

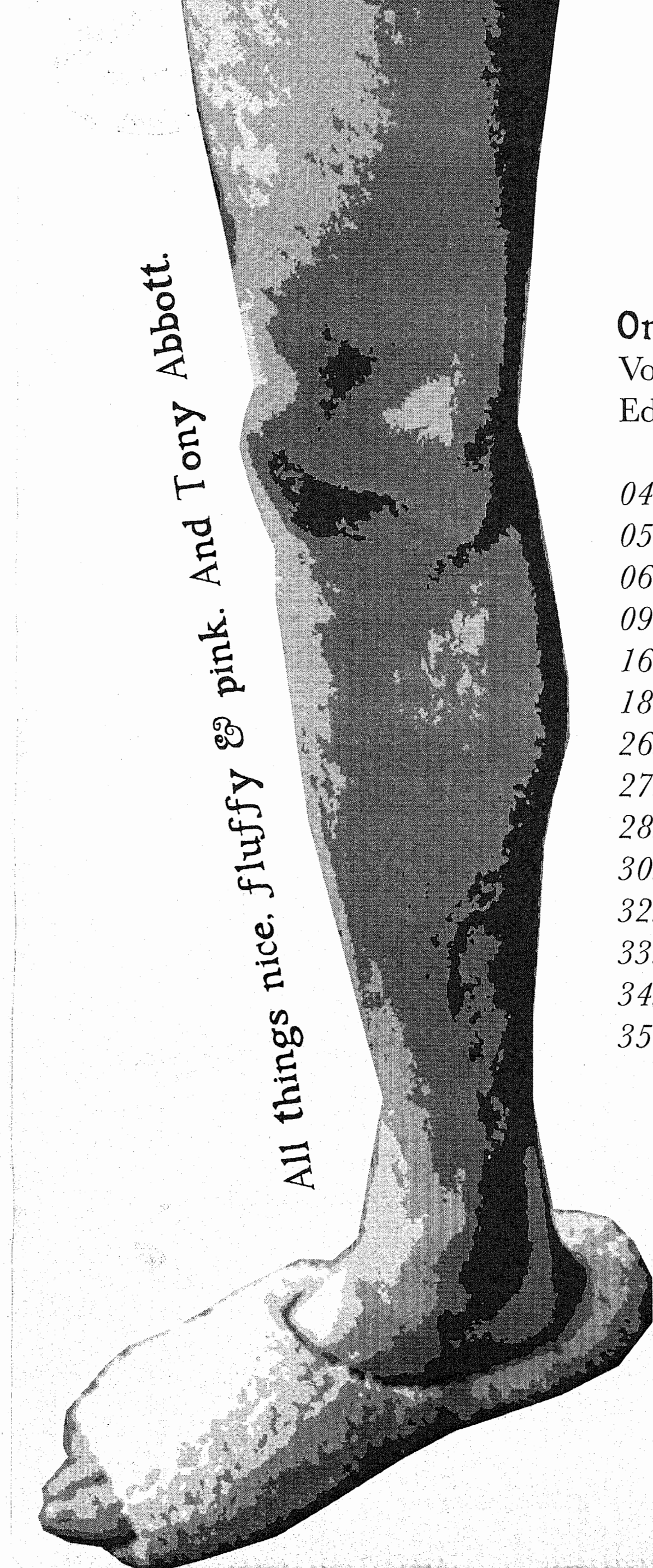
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On Dit

Volume 72
Edition 5
22.3.2004





All things nice, fluffy & pink. And Tony Abbott.

On Dit
Volume 72
Edition 5

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

Send your submissions to
ondit@adelaide.edu.au.
Weekly deadline is Wednesday.

THANKS

Buttercups, bunnies and pink fluffy slippers, Judith Renner (International Correspondent), Gemma, the wise old Union for keeping us in check, the Flinders Uni Kids for restoring our faith, Dave Pearson, Id Software, The Dans for more than we'll ever know, and Ozzy for coming through with the goods

Pierced genitals & the state of the student movement

There's no denying it. Times are tough in the student movement.

