Glancing through yesterday's local rag - dedicated mainly to parochialism, and only the frothiest bubbles of sensationalism from beyond the cusps of the Adelaide Hills - suggested it can only have been one or the other. Not an echo of the rumour or canny interpretation of the dream anywhere!

Let's just bow to the cultural cringe and pretend everything in the garden is lovely.

Dave Diss

SAUA PRESIDENT SHOWS SUPPORT FOR MICHAEL JACKSON

Dear Eds,

What's up the arse of the Labor Left on campus?

I was interested to see those clowns with what appeared to be surgical masks over their mouths at Minster Vanstone's speech the other day on campus.

I must say I'm confused. Were they paying tribute to Michael Jackson? Or was it a symbolic reminder of how they all love doctoring the Union to suit their backward political beliefs?

Whatever the reason, it was a relief not having to endure the stinky bong breath of the hack who sat near me. At least the masks achieved something worthwhile.

But why was it that President Dave only wore his mask when he was having his photo taken? Was it only for show mate? Or did you have breathing difficulties brought on by too many nerves?

Who cares, it was his CHOICE to wear the mask. There's a new word for ya Dave - 'choice'. Write it down, it's a good one.

Despite all the protests, I reckon the speech that Vanstone delivered was bloody awesome. I'm a hardcore republican mate. As that guru of Australiana Barry McKenzie once sang: 'All Pommies are bastards, bastards or worse and England is the arsehole of the Universe'.

The republican debate needs a boost, and it was beaut to hear Minister Vanstone crank up the issue again. I reckon even my old mates on the left would agree with me on that. Indeed, all in all it was a top day out.

It was just too bad that those unwashed yobbo protestors from Flinders saw fit to rock up and significantly decrease the average IQ of the crowd. One looks at those bloody idiots and can't help but seriously consider conscription. Flinders trash can go to jail.

We'll see ya next time.

Alby Longbottom

THE NOTORIOUS AARON RUSSEL

On Aaron Russel's latest offering of right wing drivel: Mate, if you understood what an abortion was truly like you would not seek to spout your pro life crap to anyone

who will listen. Choice is a word the Liberals love to throw around (students should have a CHOICE to pay their student services fee, women's CHOICES should be limited in whether they can seek abortion) And despite the repeated rantings of a middle class prat, who has probably never had to make a choice for himself in his life, I am proud of the fact that there are so many women who refuse to back down on this issue, and continue to take to task men (and yes, it is men, I haven't heard any women speak so vociferously against abortion in this current round of debate) who seek to limit their choices. Stop polluting the sacred spaces of the *On Dit* opinion pages with your unmitigated garbage, you are not convincing anyone of anything except that you indeed are a fuckstick, fuckstick.

Mel Hughes

AN INSIGHT THE REST OF US HAD 19 YEARS AGO

Be Alert AND Alarmed

The news is lying to you. And before you get up to defend the lovely-but-stern Sandra Sully or the lovable George Donikian, let me explain myself. Everything you hear on the news is, to the best of my knowledge, true. If they say a missile hit a hospital, well then gosh darn it, a missile really did hit a hospital. But take some time to think about *how* they are saying what they are saying, and what they might be leaving out.

When you hear a phrase like "The bombardment killed one civilian" do you react the same way as when you hear "America dropped a bomb which killed the 33 year old Mathematics teacher Joe Bloggs, who had a wife and a daughter."? Of course you don't. Firstly, one civilian is just a little dot, whereas Joe Bloggs is (or rather, was) a real person. Secondly, 'the bombardment' is nobody's fault. It's not America who killed that person, it's 'the bombardment'. Bad bombardment, bad, bad.

Think about the terms used to describe this war - operation, hostilities, conflict, strike. It makes you think of a boardroom argument! It definitely doesn't remind you of the two world wars or the Vietnam war, of blood and guts and flies and screams. It is so ironic that the news reporters and the government shower us with the phrase "Lest we forget" on Anzac day. Because that's exactly what they're helping us do - to forget. We're being conned into thinking that this war is completely different from all those that went before it. We've got Smart Bombs,

Patriot Missiles and Scuds now - they kill people nicely, not like those ugly old guns.

I think George Orwell said it best in his book *Nineteen Eighty Four*.

"Don't you see that the whole aim of Newspeak is to narrow the range of thought?"

If the word 'Newspeak' were replaced with 'news-speak', we could retitle that book *Two Thousand and Five*.

I grew up in a Communist country and the most important thing I learned was to question what I was told, not just to believe what the propaganda machine spat out. And I find that even now, in this free country, it is crucial to question, to take everything with a pinch of salt. Don't be gullible and don't be fooled into thinking that we're not in an ugly and real war. Be alert and be very very alarmed.

Cristina Barbulescu

REBUTTING THE 'TAX ARGUMENT'

Dear Sirs,

I read with alarm some letters to the Editor in the Education Edition of *On Dit* attacking VSU.

The greatest lie which is put out by those arguing for compulsory unionism is that: as we all pay taxes (to sovereign governments) for services we may not need/use and this is 'okay'; then by all of us paying taxes to our union for services most of us do not need/use is also 'okay'. Where this argument falls flat on its face is that the university is not the government and should not be able to tax us for turning up to university. Further, as we are already paying taxes to the government to pay for these services, why should we pay additional money to the university to pay for these services again? Governments which are elected by the electorate fell obliged to manage the taxes they raise. Student unions do not manage the funds they tax from their fellow students at all. Rather, at state and federal elections both the major parties talk about giving tax cuts to the electorate--at university elections the student politicians make no effort to make the students' money go that little bit further. Since I have been at university the student union fee has almost doubled with no improvements in the services...sorry, no noticeable improvements in the services for the students who make up the majority of student population.

I often think that universities are the last bastion of socialist thinking, a socialist utopia if you will. To read that 'essential services' like: childcare, legal services, academic advocacy, 24 hour insurance and the like, will

be under treat if VSU is introduced all I can say is that I am going to university to get a degree, not to support social misfits who can't cross North Terrace to find these services like anyone else. When one looks at the quality of student representatives I am left asking myself: 'is student politics (and the honoraria which goes with office bearer positions) a sheltered workshop?'. The people that we have elected to represent us are fighting to maintain compulsory unionism because they don't want to be out of job that pays them very well to do nothing.

Universities should be a place of learning where excellence is encouraged and people are taught to look after themselves. Rather, universities have become the place where the dead-wood of society has accumulated over the generations as it is the last socialist outpost where everything is provided for the lazy and stupid.

Yours,
MDHvD

Got mail!

Send it on to the happy little trio of sun-tanned Editors at ondit@adelaide.edu.au and get your nagging frustrations off of your chest.



Schapelle Corby and the Bali 9:

Trial by Media

Corrupt Indonesian officials, drug trafficking and haphazard Australians have been in the headlines of late. *The Sydney Morning Herald* reported last week that there is speculation amongst lawyers that the Bali 9 were arrested in Indonesia as part of a political stunt designed to get either leniency from the judges in Schapelle Corby's case, or to consolidate the closer diplomatic relationship between Australia and Indonesia. "There's plenty of speculation that perhaps these young people are sacrificial lambs in that - in terms of a new-found relationship between Australian and Indonesian authorities - the Indonesians can accept the kudos for the interception, rather than the Australians," says Rob Stary, criminal lawyer of 25 years.

Meanwhile, the media is speculating whether or not the Bali 9 will be convicted and executed by firing squad under Indonesia's tough anti-drug laws. If they had been able to reach Australia instead they would be facing a maximum of life imprisonment and, as *The Herald* reports, "intelligence could have been gained in terms of understanding the network distribution in this country, by trying to identify who, higher up in the chain, is responsible for importation."

Schapelle Corby's whole emotional saga has been leapt upon on by various media outlets with reports of a documentary team following Corby and sympathetic, effeminate pictures of a crying Corby (usually behind bars or fainting) gracing the front pages most weeks. *The New Zealand Herald* reported last week she took a pregnancy test in gaol to disprove allegations by a local paper that she was having a casual sexual relationship with a fellow inmate also incarcerated on drug charges.

A Current Affair and *Today* have managed "to get close" to two of the families of the Bali 9 accused, paying for one family's flight to Bali and escorting them to see their son. They claim the families have not been paid for stories.

Amidst all the media circus, Schapelle Corby and the Bali 9 languish in their cells. She no longer faces the death penalty, but may spend the rest of her life in an Indonesian gaol. The others face a bullet in the brain. Indonesian criminal law- inherited from the Dutch- gives the public prosecutor's case more weight than what you would expect from an

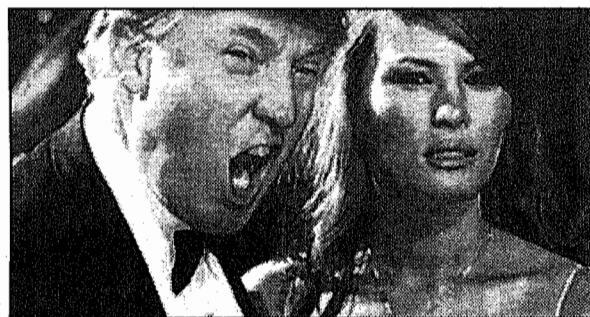
Australian court. Therefore, the fate of any accused criminal rests to a large extent with the prosecution, which explains why it was so significant for Corby (and so dramatically captured by the Australian press) that the prosecutors did not push for the death penalty.

Immediately Michael Jackson seems like yesterday's news. Eccentric pedophiles are out, and the soap opera of drug smuggling is in, as updates are brought into our lounge rooms every evening. Young kids, crying women, retribution, body boards, freezer bags and strapping tape. Perhaps, *Maria, Full of Grace* (a movie about Colombian heroin smugglers) sheds a better light on that murky and time-honoured trade of illicit substances than *ACA* can ever hope to do between their segments on miracle weight-loss treatments and the bloke who can swallow his whole left fist.

Alex Solomon-Bridge



5. *The Simple Life's* Nicky and Paris Hilton



4. *The Apprentice's* Donald Trump



3. Court's Michael Jackson



2. The Bali 9's Renae Lawrence



1. Jail's Schapelle Corby

EVENTS GUIDE

the Union Activities Committee (UAC) is a service of the Adelaide University Union (AUU)
 UAU is a threat to all of these events

Date	Event	Location	Time	Information
May 2	Entry open for National Campus Band Comp	Union	3pm	Sailing Club
May 2	Sailing Club Meet & Greet	Union	3pm	UAC
May 3	Free Bands	BS Lawn	All day	OSA
May 3-5	Multicultural Week	Bonanza Cafe	3pm	UAC
May 3	Frequent Question	Cinema	Evening	Film Society
May 3-6	The Yugba Mammalogs	Little Theatre	Evening	SAUA
May 6	Video Games Club meetings	Cinema	4pm	VG Club
May 9	Sailing Club Meet & Greet	Harbour	3pm	Sailing Club
May 11	AIESEC Youth & Entrepreneurship Event	Eclipse	7pm	AIESEC club
May 11-13	PROSH	BS Lawn	All day	SAUA
May 12	Fresh After Dark - Resurrected!	Union	Evening	SAUA
May 13	Video Games Club meetings	Cinema	4pm	VG Club

PROSH

Coming May 11-13 - the tradition continues and on it's 100th anniversary we're bringing you a HUGE event! Start preparing your Frank's best now, and get in touch with Brad Watson in the SAUA to get involved! 8001 1001

For further info on any upcoming activities email: activities@adelaide.edu.au

the Union Creative Arts Network
www.u-can-online.com

An Exhibition of new paintings by

Sam Songailo

Delacatessen Gallery, 9 Anster St, Adelaide

Sam Songailo is an Adelaide based visual artist with a background in graphic design. He specialises in painting and screen printing.

Songailo's works are bright and extroverted instantly bringing a space alive while proving fecund as objects of meditation. There is nothing political or critical about them, and they are devoid of indulgent, ambitious, Freudian overtones; they capture the joy of the abstract and cerebral aspects of creation. Basically, they are meant to be aesthetically pleasing. But pretension aside here's what the artist had to say about his work.

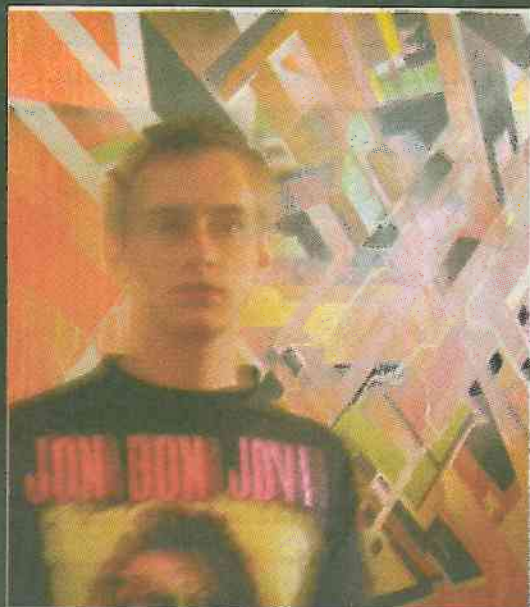
"I see each finished piece as a puzzle that has been completed. A solution to the problems it has presented during the production process. I am attempting to find and refine my own style. I think about art, my art and its relevance or irrelevance almost constantly. I see art for the moment as a metaphor for life. A seemingly pointless exercise that somehow holds an importance indefinite and intangible. The meaning is obscured, intuitive and imperceptible. But good art communicates this illusive property."

Opening Night on Thursday May 5th at 7pm. The exhibition runs until May 30th. Wines generously supplied by Leconfield Wines. Delacatessen Gallery is open 11am-7pm Wednesday - Saturday.



Below Left: The Delicatessen Gallery
Below Middle: The artist at play.

Above: Collision
Below Right: Various Prints



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My Ivory Backscratcher for Your Kid:

A Fair Swap

Peter Costello has built his career on a firm platform of fiscal responsibility, an accountant's wet dream, he's taken the economy from a position of vulnerability to being one of the strongest in the region. With his tenth Federal budget less than a week away rumours are quickly spreading about the cutbacks contained therein. The Liberal front bench have already given away some of the secrets of their new budget, most controversially their proposed reforms to IVF funding.

Currently the Government supplies half of the eight thousand dollars required for a single cycle of IVF treatment. As it stands women are allowed a near infinite number of attempts at IVF, so long as they can provide their portion of the fee. The joint proposal of the Treasurer Costello and Health Minister Tony Abbott would see women under the age of 42 given a limit of three IVF cycles per year and women over 42 given a limit of three cycles in their entire lives, more or less eliminating women over 42 from the list of candidates.

Other IVF programs around the world are far less generous than in Australia. In Britain and New Zealand the government only funds a single IVF cycle per mother and in the United States no such subsidy applies whatsoever.

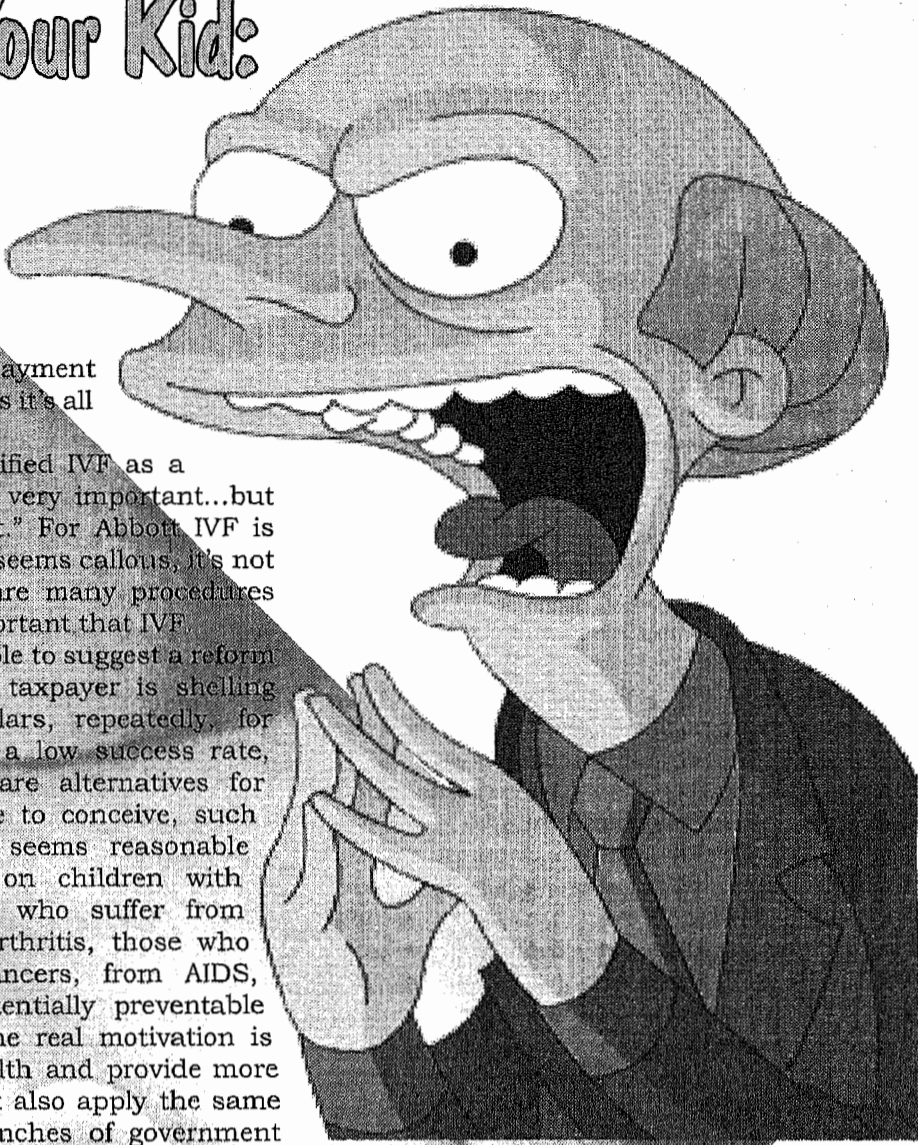
The Government move is based on statistics which show that women over the age of 42 have only a 2% chance of achieving a live birth through IVF. The rationale is that with such a low success rate the money could be better spent in pursuit of other ends. Costello

net there has been an 82% increase in the costs incurred to the taxpayer due to a doctor initiated restructuring of the payment structure. For the Liberals it's all a matter of priorities.

Tony Abbott has classified IVF as a procedure that is "very, very important...but not life-saving treatment." For Abbott IVF is "non-essential". While it seems callous, it's not at all incorrect. There are many procedures that are much more important than IVF.

It seems quite reasonable to suggest a reform of a system where the taxpayer is shelling out four thousand dollars, repeatedly, for a procedure with such a low success rate, especially when there are alternatives for couples who are unable to conceive, such as adoption. Again, it seems reasonable to spend this money on children with Leukaemia, the elderly who suffer from crippling Rheumatoid arthritis, those who suffer from various cancers, from AIDS, and from all other potentially preventable ailments. However, if the real motivation is solely to streamline health and provide more equitable care one must also apply the same standards to other branches of government spending, such as defence. Costello says that "this has not been driven by cost cutting", that "this is not something that was put to the department of Health (as being) instructed to save money". If not, one must question what the true motivation is.

Reaction to the proposed changes has been uniformly negative. Australian Medical Association President, Dr. Bill Glasson (a regular opponent of Abbott's health policies) has been joined by Rhondda Vanzella, Vice President of the NSW Liberal Women's Club in dissenting. Both Glasson and Vanzella's objections have been based on a perceived intrusion from the government on their rights to choice. Glasson summarised his view saying there is "no place for misguided Government intervention and penny pinching in this important doctor-patient relationship. Every IVF patient has individual situations, circumstances and needs. The one thing they do have in common is the desperate desire to have a child" and, while it is an impassioned position, completely at odds with the cool, calm rationality of the "penny pinchers", it has a value in a debate on what is, at its core, a



singularly passionate issue.

Seven million dollars, at the governmental level, is a pittance, an incalculably miniscule amount, too small to even be negligible. Personally I've never really considered having children and I can't even attempt to understand how much it comes to mean to couples, particularly those who can't conceive through natural means, nor can I begin to place a price on that opportunity. While it may be reasonable to discourage potential patients with inordinately low chances of conceiving from undertaking a cycle, it seems incredibly callous to refuse them if they are prepared to put up a significant portion of the money themselves and suffer the physical ills. With so much money wasted on other, far more superfluous schemes it seems arbitrary to single out hopeful mothers as a significant drain on the budget's bottom line. Personally I'm more than willing to give up my ivory backscratcher to give some woman I don't know the chance to have a child, and the Liberal frontbench should be too.

Danny Wills



has articulated the Liberal position saying "you've got to ask yourself the question, when you (the Government) get medical advice like that, should the taxpayer be subsidising treatment which has a 98% failure rate?" Since the inception of the Medicare safety

skulduggery by oz



I'm With Vanstone

For one so ambitious, The Honourable Senator Amanda Vanstone quite often makes startlingly accurate assessments.

During my interview with her last year, she demanded *perspective* on the issue of mandatory immigration detention (just after she mistakenly compared Baxter to Yatala, told me Australians need to divert their attention from those asylum seekers who have been 'detained' for over three years in what are effectively desert prisons, implied that long-term indefinite detention does not affect a person's mental health, and accused me of being 'cruel' to stateless people).¹

In the Rennie lecture theatre just prior to the reading break, at the invitation of the Liberal Club, she spoke about the need for Australia to become a Republic (to the chagrin of her hosts, whose theme song is 'God Save The Queen').