In recent years, student representation and advocacy has become better known for its rampant factionalism and shameless subordination to mainstream party politics. After eight years of regressive government, dissent has become passé, and student 'activists' are reduced to shouting down their opponents in an attempt to attract attention.

The reaction to Federal Health Minister Tony Abbott's guest lecture was another example of the predictability of the progressive student movement. Abbott – among the most insidious of Howard's cronies – had the audacity to arrive on campus to speak about the responsibility of a Christian politician. His lecture touched on conservative taboo topics such as euthanasia, abortion, the distinction between Church and State and the mandatory detention of refugees – the kind of subject matter that no rational Liberal MP would consider bringing up in front of 200 students on their home turf.

So why did Tony do it? Granted, he was the guest of the unashamedly conservative Adelaide University Democratic Club, but surely he knew that even his mere *appearance* on campus would spell trouble.

Of course he knew. What's more, Abbott was *counting* on a ruckus. Student protests are more often than not deliberately loud and unpleasant. They involve less than witty placards (often with nothing more than 'Democrats' or 'Adelaide University Labor Club' printed on them), dreary anti-establishment rhetoric and – of course – chanting. In the eyes of the mainstream media, student protests are crass, undignified and utterly unconvincing. Abbott knew it. The Democratic Club knew it. And, after last Tuesday's lecture, everyone watching Channel Nine News knew it.

If the ALP has its way, education will be a major issue in this year's Federal Election. A pack of "feral" student activists chanting *shame* over a God-fearing Federal Member's guest lecture simply makes it easier for the Howard Government to suggest that 'Taxpayers' shouldn't have to subsidise their education.

And this is precisely the core of the debate – or at least it should be. Is a university education beneficial to society, or merely the student? Will we use our privileged education to help others, or will we simply use it to climb into a higher

income bracket? The main argument used by supporters of the Howard Government's disastrous higher education reforms argue that the principal benefactor of a university education is the student, and the venerated Taxpayer shouldn't have to bear the injustice of paying for it. The logic of this argument is perfectly sound, if based on a falsehood.

In Abbott's own words, "the university is the pre-eminent institution of our civilisation." The Academy is indeed a sacred oasis – where society's best and brightest are supposed to become wise, thoughtful and community-minded Philosopher Kings. Successive Federal Governments have forgotten this – paying lip service to the ideal, but not the reality. Instead, university students are seen as spoiled layabouts, more interested in drugs, promiscuity and pop-anarchy than any kind of socio-political idealism. Simplistic slogans like 'Fight Fees' and 'No ifs, no buts, no fees, no cuts' only exacerbate this stereotype.

But can we blame our representatives? The student movement has been ailing for some time. Long before Howard took power, student organisations have been laughably ineffective, if not disturbingly incompetent. We need only examine the collapse of the infamous Australian Union of Students, or the current national union's failure to convince the Senate to reject the Nelson Review. The overwhelming majority of students are tired of activism, and have been for decades. Small wonder their representatives are resorting to loud and obnoxious forms of protest.

Student media is not much better off. In recent years, many writers for this paper have taken to congratulating their readers for even bothering to plough through their contributions. 'Thanks for reading this far' and 'if you haven't already turned the page' are increasingly common phrases in the pages of *On Dit*.

Successive editors have been haunted by the suspicion that no one reads their paper – the paper they pour their heart and soul into – is only taken seriously by SAUA rats and other such Union Complex stalwarts. Have you ever seen an *On Dit* editor in the flesh? Ever seen one sneaking a cigarette on the ledge that faces lawns, or quietly scarfing a schnitzel in the unibar before plodding back to their dank basement office? They're not pretty. When they blink, they see column guides and true-type fonts. When they

sleep, they dream about network servers and the oddly soothing hum of the printer. Bedraggled, hunched over, scarred by caffeine dependency and monitor tan, they have sacrificed so much mental and physical health to this newspaper that the thought of no one reading it is too much to bare.

Sure, people flick through *On Dit*. They check who's in Vox Pop, see if there are any film giveaways and snigger at the amateurish layout. Roughly ten seconds per page. We know this – we watch hundreds of you do this through our solitary office window. Nevertheless, no matter how cutting the political commentary, no matter how informative the current affairs, few really seem to pay any real attention to *On Dit* and what it is supposed to represent.

Shocking imagery was one of the ways we thought we could attract this kind of attention. We trawled the internet for the kind of smut that demand a response, be it positive or negative. We thought we could force students to question the world they lived in and think about what it must have been like when students could challenge society's notions of decency, sexuality and the aesthetic.

We wanted to come as close to that line of acceptability as we could. We wanted to flirt with it, dance an ironic pirouette on it. Unfortunately, at around 4:30 am, two hours before we went to print, we tripped over on it.

And pissed on it.

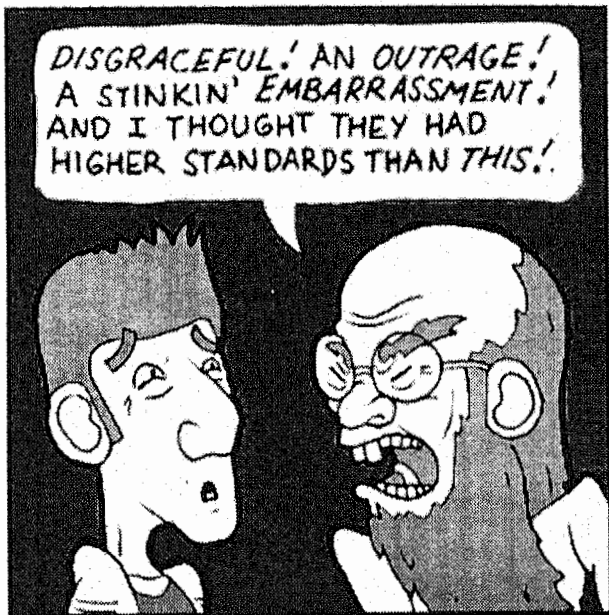
Fortunately, The Powers That Be in the AUU saved us from ourselves by rounding up every last one of last week's edition before some irate god botherer sued us out of existence. We've learnt our lesson. A giant pierced labia maketh not the intelligent independent newspaper.

Nevertheless, student media – and the student movement generally – must devise some way of speaking to the world that relies on subtlety, rather than noise – originality, rather than vulgarity. This edition contains a lot of criticism of the current state of student activism, but no real suggestions.

Send your ideas to ondit@adelaide.edu.au, and lets see if we can't begin to fix what decades of apathy has undone.

Tristan Mahoney

ROOM 237 by OZ



Student occupation succeeds at Flinders University

Thirty years after the month-long 1974 occupation of Flinders University, students again occupied administration offices in protest on Wednesday, March 17 – this time around fee increases.

The occupation followed a protest of two hundred students, who marched to the registry building and pushed their way through campus security to occupy the Council and Senate Chambers.

As the occupation entered its 22nd hour the students succeeded in forcing Vice-Chancellor Anne Edwards to agree to their demands of greater student consultation and a delay of any decision on fee increases until after the Easter holidays in term time.

The decision was originally scheduled for April 16, in the holidays when few students could attend.

Despite cancelling an Academic Senate meeting where the fees would be discussed, Edwards is still planning to increase HECS fees on students by 25% for 2005.

However, the process is now a great deal more open to students with Edwards agreeing that:

- "This funding/fees issue will not be listed as an agenda item for Council until the June meeting at the earliest.
- The VC will provide detailed information about the university's situation in 2005, and the 2-3 years beyond that, in relation to funding that supports our educational courses.
- The VC will explain to student representatives the apparent unspent \$14m from the 2003 end of financial year accounts.
- In the time available, the university will assist the Students Association to provide more information to students about why the university believes it needs to take this action.
- The VC and the Students Association will discuss a process for further consultation."