But my focus in this edition is her incredibly astute assessment that 'what people are interested in and what's in the national interest aren't necessarily the same thing'.²

For that statement, I must extend my gratitude to Ms Vanstone. It's not often we hear members of national governments come out with comments so directly critical of the finance-based, World Trade Organisation (WTO)-regulated internationalisation in which we find ourselves trapped like mice in an exercise wheel.

Let me explain, and I'll begin by reminding you of the idea that underpins the Westminster style of representative democracy. The nation's population is divided into a number of roughly equal 'electorates'. For convenience, this division is geographical, so that each electorate is made up of people clustered in the one area. Every three years or thereabouts, each adult citizen casts a vote at a Polling Booth to elect a representative for her electorate. That representative is then afforded a Seat in Parliament, situated in Canberra. For the next three years, the people of each electorate are represented by their local Member of Parliament, who argues, debates and campaigns in their (collective) interest.

Those of you currently choking on your sausage rolls are no doubt aware that such a process simply does not occur anymore, if it ever did. The above description ignores the fact that most of us vote for a political party

– perhaps even a Prime Minister. Members of Parliament hardly represent their electorate! Publicly and in Parliament, they represent the Party Line, and at caucus meetings and behind closed doors they represent their Factions.

It's true that Members of Parliament are hardly ever seen to waver from the Party Line. But this is only half the truth. It's when we inquire as to what that Party Line is that things end up looking about as far from the original intention of those who devised the Westminster system as you could possibly get.

More and more often, the Party Line (of the party in government, and of that party closest to government, in what's called 'opposition') is representative of a minority group that presently wields enormous power internationally and globally, one that has destroyed entire national and supranational economies.

The group I'm talking about is that made up of financial speculators, currency traders and neo-liberal ideologues (often the same people). Those millions who voted Liberal last October because they bought into that party's scare campaign about interest rate rises were

actually responding to their own fears that 'The Market' might not like a Labor government as much as a Liberal one. 'The Market', in this sense, is not a space (like a shop) where people trade things (like food and currency), but rather those entities – mainly corporations – that can influence the cash rate.

At least since the Industrial Revolution, globalisation has been inevitable. Internationalisation has not. The particular system of globalisation we are currently living is little more than an extension of US foreign policy. Like any 'good' national government (note here a problem inherent in the Westphalian system), the US government was out to get the best deal possible for its citizens (the last three words seem to have been obscured of late). Having been influenced by a group of Cold War ideologues, recent US governments have realised the ambitions of those who conceived the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund (IMF) at the infamous Bretton Woods conference in 1944. A third organisation, the WTO, was added to the mix in 1995, ostensibly to regulate trade among nations and to assist 'developing' countries to 'develop' faster, along neo-liberal WTO-prescribed paths. Of course, this hasn't happened, and mostly the poorer nations are locked into a largely draconian WTO system they can't escape. But amidst all these acronyms and nationalist ideologies, individual people seem to have missed out, or been forgotten altogether.

After the 'failure' of multilateral trade talks around the turn of the century, the subsequent proliferation of 'Free Trade' agreements (FTA) has highlighted just how ridiculous the disparity has become between 'what people are interested in' and 'what's in the national interest'. No Australian individual in her right mind, after reading the text of Australia's FTA with the US, could ever declare her support for it. The 'free trade' is mostly all one-way; many barriers to Australian exporters to the US

remain. Australia's world-class Pharmaceutical Benefits Scheme (PBS) (which, ironically, is being copied by some US states) will cease to provide benefits to needy people and redirect 'benefits' to the ultra-rich US pharmaceutical companies. Australia's quarantine system will be destroyed by subjecting quarantine decisions to review by trade boards. The government procurement system (vital for the development of local industry) will be all but devastated. Huge slabs of US copyright legislation will be pasted into domestic systems. Australian content on radio, television and in cinemas will be cut even further.³ Tony Abbott's predictable backflip over his 'iron-clad' Safety Net guarantee before the election had everything to do with weaning people off traditional Medicare protection and PBS 'dependence', in readiness for the FTA.

Yet the FTA was signed by Australian trade representatives, without even Parliamentary support. And the Australian Labor Party barely put up a protest. Somehow, although it is not – and was never – in the interest of most Australians, it was in the 'national interest'.

The Howard government's reforms to Australia's wage agreement and dispute settlement procedure and its forum, the Australian Industrial Relations Commission (AIRC), aim to make Australia more productive and internationally competitive, by requiring Australians to work longer for less pay. Once again, the interests of the nation-state are almost dichotomous to the interests of most Australians.

Brendan Nelson's higher education reforms,



which have completed the transformation of universities from places of learning to businesses competing for dollars, are essentially aimed at increasing Australia's international competitiveness. There's that word again – *international* – inter-National. It just doesn't seem to matter that universities are becoming degree factories, and students' interests are increasingly vocational rather than intellectual – what matters is the bottom line: more dollars flowing into the Australian economy (full fee-paying international students), less dollars flowing 'out' (to subsidise intangibles like education).

With recent funding cuts to film and television production, symphony orchestras and universities, the stagnation of funding to the ABC, and the inability of governments to adequately address the health, aging and education crises hitting hospitals, nursing homes and schools, anyone would think we were experiencing economic hardship. But according to Peter Costello, we've hardly ever been in better shape, with official unemployment, inflation and interest rates relatively low. It just seems that the money isn't 'trickling down' to us, the citizens.

The proportion of GDP spent by national governments on customs control is bewildering, given the minimal return. In Australia, strategies to combat the proliferation of drugs in society tend to involve international policing, interdiction and sniffer dogs – costing millions, but halting about 1% of the total illicit drug flow. Meanwhile, 'harm minimisation' strategies that might actually work (such as drug education in schools, and pill-testing at parties and dances) never see the funding required to get off the ground. Similarly, the Australian government's response to asylum seekers ('unauthorised arrivals'), which has recently involved such ridiculously expensive measures as the Pacific Solution, interdiction, international policing and mandatory detention in purpose-built prisons, hardly adds anything to the level of 'protection' of Australian people (unless you buy the Peter Reith's 2001 hint that some asylum seekers could be terrorists). Rather, what is being protected is the nation-state, defined by its borders, which must be continually re-asserted and guarded. This constant assertion of the fatherland fits nicely into the inter-national system mandated by trade organisations.⁴

But I think that one of the biggest mistakes we can make at the moment is to think that much would be different had Mark Latham been made Prime Minister last October. Let's just say that did happen. Now, just over six months later, The Markets would either be (1) approving, which would mean that the Labor

"amidst all these acronyms and nationalist ideologies, individual people seem to have missed out, or been forgotten altogether."

government had not attempted to significantly challenge any of the dominant neo-liberal ideas that reign supreme around the world and hence Australian citizens would remain disenfranchised, or (2) disapproving, which would mean that investors would be pulling out of the Australian market, bringing about anything from a downturn to a depression.

In enforcing policies that do everything from homogenise television content (*you* pick the difference between Seven, Nine and Ten, and while you're at it try to work out why the Special Broadcasting Service (SBS), now with ads and chasing ratings, can't find anywhere in its programming lineup for the acclaimed German mini-series *Heimat*) to promote the assimilation of Aborigines and immigrants, our national government is betraying its desire for *sameness*. And this makes sense, because a uniform population is far easier to govern, *from the government's perspective*. We might value difference, but not they.

Our elected representatives are no longer accountable to we who elected them (if they ever were). A common complaint can be heard: that there is little difference between the Liberal and Labor Parties. And, while 'the rulers of the world cloister themselves behind [closed doors], they leave the rest of the world shut out of their deliberations. We are left to shout abuse, to hurl ourselves against the lines of police, to seek to smash the fences which stand between us and the decisions being made on our behalf. They reduce us, in other words, to the mob, and then revile the thing they have created. [...] They are the actors, we the audience, and for all our catcalls and imprecations, we can no more change the script to which they play than the patrons of a cinema can change the course of the film they watch.'⁵

We need, however, to keep mindful of the fact that 'we be many and they be few', and that 'they need us more than we need them'.⁶ We have the power to change this situation; we must simply realise it.

I'm definitely with Amanda on this one, though. What people are interested in and what's in the national interest are hardly ever the same thing.

Russell Marks

¹ Interview with Amanda Vanstone, transcript, 2004. Email me (russell.marks@adelaide.edu.au) if you want a copy - it's hilarious.

² Quoted in 73(6) *On Dit* 7 (5 April 2005).

³ John Singleton admits that his proposed fourth free-to-air commercial TV network, which he argued should be a niche station playing only Australian content, would be impossible under the terms of the FTA. Those terms are available through the Department of Foreign Affairs & Trade website www.dfat.gov.au - they are compulsory reading. (Don't rely on the two-page fact sheet prepared by the Department - much of it is misleading and even false, 'summarising' conditions directly opposite to those contained in the Terms.)

⁴ For a discussion of the fatherland-motherland dichotomy that informs nation-al thinking and belief, see Ghassan Hage, *Against Paranoid Nationalism* (Annandale: Pluto, 2003), esp 31-43.

⁵ George Monbiot, *The Age of Consent* (London: Flamingo, 2003), 84.

⁶ Arundhati Roy, 'Confronting Empire', available at www.aicwatch.org.au

Farmers fleeced by PETA?

With the start of another University year comes the annual migration of many students from rural and regional areas to the city. One topic that may be on the tip of some of these student's lips is PETA's (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) boycott of Australian wool due to mulesing practices. For those readers who are more agriculturally challenged than others, mulesing involves the '... surgical removal of wool-bearing skin from the crutch area'¹. This is done to give the sheep a non wool-bearing patch of scarred skin around the backside that consequently helps significantly in flystrike prevention². Flystrike occurs when flies lay their eggs around the sheep's backside, the eggs then hatch into maggots that eat the surrounding flesh. If not crutched (wool removed from the nether regions) / and or treated with chemicals, the maggots will poison the sheep's blood, causing death.

PETA have boycotted Australian wool and run a campaign to discredit its international reputation. One ploy involved displaying in New York a '... graphic image on a PETA billboard of a lamb's bloody rump alongside the words "Did Your Sweater Cause a Bloody Butt?"' The billboard was removed after the landlord on whose property it stood became repulsed by it. The organization has been pressuring many fashion houses and has so far gained a 'positive response of prestigious retailers Abercrombie & Fitch, J.Crew, and U.K.-based mega-chain New Look'. PETA have also held protests outside the New York and Milan flagship stores of Benetton, so far unsuccessfully.

PETA argues that the practice of mulesing is 'barbaric' as the affected sheep suffer much pain and stress. PETA cites studies that found sheep have altered behaviour for up to 72 hours after the event, meaning that instead of eating and lying around most of the time (like UNISA students) they stood still. They believe that the pain suffered by unsuspecting sheep is unjustified as there are alternatives including; increased monitoring and treatment, timely crutching and shearing, insecticides, blowfly control (fly traps), drenching (chemical removal of lice, ticks and worms) and lower concentration of sheep on farms.³

In response, the NFF (National Farmers Federation) have claimed that up to 3 million Aussie sheep would die in agony in a bad flystrike year, and that mulesing is in essence 'a lesser of two evils'.⁴ They say that all but one of the 'alternatives' put forward by PETA are already practiced in unison with mulesing by most farmers. They claim that the alternative of lower concentrations of sheep on farms

must be weighed up against farm viability. Furthermore, the NFF say that mulesing is only practiced by farmers



Yeah, we thought mulesing was pretty soft as well until this picture pooped up.

where it is essential due to climate conditions and or sheep breeds. This view is somewhat confirmed by the RSPCA who consider mulesing a necessary means of eliminating or minimising the pain caused by flystrike in high risk areas.⁵

For the purpose of this article, Bill Hunt, a Bordertown farmer with 40 years experience who runs 4000 merino sheep, was interviewed. Mr Hunt practices mulesing on his flock, and claimed that it makes a significant difference, especially in warm, wet weather. He said that after mulesing, the sheep are 'a bit sore for 4 or 5 days, but after 10 days they have pretty much healed to the point where you can handle them again'. When questioned about the pain suffered by the sheep, Mr Hunt cited studies that have shown that sheep, being a 'prey animal', when threatened, release massive amounts of epinephrine and norepinephrine, which have a narcotic effect and soften the pain.

It seems that PETA's underlying concern is that Australian farmers put profits above a sheep's welfare. However, Mr Hunt claims that whilst farmers are concerned with making profits, the stress levels of sheep are directly related to wool prices. A stressed sheep will have lower quality wool, bringing a 20% discount. In essence it is in the farmers best interest to care for their sheep's welfare.

While it seems that many of PETA's claims are somewhat irrational, using 'Michael Moore style' fact omissions and exaggerations, logic would suggest that some farmers probably mules with little regard for the sheep's welfare and possible alternatives, preferring instead to rely on tradition. However the same logic would suggest that the vast majority of profit seeking farmers probably do all that is necessary to care for their sheep. Perhaps a solution would be a non-binding code of practice, giving guidelines of where and when mulesing is necessary.

**Patrick Cozens
a carnivore**

¹<http://agspsrv34.agric.wa.gov.au/agency/pubns/farmnote/1996/104696.htm>

²<http://agspsrv34.agric.wa.gov.au/agency/pubns/farmnote/1994/F07294.htm>

³<http://www.savetheshsheep.com/pdf/WoolReport12-04-02.pdf>

⁴<http://www.nff.org.au/pages/nr04/152.html>

⁵<http://www.woolisbest.com/documents/debunkingPeta6Myth.pdf>

A Load of Papul Bull

So the Panzerkardinal is the new Pope, calling himself Benedict XVI after the hapless wannabe peacemaker of World War I. It would be nasty and facile of me to make a crack about the fact that he was a member of the Hitler Youth in his teenage years. Whether it would be unfair or not is another matter.

As a human being - not to mention a Christian - after looking at the evidence more closely, you'd be inclined to forgive him: he joined at age fourteen because it was, by that time, illegal not to, and refusal would made his life miserable in ways that Nazism became a byword for. By most accounts he was a less than enthusiastic member, missing most

meetings. Surely you can't ask a teenager for any more than that?

The problem is... he believes that Catholicism holds the only universal, absolute truth, and people of other faiths are only correct to the extent that they agree with Catholicism. He does this in his writings, moreover, with a vigour and rigour that is admired in and out of the church. Among the positions he consequently holds is that the only acceptable form of sexual contact is intercourse between a married man and woman with the aim of conceiving a child, and that all forms of contraception are unacceptable since they defeat the purpose.



You know The Hof wants condoms in Africa

Even if they prevent the transmission of a deadly virus. Or simply prevent a family from growing too big to feed. This position (not to exclude others he holds), once put into practice, causes untold misery in the Third World. Even to teenagers. Even to fourteen-year-olds.

If that is the absolute truth, and he rigorously insists on holding these children to doing, to suffering what he did not do himself...

JK

...well, he's certainly not the first hypocrite to become Pope. Nor the worst. But I'm not feeling particularly forgiving anymore.



Hi there, I'm David Hasselhoff. It was such an honour to be asked to present this week's Office Bearer page. It reminds me of a song I once wrote called 'If Only We Could All Be Sailors' Keep on truckin' fellas!



Greetings and Salutations.

On Wednesday the 16th of March 2005 self-determination for the Indigenous population was severely destroyed when a bill was passed through Parliament to finalise the abolishment of ATSIC (Aboriginal & Torres Strait Islander Commission). The Federal Government rejected a Labor amendment which would give the commission a six-month salvation. Despite the amendment made by the Labor party they did not persist with it in the senate.

What is to happen now is that the agencies and other indigenous services that were under the "ATSIC umbrella" are to be rolled into "mainstream bureaucracies". From this a 14 member National Indigenous Council (NIC) will be a key resource of recommendation.

Only one word comes to mind when I see this. Assimilation. Assimilation means "the process whereby a minority group gradually adopts the customs and attitudes of the prevailing culture". In the past assimilation

was legislation in this country. Our children forcefully removed had to assimilate into "white society". The year is 2005 and as an indigenous Australian I would like pass on my culture on to my children, but it is upsetting when the Government is making steps like this to eradicate our culture.

Until next time,

Nukkin Ya!
Joel Bayliss



Hi All,

In this week's column I have a couple of requests of everyone who participated in the Make Some Noise festival last week, and to all those students out there who support Universal Student Unionism.

Phone Calls:

I said at the rally last week that I need everyone there, and everyone who cares to come into the Students' Association, pick up a phone and call a Liberal or National party senator and ask them not to vote for VSU. Brendan Nelson has stated that he receives letters and phone calls from people who do not want to pay their student services fee, but hasn't heard from those who support the universal student membership that currently exists. As such we need to make it loud and clear, feel free to come into the SAUA and use the phones to make your concerns heard. We are their constituents and they have to listen,

if your not sure of what to say, we can help, we've got running sheets to help you through it. Just pop in for a few minutes, it might make all the difference.

Letters:

Along those same lines, we have templates for letters you can send to all of these people. Or alternatively write a letter yourself, they have to reseed to your letter if you write it individually, so get writing and let's make it clear to all the Liberal backbenchers and Nationals in the Senate what the effects of this legislation will really be.

Petition:

One final VSU related task is the petition that NUS (National Union of Students) is co-ordinating. At the Make Some Noise festival we got something like 20 pages of signatures, but we need more, so if you haven't signed it please do so as soon as possible. They are available from the Students' Association office, and if

you like you can take a couple of pages and get all of your friends to sign as well. It could make all the difference.

SAUA Website and E-Newsletter:

One final task, and I do appreciate all those people that respond to my queries in this column, and that is to let me know the content you would like to see on the SAUA Website. Favourite political websites, favourite quotes, links to helpful reference guides, interesting political novels, anything you think people may be interested in. Our new website will be up and kicking soon. Finally, don't forget that you can get a whole bunch of discount cards and often lolly pops for free when you sign up to the SAUA e-newsletter in the Students Association office.

Cheers

David Pearson
SAUA President
david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au



Many of you may have heard the criticisms of the Make Some Noise Festival last Thursday. This was an event put on to celebrate student organisations, to

create awareness and to try to answer peoples questions about VSU, as there are still many students who are not aware of the full implications of this Legislation. It also gave students a chance to show their collective opposition to VSU, but most importantly we put this event on because it is what students demanded, it's what students continuously vote for in student elections. They vote for campus culture - more bands on the lawns, beer, fresh and exciting events. They voted for a Students' Association that is more visible than just writing a few letters.

People can sit in their dingy offices and take pot-shots at students that are actually out there doing something to fight VSU, but this will not help. All the well structured and pompous arguments aren't going to save On Dit, Student Representation or the Services that students need.

We need active student representatives that

are out there promoting the cause. This is what we did and will continue to do. We will encourage others to get on board. We do all of this unashamedly.

As David Pearson always says, "The amount to which this Legislation will change is limited only by our ability to run a strong and broad based campaign."

I encourage all students to get out there and find out exactly what VSU is. To find out what your Students' Association actually does. Yes there is an element of political representation - of course there is - it is there to criticise political parties that are not doing the best for students, no matter which party it is. But that is not all your Students' Association does - It provides you with advocacy to Faculties (If exams have been marked/written unfairly), to the University (to encourage better facilities, photocopying quotas, undergraduate mentoring schemes and bikesheds) and the wider Community (defending higher education and showing its benefits to general society).

To get involved contact me on 8303 5406 or jessica.cronin@adelaide.edu.au

Cheers,

Jess Cronin

Education Vice-President



This month the Social Development Committee of the Parliament of South Australia will release its findings on the viability of the Statutes

Amendments Act- a bill which, if passed, will see same-sex couples finally receiving the same legal recognition as opposite-sex de facto couples. South Australia is currently the only state that does not recognise same-sex relationships in law and the passing of this bill will see us fall into line with the rest of Australia. But where could we be heading with all this queer law reform?

To answer the above question we need look no further than our neighbours across the Tasman Strait for as of the 26th of April same-sex couples are not only recognised by law, they now have the option of being recognised in civil unions. The legislation to make this possible was passed through the New Zealand Parliament last week after much lobbying by Queer activists.

We often mock New Zealand and its people for being backward but within our corner of the globe it appears they are the most progressive sovereign state. In Fiji it is still illegal to partake in homosexual acts, in Australia our parliament is so fearful of same-sex relationships it felt the need to add into legislation that marriage is between a man and a woman- no discrepancies- and within our own state we don't even recognise that men have relationships with men and women have relationships with women. If the Social Development Committee finds that the Statutes Amendments Act is not a viable option for South Australians and/or State Parliament refuses to pass it where will we find ourselves? We like to think that we live in a just and fair society but for whom does justice prevail? Without further progression South Australians may find that they are the backwards ones, not New Zealanders.

David Kavanagh & Lavinia Emmet-Grey
Male & Female Sexuality Officers

"A woman, a horse and a hickory tree, the more you beat'em the better they be."

Old English Proverb

"A wife may love a husband who never beats her, but she does not respect him."

Russian Proverb

"Women should be struck regularly, like gongs."