Asked about why students chose to occupy, National Union of Students (SA) Education Officer Robert Simms said, "The Vice-Chancellor refused to consult with students about the fee increases and gave us no choice but to stall debate until students know the facts".

A statement released by the occupiers said, "We, the students of Flinders University, have occupied the administration of our university in response to the proposal to increase HECS by 25%. As we were not consulted democratically

about this decision we felt direct action was our only option".

During the occupation Edwards said that no further consultation would take place, but this threat was dropped once it became clear that public support was on the side of the students. Edwards eventually agreed to every demand of the occupiers.

"I think it shows that direct action works," said Students' Association of Flinders University Education Officer Kegan Daly, "and that an activist campaign with realistic demands can hit a nerve".

Despite food, water and toilet access being denied to the occupiers by campus security they were able to communicate with other universities and the media. Messages of support rapidly flowed in, with the students at the University of Wollongong walking out from classes and pledging to occupy their own administration if fee increases were attempted.

"This sends a signal to other campuses," said Simms, "that we can do it. That if Vice-Chancellors won't listen, we can make them listen."

"This occupation showed the strength of the student movement and the merits of direct action. They won't be able to increase fees without a fight"

The occupation ended at noon on Thursday, March 18, with students celebrating on the roof of the Registry building and marching out to join a crowd of students that had gathered since early that morning. A rally against the fees and celebrating the victory was held at 1pm on campus on the same day.

Commenting on the campaign Daly said, "In recent years there has been a lapse of connection between activists and students and this could possibly be a turning point, but we still need to be out there, doing the 'bread and butter' of campaigning, and student organisations need to provide real grassroots leadership."

"If you put in the hard yards, day in, day out, you get results. With a bigger campaign, with 2,000 students instead of 200, you can just imagine what we can achieve. Now activists have to be educating people and giving them opportunities to exercise their own power as human beings".

Simms agrees, "We've won the battle, but we haven't yet won the war".

Leigh Hughes



Another week, another student rally against the Howard Government.

Actually two. One on Monday against Howard himself and another on Tuesday outside Tony Abbott's lecture to the Democratic Club.

Leaving for another day the obvious question of political opinion: how effective are rallies as a political strategy?

Do they mobilise students? Can they influence the public?

Do students lose face if protests turn abusive or militant?

Often rallies are put forward as the only way students can be heard. Years of frustration have taught us that yelling, screaming, and occasionally jumping on cars is the quickest way to catch the flitting eye of the commercial media.

Some evidence backs this up. Without the mass rallies against the invasion of Iraq the public call for honesty and peace would have been much quieter.

Likewise when Howard attacked universities last year with higher fees and stricter limits on study students calculated that rallies—both peaceful and militant—could keep the issue in the headlines.

Bystanders tend to give one of two answers when protestors ask what good the latest rally did.

Some feel empowered to see fellow students stand up for their interests. Plenty of students heard about the fee hikes last year thanks only to rallies.

Others complain that rallies alienate them from politics.

No one can deny that a good portion of the public—including many moderate swing voters—share the second view.

Maybe students can find room for a broad range of tactics. Those put off by militancy might flock to talks or seminars on political issues. Rallies done well get the word out loud and clear, but there are other ways too.

Rowan Nicholson

President

Adelaide University Union



SAUA ROUNDUP *Now in point 10 font!*

The first order of business in last week's meeting of SAUA Council was the surprise resignation of Male Sexuality Officer Alan Han. Han's impending departure had been the SAUA's worst kept secret for nigh on a week. After Council read his one sentence letter of resignation, SAUA President Alice Campbell stated that Han had decided to call it a day in order to concentrate on his honours degree. Interestingly, the defeated Male Sexuality candidates from last year's election are no longer interested in the position.