Eastern saying

I read these quotes to a lovely group of women last night, to shocked gasps and outrage. As uni students acting in a drama piece that mentions the word 'vagina' more times in 1 hour 20 mins than I ever will utter in my lifetime, you would expect them to reply in such a way...but their response was not unique. Violence is a distressing matter - anyone would be furious to hear that their sister was bashed by her partner for not preparing the right dinner, but how much do we truly know about the nature of violence? For one, it frequently occurs in the home. Domestic Violence (DV) is often shrouded in ignorance and misunderstood through stereotypes - stereotypes and myths that include:

- DV is only about physical violence.
- the victim is a weak woman who desperately wants to flee her abusive husband
- the perpetrator is male, poor, uneducated, alcoholic, unremorseful.
- DV only occurs in heterosexual relationships.

In reality, violence is multifaceted, can be perpetrated by either genders, and is common in same-sex couples and educated couples. DV can include physical abuse (pushing, restraining, choking, rape), emotional violence (making threats, put downs), social abuse (isolating the partner from their friends and family), financial violence (keeping partner financially dependent, preventing them from

getting a job) and spiritual violence (preventing them from accessing their religion, justifying inequality with religious text.)

DV is a BIG issue. In a 12 month period, half a million Australian women experience violence - and only 19% report it. In the US, a woman is bashed every 15 seconds. On a global scale, 79 countries do not have any laws against domestic violence. DV is commonly portrayed as 'not so bad' violence because it occurs in the home and is less visible to the public eye - so it seems less legitimate. Compare what happens if a man beats up his partner in their home with a man who beats up a woman, or another man in the street. Do they receive the same police response and criminal persecution? Furthermore, what about sex? If a man forces his wife into sex against her will, is that as easily classifiable as 'rape' as when a man forces a stranger into sex? Apparently not, according to Californian State Senator, Bon Wilson, who said, "But if you can't rape your wife, who can you rape?" Shame. Lawmakers with attitudes like this guy were responsible for rape within marriage not being recognized as a crime until the late eighties, early nineties. Shame - *fortissimo*.

Indeed, there is ambiguity about the relationship between violence, the home and social intervention. There is a common belief that domestic violence is a private affair and should be left alone to the partners involved. But this attitude only serves to make DV invisible to the community and make victims of DV feel helpless and unsupported. There is a lot of material out there about DV - and it should be brought to our awareness in order to:

- educate victims of DV, helping them to explore their feelings about the violence and their options (i.e. what support is available, where they can get emergency accommodation - Crisis Care, DV helpline)
- educate both partners about the effects of DV on children
- educate perpetrators, helping them to address their feelings and behaviours and identify appropriate support
- help other members of the community identify DV, how to support others experiencing it, etc.
- encourage healthy, respectful and equal relationships

You can bring awareness to this issue by getting involved in the Amnesty 'Stop the Violence' campaign, fighting violence against women and girls. Amnesty will be holding an information stall in the Little Theatre on May 4 & 5, before and after the performance of *The Vagina Monologues*. The production of *TVM* aims to bring awareness to sexual violence and all proceeds will be donated to Catherine House, providing women who have experienced homelessness or violence with emergency accommodation, as well as the Fistula Hospital which assists women with obstetric fistulas in Africa.

Mel Purcell

The Vagina Monologues

May 4, 5, 6 (this week!!!)

The Little Theatre, Adelaide University Cloisters.

Tickets available from the Student's Association (SAUA) - also in the cloisters.

\$5 for uni students, \$10 for general public.

Female Genital Mutilation

in the 21st Century

By Sarah Busitil

WARNING: THIS FOLLOWING CONTENT MAY SHOCK, BUT READ ON - IT IS IMPORTANT TO KNOW.

Chronic urinary tract infections, stones in the bladder and urethra, kidney damage, reproductive tract infections, pelvic infections, infertility, excessive scar tissue, anxiety, terror, humiliation, HIV, death...

All of these are related effects of the practice which is Female Genital Mutilation (FGM). Female Genital Mutilation is the term used to refer to the removal of part, or all, of the female genitalia. There are three types of FGM:

- the removal of the tip of the clitoris
- total removal of the clitoris and surrounding labia
- the removal of the clitoris and labia and the sewing up of the vagina, leaving only a small opening for urine and menstrual blood - a process known as infibulation. This process is the most severe with an about 15% of all mutilations taking this form. So drastic is the mutilation that young brides who have the operation need to be cut open to allow penetration on their wedding night, and subsequently sewn up afterwards.

Harrowing thought, don't you think? As a woman, I feel quite ill at the thought of someone cutting and removing parts of my vagina and could not even begin to fathom what it would feel like to have probably the most sensitive area of my body cut up.

It is estimated that overall, 135 million women and girls (some as soon as they are born), have been subjected to FGM, making the figures 2 million per year and a staggering 6,000 every day. Dependent on the girl's ethnic group, religion or country determines where and how the ritual takes place. FGM could be carried out in her home, in a health centre, under a tree or near a

river. Female Genital Mutilation is "reportedly" practised in more than 28 African countries, and has also been reported among Muslim populations in Indonesia, Sri Lanka and Malaysia. But here is the scary thing: FGM has been reported in Australia, Canada, Denmark, France, the Netherlands, Sweden, the UK and the USA. These girls are mutilated illegally by doctors within their own community. In these cultures, girls are not considered to be an adult until FGM has taken place.

Sometimes a trained midwife will be available

to give a local anaesthetic. In some cultures, girls will be told to sit beforehand in cold water, to numb the area and reduce the likelihood of bleeding. More commonly, however, no steps are taken to reduce the pain. The girl is immobilized, held, usually by older women, with her legs open. Mutilation may be carried out using broken glass, a tin lid, scissors, a razor blade or some other cutting instrument. When infibulation takes place, thorns or stitches may be used to hold the two sides of the labia majora together, and the legs may be bound together for up to 40 days. Antiseptic powder may be applied, or, more usually, pastes - containing herbs, milk, eggs, ashes or

dung - which are believed to facilitate healing. The girl may be taken to a specially designated place to recover where, if the mutilation has been carried out as part of an initiation ceremony, traditional teaching is imparted. For the very rich, the mutilation procedure may be performed by a qualified doctor in hospital under local or general anaesthetic.

I will think twice about complaining about my period pain next month. I feel that this is horribly barbaric that there is a complete disregard for the girl/woman who is being subjected to this ordeal. As mentioned earlier, the physical and psychological effects of Female Genital Mutilation are harrowing. At the time the mutilation is carried out, pain, shock, haemorrhage and damage to the organs surrounding the clitoris and labia can occur. The sad thing is I also found out was that these problems are rarely attributed to the actual mutilation but are blamed on the girl's "promiscuity" or the fact that the rituals weren't carried out properly. In terms of having sexual

intercourse after FGM is carried out, this is just as painful as the initial mutilation. One study carried out in Sudan showed that 15% of women interviewed reported that cutting was necessary before penetration could be achieved. The same happens in childbirth. The genital area has to be cut to allow the baby to emerge and these women are often reinfibulated to keep them "tight" for their husbands. Pretty sad, isn't it...

"I was genitally mutilated at the age of ten,



I was told by my late grandmother that they were taking me down to the river to perform a certain ceremony, and afterwards I would be given a lot of food to eat. As an innocent child, I was led like a sheep to be slaughtered.

Once I entered the secret bush, I was taken to a very dark room and undressed. I was blindfolded and stripped naked. I was then carried by two strong women to the site for the operation. I was forced to lie flat on my back by four strong women, two holding tight to each leg. Another woman sat on my chest to prevent my upper body from moving. A piece of cloth was forced in my mouth to stop me screaming. I was then shaved.

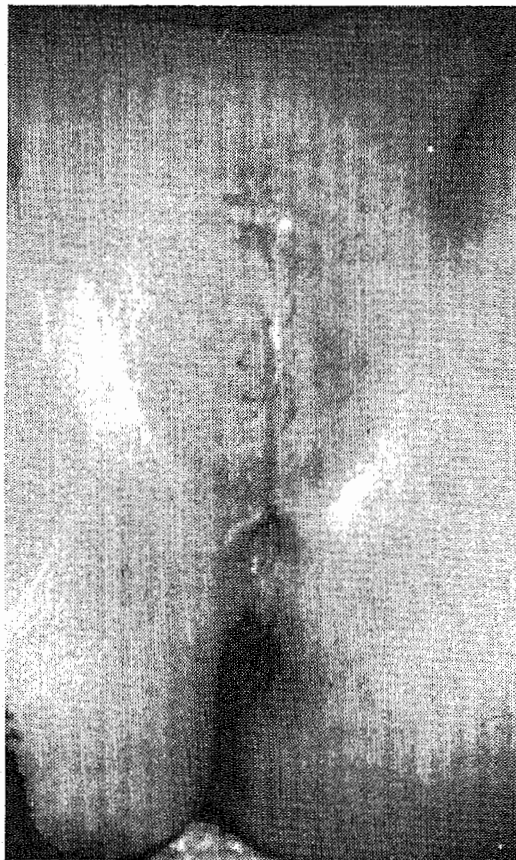
When the operation began, I put up a big fight. The pain was terrible and unbearable. During this fight, I was badly cut and lost blood. All those who took part in the operation were half-drunk with alcohol. Others were dancing and singing, and worst of all, had stripped naked.

I was genitally mutilated with a blunt penknife.

After the operation, no one was allowed to aid me to walk. The stuff they put on my wound stank and was painful. These were terrible times for me. Each time I wanted to urinate, I was forced to stand upright. The urine would spread over the wound and would cause fresh pain all over again. Sometimes I had to force myself not to urinate for fear of the terrible pain. I was not given any anaesthetic in the operation to reduce my pain, nor any antibiotics to fight against infection. Afterwards, I haemorrhaged and became anaemic. This was attributed to witchcraft. I suffered for a long time from acute vaginal infections."

- Hannah Koroma, Sierra Leone

This is a cultural thing. Some cultures believe that genitals are ugly and bulky. Some believe that the clitoris is dangerous and that if it touches a man's penis he will die. Others believe that is the baby's head touches the clitoris during childbirth, the baby will die. It saddens me that something that I think should be loved and appreciated is so feared and misunderstood among many. Groups like Amnesty International in conjunction with the World Health Organisation are continuing to fight against this fighting the injustices repressive groups place on their fellow human beings. It is up to all of us to educate ourselves on issues such as this. I mean, how can something that causes so much agonising pain be thought of by some people as being right?



As a woman, I feel quite ill at the thought of someone cutting and removing parts of my vagina and could not even begin to fathom what it would feel like to have probably the most sensitive area of my body cut up.

The Vagina Monologues

Director Melissa Purcell

Assistant Director Joe Hynes

Stage Manager Kristen Myung-Eun Te

Starring

Kyla Cassels

Stephanie Mountzouris

Margie Lewis

Sarah Busitil

Anna Svedberg

Tori Phillips

Waiata Tahau

Clementine Ford

As part of Ensler's 'V-day college campaign', the SAUA Women's Department aims to bring community awareness to violence against women, as well as raise funds for local and international organisations that address violence against women and girls. Today, *The Vagina Monologues* is performed in campuses around the world including colleges in Croatia, El Salvador and Kenya. Last year 229 colleges performed the play and donated more than \$580,000.

The cast and crew of the Adelaide Uni production of *TVM* believe that violence against women is a real concern and women who experience violence should be supported by their communities rather than shunned or silenced. Unfortunately, the abuse statistics rise every year. These stats were taken from the Amnesty website and other sources:

- At least one in every three women, or up to one billion women, have been beaten, coerced into sex, or otherwise abused in their lifetimes. Usually, the abuser is a member of her own family or someone known to her (L Heise, M Ellsberg, M Gottemoeller, 1999).
- 18,000 rapes were recorded in Australia in 2003 (Australian institute of criminology).
- In a 12 month period, half a million Australian women experience violence – and only 19% report it.
- 42% of Australian women who reported abuse had experienced violence during pregnancy (ABS survey, 1996.)
- In the US a woman is raped every 90 seconds (US Department of Justice, 2000). Every 15 seconds, an American woman is bashed.
- In South Africa the conviction rate for rape remains low at an average

of 7%. A third of the estimated number of rapes were reported in 2003 (Police Annual Report for the year ending March 2003).

- In the Russian Federation 36,000 women are beaten on a daily basis by their husband or partner, according to Russian non-governmental organisations (OMCT 2003).

In honour of these women's suffering, The SAUA women's department will donate all proceeds of the 2005 production to:

- **Catherine House**, an Adelaide housing project for homeless women and women who have experienced violence. Established in 1988 by the Sisters of Mercy, Catherine House currently provides emergency or long-term accommodation for women seeking refuge and trying to re-establish their lives.
- **The Addis Ababa Fistula Hospital** in Ethiopia - there are many ways to help the women of Ethiopia who have suffered debilitating childbirth injuries. Founded in 1974 by two Australian obstetrician-gynecologists, Drs. Reginald and Catherine Hamlin, Fistula Hospital has restored the lives and hopes of more than 25,000 women who would have otherwise perished or suffered lifelong complications brought on by childbirth injuries, specifically obstetric fistula. Today, the hospital provides free fistula repair surgery to approximately 1,200 women every year and cares for 35 long-term patients.

- **Women in Iraq**

For more information on v-day and violence against women, visit:

www.vday.org

www.amnesty.org.au/whats_happening/stop_violence_against_women

Havin' a Dig.

Where were you on April 25th?

Have you ever stood in silence amongst thousands of people before the sun has risen? Standing in quiet contemplation amongst the very people who have given you the right to be there? For the truly patriotic Australian there is nothing like ANZAC day. Braving the chilly pre-dawn air means sharing in part of the identity that has shaped our nation's history. Who has attended the dawn service and can honestly say they have not experienced a shudder as the dying strains of The Last Post herald the rising sun?

As a child I had difficulty with the concept of ANZAC day. We'd learnt in school that Gallipoli was a major military failure and I'd been unable to grasp the symbolic significance of the event. I can't remember the exact time ANZAC day ceased to be an annual day of sleep deprivation and became the one day of the year which made me understand what it truly means to be an Australian.

Every ANZAC day, without fail, there will be the story about how the 'youth of today' are rallying the ANZAC spirit and the typical shot of the service at Gallipoli with thousands of young Aussies. Yet if you glance around the local services you may see a few sleepy eyed children, the odd teenager or early 20's something, but the majority will be middle aged of the elderly- the people who actually lived through the wars. Maybe I'm standing in the wrong section but it seems like the 'youth of today' didn't RSVP.

The obvious reason is most likely the early rising time required to be in town by six o'clock. A certain amount of willpower is required to force yourself out of bed and into the cold air - even more if it's raining. But surely one early morning every year isn't too much to ask? The people who we commemorate on this day fought and died for our freedom and we can't

be bothered missing a few hours sleep to pay out respects to their memory?

This ANZAC day I was watching the parade when it halted and a WWII Vet was stopped right in front of me. He shook my hand and told me of the futility of war and how much he hoped that I would never have to live through such an event. Another told me how much it meant to him that I was wearing my grandfather's service medals because it showed that people still remembered the sacrifice so many had made. The aspect of ANZAC day I have always loved the best is how you can talk to any of the people on the street and they will be willing to tell you of their experiences. Some of the most fascinating people I have ever met are those who have served and it shows them that people do care about the service they have done and we respect their actions on our behalf. To be honest it really makes a lot of Veterans happy if you give them a few moments of your time- it costs you nothing and you gain a sense of history which helps to preserve the memories of a soon to be distant past. It is people like these who make me proud to live in Australia, a country whose freedom they have guaranteed.

Importantly this year I also noticed a change in the fact that more Vietnam Vets were marching than usual. I had always been shocked by stories of what these brave men had experienced upon returning from war- to be ridiculed by those who opposed the war, jeered at in the street, pelted with rotting vegetables, not recognised for the service they had rendered. In no way am I saying that I believed the Vietnam War was a conflict Australians should have been involved in. If I had lived in that time I'm sure I would have been out at the rallies protesting the fact. However the decision to go to war is always a Government's fault- don't blame the soldiers.

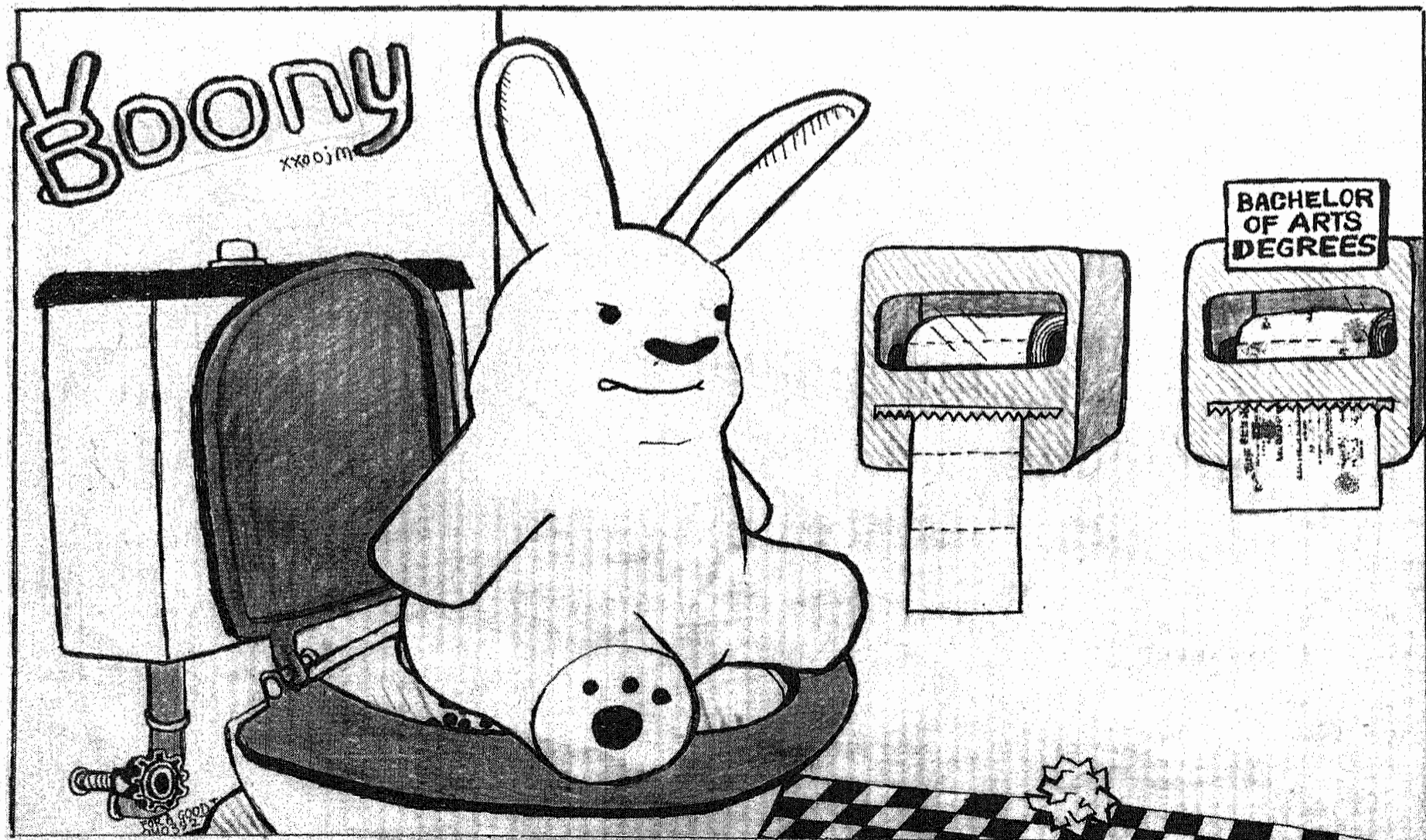
This is the same with those currently serving in Iraq. It doesn't matter if you don't agree with the war or you believe the Government is a war-mongering, Bush-loving, oil-stealing organisation- you don't disrespect the people who have put their lives on the line for yours.

Perhaps the saddest aspect of ANZAC day is during the parade when the battalion signs are being carried and there is no longer anyone following. You realise in the not too distant future the WWII part of the parade will be young cadets carrying the different regiment signs- none will be left who were actually part of this important era of our nation's history. This is why it is so crucial that people make more of an effort to commemorate this day, so that the memory of this great service will not be lost.

You may have been reading this and wondering why a uni student who probably went to the Iraq rallies is writing on the importance of ANZAC day. This is the point that people always seem to miss- ANZAC day has never been about the glorification of war. In fact most old diggers would be horrified to learn that some people regard it as such. It's about the first time Australia did anything as a nation, mateship, courage in the face of defeat and extending the hand of friendship to old foes. Australia may have become a nation in 1901 but it is widely acknowledged that we did not become Australian until the 25th of April 1915 in a cove thousands of miles from our shores. It was here that our identity was forged and to this event we must pay tribute, taking care not to glorify the act of war but commemorate those who fought in them. Let us never forget the famous words of George Santayana 'those who do not remember the past are condemned to repeat it.'

Lest We Forget
Rhiannon Newman

-Ed note. There is surely a difference now that we have paid standing armies where one's profession is to fight, almost as mercenaries in whichever cause your government seeks to pursue, rather than people who volunteered or were conscripted in defense of their nation.





In June last year, the New Jersey Division of Civil Rights ruled that it was illegal for bars and clubs to promote 'ladies' nights.' To this end, a new law was enacted on the grounds that discounts to women during these ladies' nights are gender-based promotions and thus discriminate against men. All of this resulted from one man, David R. Gillespie, taking the Coastline Nightclub to court because he was required to pay a cover charge and full prices for drinks while female patrons received discounts, and as a result of his actions he was subjected to ridicule in a number of forms of local media. The New Jersey Boys afternoon show hosted a talkback discussion with enlightened listeners conjecturing that "he is gay or frustrated", while one letter to *The Sentinel*, the local paper in Edison, NJ, suggested that if ladies' nights were discriminatory, so were discounted public transport fares for seniors and children. Criticism has even come from the highest levels of government, with Governor James E. McGreevey agreeing that the ruling by his state's agency "reflects a complete lack of common sense and good judgment." The state's Civil

One for the Ladies

Rights head, J. Frank Vespa-Papaleo felt that McGreevey missed the point, and that no matter how small the acts of discrimination, it violated the state's Law Against Discrimination "which is nothing less than the eradication of the cancer of discrimination." Deborah Jacobs, executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union in New Jersey, echoed that though the issue might have seemed frivolous to some, it was one that needed to be addressed; "obviously, this is not a serious discrimination issue in the context of the kind of discrimination we have seen against women and minorities, but I believe it was the right ruling." The states of California, New York, Florida, Pennsylvania, Iowa and Connecticut as well as the District of Columbia have all placed similar bans on ladies' nights, while in Michigan, Illinois and Washington State, gender-based discounts are considered incentive for women to patronise the bars rather than discrimination.

The debate became quite heated last year, with many irate patrons (mostly male voices, but some female) arguing that it was the bar owner's prerogative to offer specials to who they saw fit, while on the other side civil libertarians pointed out that a similar night that offered drinks specials only to white patrons would be stamped out immediately. This is one of the more cogent examples brought up, and it brings out the main disparity in the logic of the two groups. While the bleeding hearts argue that any discrimination is wrong, the barflies say that as long as they don't mind being discriminated against, anything goes. 1 year later, the law still stands, and no other significant legislation has come up on the topic in other states, but perhaps bar owners in Denver have found the simplest solution by changing the name from 'ladies' nights' to 'skirt nights', and transferring all discounts to anyone who wears a skirt. Thanks to establishments like PJ O'Brien's and Shenanigans, the culture

of ladies' nights is alive and well in Adelaide though the matter has never come before our courts. Before weighing into this debate myself I must declare a bias because I deplore these nights, bringing together as they do the human detritus that should be left to the lonely trawl along Hindley Street at 5am in desperate search of a partner. Comprehension of the mindset that would encourage you to brave the vagaries of hairy middle-aged men who can't keep their hands to themselves for a few free drinks is beyond me, just as I cannot imagine frequenting a place merely on the basis that it's full of drunk girls. Apparently other Adelaideans have no such problems however; a brief interview with a number of patrons yielded such elucidating comments as "there's hell sluts, dude" and "so what if he's married- at least he's not stingy." Call me old-fashioned, but I just couldn't get into the spirit of things when a girl I'd never met before threw her arms around me and declared she loved me before attempting to tongue my chin. But my objection is not merely on the basis of my aversion to such an environment- ladies' nights encourage the objectification of women and their prejudicial basis perpetuates outdated notions that a guy is expected to pay, then a girl should give it up. Because they are an institution that many people are familiar with, and in fact benefit from, they are allowed to continue to exist but it takes very little effort to uncover the insidious effect that ladies' nights have on society's notions of gender roles. So I say, ban them- ladies, the price of drinks has now gone up and you can no longer pay for them with your dignity.

Aristotle Bucksworth-Colby

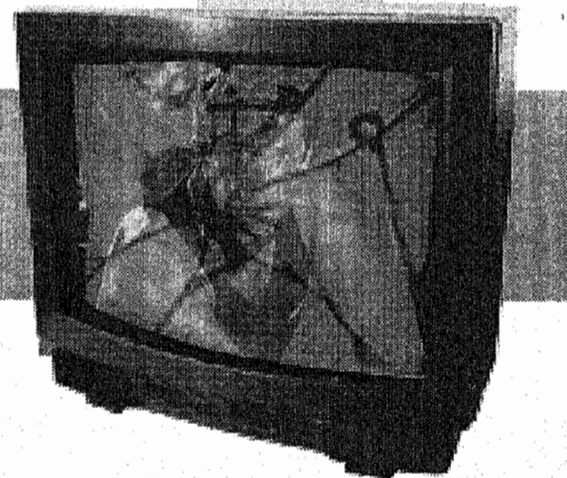
Our Reality Rules!

So you've all heard about them. Unless you're one of the fortunate few, you all know they're faces. You all know their pointless, idiotic, clichéd, already said, and already dead one-liners done ad nauseam by any and every member of our low key society on any and every day. Worst of all this I know them, have watched them and have asked myself a million times, "why am I watching this, someone shoot me" while I feel my intelligence periodically seep away beneath the couch I'm committing this unforgivable crime upon.

Yes, it is nothing apart from reality television, bringing out fake stardom and our million dollar companies are embracing their lack of embarrassment and dignity by paying them thousands of dollars per hour for fifteen or so minutes while our airwaves, television, magazines and music industry are polluted with their garble. It is ironic I watch it and I am sorry. Oh how I am sorry. *Big Brother*, *Australian Idol*, Marty and Jess' hillbilly adventures just to name a few. Ryan Fitzgerald struggles to string a sentence together while I again realise I'm on Nova's breakfast show and do anything, including side-swiping an elderly cyclist carrying his swag of cans just to turn the dial off before

my mental switch turns to Brain-Dead for the day, but what is happening to our, interesting, if not reputable, music industry? The hairs on my back still stand up picturing one flaw of our own Mother Nature, standing alone in some generic country town, wailing "what about me?" while his yet-to-drop balls make every dog in the district yelp in agony, all of a sudden best mates with Mr. Nice Guy Sebastian, cleaning up ARIA's as fast as they are the souls of those who purge what's left of our genuine artists by leaving them at nothing but names-on-an-invite at any acclaimed award ceremony. It is shooting point-blank the already gasping-for-air industry needs inspiration, not a panel of washed up judges telling Australia what 'talent' is.

So where to for this sad state of affairs? One can't not notice the commercials for *Big Brother 5*, 5??? *American Idol*, *X Factor*, Anthony Callea's latest bore me to tears single, so my money is on it hanging around a while. It makes sense while it has unfortunately proven to be such a success, that the Stations milk the cash cow for as long we open our pockets. It is no different to channel 10 flogging *The Simpsons* until even our most die hard fans only mutter a snicker

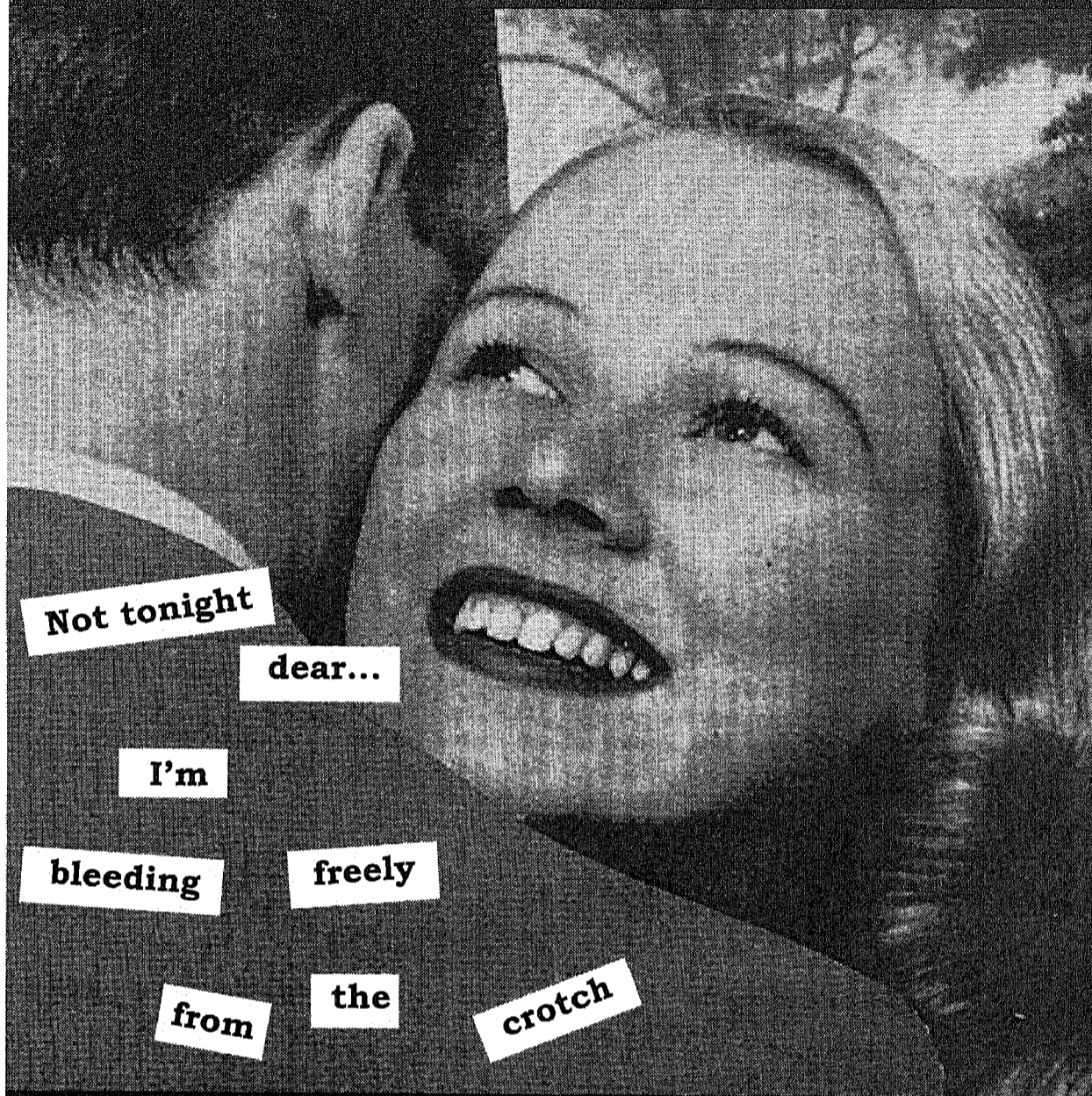


through that classic we've now seen that many times we say the lines before they do. But one has to spare a thought for those apart from the one or two that have managed some form of career from it. Is it unfair to throw glory on someone one minute for being themselves then take it all away and cast them back in to the mediocrity they were borne? No. People are fired, rejected, or made to feel like underachievers everyday. Is it unfair to make millions as a glorified karaoke singer, regurgitating and molesting songs original artists produced decades earlier for a small fraction of what you are making, while you are airbrushed, over dressed, over sold, over played, and labelling your mindless drone-like state as an idol? Yes. Well, in my opinion.

Dave

Bloody Bertha and Carrie's Curse:

The myths and metaphors surrounding menstruation



When I was about fifteen or so, there was a girl at my school who'd been caught on the bus just after she'd gotten her first period. Some kids had gone through her bag and discovered her pads and a fresh pair of underwear. They cruelly began throwing these things up and down the bus while the girl started to cry. As painful as this experience was for her, she learnt straight away exactly how menstruation is perceived in our society. It is hidden, embarrassing and something that nobody should know is occurring. Carrie is alive and well, and while we may not be dripping in pig's blood, we're most definitely drowning in an environment of taboo, myths and metaphors that seek to veil one of the fundamental things that helps define us as women. Dripping blood, we are told, is not something to be discussed around the dinner table.

Beneath the bloody surface

For a biological process that occurs in about half of the world population, there sure are a lot of people who don't understand it. Menstruation occurs as a result of puberty in females, and can normally come anytime between the ages of eight and seventeen. Once a month, the uterine wall thickens with spongy, blood filled nutrients. If a sperm fertilizes an egg, the resulting embryo embeds itself in the uterine wall where the baby be sustained for the next nine

months. If fertilization doesn't occur, the egg travels down the fallopian tube, through the uterus and the cervix and out of the vaginal entrance. Approximately twelve days later, after instruction from the depleting levels of estrogen and progesterone, the spongy mucus that has collected on the uterine wall begins to flow out. In total, each period generally contains around four to six tablespoons of blood.

It's a fairly simple process to understand, and yet it carries such complicated social interpretations. Essentially, it's just the process of the body expelling unnecessary fluid. As Karen Houppert says in her book *The Curse: confronting the last unmentionable taboo: menstruation*, "Blood is kinda like snot. How come it's not treated that way?"

Carefree and free to care

The rising power of advertising in the twentieth century did little to quell the attitude of society towards ye olde monthlies. Indeed, advertising ironically pretends to pull back the shrouds of menstruation while simultaneously cloaking the process in more mystery. It is the advertising powers that be who market our 'sanitary products' and 'feminine hygiene' (terms that suggest there's something dirty and unclean 'down there' that needs to be coiffed, powdered and perfumed as if it was frocking up for the formal.) We are often reassured with one product or another

that 'no one will know you have your period' and it was only recently that the absorption level of pads ceased to be demonstrated through the application of a ridiculous blue liquid. Unfortunately, they haven't quite managed to substitute it with a more realistic thick corn syrup, now preferring to ignore the process entirely in favour of ludicrous claims that a pad can not only seal a water bed leak, but also move with your body enough to conceal a hidden microphone in a drugs bust (for those days when you just don't know what might come up). These corporations prey on the fear they've instilled that a bleeding vagina is perceptibly stinky. In fact, research has shown that menstrual blood has no definable scent. This particular assault on womanhood can be traced back to the beginning of corporate menstrual product production. In 1921, the Kotex corporation in America reminded store owners that "women of refinement dislike to ask for so intimate an article by it's full descriptive name...Kotex advertising to women is so restrained in tone that women's intuition will tell them what it is!" Well, that'll be because we're descended from witches I imagine. Considering that men would most likely run a major corporation in the 1920s, it is not unfair to attribute the beginning of a mass culture of secrecy to beurocratic males who dared to assume they themselves knew exactly what it was 'refined' women wanted. Furthermore, the intimation of 'refinement' suggests women who chose to be open about their natural biological process were somehow lacking in class or judgement. How slovenly of them to bleed all over society!

In an article for *Elle Dit 2001*, Gemma Clark suggests menstrual products are marketed to women based on an assumed desirability for the opposite sex. Consider this 1992 American ad for Kotex ads. "O.K. Your period is no big deal. But if HE found out, you'd change schools. It's a lot simpler just to use Kotex ultra-slim maxis, and relax. He'll never, ever know." Houppert says these corporations assure girls that their periods are normal and healthy and then 'with a subtle bait and switch, assure them that no one needs know about theirs.' Today adolescent girls, and sadly some grown up women, still hide boxes of pads and tampons at the bottom of their bags while they worry about how they'll manage to go to the toilet without calling attention to that telltale bunched up hand. Kotex.com reminds us that even though we may not be able to talk about these things in public, there is a place we can go. "Boys, parents, schools, music, clothes...and periods? Oh yeah. You can talk about them, too! See, this is your place. You can talk here about *anything*." Phew! Because otherwise I thought I might, you know, explode. Sure, some of you may be thinking, but I don't talk about other intimate bodily functions in public. Ladies - having your period means you can have a baby. It connects you with the Earth and can put you in synch with other women around you. Menstrual blood is not the same as bowel waste, and it is NOT something to be ashamed of.

Out damn spot...

The sitcom wife has just blown a fuse, red flaming over high cheekbones. Her husband is amusingly clueless. "Is it *that* time of the month dear?" She glares at him while the canned laughter goes wile, filtered with a few "Oooooohs!" Is she pissed off because her husband is an insensitive oaf and her kids robbed her of the best years of her life? No silly! She's got PMS! Bleeding women are dangerous things. Tacky tee shirts remind us with misogynistic messages like **"Don't trust anything that bleeds for five days and doesn't die."** Society has created this horrific image of a monstrous beast ruled by the cycles of the moon. She's Bertha, the insane wife locked in Mr. Rochester's tower (who, incidentally, is also the obstacle to his marriage to the wholesome, *clean* Jane.) She's the butt of menstrual jokes the world over, this irrational entity governed by the Herculean force of her volatile emotions. She is a sexual deviant. The Catholic Church worried about such a woman in the 1930s because the use of a tampon might, well, *sexually excite* her, not mention pose a very real risk to the state of her much prized virginity. The Dickenson Report in 1945 warned against sexual stimulation through the friction of a pad rubbing against the vulva. Not only is it impossible to reason with a moody Myrtle, but also now it seems she doesn't even need men to satiate her overwhelming sexual urges. By golly, there may just be an army of these sexual beasts waiting to unhinge the very cogs of civilised society! The only thing scarier than a bleeding woman is a sexually depraved one, as scores of horror movies have demonstrated over the years. These are the attitudes that prevail in society today, and the American Psychiatric Association's decision in 1993 to define PMS as a 'mood disorder' is one that plays into the old myth that menstruating women are mentally unstable.

Menstruation? Is that in Europe somewhere?

Menstruation has a massive collection of other names to which it is referred. Surprisingly, they are mostly universal. They range from the passive variations of "Aunt Flo is in town" to the more vivid "snatch box decorated in red roses", a phrase that became popular during WWII. Despite the varied levels of passivity, the majority of euphemisms are employed as devices to shield the true nature of menstruation. In most cases, the vagine is anthropomorphized into something entirely foreign from a woman's body, be it a landscae

model as indicated in the term "too wet to plow" or a detached, unusable space such as "leaky basement". However, with perhaps the exception of the vagina's visiting friend, menstruation is most often referred to in terms of military metaphor. What's interesting about this is that automatically the vagina becomes an entity that is possessed by a typically masculine dominated arena. Take these following examples:

- The English Navy has arrived
- The Red Baron's coming in to land
- The Mean Reds (as referred to by Holly Golightly in Breakfast at Tiffany's)
- The debarkment to the Falklands (a French term)
- Getting your red wings (the first time you give oral sex to a menstruating woman)
- The Communists are in the Summer House (a term from Norway and one of my favourites)

The list goes on. I have found few examples of straightforward mainstream discussions of menstruation. The best I discovered was the Museum of Menstruation (www.mum.org) a wonderful site dedicated to all things menstrual and interestingly run by a wonderfully open man. His site featured one woman's rockin' reference to menstruation as "Bleeding freely from the crotch". At the end of the day, the euphemistic approach to menstruation only succeeds in veiling a totally normal process and thereby perpetuating its supposed social unacceptability. I don't have an Aunt Flo, but once a month I do 'bleed freely from the crotch'. Is there some kind of anonymous support group I missed out on?

"and then a tampon fell out of my bag and I almost died!"

The next time you go to a bar and your period sneaks up on you by surprise, instead of whispering your situation to the girl next to you, try and loudly request if anyone at your table has a pad/tampon. When they hand it to you, resist the urge to bunch that hand up or toss it in your pocket. Why don't you pop it over your ear like the badass mamma jamma you are. It might make you uncomfortable the

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Hoggle Hates Fags

The apropos Christian message of

"Labyrinth"



I recently ran across this page. It's all about an ancient Catholic tradition of constructing elaborate Labyrinths and walking through them as a metaphor for their own spiritual journey. I don't really cater to the beliefs of the papists, but I still thought it would be a good idea. Unfortunately I realized a couple of days later that I don't really have the supplies, or the tools, or the floor space to construct an entire labyrinth. So then I tried to just re-arrange my furniture into a maze-like shape, but I don't think there's any real spiritual resonance that comes from walking circles around the orthopedic chair your parents gave you. Or maybe there is, and the Lord just hasn't shown me the way yet.

As it turns out, I didn't really need to build my own labyrinth. You see, as I was perusing my DVD rack trying to remove any residual sin from the shelves, I came across my old copy of the Jim Henson film, *Labyrinth*.

Remembering my discovery, and my ill-fated attempts to find enlightenment via my futon, I popped the film in and, wouldn't you know it? Mr. Henson and his lovable Muppets had gone and filmed an entire spiritual journey almost twenty years ago! Of course, I'm sure the True message is lost on most of the people who watch it. They just enjoy it for the nostalgia, or the all-too prominent glimpses of David Bowie's area. Nevertheless, the message is there and it's clear to anyone willing to open their hearts and see it. I wrote an entire paper about it for my film class, but my professor didn't really like it. So, since this is my last post here, I guess I'll show it to you guys. That way the next time you watch the movie, you'll be able to think of me, Emily, for ever after in the warm embrace of God's love.

"I prayed for this child, and the LORD has granted me what I asked of him."
- 1 Samuel 1:27

Meet Sarah. On the surface, she seems like a normal teenage girl. She's a bit self-involved, head in the clouds, obsessed with the fairy stories of her childhood. Now look again. Look a bit closer at that book in her hands, the one she's so fond of quoting. Sure, it may say *Labyrinth* on the cover, but really, it's the Holy Bible. Think about it, this



book is the one story to end ALL stories, to young Sarah, the greatest story ever told, you might say. She quotes it frequently, it's her Truth. Starting to sound familiar??