Alan Han joins three other Office Bearers who have resigned before the end of first term, and a total six departures inside the last six months. After some initial 'democratic guilt' on the part of one or two councillors, it was decided that the SAUA would simply advertise the position instead of going through a painful by-election process. A Special Council Meeting will be held this Wednesday to appoint a new Sexuality Officer.

The next (and most frightening) item on the agenda was the furore over the visual content of last week's 'banned' edition of *On Dit*. We would love to report on the discussion, but it was entirely *in camera* and therefore off limits for the next

seven years. Sme.

This was followed by an examination of the recent round of protests (Howard's visit on Monday, Tony Abbott's infamous memorial lecture on Tuesday, and the successful occupation of the Flinders University Senate Chambers). The kudos flowed thick and fast as Councillors and Office Bearers congratulated each others' involvement, not to mention their appearance in the mainstream media. Hopefully the experience pays off as the SAUA prepares for the National Day of Action against the Federal Government's attacks on higher education, scheduled for Wednesday March 31.

In other news, the university continues to drag its feet over its approval a second SAUA-run bike shed. Environment Officer Stephen Kellett is still on the case, and hopes the possibility of a petition will force construction to be under way before the end of the year. Kellett is also working on reviving Critical Mass, a fortnightly bicycle run in which dozens of cyclists disrupt traffic in an effort to promote cycling as a safe and more sustainable mode of transport. What larks!

Stan & JC

Coalition Crumbling?

The surprising fallout from last week's terrorist attack on Madrid

Three days after losing over 200 people to the synchronised bombing of Madrid's rail system, the citizens of Spain went to the polls and emphatically dumped the conservative Popular Party. Last year, as a member of the Coalition of the Willing, their Government supplied troops for the force that invaded Iraq and provided ardent support for George Bush.

One day after being declared elected, the new Spanish PM, José Luis Rodríguez Zapatero, declared that all Spanish troops would be withdrawn from Iraq by the end of June. This decision has been a popular one for the new government.

After electing a party who a week from the election looked unlikely victors, it is almost certain that the Spanish population believed in a connection between the terrorist attack and participation in the Iraq war. This was a connection upon which the Socialist Party in Spain rode to unexpected victory, and one that probably has progressive opposition parties in many pro-war countries, eagerly entertaining thoughts of snatching Government from their conservative opponents.

Possibly in anticipation of the problems the Spanish election result could pose for his government, our Prime Minister has appeared in the media frequently since the bombings, denying the existence of any "increased threat" to Australia relating to involvement in Iraq. In fact, the attack in Madrid seems to have sent our Government into a minor tailspin with several Ministers taking to both the television and radio to play down the importance of the attack for Australia.

Their analysis contrasts sharply with that of other politicians, such as the Lord Mayor of London, Ken Livingstone, who said last week that "it will be miraculous if an attack (on London) does not occur". But the opinions of our own public officials are far from unanimous. The most senior Police Officer in the country, Mick Keelty, openly disagreed with the Prime Minister, and was relatively outspoken on

his view that we are at a much greater risk as a consequence of our involvement in Iraq.

However, Howard does not deny that Australia is at risk of a terrorist attack. What he will not concede is that this threat has increased because of our involvement in the war. Of course, even the most politically apathetic citizen can work out his strategy - if our involvement in a hunt for fictitious weapons of mass destruction has put Australian lives at greater risk, it would be electorally expensive for the Prime Minister to accept responsibility.