Sarah may seem like a good strong Christian girl, but in reality, her soul is in danger. You see, Sarah comes from a broken home. Her mother is gone, and her father and stepmother offer little support to her, moral or otherwise. She reads the Bible, tries to be a good Christian, but it's all just rhetoric to her. She doesn't really understand what it all means. The stories in the good book are just that, stories. Though she wants to be a good person, she has trouble being accepted by God in heaven. It's little shock, then, that Sarah

finds herself with child. Not babysitting as the movie tells us, but with a child of her own, growing in her young womb. The screams of the child on screen are just Sarah projecting. She doesn't want the baby, wants nothing to do with it. She's even considering murdering the child in her own body, begging that it be taken far, far away. And who should answer Sarah's unnatural prayers? Why, Satan, of course. Now, here in the film Satan goes by the name of Jareth, the goblin king. But... a rock star, in feminine makeup, who presides over a legion of horrible demons? It's not that hard to figure out.

Satan takes Sarah's child, just as she asked. But Sarah, knowing what she has asked for to be inherently wrong, rethinks her decision. Satan tries to tempt her with a crystal, the same as the apple that was offered to Eve. When Sarah does not give in, the crystal even turns into a wicked serpent! Undaunted, the devil refuses to return Sarah's baby, giving her so much time to escape his labyrinth of temptation and find her child. And with that, poof, he's gone.

Before Sarah even has time to make her way into the labyrinth, she is first tempted by the evils of homosexuality all around her. Sarah doesn't see anything wrong with the little fairies, thinks they're harmless. She likes the pretty little things and wants to touch their pretty little parts. But her decision winds up hurting her, as it always does, to touch strange flesh. Luckily for Sarah, we learn early that she will be guided through her journey by our savior, Jesus Christ. She first meets him outside the labyrinth walls, trying to exterminate all the fairies. Sarah seeks help from Jesus, but she's not sure she trusts him. In the end, though he does not guide her every step, it will be Christ who is the only one who can help Sarah through the maze.

"It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in man." - Psalm 118:8

Their Eyes Were Watching God

Once inside, Sarah can't figure out which direction to go. The life with God or without Him both look the same. She doesn't yet trust the word of Jesus. She treads in one direction, along the straight and narrow, but after her dalliance with

the homosexuals, she's frustrated at being forced to go "straight." She's finally shown the way by a little worm, meant obviously to be seen as a phallic symbol. Why, he even has a quaint little cockney accent. The little penis shows Sarah which way is the right way, and even tries to prevent her from a path that leads to Satan.



We then have a brief interlude in which the devil and his dark minions put on a rock music number about how much they love voodoo and magic. This isn't really important to the larger point of the film, but it was clearly the filmmaker's statement on the evils of paganism. They even go so far as to say that to put a magic spell on Toby (the baby's name... well, that's his Christian name) would

be to "make him free". As Sarah moves about the labyrinth, she tries to help herself, leaving little markings so she knows the right path. But the labyrinth won't allow such a thing. You can try to make it on your own, but you just can't do it without God.

Sarah then comes upon two doors. She is asked to make a choice. One door leads to her baby, the other leads to certain doom. However, she is told that one door always tells the Truth, and the other door always lies. Clearly, Sarah is being asked to choose her religious path. If she chooses the righteous door of the Lord, she will find a way to save her unborn child from Satan. If she believes the lies of the other door, or another religion, she will find herself a fallen woman. Even though Sarah tries to make a wise choice, she is not yet confident enough to take the Christian door, and finds herself headed towards destruction. Even then the kind loving hands of her God reach out to help her. But again, Sarah unwisely asks to be sent down, towards Hell. Luckily, when Sarah finds herself all alone in the dark, who is there to rescue her but Jesus.

"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light." - Genesis

Hoggle (the Christ figure) has a shortcut out of the labyrinth. Obviously, this shortcut would be to accept Jesus as her savior, but once again Sarah questions whether Christ knows the way. After being rejected once again Jesus acts skeptical about whether or not he should help Sarah find her way. But she gives him her bracelet and he relents. She gives to the church and she receives.



Once out of the darkness, Sarah and the Lord encounter several hollow voices who try to convince Sarah that her path (with Jesus) will lead to destruction. But these are just voices, connected to nothing, spreading propaganda. Obviously meant to be the anti-Christian media, Sarah is smart enough to ignore these voices, which only seek to fill her heart with fear. After avoiding the media, Sarah and Christ run head-first into the devil himself, trying to scare the two of them. It's interesting to note that Satan has trouble pronouncing the name of the Lord, (calling him Headwart or Hegggle instead of Hoggle).

Once again the crystal apple is offered, and once again it's refused. But when Satan exits he leaves

in his place a monstrous contraption called "The Cleaners." This is obviously supposed to be a cult, who seek the "clean out" the heads of the righteous and prevent them from accepting God on their own terms. Sarah manages to avoid the cult, but only by following Jesus.

After they're safe, Sarah proves once more that she's still uncertain of Christ's word, taunting him and saying she's certain she can find Satan and rescue her child on her own. She immediately crosses the path of an old man, and seeks his advice. The old man babbles a bit about nothing, and then falls asleep. He is Eastern religions. He gives a good sound byte, maybe throws out a proverb or two, but in the end is really of no assistance at all.

Once she's made her way past good old Confucius, Sarah hears the cries of a large monster, being tormented by a group of smaller creatures. Sarah rescues him by "casting the first stone," as it were, and immediately the monster, Ludo, extends the hand of friendship to her. Ludo is Christianity itself. He's a big behemoth, unfairly persecuted, but really he's sweet and pure and willing to give love to anyone who seeks it. Sarah's befriending of Ludo is an important step, because it means she is starting to accept Christianity, and Jesus, on her own terms.

Now with Christianity on her side, Sarah is once again shown two doors, and asked to choose a path. These two doors are liberal Christianity and conservative Christianity. One of them won't stop complaining, the other refuses to listen. Sarah makes her choice, and walks through her door, but Satan immediately robs her of her new found Christianity.

We then have a brief scene between just Jesus and Satan, in which Satan tells Jesus what he must do to prevent Sarah from completing her journey, and also that Jesus is a fool to think anyone would want to follow him. Some at this point may question why Hoggle seems to be afraid of the devil. He's not. Keep in mind that Jesus loves the devil, as he loves all of us. What he is afraid of is what the devil might do. He can't prevent him from executing his plans, because that would take away Sarah's free will. In fact, he's even forced to aid in Sarah's temptation, because he knows she must make the right choice on her own if she is to defeat the evils upon her mortal soul. So off goes Jesus with his unenviable task, to find Sarah.

Sarah, meanwhile, without the protection of her religion, has found herself among a bad crowd. A group of red creatures, all of whom sound like your typical blacksploitation jive turkeys, try to lure Sarah into participating in some of the evils of society. They dance, listen to rock music, gamble. They're even into body modification. When Sarah rejects these subculture vultures, they chase her, trying to pressure her into the sinful activities they participate in. Sarah only manages to escape when she is thrown a rope by (who else but?) Jesus Christ.

It is after, when Sarah tries to show physical love to her Savior, that she is reminded of the cause of her journey, and how she wound up in trouble in the first place. You see, Sarah finds herself in an abortion clinic, here referred to as the Bog of Eternal Stench. The film tries to shield the young viewers from the horrors of these dens of sin, but a discerning eye has no trouble figuring it out.



Just look at all the Cronenberg-esque depictions of expunging vaginas, it's horrifying. Also, Sarah is told that if she dips even a toe into the bog, she will be stained for life. Just as a woman who has had an abortion is forever stained by the evil of what she has done. Sarah, rightly so, is disgusted with the place, and tries to escape as quickly as possible.

"He is the Rock, his works are perfect, and all his ways are just. A faithful God who does no wrong, upright and just is he." - Deuteronomy 32:4

Jesus, Sarah, and Christianity (who is reunited with Sarah when she rejects the evils of the abortion clinic) are prevented from leaving the horrible bog by a little dog named Sir Didymus, here representing the fallacy of science. He is a non-believer. He protects a little man-made bridge and waves his wand of "fact" in their faces. It should also be noted that Didymus rides on another little dog named Ambrosius, an obvious reference to Ambrosia, the food of the gods. It is fitting that he should ride atop a steed with a mythological name because, really, what's a bigger myth than science? He fights against Christianity, but in the end even the scientist can not deny the power of God, and even he repents and promises to be loyal. He allows them access to his bridge, but unfortunately the science is (as always) faulty and the bridge collapses as Sarah tries to cross it. She is in danger of falling into the bog until Christianity gives her a rock to stand on.

Once they are safe, Sarah is confronted with her biggest challenge yet, this one produced by Christ himself. Rather than offer her another apple, Jesus offers Sarah a peach. The peach, being another bit of vaginal symbolism, is meant for Sarah to eat so that she, having reverted to her sinful ways from the outside of the labyrinth, will forget all the important lessons she has learned inside. Jesus presents the peach Himself in hopes that Sarah will reject its evils, but she once again chooses unwisely. She finds herself face to face with the devil, who gives her a beautiful gown and sings a song of love to her. He tempts her with the images of a life she could have if she accepts him. The images that surround her are beautiful, but decadent, and Sarah is turned off by the demon faces that cover all the humans around her.

She escapes. She rejects the evil peach, but she is weakened. She can't remember what she was searching for, and the devil has one last trick up his sleeve. One last temptation. She is suddenly back in her own bedroom, surrounded by all the things she loves. Satan offers her her own earthly possessions, her own materialism, as a thing to fill her heart, a way to replace the love of Christ. But these things are empty, and it is only when Sarah consults her very own Bible that she remembers what she's been searching for, and that the things she owns are meaningless without Jesus.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." - James 1:12

She says with certainty for the first time that she absolutely has to save her baby. She is reunited with her companions and off they go to Satan's castle.

The group arrives first in Goblin City, the afterlife. They cross through the gates of Hell. They are confronted with a giant mechanical monster. Immediately, Science and Myth are scared away, what help could they be in a time of spiritual crisis? It is only Jesus Christ once again who is able to tackle the beast. Though he is David and it is Goliath, Jesus is able to overcome the beast's outer shell and show just how small Satan's power is with the help of the Lord.

As the group walks through the city, they are confronted with Satan's armies. They are chased, shot at, surrounded, things look bleak. However, once they become trapped inside a little house,



Sarah once again calls on the power of Christianity to save her, and Christianity once again responds. Sarah's belief makes him strong, and Christianity is able to defeat an entire army with the faith of the Believers.

After the army has been laid to waste, there is nothing left for Sarah to do on her spiritual journey but face Satan. She knows she must do this alone, to prove she can make the right choices. But Jesus makes it clear that if she needs His help, he and Christianity will be right there waiting for her to call. Once inside the M.C. Escher room, the devil comes at Sarah from all angles. He tries to confuse her, make her believe that he truly cares for her. Sarah, undaunted, is focused merely on saving her baby. In the end, she knows she must make a leap of faith, and doing so leaves the devil's world in shambles.

"He replied, 'Because you have so little faith. I tell you the truth, if you have faith as small as a mustard seed, you can say to this mountain, 'Move from here to there' and it will move. Nothing will be impossible for you.'" - Matthew 17:20

For the last time, Satan offers Sarah the crystal/apple, telling her that she can have anything that she wants and all she has to do is let Satan "rule" her (i.e. hand over her eternal soul). Sarah defeats Satan by recalling the words of her Bible, the ones she could never remember until now, and telling him that he "has no power over (her)." The devil is crushed, and Sarah is victorious.

"...for everyone born of God overcomes the world. This is the victory that has overcome the world, even our faith." - 1 John 5:4

Back in her room (for real this time) Sarah sits at her desk while the baby quietly sleeps in the bed of her life-giving womb. She starts to put away her childish things, even sticks her Bible in a drawer. For a moment we are left worrying whether Sarah's transformation will last, whether she will stick to the lessons she has learned in the company of Christ. However, right as we start to worry, Christianity is there, and Jesus too, even the born-again scientist, all to make Sarah sure that, as long as she believes, Christ will be there with her. In her bedroom.

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HEARTBREAK HOTEL

(or, why am I listening to Whitney Houston as my housemate gets fingered while watching *The Godfather* in the next room?)

I've always had a thing for soccer players. It started with Ramsay Taplin in year 8 and ever since, hearing that a boy plays mid-field sends my heart aflutter. Tell me you're a striker and I may just offer you a blow job. When that soccer player has blue eyes bigger than mine, taffy-coloured skin, honey coloured hair and a smile that you could run a lightbulb off, I get serious hypertension issues.

When I moved into my new house, I ended up with the delectable Union President, Jen Turner, a hot American Mormon with massive jugs and a lycra-clad cyclist who listens to Swedish techno and likes to recite lines from *Taxi Driver*. Our recycling bin is always full to the brim with whiskey bottles (even though the American and the cyclist don't drink); we have a severed piñata head on our television and someone lost their virginity behind my shed at the housewarming. It's a good house for anecdotes (and for bringing back a different right wing man to each weekend).

Then, one beautiful day, the cyclist brought home the soccer player.

There was good chemistry from the beginning; you know when a boy interrogates you that you're either flirting, or you just lifted that gypsy skirt from *Sportsgirl* (who pays \$79.95 for rayon and lace anyway?). The only problem seemed to be that he had been flirting with my hot American housemate first. Now, I'm a fairly practical girl. I wear sportsbras

on the days when I don't want to get laid - sometimes even when I do if I'm feeling particularly spiteful. The American is not just hotter than I am; if she were a furnace, then I would be a forgotten, lukewarm cup of coffee. She may have voted for George Bush, she may be more interested in the soot measurements of burning fuel than the human race (she's an engineer) and her repertoire of expressions is rather limited, but she is da shizzle. So while I was quite happy to casually flirt with the soccer player and very, very happy to appreciate his aesthetic perfection, I wasn't about to develop something as high school as a crush. Ew, gross.

Soccer boy started hanging around a lot (hey, if bagging Mormons is your thing...) and one night I got a drunken phone call from him. He wanted to see my housemate, but he needed me to assess how drunk he was. He'd been on a day long bender with his cricket club and somehow had ended it outside our house holding a copy of *Mayfair* and a ten inch black dildo called Carl. Surprisingly, he was poleaxed (his word, not mine) and we ended up sitting on my fence for two hours talking about threesomes and the private education system. Then he went inside to flirt with the American while I took the dildo and the porn magazine back to my room (he asked me to hide them... who was I to say no?).

It's important to note at this stage that the American is a raging cock tease. She comes from Vegas and is a peculiar mixture of pious and player. She pays me out constantly for the regular rotation of men I have, yet she has just as many gentleman callers: the only difference is that sometimes I follow through. I hate the way a lot of men treat a lot of women, but when I see a man being fucked over, I get on my gender equity high horse and call it nasty. Newsflash: men can be used and crushed too. Sometimes the masochistic fuckers like it, but that's their business. Soccer boy left the house that night with a puppy-dog expression but what did I care? He forgot the dildo.

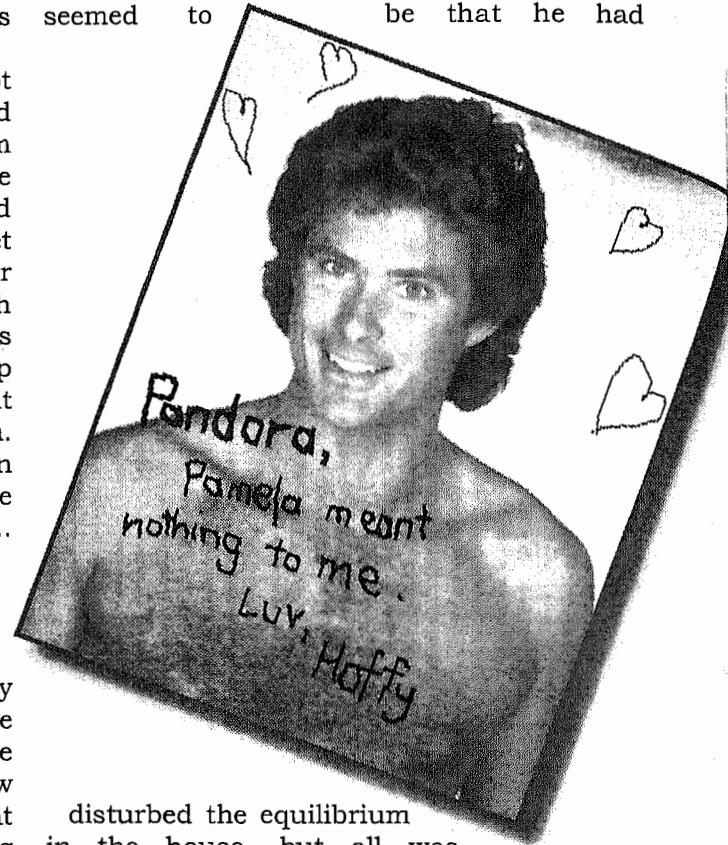
A week or so later he called me to find out where the dildo had ended up (turns out it was his team's mascot). Subtlety has never been my strong point and somewhere between "How are you?" and "Nice weather we've been having", I said "I think you're gorgeous and I'd really like to kiss you". He was at the gate in twenty minutes and somehow we ended up in the spectator stand of the Kensington Oval talking about Final Cut Pro Version and pubic hair.

My best friend once told me that I am the master of formula. Her theory is that when it comes to men, I am able to detect what it is that makes them tick and then start winding their clock (sorry, I felt the need for a euphemism). I'm sitting in ug boots and bunny ears (it was Good Friday - that's about as religious as I get) next to possibly the prettiest man I've ever seen outside of a teen movie and I know that I can play this boy. He's rebounding off a three year relationship, he needs validation and I can be that for him. I want him almost as much as I wanted world peace when I was eight. He thinks I'm some kind of Samantha from *Sex and the City*, which is peachy. To get this, I'm prepared to play whatever role I must.

So this is how I end up with my legs around his waist, his hands cupping my head (don't you love people who have trademark gestures?), having a sigh-worthy orgasm.

Afterwards, I tell him to go and thank him for being a notch in my bedpost. He laughs and kisses me on the cheek before leaving. I am delirious on the heady incense of pheromones and endorphins; I sink into a very deep sleep.

Of course, with a terrible sense of inevitability, I end up getting burnt. While I may give an academy award winning performance of a Samantha, I'm not one. For a few weeks it was fine; soccer boy spent time at the house occasionally with all of us. I was distracted by a dreadlocked Cancerian, so who was I to preach? Soccer boy's main concern seemed to be that he had



disturbed the equilibrium in the house, but all was calm. But I knew something was brewing. Then I discovered that my American housemate still had designs on the pretty soccer player. While playing Tequila Monopoly one night, somewhere between buying Park Lane and going to gaol (both of which I hope to do literally one day), I ended up in tears, throwing cheap champagne glasses at our neighbour's fence. Behind a veil of tears and through a fog of Mexican liquor, I realised what I really wanted was not sex with a pretty soccer player; I wanted affection from the nice boy who happened to be a pretty soccer player.

So I scored way out of my league...but somehow that makes it harder. I can get sex and friendship, but I can't get anything from that mysterious gulf that exists between and outside those categories. The hot American decided that she wanted some validation of her own before she returned to her basketballer boyfriend and Republican voting life back in the states. And so this is how my Friday night turns out: I'm listening to Whitney circa 1999 while the American and the soccer player wriggle suspiciously beneath a duvet in the lounge room, as Al Pacino mumbles indistinctly on the television set. I want soccer boy to know that he's the third boy she's strung along like this and I want her to know that George W. Bush is bringing down the average IQ of the American population with every breath. All I know is this: if you have sex with a cricketer, ten other men will very quickly learn about it; big breasts are apparently more effective in landing a man than more than two expressions and in the end, it's doesn't matter whether you live happily ever after...as long as you live.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey

Vacuous Conversation of the Week! #2

Just when Adelaide University's best and brightest thought it was safe to talk about their shoelaces again, here's another breathtakingly rapid one-sided conversation, overheard on the Barr Smith Lawns.

"So, you like my hair?"

"Did you colour it?"

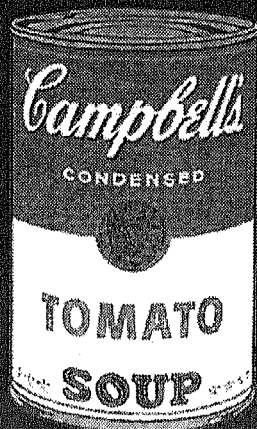
"Nah, the last time I had Reuben colour it properly it sort of fucked up, remember? It was all, like, brittle and stuff."

"Yeah, this one time I -"

"So anyway, Sarah told me I should get, like highlights? Not highlights, but like, dark bits? Whatever, the colour's called nutmeg - nutmeg - nutmeg. I think Sarah's actually blonde hair - it's like, all over the place, y'know? But it's got these dark sort of bits that set off the blonde bits. I'm a natural blonde too, but Reuben says..."

And so forth. The entire conversation lasted no less than half an hour, and put me in a terrible mood for the rest of the day. The sooner whitebread, big-teethed Burnside princesses realise that nobody gives a fuck about their hair, the sooner students will return to their native art of meaningful discourse.

Send your eavesdroppings to *On Dit* courtesy of tristan.mahoney@student.adelaide.edu.au



andy warhol's time capsules



"Being born is like going to jail- then sold into slavery"

Ah the sweet stench of blatant pessimism... if only Andy Warhol knew that a peachy doyenne of the middle-class had quoted him to commence her rant on the plastic inevitability of his existence. He'd most probably cross his arms and utter something along the lines of "Uh, that's great...yeah...uh-huh...cool... ..that's really cool...uh, yeah.....cool". It's funny how every schoolgirl goes through her Warhol stage. Who needs callous lunchtime gossip when you can slip into the library and lose yourself amongst the glossy pages of a Pop Art book bursting with colour and hope of a better world than that of year 9 at an all-girls Catholic high-school? Alas, so goes the story of my life aged 13-18. Warhol has always struck a chord within me that I never quite know how to express without sounding like a gushing teen or a wanky uni student. So when I discovered that the National Art Gallery of Victoria was hosting a little exhibition entitled *Andy Warhol's Time Capsules*, it was off to Melbourne to pay homage to that wacky silver-haired Pope of Pop with the trivial vocabulary and heart of glass.

Warhol was not the most talented nor skilled artist to grace the art world. Frankly, the throng of followers in the Factory (his supercool downtown New York lair) were responsible for many of his mass-produced silk-screen portraits. Yet Warhol understood something more profoundly than any artist in history: Pop. When someone asks, "What's Pop?" I never know what to say. It's not a tangible, teachable, trouble-free concept- you either get it, or you don't. Luckily for the forthcoming hoards of bored and lonely teenage girls, Warhol did. From his humble beginnings in the quiet 'burbs of Pennsylvania, little Andy obsessed over movie stars and singers to compensate for his own lower-class life bathed in small-town mediocrity. The glamorous auras surrounding 'celebrity' became sources of comfort and nourishment for his shy, gentle

yet utterly morose character. With the advent of the Factory, Warhol became the epicentre of his own cultural movement and the media whore that he's best remembered as today. Come on, who hasn't heard of Andy Warhol? Even your average Exchange-flocking dickstick knows what Gold Marilyn looks like.

But besides being an artist-cum-filmmaker-cum-socialite extraordinaire, Warhol was also famous for being a first-class hoarder. What's that? Think of a crazy patriarchal figure you know that religiously attends Garage sales and comes home with a cornucopia of useless crap every weekend (much to the dismay of minimalist mothers alike). Warhol was one of those. But instead of massing piles of furniture, ski-parkas and broken crockery, Warhol collected Pop: newspapers, records, photos, flyers, slash fiction, magazines, autographs of movie stars, fine art, comic books, art deco furniture, kitsch watches, sculptures, even cookie jars. Warhol took his collecting seriously; so much so that he started to fill uniform-sized removalist boxes with his treasures and sent them off to storage. Thus the Time Capsules came into existence.

The National Gallery of Victoria is currently the resting place of all this seemingly useless bric-a-brac. Seeing an art space of such grandeur filled with gay porn and old newspapers is indeed a strange sight to behold. I must admit I was looking forward to seeing some of Warhol's portraits in the flesh, but after a while I became entranced by all his stuff and couldn't help but just look, and look, and look at everything. Three whole galleries full of seemingly meaningless bits and pieces. What really struck me was the fact even the most trivial restaurant pamphlet was now in an art gallery just because Warhol had touched it. Warhol recognised that his piles of 'stuff' had enormous archival value; strolling through the exhibition, one gets the sense that the collection actively portrays a sense of the 1960s that had otherwise been lost through time. Deep, huh?

The exhibition also included the projection

of Warhol's avant-garde films on the walls of the gallery. Seeing Edie Sedgwick's alluring visage blown up to colossal dimensions was quite a sight indeed. All of the Factory Superstars made a few appearances in screen tests for the King of Pop: Viva, Ultraviolet, Joe Dallessandro, and even Lou Reed defiantly holding a Hershey Bar. Several of Warhol's later films from his Studio 54 thronging era were also on display, showcasing the crass, squawking idiots of the New York social scene circa 1982. Warhol takes the piss out of absolutely everyone he interviews, albeit in a very subtle, unassuming, good little Czech boy manner. It was magnificent- they had absolutely no idea he was mocking their miserable reality. However this die-hard romantic was most affected by *Kiss*, a 5-hour long film displaying the long, sensuous, sometimes awkward kiss between a mystery couple. You couldn't take your eyes off the act. It was blatantly staring at you, making you simultaneously feel a sense of 'Aw, how sweet' and 'What am I doing at an art gallery? I too should be ensuring the survival of the species'.

That's the trick with every film/artwork Warhol produced. Besides all the colour, glamour and irony, he repeatedly conveyed an acute sense of isolation. Warhol came across aloof, disinterested and stand off-ish, but in reality, he was a ball of glittering unhappiness, a member of society so cut off from the rest of the world that he toyed with it, got what he wanted (fame, fortune) and still came to no conclusions at the end. All the partying, the superficial veneers, the adornment of beautiful women were all distractions from the futility of Warhol's own existence. His time capsules became a means through which he could archive himself. I really feel for Andy Warhol. He had his fame for more than 15 minutes, but who needs celebrity when you're faced with isolation for the rest of eternity?

Stephanie Mountzouris

Andy Warhol's Time Capsules

16 March - 8 May 2005



Powerful and Spectacular

Simply Divine

More fun in store

Nabucco

Opera Australia

State Theatre, The Arts Centre, Melbourne
April 13-May 12

Verdi's first great success, *Nabucco*, may have been politically potent at the time of its composition, but a vague metaphor for nineteenth century Italian politics does little for most people these days. However, director David Freeman's stupendous first production for Opera Australia uses the story of the Assyrians defeating the Jews to remind us of the rampant persecution in our world today.

Wonderful, stylized and dynamic sets by Dan Potra and extraordinary lighting by Nick Schlieper, reminiscent of Adelaide's last Ring Cycle, make this new production an unbelievable visual spectacle. The cross-era costumes blend seamlessly with the period sets, doing little to detract from the overall effect and strongly increasing the symbolism.

Incredible visual effects see conquering Assyrians approach in slow motion through mist before crashing into the Jewish temple, which crumbles before the might of Michael Lewis' powerful Nabucco, who is initially dressed as an M14-toting Chicago gangster surrounded by an army of men in full-body chain-mail.

Accompanying this visual extravaganza was a flawless performance from a seasoned team of Australian opera veterans, featuring Bruce Martin's authoritative Zaccaria and Geoffrey Harris' slightly tender Ismaele balanced by Catherine Carby's delicate Fenena and Rosamund Illing's heart-rending Abigaille.

They were supported well by Orchestra Victoria under the baton of Andrea Licata, providing a flawless musical backdrop, which extolled the grandeur of the developing Verdi's freshness and vigour, complete of course with signature 'oom-cha-cha' motifs at inappropriate moments!

A musically rousing and visually stunning production; another step in the right direction for opera in Australia.

Edward Ananian-Cooper



'Revelations of Divine Love'

Eve Vocal Trio

St John's Church, Halifax St & St Aloysius Church, Sevenhill
April 23-4

The delightful acoustics of St John's Church provided the perfect setting for Eve Vocal Trio's first concert of their 2005 series, which blended the very old and the very new. The centrepiece of the concert was the fourteenth century *Messa de Tournai*, the earliest known polyphonic setting of the Mass. The trio's guest for the evening was Annie Parsons, who not only sang alto, but also played the cello.

From the outset, the trio's blend and balance were excellent. The *Kyrie*, with its ninefold, repetitive structure, was brought to life with subtle dynamic contrast. Greta Bradman (soprano) displayed excellent control, especially when singing the first soprano part; her upper register was steady and clear, and her control of dynamics, from pianissimo to forte, was achieved without loss of tone. The *Gloria* requires huge amounts of control and precision because of the many instances of ornamentation that feature in it, and Eve were up to the task. However, for some strange reason the '*gloria in excelsis deo*' intonation at the beginning of the movement was omitted. Mezzo-soprano Christie Anderson switched to a higher part for the *Sanctus* and the *Benedictus*, and performed admirably. The final movement of the Mass, the *Agnus Dei*, was a tightly performed and fitting conclusion to the concert, although I wish they'd performed the *Credo* and *Ite Missa Est* movements of the Mass as well.

Emma Horwood's talents as a harpist and singer were on show in Britten's *There is no Rose* and Wright's *Eve the Shulamite Woman*. Excerpts from Abelard's twelfth century *Planctus David* collectively provided the highlight, with each voice singing one verse, accompanied by Parsons on the cello. Quentin Grant's newly composed *The last words of Christ on the cross* was performed well and had some magical moments - 'pray lord; we are near' and 'and die in holy fire' - but, on the whole, the piece was not as impressive as the *Messa* or the *Planctus*.

The members of Eve successfully displayed their talents as ensemble singers and soloists in performing some music that is rarely heard. An excellent concert.

Edward Joyner



Those who enjoyed the Opera Australia production of *The Mikado* that graced the stage of the Festival Theatre in January have good reason to consider a trip to Melbourne in the near future. The same company is mounting a double bill for its first new productions of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in ten years: *HMS Pinafore* and *Trial by jury*.

Anthony Warlow, who had audiences rolling in the aisles with his mischievous Ko-Ko in *The Mikado*, will again take centre stage as Captain Corcoran and as the Learned Judge. While this in itself will be worth the trip, he is joined by fellow *Mikado* cast-member David Hobson as well as Opera Australia regulars Tiffany Speight, Ali McGregor, Roxane Hislop and John Bolton-Wood. Colette Mann, best known for her role in the television series *Prisoner*, will make her debut as Little Buttercup.

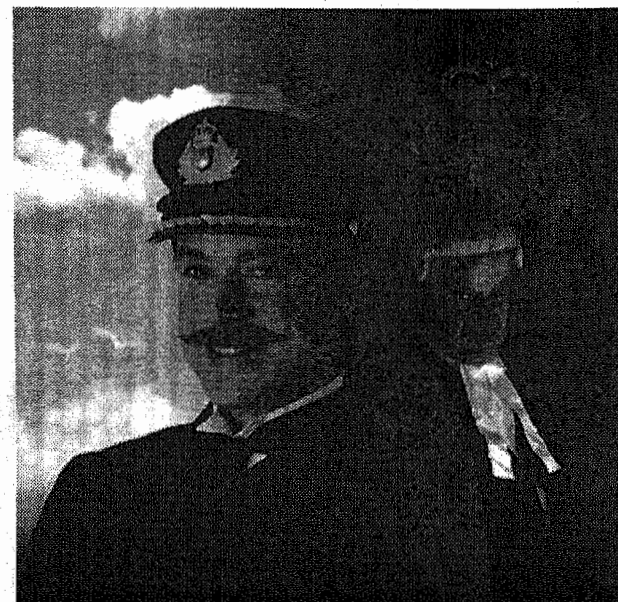
Director Stuart Maunder, who was also involved with *The Mikado*, is in charge of the new productions and has worked with Roger Kirk to set *HMS Pinafore* in the era of the RMS Titanic and relate *Trial by jury* to the television soap opera *Dynasty*. Andrew Greene conducts.

Gilbert and Sullivan's first major international success, *HMS Pinafore* follows the tale of Captain Corcoran, who worries when his daughter falls in love with a lowly sailor around the same time as she receives a marriage proposal from the First Lord of the Admiralty. In *Trial by jury*, the judge employs some spurious legal reasoning in order to resolve a case in a way that benefits everyone, though he reserves the greatest benefit for himself. But of course, following the plot is not vitally important to one's enjoyment of either work. The songs and the jokes are the things that make this double bill a good excuse for an interstate trip.

Opera Australia's new productions of Gilbert and Sullivan's *HMS Pinafore* and *Trial by jury* will be playing at the State Theatre, The Arts Centre, Melbourne from May 19-June 4. Tickets start from \$46 and are available from Ticketmaster7 and Opera Australia Ticket Services. The double bill will also be playing in Sydney later in the year.

The Gilbert and Sullivan will combine with Prokofiev's *The Love for Three Oranges* (see Edition 73.2) and the two operas reviewed this week to form Opera Australia's autumn season.

Benedict Coxon



A Flute That Certainly Didn't Blow

The Magic Flute
Opera Australia

State Theatre, The Arts Centre, Melbourne
April 19-May 14

The Opera Australia production of Mozart's *The Magic Flute* that recently opened at the State Theatre may be almost twenty years old, but the simple, multipurpose set was the perfect backdrop for a fantastic evening of musical and comic entertainment. The music was sung well in the original German, and the English dialogue, once one got used to the transitions between languages, was a witty, fast-paced translation.

Schikanader's Masonic libretto about the striving of the individual and of society for Enlightenment, and the trials that one must undergo to achieve unity with, and love for, humanity was enthusiastically portrayed by a young and lively cast. Slight technical problems with subtitles, a few slow transitions, a few visible nerves and Papageno's out-of-tune pipes didn't detract from the overall impact of the opening night of Mozart's masterpiece.

Tiffany Speight's Pamina stole the show with her wonderful sound and musicality, supported by Jaewoo Kim's able Tamino. Warwick Fyfe's Papageno was hilarious, and slightly outshone Papagena, acted with gusto by Ali McGregor. The Three Ladies and the Three Boys were fantastic, holding the show together musically and dramatically.

The greatest disappointment of the evening came in Natalie Jones as the Queen of the Night, who began her first aria with such finesse and veiled understatement that all expected a fantastic climax. However, not only did she have slight tuning problems in her coloratura passages, but her top Fs would have been nicer inaudible. Her counterpart in

Karl Huml's Sarastro was also disappointing, lacking depth and strength and constantly singing below pitch when in the lower end of his range.

Luke Dollman kept Orchestra Victoria rolling along, although sometimes a little too quickly and with a few uneven entries, providing a musical interpretation of Mozart's genius to support the efforts onstage. The audience was very much involved, with the house lights coming on when an important message was being delivered for people to consider.

An awesomely fantastical and musical production.

Edward Ananian-Cooper

Shaky Start

Purely Purcell
Syntony
Christ Church

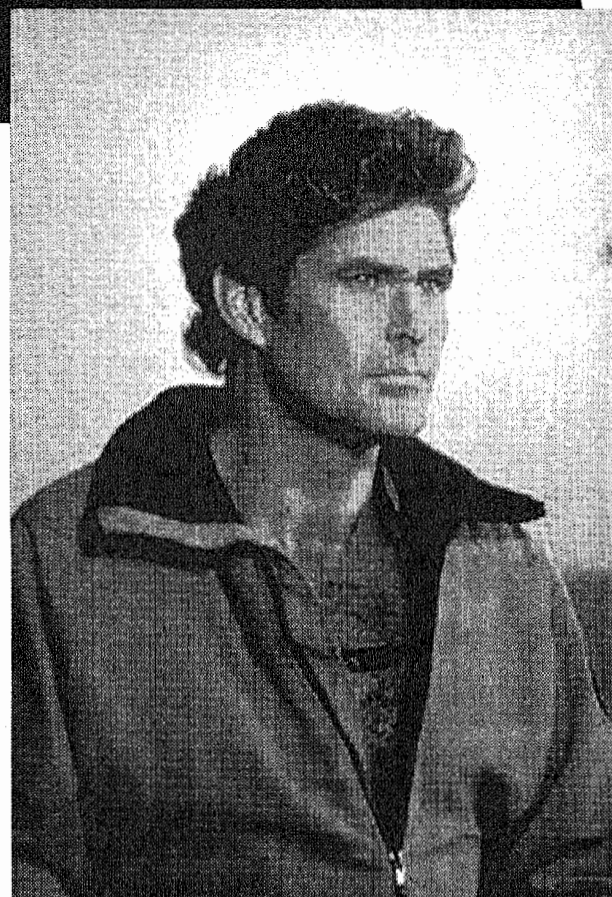
April 16

Chamber vocal ensemble Syntony began their 2005 season with an all-Purcell program, complete with period-instrument string quartet and harpsichord. It was the first time this reviewer had heard the group, and my expectations were high after reading a series of positive media items. However, I felt the group was not in the best of form for its opening performance.

The program contained such gems as *Remember not, Lord, our offences*, *Let mine eyes run down with tears* and *Rejoice in the Lord alway*. Together with music in four and five parts, several pieces with large solos were performed; a decision I didn't entirely understand, as Syntony's main selling point is surely their fine ensemble singing and blend. Timothy Marks (bass) and Ben Whittall (tenor) combined to perform *Hosanna in the Highest*, with the other performers taking seats in the choir stalls. I felt Marks and Whittall were much better suited to singing as part of the group than they were to singing as soloists. However the following item, the haunting *Remember not, Lord, our Offences*, was the highlight of the evening. More pieces for soloists were still to come, which was a shame; more works similar to *Remember not* would have been better.

On the whole, the ensemble and style were good, but not great. Breathing seemed to be causing problems, along with balance and consonants. For most of the performance, the bass part was overpowering, rendering the tenor and counter-tenor (Matthew Ruddy) inaudible. The performers of choice were the sopranos, Bridget Warnes and Emma Horwood. Horwood's upper register was especially clear, and the pair's balance in the four-part and five-part anthems was excellent. The choice to use period instruments was to my mind not worth the overly long tuning sessions in between items, but the playing of Ben Dollman (violin) and Anna Webb (viola) was commendable. I am convinced that this was not Syntony at his best; one must hope that by their next concert these issues will have been sorted out.

Edward Joyner



A devotee of theatre, in his more pensive moments David often finds a bitter solace in the searing truth of Macbeth's immortal words - "Out, out brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more. It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Well, that and how wise it was to sneak a clause in the contracts of all female cast members stipulating that they are required to "wax his surfboard" on command.

wots on at scots

semester I, 2005

www.scotschurch.org.au/uni



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Three Dollars



Director Robert Connolly (*The Bank*)
Starring: David Wenham (*The Boys*) & Frances O'Connor (*Lantana*)

Seems unlikely, but it's an entirely possible set of premises. Bear with me here. You are Eddie (aptly played by David Wenham) husband, father, corporate employee. This is the most unlikely part. It's still not impossible. You only have three dollars. This financially insecure state of affairs happens every time you see Sarah from your childhood which happens, well, exactly every 9½ years, nowhere in particular. These three premises form the simple basis for what to me was a 'quality viewing experience'. I hope many others are queuing to find what this film has in store for them.

Wenham and his signature of quality character acting (always imbued with a wry personal touch) are here as could be expected. Perhaps it is also a skilled rapport derived from previous collaborations with Connolly as director, making his character come to life in cohesion with the various locations, and plot fragments that drive the storyline. Indeed all cast performances are strong. Particularly noticeable as Eddie's daughter Abby is Johanna Hunt-Prokhovnik, small as she may be, her depth shows in scenes that, in film and in real life, are hard for everybody to understand and be reconciled with. As a young actress her sensitivity and feel for the role make her stand out. The student, mother and wife, Tania is played well, with obvious compassion by Frances O'Connor. The diverse characters created onscreen are simply likeable, and it's easy to become attached.

With Eddie's narration slipping in and out of dialogue, interspersed with quiet scenes atmospheric music/noises and the odd rich silence, the viewer is invited into hearing and seeing what he does, how he's thinking, and sometimes what he or various characters, are blind to. Whilst there is drama and magic in the plot, it is gently realistic, forever pushing the envelope on what ordinary situation can be woven into the unpredicted circumstances Eddie and family find themselves in.

With them, we delve into and flit through hidden but typical concerns of ordinary people, material and non-material, and their symbolic interrelations. For instance, Tania's attitude to

their "shrine to mobility" might strike a chord, if you've ever had a car to fix, as might Eddie's experience of finding himself in an expensive suit with a hole in it, 'the emperor has no clothes' style. It cuts through and humanizes the nominalized veneers of mental illness and homelessness (deserving hearty praise just for that) and weaves in simple themes of honesty, trust, and responsibility. And yet it is intentionally funny.

More than that, implicit is the suggestion that misfortune is not by necessity brought unto oneself, and by default it calls into question the arbitrary economic hierarchy imposed on society by layer upon layer of rationalist decision making. Do see director Connolly's ABC radio interview transcripts (www.abc.net.au) if you want to hear some of his views (loosely shared by myself and many Australians) on how this country is run from above. But the story told on the screen is mainly from the basic personal perspective, with focus on those acting directly to create and resolve their and others' circumstances within the environment of the status quo. It's about family, health, dilemmas of responsibility and ethics, but most of all it's about what our lives add up to. Once our basic needs are secured, what are the non-material things we value, how do we attain them, and what do we do when others are falling by the wayside? How often do we really value that which we have? Or fight to keep it?

As students in Australia, many of the scenes will be familiar, a university library, student notice boards, cropping country in Victoria, city, and streets. The backdrop to this story is our country. Much as I am a positive sucker for Australian movies, the beauty of any cinematic experience is in the perception and interpretation. This one is well worthwhile.



Eddie P.