On *The 7.30 Report* recently Howard made the point that terrorists have not only targeted "coalition" countries; "...there have been terrorist attacks in Morocco, in Saudi Arabia, in Turkey, in Indonesia, in Spain. Those countries took different stances in relation to Iraq." He has been particularly careful to stress the difference between Iraq and the War on Terror. The splitting of hairs on the issue has been performed with scientific precision, and is particularly interesting to watch from a Government who frequently insinuated that there was a link between Iraq, Weapons of Mass Destruction and Al Qaeda prior to the war. The Prime Minister, who was particularly fond of pointing out that Saddam's weapons were likely to end up in terrorist hands if the Coalition of the Willing did not deal with the problem, is now suggesting that Al Qaeda doesn't

care about who sent troops to Iraq.

Meanwhile, as the pressure has mounted on the Prime Minister, the Opposition Leader Mark Latham has remained relatively quiet on the issue. His main comments were made in defence of Mick Keelty, telling the government to "butt out" of policing issues and to leave the Federal Police "independent of party politics". Perhaps he was quiet because he was busy balancing the interests of Environmentalists and forestry workers in Tasmania last week, or perhaps he was just enjoying watching Howard squirm. Either way, the Spanish election result seems to bode well for the ALP and the minor parties who were opposed to the war.

A terrorist attack on Australia may be inevitable in the eyes of some of those responsible for our safety, but the question on most political minds is whether the Australian electorate will hold the current Government responsible should an attack occur before the next election. One wonders whether the Spanish government will be the last "Coalition" casualty of the War on Iraq.

Adelle Neary

United Kingdom
Spain
Portugal
Denmark
Netherlands
Iceland
Italy
Estonia
Latvia
Lithuania
Poland
Czech Republic
Slovakia
Hungary
Albania
Macedonia
Romania
Bulgaria
Turkey
Croatia
Slovenia
Ukraine
Japan
South Korea
Singapore
Philippines
Afghanistan
Azerbaijan
Uzbekistan
Georgia
Marshall Islands
Indonesia

Solomon Islands
Mongolia
Palau
Tonga
United States of America
El Salvador
Colombia
Nicaragua
Costa Rica
Dominican Republic
Honduras
Australia
Kuwait



Letters

Filthy Depraved Smut Peddlers

To the Editors,

As a student of Adelaide University and a member of the Students' Association I would like to express my utter disgust with this week's edition of On Dit. I found the image on the cover to be in bad taste, but not necessarily offensive, intrigued as to why this picture would adorn the cover of our student newspaper I opened the paper and read the editorial. The editors had published a "fetish edition", not to educate, but to maintain a "reputation for stirring up controversy".

This so-called fetish edition was nothing more than a collection of bizarre and pornographic images. Only one article had anything to do with fetishism (On Fetishism by JT on pages 12 & 13), which, while interesting, opens with an assumption (that "a clinical fetishist today is someone that basically fails to be able to get off without his or her certain trigger being present."), in fact "there has never been serious and published scientific research on this subject" (www.fetishexchange.org/stigma.shtml). JT's personal opinion of fetishes is neither a balanced, nor enlightening, piece of writing.

At this point I could still accept that the editors had produced an ill-informed yet harmless issue of On Dit, but then I turned to page 18. The centre page spread (no pun intended), where I was confronted with a picture that belongs in a plastic wrapped magazine, with an accompanying letter, one can only presume is supposed to be from Dr Arnold Jago, warning us of the dangers of upper ear piercing. I can only say that if the picture on page 18 was of an ear I would not be writing this letter. Page 21 did little to calm my growing unease, where I was graphically informed of an ancient Japanese practice. If this was a "popular" practice it wouldn't have been considered a fetish, and unless the Shibata Restaurant actually serves fish prepared in this way I do not see the relevance of this image.

And here I think I must state that I am in no sense of the word a prude, I am, however a person who believes that without adequate explanation (i.e. context) images such as those on pages 18 and 21 are sexually and culturally insensitive and inappropriate.

I have enjoyed On Dit in the past, but have low expectations of being even slightly amused by this year's editions.