REVIEWER PROFILE

Danny Wills



Fave film: *Metropolis, Persona, Touch of Evil, Last Year at Marienbad*

Most Hated: *Exorcist, The Beginning*

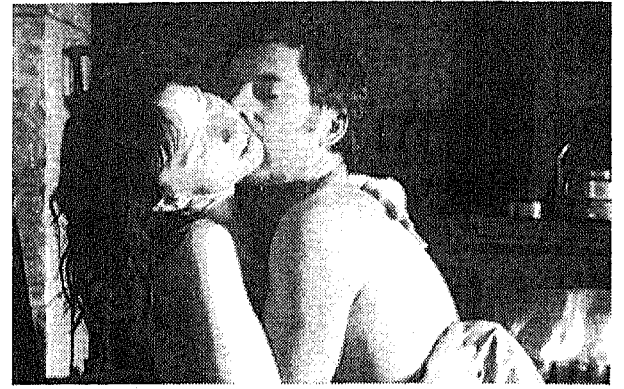
Fave Genre: Silent, Comedy, Noir, French New Wave

Fave Actor: Ingrid Bergman

Random Fact: In *Casablanca*, no one actually says "play it again, Sam"



Human Touch



Director: Paul Cox (*Innocence, A Woman's Tale*)
Starring: Jacqueline McKenzie (*Romper Stomper*) & Aaron Blabley (*Erskineville Kings*)

With more than 30 films to his credit, including some of the most important and respected in the history of the Australian cinema, Paul Cox is one of the lynchpins of our national cinema. In his past films, such as *My First Wife*, *A Woman's Tale* and *Innocence*, he's explored intensely personal issues, usually revolving around a search for intimacy and the difficulties of negotiating a truly symbiotic relationship with another human being. In *Human Touch* he continues down this personal road with an increased interest in the importance of sexuality in long-term relationships.

Anna (Jacqueline McKenzie) and David (Aaron Blabley) are a loving young couple whose relationship seems to be built on give and take and respect for each other. Anna belongs to a choir who are planning a trip to China but lack the funds to be able to make the trip. Wealthy philanthropist Edward (Chris Hayward) takes an interest in Anna and members of her choir suggest she spend time with him in the hopes of getting him to sponsor them. After an initial reluctance Anna agrees. At first David is understanding of her need for freedom but after she begins to show more and more platonic affection for Edward and less and less sexual interest in David he finds it harder to deal with Anna and Edward's relationship. Slowly David and Anna's relationship begins to disintegrate and they flee to France to try and regain what has been lost.

Human Touch is almost impossible to categorize in any sense other than that it is a mood piece. Cox doesn't clearly articulate any single idea or follow one philosophy. He seems to be sending his characters on journeys unaware of where they will end up. He sets up reactions between volatile ingredients so as to be able to examine the by-products of their collision.

In a way this is a strength of the picture, it means that viewers can take what they like from it, identifying things they are familiar with and feeling empathy in those instances. Nonetheless the lack of any discernable insight robs the picture of its potential profundity.

At times Cox seems to be suggesting that love requires you to "let your partner be free", at other times he seems to suggest that you have to own your partner and that exclusivity gives a greater weight and value to your interactions and then at other times he seems to be suggesting that it's all meaningless and that sex is the most fun of all the meaningless things.

Human Touch is a very intelligent, articulate conversation where the speaker agrees to disagree with himself.



Danny Wills

In Good Company

Director/Writer: Paul Weitz
Starring: Dennis Quaid (*Far From Heaven*), Tophér Grace (TV's *That 70's Show*), Scarlett Johansson (*Lost in Translation*)

The people within corporations exist in a hierarchy: last year's documentary *The Corporation* touched on this from a very neutral angle, examining the impersonality of big business and the disposability of many of the people within it. *In Good Company* tackles this side of big business as well, but its focus is more specific, its angle more emotional. That's not to say this is a bad thing - in a desolate wasteland of mindless, 'mainstream' films, *In Good Company* is actually a warmly intelligent, perceptive comedy. Its core character, Dan Foreman (Quaid), a middle-aged advertising executive in a large advertising company, finds himself in hot water when said company is bought out by an even bigger company. Dan is quickly demoted to make room for Carter Duryea (Grace), an ambitious man barely half Dan's age. Dan is lucky, in a way - many of his co-workers and close friends have found themselves ousted from their jobs, while Dan can still finance his daughter Alex's

(Johansson) college education, unaware of the fact that Alex is dating Carter.

The film sidesteps predictability at almost every turn, with unexpected outcomes for all of its main characters. What really lends the film its strength, though, is the subtlety of its direction. Humour is found in the awkwardness between Dan and Carter's first meetings, in the casual detail of the way Dan's family interact with each other, and in Carter's underlying intimidation by Dan. When Dan's company is visited by newfound CEO Teddy K, who espouses a wad of vague management-speak during his introductory speech, Dan politely states that he doesn't understand what Teddy is talking about. The scene is nicely downplayed, and something that employees of big business (such as myself) might appreciate. The performances are easy to enjoy as well, with director Weitz drawing much understated gusto from both Quaid and Grace, whose character has a tendency to overuse the word 'awesome.' Scarlett Johansson continues to reflect talent beyond her age, imbuing her character here with a wisdom that makes her seem somewhat out of Carter's grasp, even if her roles in *Girl with a Pearl Earring* and *Lost in Translation* had a little more to offer her.

Ultimately, *In Good Company* leads its audience to the realisation that there are costs associated with corporate ambition. There are a few positions at the top of the managerial chain, but for a select few people

to reach that point, countless others must be 'let go.' Those people are almost invariably left unacknowledged by those who do manage the business, as illustrated by Mark Steckle (Clark Gregg), Carter's manager, who wants to know nothing about the situations of those people he is partially responsible for displacing. *The Corporation* pushed more information - it is a documentary, after all - but by delivering strong, empathetic characters that embody the faceless victimization businesses can so easily manage, *In Good Company* carries a great weight that might not be felt until next Monday rolls around.



Brian O'Neill



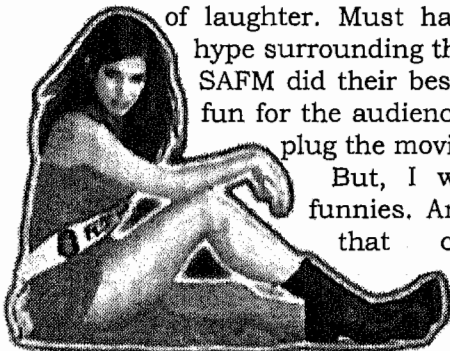
Miss Congeniality 2

Armed and Fabulous

Few sequels have risen above their predecessors or even above mediocrity.

That's not to say that the crowd at the premiere didn't enjoy *Miss Congeniality: Armed and Fabulous*. There were even claps at the end and more than one outrageous burst of laughter. Must have been the hype surrounding the evening as SAFM did their best to organise fun for the audience in order to plug the movie.

But, I wanted more funnies. And not those that come from Sandra Bullock frumping it



up in over-70s women wear à la Las Vegas style for an undercover scene. There's something as dissatisfying with pretty women dressing ugly for a joke as eating a bag of popcorn for dinner.

As with *Blues Brothers 2000*, the idea goes that to continue the story you must add an extra character. This time it isn't a cutesy child with great musical talents but a new partner for FBI agent Gracie 'Miss Congeniality' Hart (Sandra Bullock). Her new partner is a hard-pressed young woman with anger management problems to counter Miss Congeniality's, well, congeniality.

As expected there is be some dullish conflict to propel the narrative towards a bonding sesh between the two women, not before a few humorous tiffs and after the dressing up.

Miss Congeniality is fed up with her former Beauty Pageant persona and ready to kick some ass. In the first film she had to go undercover at a Beauty Pageant for an assignment. In the sequel she leads an undercover mission to bust a group of robbers, dressed as housewives, in a bank. Unfortunately a fan rushes to get her

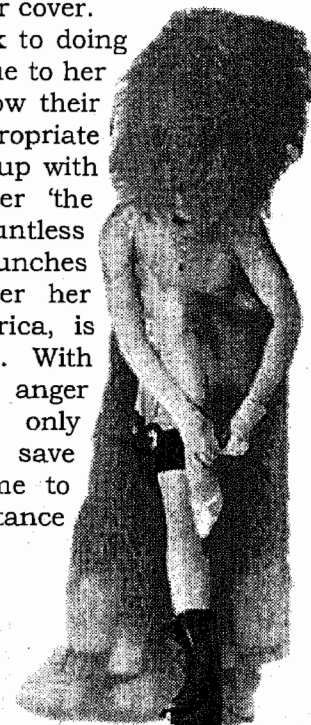
autograph and blows her cover.

She wants to get back to doing her real job but can't due to her legions of fans who show their admiration at inappropriate times. Her boss comes up with the idea of making her 'the face' of the FBI. Countless talk shows, book launches and press junkets later her best friend, Miss America, is kidnapped for ransom. With the help of her new anger management sidekick, only Miss Congeniality can save the day and truly come to understand the importance of friendship.

Light and forgettable.



Hélène Sobolewski



Cult Blast From the Cusack Past - Say Anything (1989)

Director/Writer: Cameron Crowe (*Almost Famous*)
Starring: John Cusack (*The Sure Thing*), Ione Skye (*Wayne's World*), Lili Taylor (*I Shot Andy Warhol*)

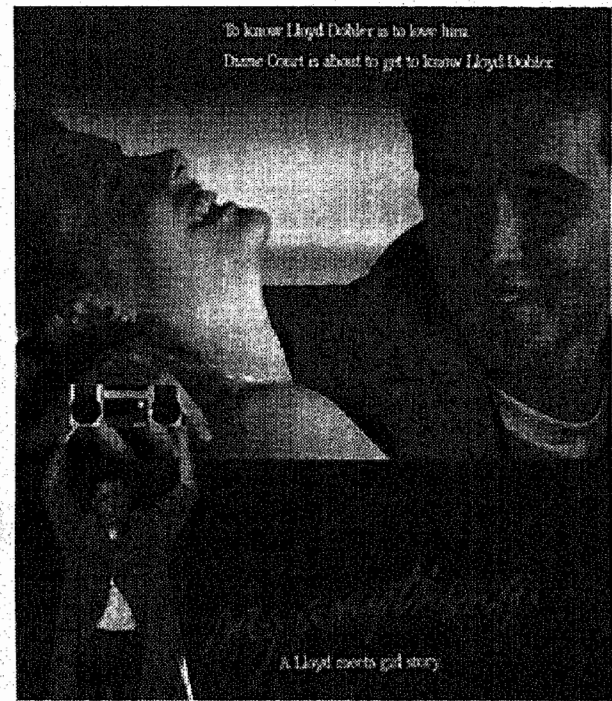
When you next get into an argument about which character from a movie would be the best boyfriend (if it hasn't already happened, it will) you now have the answer: Lloyd Dobler (Cusack). Sweet, honest and quirky, he's any girl's dreamboat. Unfortunately he's one of those overlooked gems, with many girl "friends", but no girlfriend. Of course, there's Diane Court (Skye). Beautiful and insanely intelligent, she seems way out of Lloyd's league, advised by his friend Corey (Taylor) "brains stick with brains. The bomb could go off and their mutant genes would form the same cliques". But Lloyd's not convinced. His unwavering sense of self-assurance has him asking Diane out on a date. And from here begins one of the most delightful and believable love stories to ever come out of the Gen X era.

Cameron Crowe has the same gift of storytelling that Judy Blume has - to project himself back to any age and write from brutally personal places to create beautifully sincere films. With *Say Anything*, he's at his best. Lloyd Dobler is one of the most fabulous characters ever realised. The support players are natural and funny, or naturally funny, if you will. Crowe's wonderfully unique script and relaxed directing are what make the film shine, and of course John Cusack. What a sweet!

Much parodied since, the scene that has Lloyd outside Diane's window, ghetto blaster raised and their song (*In Your Eyes*, Peter Gabriel, if you're interested) blaring out should send any girl's heart aflutter (or have any guy jotting down the idea for future use). All you need is love!



Lucky L.



JIMEOIN - COMEDIC GENIUS OR IRISH GIT? you decide:

Beginning an interview by more or less offering the interviewee sexual favours has become our standard ice breaker. You know the *On Dit* girls are around when the first story told is of their drunken hook-up with the last interviewee and a tentative 'we'll just see how this pans out' consigns their new hapless victim to a similar fate. Jimeoin, dirty dirty Irish man that he is, loved every minute of it: "They've already asked if they can snog me. First question!" he cries to his mate, but he's a fair guy, "both of you can snog me afterwards." With that out of the way, we could concentrate on talking about his new film, *The Extra*, which is about a film extra trying to break into the big time - not so different to Jimeoin's own tale of an extra/builder who starts stand-up in 1990 and 15 years later has established himself as one of Australia's 'best loved' entertainers.

Jimeoin wrote the script himself, "I actually wrote it, finished it and started again cos it was the wrong story. It can happen that way... 'Cos it's a fictional story, you really have to question yourself about what it is you're trying to say." While filming *The Craic*, he started tossing around new script ideas and there was an extra in the film who really stuck in his head. After the first screening the first two people Jimeoin saw were extras who were absolutely gutted because their parts had been cut. And a mate of his had been an extra on *Far and Away* with

Tom Cruise and had to sign a contract saying he wouldn't make eye contact with the stars - and so he thought "That's perfect, this is what it is - The Extra... You write what you know and I knew about fame and about being an extra and wanting to do something with my life but being disrespected and being ignored."

The film features some high profile Australian comedians: Shaun Micallef, Colin Lane, Rhys Muldoon - how did Jimeoin enjoy working with them? "They're great... I couldn't take anyone from the film world into this project 'cos they're all wankers... they're so egotistical... I really wanted people who I work with in the comedy world, who knew how to execute a joke." He tried to give them some freedom to play around with the script and confesses that he had no idea what to expect from Shaun Micallef for his

character's audition piece, incidentally one of the highlights of the film. Another highlight was Jim's dancing in the gay club, taken straight from his observations whilst living in London, and here's an interesting tidbit for Jimeoin lovers out there - he wanted to be a dancer. "I missed my vocation. I really would have loved to be a dancer, to be perfectly honest." Our hearty laughter was out of order - "I'm being deadly serious."

His advice to budding young comedians: "You've got to stick at it. It'll be shit for the first couple of years... there's a lot of humiliation in stand-up, people just don't find you funny,

but if you go through that and start to feel a bit more comfortable on stage then you can start trying to exercise an original voice."

When asked about his heroes, he immediately names Johnny Rotten: "His sense of rebellion and sense of humour are probably my biggest inspiration." His dream show? "The Jimeoin and Johnny Rotten Show... it'd be funny... I'm pitching it to Channel Nine as we speak." Oh, and have we heard? "Neil Diamond's done a song with Johnny Rotten, a duet. It's called 'You don't bring me flowers no more, you fucking cunt!'"

Fucking comedians, always gotta have the last laugh.

Soph. & Lucky L.

Jimeoin Vox Pop Corner

Age: 39

Starsign: I'm not of this planetary system

Ideal holiday: Adelaide, it's fantastic

Fave Film: *The Extra*

Fave muffin: Any ol' muffin will do

Would you rather be Dolly Parton or Gary Sinise: Dolly (cos of the knockers)



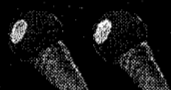
The Extra

Director: Kevin Carlin

Starring: Jimeoin, Rhys Muldoon & Sean Micallef

When I found out I had the opportunity to interview Jimeoin I jumped at the chance. I mean, come on - Jimeoin! The Irish comedian with the cheeky grin who's on TV a lot. Yeah, that's right. So when realisation hit that I had to see his latest film, *The Extra*, to get the interview, well, let's just say he became the sort of funny guy who's on TV, sometimes. But I pulled up my socks and went along with an open mind (very open) trying to clear all unhealthy thoughts of shitty Australian comedy feature films from my jaded mind. What a foolish dreamer I was. NB: "was". I know this sounds pretty dire - it's not all that bad, it's just not all that good, either. Jimeoin plays 'The Extra' (no actual name - clever), a hapless but quietly optimistic fellow who can't get a break as an actor. He has to dance in a gay bar to get in to the performer's union and even as an extra he's always left on the cutting room floor. Tear. Along comes an opportunity in the form of Rhys Muldoon for a starring role and chance at the big time. Yay! Hooray for *The Extra*! Not quite, for there are sinister forces at work and things

don't always turn out the way we hope...or do they? Muhahahaha! Along the way *The Extra* picks up a few mates, a couple of roots, crabs, a gun and some morals. Aaaaaw! There are funny bits in *The Extra*. I won't write them because I can't really remember what they are - but I do remember laughing. Oh! Micallef's audition scene was a hoot, totally adlibbed including an impersonation of Christopher Walken. Now who doesn't love that? Jimeoin's inept 'Extra' is everyone single character's stooge at some point, and he plays it with relish. It got me wondering how many quasi-surprised looks he has up his sleeve now? Rhys Muldoon is as hammy as the Royal family's Christmas dinner and it's really quite embarrassing. All those years on *Play School* and I still think he saved his best comedy for the kindy kids. Perfectly cast is Hinze as a big-time screen goddess and the object of *The Extra*'s desire. I say "perfectly cast" because all she had to do was stand around and look beautiful. Yeah, well done, ya model. There's a lot of industry-related jokes in *The Extra*, that unfortunately only people "in with the in crowd" may understand. All in all, the film is a trite piece of light (so light it's floating) entertainment that if watched stoned...still wouldn't be any funnier.



Lucky (or not so) L

QUOTH THE RAVEN

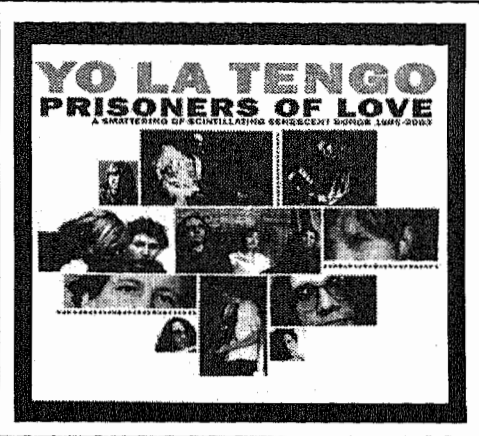
**Fuck you,
fuck you,
fuck you,
you're cool,
and fuck
you. I'm out!**

If you know what film this quote is from, let us know! Email onditfilm@hotmail.com and we'll throw something your way!

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Prisoners Of Love
Yo La Tengo
Matador

The first Yo La Tengo CD I ever bought was *Genius and Love = Yo La Tengo*, a compilation of out-takes, covers, soundtrack songs and alternative versions. I couldn't believe how good it was, a precious find that I would forever love. Their latest compilation offers a summary of YLT in a structure that reflects their mad variety and wonderfully consolidated approach. *Prisoners Of Love* marks a brilliant twenty years of YLT, a band you may've heard of but not necessarily heard.

The problem isn't where to begin, they are an amazing band and any album will suffice. It's just that *Prisoners of Love* is probably not the way that I'd lead you if my objective were to change your life. Sure there are great examples of what's to love about YLT from the purring bassline of 'Autumn Sweater' to the Dropped out delayed wash of 'Pablo and Andrea'. You'll find yourself lost in Georgia Hubley's Heartbreakingly sombre tones on 'Tears Are In your Eyes', from *Electr-O-Pura*. Her dreamy tones here make up for similar songs like 'Shadows' and 'Nowhere Near' absent from this compilation. In fact the sense of absence is the most telling flaw with this and that's probably the case with any prolific band's 'best of'; there's never enough space to put everything worth hearing on them.

The difficult task of compiling a selection YLT songs that would appease everyone is handled in a way that avoids doubling up on examples of texture, sound, vocals, structure, and mixes in order to reflect upon the great variety that is YLT.

There are the unavoidable instances where you need to hear Ira Kaplan's blitzkrieg guitar or James McNew's sweet, Neil Young-esque falsetto on 'Stockholm Syndrome'. Likewise it's good to hear the contrast between the first two tracks off *President YLT* ('Barnaby, hardly working' and 'Drug Test') with 'Season of the Shark' from 2003's *Summer Sun*; It shows how far their sound has developed and not lost any substance. YLT are like the frog in Frogger, except they move brilliantly from side to side without having to avoid anything cause they're already

across the road.

Fans will notice the songs that have been overlooked, 'Deeper into Movies', 'Some Kinda Fatigue', 'Whole Of The Law', 'Center Of Gravity', 'The Evil That Men Do' and more. For those not yet acquainted you'll find the songs you do and don't like, and then you'll buy an album and the one's you don't like will become your favourites...ahh now I get it!

Anyway the bonus disc is where it's at for me. The name of Kevin Shields, let alone following the words 'remixed by...' catch the eyes in anticipation and quench the ears with a trance electro warmth treatment to 'Autumn Sweater'. There are surprises when you think some songs can't be bettered such as a demo take of 'Green Arrow', from the album *I Can Hear The Heart Beating As One*. Exhibiting the desired elbow sound they couldn't reproduce for the album version, where they opted for the sounds of crickets instead, you'll wish they could somehow go back into the studio until they could get it right. An acoustic version of 'Tom Courtney' sung by Georgia is endearing but won't challenge the album version. The guitar on 'Bad Politics' and 'Out The Window' are insane, and the eerie samples on 'Mr. Ameche Plays the Stranger' showcases a darker psychologically approach of YLT never seen before, though it's style could probably fit towards the end of *Electr-O-Pura*.

So that's my two cents! There's so much, buy this then go to the Adelaide City Council's lending library and grab all you can find, it seems someone of a reasonable intellect has spent a good portion of resource money on the entire YLT catalogue.

BV



Riding Giants (soundtrack)
Various
Warner

Whoa, like, this compilation is, like, the gnarliest thing I've ever heard compadre.

There was a time when surf music was a genre and now it seems anything from Alice in Chains to Ragtime to the Illdependents can feature on a surf clip, movie and or doco.

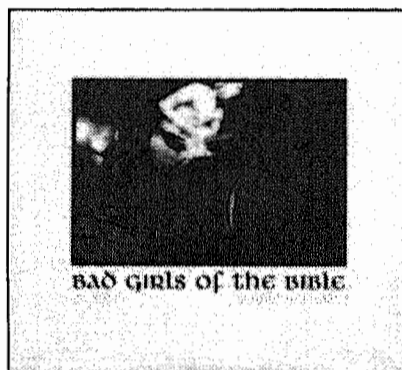
Who's making surf music these days? I hear bits of the surf guitar aesthetic pop up from time to time but never in it's own right. Not that I dislike the music on this CD; I guess the director's intentions of

showcasing a history of surfing does justify the variety of tunes. I suppose the fact that surfers don't listen to surf music anymore may have something to do with it too.

Wow I got like sooo tangential there, like, I was way out riding giants. Basically this compilation is spoiled by sub-culture syndrome. In their own context most of these songs are definitely worth hearing though to anyone who listened in the 90's many of these tracks are too recycled, e.g. Pearl Jam's *GO*, Soundgarden's *My Wave* or Dick Dale and the Deltones' *Misirlou* (for those of you who have got the Pulp Fiction soundtrack maybe).

If uncontrollable slides into feeling like you're Keanu appeal to you then go for this, otherwise be thankful that surfer's are the ones making mixed CDs rather than Footballers who have no music taste at all.

BV



88 keys (7 inch)
Bad Girls of the Bible
independent

The latest offering from BGOTB is right up there with the best local releases I've come across this year; a hearty seven minutes of well written, well played, well recorded heavy-rock meets post-rock. The first track, '88 Keys', delivers a wholesome array of heavy textures. Solid sounding yet loosely played bass lines, crisp hard drumming, crunchy guitar chords and layered lo-fi arpeggios are all set really nicely within the mix, and build toward the crescendos seamlessly. I like the way Dan's singing blends a subdued lead vocal with searing harmonies before launching into a harsher infectious delivery. All this combines to potentially bring out the angry young man in anyone.

Did I mention it's a 7", mastered in the States and pressed in Czechoslovakia. Apparently that's the only place BGOTB could get red vinyl, so stop your scenester bitching everyone and enjoy the bonus.

Anyway the B-side 'Simple Mistakes' is just as good, staying true to the same textures though bringing a more vocal/lyrical focus to the fore. It has a more straight forward song structure than '88 Keys' but

deceptively employs good guitar runs and catchy off beats.

They've even included a CD version in the sleeve for those who don't own turntables or have shitty needles, organised and thoughtful-- hey these are hardly bad girls! I can't foresee this release being overlooked and if it were it would be a travesty, or a sure sign of corruption in the ranks that choose Adelaide's successful bands.

BV



Feathers
Dead Meadow
Matador Records

Dead Meadow's fourth full length release sees the Washington DC band manage to straddle both the heavy and the melodic side to psych-rock. Dead Meadows take their cues primarily from narcoleptic rock pioneers (Black Sabbath, Hawkwind, Blue Cheer) and early British psychedelia, and channel it via atmospheric 90's British trance-tastic shoegazers like Spaceman 3 and Ride. Thankfully though, these influences are so thoroughly digested that credibility is never an issue, and Dead Meadow can boast enough original talent (unlike the pathetic Wolfmother for instance) to ensure they rise beyond them into something much more valid than mere mimicry.

With brief forays into gentle acoustic balladry (the sun kissed melodicism of "Stacy's Song") offsetting the heavier slow burning stoner friendly drone jams like opener "Let's Jump In and Heaven", the end result is that *Feathers* comes on like a pleasantly benign psychedelic experience, as opposed to the oscillating mind-bending madness of their neo-psych peers Comets on Fire or the audacious freak-outs of Acid Mothers Temple. That's not to say that lovers of chewy psych swirl will find *Feathers* lacking in aural bite; on the contrary, with the line-up augmented with the addition of second guitarist Cory Shane, (no doubt a decision made primarily with the live stage in mind), the interplay between the two guitarists' layers and tones is a highlight. Singer/ guitarist Jason Simon is no slouch on the

six-string himself, as previous LP's have demonstrated, and the trend continues here, with the wah wahs getting a thorough working out on the monolithic blues rave up "Get Up on Down", and the lysergic approved "Eyeless Gaze All Eye/Don't Tell the Riverman". where the slide guitars outline a hazy arabesque around drummer Stephen McCarty's mid-tempo swinging bombast, and Simon's softly understated vocals float above it all on rainbow clouds. From there the album takes in the thickly flanged drum barrage of "Through the Gates of the Sleepy Silver Door", before an untitled secret track based around a heavy stoner-blues riff and a dual guitar solo resembling a wonky ride on a space ship navigating a storm of comet trails brings the album to a climactic close.

It would be an exaggeration to declare *Feathers* an album of unbridled psychedelic brilliance, but it's certainly a consistent album, and compared to the majority of trite shite that the some people are mistaking for retro flavoured rock and roll these days (aka Jet, Wolfmother *et al*) this is pure gold.

It's atmospheric reverberations and lashings of tape echo enhanced textures make it a perfect soundtrack for a post-mushroom come down, and/or an aural accompaniment to various erotic escapades. *Feathers* has plenty of trance inducing riffs, and heady melodies to make you shake your hips and lose your mind; pass the incense, stoke the peace pipe and set adrift for a celestial voyage.

dan V



Hasslehoff Reviews:



Taurine
Volume 1
Ministry of Sound

Listening to this album is a lot like my life on television. Sometimes it's really pretty, like when CJ ran slowly down the beach with the sun setting behind her. Sometimes it makes me sad, like when we lost a valuable member of our team because their hyperbuoyant breasts could no longer fight gravity. And when the singer picks up the microphone it reminds me of Kit, except that he had no emotions and never knew what it was like to have a rock hard chest or to have women gaping at you because you're hung like the winner of the Kentucky Derby. Damn, I'm great, and if you want to hear sexy dance music you should buy my records. I was #1 in Germany and they haven't attempted to wipe out a single ethnicity since. In fact, every year they worship large mannequins that look like me at the love parade. All the men there are so nice when they see me walking down the street, and I think I would move there if the women wore less clothes and learnt to speak English.

The Hoff



With the rise of CD burners the mixtape has pretty much disappeared. Nowadays to introduce someone to a variety of new music, or to make a compilation of favourites for yourself, it is as easy as dragging and dropping onto CD. This has all the benefits of a CD with selecting each track and no side A and side B but I can't help but reminisce over some of the benefits of creating an original old school mixtape.

The first benefit of the mixtape is that you hear it as you make it. This is the key to making a mixtape that flows. While making a CD compilation you drag and drop songs which you think are good and arrange them into themes, it is difficult to place them in an order that flows nicely unless you listen to the mix the way the listener will.

For example you may put on a really intense track that requires a light hearted track afterwards to chill the listener out again. Sometimes an outro to a track will have a mood or sound that you can match with the intro of the next track, a Bollywood track followed by a sitar sampling hip-hop track perhaps.

The next benefit of the mixtape is on the listener's side. When you receive a compilation CD the general habit is to skip through the tracks and find the ones you like and listen to these over and over again. It is my personal opinion that the first listen should be from beginning to end without skipping. This lets the listener follow the mood that you created it in. A tape is better at enforcing this than a CD as we all remember what a pain in the ass it was to fast forward around tapes to find a certain song on them.

Another benefit is the whole Side A, Side B format of a tape. Two sides allow two beginnings and two ends rather than one of each on a CD. Therefore you get two intros and two big exits, a very appealing feature. Two sides also means that you can have a fast side and a slow side or perhaps a happy side and a sad side. Contrasting themed sides can be effective in good mixtape production. There is also the mixtape makers dream tape which runs right to the end of side A and side B so there is no silence before the tape needs flipping over and no half a track on one side the other half on the other side (this is pure evil).

A point in favour of tapes over CDs for compilations of music to give to others is the sense of effort. You don't get a sense of time spent with a mix CD. Someone could have dragged and dropped the songs they liked in no particular order or someone could have spent a long time choosing and arranging but the generally seem the

same to the listener. A tape feels slightly more handcrafted and from the heart, especially with a hand drawn or collage cover.

So bearing all these benefits in mind how can the perfect mix-CD be created? Well the first step is to listen to each song to completion before you choose the next one. Make sure there is some logical order and they flow together in some way but remember flow doesn't mean play a slow song after a slow song - you got to keep the listener interested.

Ensuring that the CD is listened to from beginning to end is a tricky obstacle as it is so easy to skip tracks on a CD. I am currently making a trial mixtape-CD with only two tracks on the CD made up of 30 minutes worth of music each. I don't know if this will make people get into more tracks on the CD or if they will just be pissed off at me for being a music geek. The icing on the cake is to get out some national-geographic magazines for collages and some textas to make a personal cover for the CD.

The final point I would like to add is something of a dream of mine. I like music from all over the world and many different styles but I am always looking for more. I think humankind would be improved generally if all music enthusiasts carried around mixtape-CDs (and tapes) to trade with other enthusiasts. Of course a sign would be needed to identify fellow enthusiasts in a crowd so I am thinking a badge or picture of a cassette tape will on your backpack or whatever - go crazy with it. This way if you see a fellow mix-CD maker you can make a quick trade and expose your ears to some new music.

A point I would like to make about mixtapes for trade is that obscurity is the key. Putting pop songs on a mixtape is like quickly looking around the garden the morning before show and tell. The best mixtapes are ones that have great tracks you would probably not hear otherwise. If you are a musician, or perhaps play the drums (couldn't help myself), this mixtape idea would be a good way to get new listeners. Putting a track of yours amongst the others is a good way to get honest feedback and new fans if they dig it.

So fellow music fans make a mixtape CD, have a cassette symbol on display, and trade it up. As a final disclaimer I would like to mention is that it is copyright infringement to just hand out tracks to people unless they own a copy of the tracks themselves. So check that people own copies of the tracks in your mix before you give them a copy (use your imagination to guess the tone of my voice here).

David

The Idea Of North



The Idea of North are a vocal quartet based in the Sydney region. The magic of their sound is that they are just four beautifully honed voices, with nothing to accompany them. And believe me they don't need anything else with what they emanate.

The group is composed of four highly talented singers, arrangers and songwriters from around the country, and have done Australia justice worldwide. Naomi Crellin is one of Adelaide's finest alto singers, and before their concert I had a chance to chat with this group member. Having made the move from Adelaide, where she enjoyed a comfortable lifestyle teaching and singing in Adelaide University's very own Conservatorium of

Music, she really enjoys the work she does within the group. Initially having a classical piano background, Naomi transferred into the less solitary jazz genre, and this has helped to bring another dimension to the group behind the scenes.

Between them they write an array of music and rearrange existing music with creative and effective twists. They perform folk, jazz, soul, pop and classical pieces, seamlessly weaving between them. As Naomi points out the more you learn the wider your scope for writing music becomes, and therefore your skills for arranging. Standard harmonies can be developed consequently through instinct. The experience held between them helps them draw off each other's skills to create and nurture a sound that is completely their own.

Trish Delaney soars on soprano, whilst Naomi holds down a very solid and clear alto. Nick Begbie has a beautiful velvet tenor, and Andrew Piper's voice is more than just the bass component, but more often than not a percussion instrument of numerous sorts (including a beat box, as any contemporary vocal a capella group now should have). But they have something more than any other contemporary group of their genre today, as is evident in their relentless and successful tours worldwide. Not to mention they're hosting a massive competition in the States which they won last year. However, it's not a competition between these groups. It's very clear from TION's attitude that they learn from their peers, and help to mentor as well as learn from

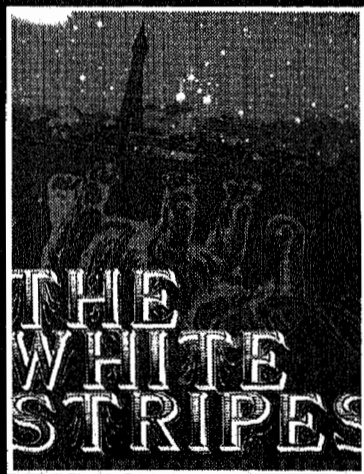
all those around them and what they're doing. As such when discussion of a fifth member was brought up, it was decided against as it would cause a massive change in their sound, arranging and distinctiveness.

In front of you they blossom like a flower. The sound just flows like it's natural and it's all they have ever done as it grows. It lulls you into another world where the music takes your attention, everything fades out, and even the silence in their pauses can be enthralling. Only in the first song did their tone waver, but everyone hardly noticed. Through their varied array of songs was humour, a message of peace and an overwhelming sense of wholeness at the end. Of all the songs the one that stood out the most (but only just) was their amazing rendition of "Fields of Gold". "Ugly Woman" came a close second, and definitely had the crowd in fits of laughter. Naomi says the group aims to influence the audience in a positive way, despite maybe an intense set; to lift them away from everyday nomenclature. It's about poignancy, and they pull it off well, as the double encore proved.

Although she had planned to start such a group in Adelaide, the audition came up and TION is where she has landed safely on her feet. But that doesn't mean it can't be achieved here. As a message to all aspiring Adelaidian musicians, "Adelaide has more going for it than people realise," Naomi said. "Don't think you have to be in Sydney". If you can network you can get anywhere.

jenn

Straight to DVD



I like the White Stripes to a degree, they've made a couple good records and I'm not dreading their next album. However, after seeing their DVD, *Live Under Blackpool Lights*, I've made my decision not to care too much if I never see them live. Basically this concert is really boring and it is a poor release.

The obvious problem is that there's only a limited sound this two piece can, or want to, produce live. It's a classic case of a band that put a lot of production into their records and makes things really hard for themselves when transposing that into a live setting. I'm not saying they should be more like Dire Straits, just that I'd feel a

bit cheated if I were to fork out for a concert ticket.

Other let downs come via their lack of stage presence (apart from their image, which is getting tedious), they play far too many songs, and Jack White is clearly stumbling through the motions on crowd pleasers: *Hotel Yorba* receiving the same treatment that you might imagine Radiohead giving to *Creep*. I guess if I had to play that song night after night it would piss me off too, nonetheless it all makes for a long and drawn out performance.

Visually the show is captured with a patronising digital camera effect, trying to pass itself off as a super 8, and as for bonus DVD features there are none. Maybe I'm being a little unfair after all the sleeve does have a few *arty* prints on transparencies. They would be great if you have an overhead projector, or want to incorporate the White Stripes into your next tute presentation.

Final word is that like you, I've danced to their songs at the local haunts, so don't get me wrong when I say that WS appreciators deserve more than this. I'm not missing the point, and shut up cause it's not a 'stripped back' show, just buy the albums instead.

BV

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SALE

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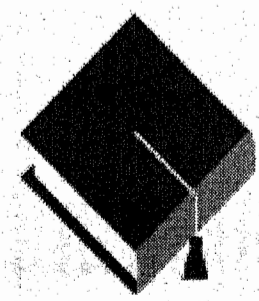
MAY 9 - 13

9AM - 5PM DAILY

ECLIPSE FUNCTION ROOM

LEVEL 4 UNION HOUSE

THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE



Unibooks

Joy-Discovery Vegetarian Restaurant.

203 Rundle Street



For about a year, the Joy Discovery café has existed, stemming from the ashes of the Clearlight Veg Café before it. Upon entering off a busy Rundle street, that scene of noisy disorder is left far in the background and, as you transgress down the stairs, you reach a peaceful environment, free of the stress and conflict caused by modern day pretensions. The café is completely content with itself, which is a refreshing change in a world of viciously competing food chains and restaurants that portray an inner conflict; continually trying to better themselves in an attempt to keep ahead of their peers, trying to offer a novelty

the others can't.

Perhaps this is owing to the staff's devout following of Sri Chinmoy, a spiritual master who emigrated from a spiritual community in India to share his inner wealth with the western world. He teaches that an aspiring heart should be used, instead of a doubting mind, burdened with confusion. This is definitely the vibe here, conveyed by the friendly, sari-clad staff who are among the most affable in Adelaide and do an excellent job of making you feel loved. Manager Anubha Baird says that her staff are not from the hospitality industry; all students of Sri Chinmoy. Perhaps this is a good thing; you're not getting service from a worn-out waiter who just had a stressful day doing assignments at uni.

Before your food is prepared, the staff have meditated, ensuring that your meal or snack has been cooked with positive energy and served with love. It is the utmost goal of this place to put you in a positive spirit, so that when you finish, you are satisfied on both an inner and an outer level.

The menu is very flexible, catering for breakfast and lunch. Choose out of a variety of different soups, fresh salads, soy burgers, curry and dhal and a main dish of the day. To bide the time until your meal arrives, choose from a selection of drinks, including juices,

smoothies, organic coffee and tea. We chose a pot of chai for a modest \$3.50 which was accompanied by three or four tiny teddies on our saucers. For my main, I opted for the Mediterranean burger, served on Turkish bread with tabouli, sprouts, fresh herbs and a delicious relish for \$8.80. The serving size was as generous and similarly priced to a foot-long at subway, but far more unique and the venue far more aesthetically pleasing.

A range of sweets is available to conclude your Joy-Discovery experience. The warm pear butterscotch cake for \$5.50 did a good job of enticing me, and certainly didn't let me down. My partner went for the sticky date pudding for \$6.50, and we were both equally impressed with both the serving size and the presentation.

The Joy-Discovery café is open Monday to Saturday 8am to 6pm, except on Wednesdays where it's open 8am to 3pm. They even do deliveries to the nearby area if you order in (8223 5994) before 10:30am. Feel free to ask about yoga and cooking classes. On Tuesdays they offer you a large dhal (normally \$8.50) for the price of a small (\$6.50). And, just because they love you, they have even given you a voucher to cut out of your beloved On Dit.

9/10
Ben

Zulu Snook
This traditional Moroccan dish can be served on its own or with couscous

Ingredients:

- 4 Eggplants
- 1/2 cup Olive Oil
- 3 Ripe Tomatoes
- 2 Cloves Garlic, crushed
- 2 tsp Sweet Paprika
- 1 tsp Ground Cumin
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste.
- 1/2 cup White Vinegar
- 1/2 Bunch Coriander, chopped
- 1 Preserved Lemon, sliced
- 12 Green Olives
- Bread to serve

Directions:

- Cut eggplants in half and brush with olive oil (using about half)
- Place on an oven tray and bake for 10-15 minutes at 200° or until cooked.
- Make a small cut in the skin of the tomatoes and plunge into boiling water.
- Drain, then when cool enough to handle remove the skin and seeds.
- Dice tomatoes and cut eggplant into large cubes.
- Heat the remaining olive oil in a frying pan and fry garlic.
- Add the tomatoes, paprika, cumin, pepper and eggplant, vinegar, coriander and half the sliced preserved lemon and simmer for 10 minutes.
- Let stand for a few minutes (should be served warm - not hot), garnish with olives and remaining sliced preserved lemon.
- Serve with bread.

Mint Julep

While the Melbourne Cup may be the race that stops this nation, over on the other side of the Pacific they're busy gearing up for the Kentucky Derby, which takes place on the first Saturday of each May. You might not be able to get to Churchill Downs racecourse this May 7, but that doesn't mean that you can't get into the spirit by downing a few Mint Juleps, so we've provided a recipe nice and early to give you a chance to perfect your technique early this year.

Ingredients:

- 90 mL Kentucky Bourbon
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 2 teaspoons water
- 6 sprigs of mint

Directions:

- Muddle most of the mint leaves with sugar and water in a glass.
- Fill glass with shaved ice, add bourbon and garnish with remaining mint.

Alternatively, for a large batch

- Boil sugar and water together for 5 minutes and place in covered container with bruised mint leaves.

1 tablespoon of this syrup will be enough for each Mint Julep

Mint is a traditional symbol of hospitality and this is a drink to be shared among friends so get your string ties and white suits, furnish yourselves with false military titles and get to know what Southern Hospitality is all about.



Spanish Club Conversation Group.



Meets Friday 1:00 in the clubs common room, upstairs in the west wing of the cloisters, just above union information. Spanish speakers of all levels welcome. Submissions on a new group meeting time to stuart.brady@student.adelaide.edu.au

*Got any real ads?
Send them to us at
ondit@adelaide.edu.au
That is all.*



Male comedians

What's with you all being so fucking sleazy in real life? Paul McDermott, Greg Fleet, Jimeoin, Will Anderson - you're all, like, womanising fuckheads. None of you are Jerry Lewis, y'know. You all don't have to try that hard - girls like funny guys anyway. So straighten up and keep your hands off our women. Swine.

WRITERS, MUSICIANS, ARTISTS

Lonely, talentless single requires artistic credibility in order to get laid. Will negotiate monetary payment for YOUR entire body of work. Help, before I start an art rock band! Send portfolios to:

Mr Herbert Smith
29 Fake St
Fakesville 5666



WANTED

One double bed or mattress, no more than \$100. Formerly homeless person now has a place and needs a decent bed for himself and his long-suffering missus. Contact Stan on 0421 889 253.

FREE SOUP

No, really, free soup. I make really nice vegetarian soup, and there's usually heaps of it, so if you want some, come to 25 Eliza St (near the markets) this Friday at around 5pm and I'll serve you up a bowl. Bring beer if you can. And ganja.



LOST

Michael Bourlotis' frontal lobe. Last seen bathed in psychotropic chemicals in the Botanical Gardens last Thursday night. If found, please treat with extreme caution and contact the *On Dit* office.

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