Here's to hoping that we have seen your worst and you can do nothing but improve from here,

Danna Cooke
Women's Officer
Clubs Association

Tee he he! - Eds

Plea Bargain

Dear On Dit,

I used to be in a band called The Four Skins, and we used to sing 'It aint porn if it's in black and white.' Be sure to tell that to the judge before he hangs you.

Keep keeping it real.
danV

How to run a protest

Dear Eds,

I'm sure everyone is concerned with the changes of laws and government funding to Uni's and the fee increases that are sure to follow. But it seems no one knows or is concerned about the reasons behind this change. Sure we see it as damaging to students and defiantly to those that can't afford it, but lets face it... students aren't the only people in Australia. The government has to think about how its money will benefit Australia as a whole. Instead of shouting at the government, (ie at Tony Abbot) which is doubtful to have any effect, maybe we should work out WHY they are making a change and what problems they are trying to fix and then offer a different solution. One possibility that I have heard is that we are over educated as a society. Who will do all the dirty jobs and the jobs that don't need tertiary education once everyone is educated and wants to become doctors and teaches and lawyers and the like? Maybe the increase in fees is to keep people out of Uni's so that there are people left over to become garbos etc. So if this is the case, then how else can we entice people to do these jobs no one else wants to do?

On another note, how come the activists that are opposed to the Libs don't get guest speakers into the Uni's? To help make them look credible instead of just an angry, shouting, mob of uni students? It seems they have a lack of coordination about them. They are preaching to ministers that believe the policies they are putting in place are for the eventual good. It's probably very doubtful that the activists will change their minds and stop the changes.

So what should they do? Find out WHY and offer alternative solutions!

Brent

How not to run a protest

Dear On Dit,

I spent most of Tony Abbott's speech looking at my feet - embarrassed by what I was hearing from the speaker, embarrassed by the reaction from the vociferous protesters, and equally embarrassed by the put-downs emanating from the Liberal Club members.

Interjecting with abstract cries of "Shame", and "Heartless Bastard", loudly answering mobile phones and sniggering will does not make for an effective form of protest. Indeed, it made the protestors look just like the Howard government would want them to be portrayed - as a mob of

rowdy, over-subsidised extremists that have yet to learn something about polite restraint.

But alas, the Liberal Club members were no better. The lads I grew up with at school acted just like the majority of Australians think they really are - spoilt rich brats that know little about the reality of growing up in the dilapidated suburbs with second rate education and health systems. They were brought up better than to yell out "Die Lefty Scum" to their fellow students, or tell a protesting just-confessed rape victim that she has "no hope of it happening again".

Abbott has to be congratulated on keeping his cool and his cunning during the tumult. In the same situation last year, Downer became (or was once again revealed as) a flumming fool. Yet Abbott's speech provided the most acute embarrassment of the whole meeting. Abbott will one day rise to become Prime Minister, or Leader of the Opposition, so his personal beliefs may one day reshape this nation. He honestly believes that abortion "is an easy way out" for a woman. Not for a second could I imagine that ending the life of one's progeny could be an easy decision for a woman to make. This steadfast Catholic rightly stated that one of the virtues of Christianity is that people "are treated as oneself would want to be treated" and are given the "benefit of the doubt", yet his government has instituted a system to obstruct asylum seekers' access to lawyers and tribunal reviews when they claim their labelling as an economic refugee ignores the political persecution they suffered at home. This father of a bastard child complains about a "modern wave of sexual promiscuity" amongst youth, yet his government has watched as corporations have increasingly privatised and marketed every facet of our life, while doing nothing to restrain the pervasion of advertising into public spaces and private life. And what sells, baby? Sex sells, baby. We're just doing what Abbott's rich friends sitting on company boards are telling us to do.

Regards,
Bystander

P.S. We've hosted Howard, drowned out Downer, and got uppity at Abbott - but why haven't the Labor affiliations invited their icons for a speech on campus? Or the Democrats and Greens for that matter?

How not to run a protest 2

Dear Eds,

As NUS State Welfare Officer, I am very disheartened with the actions of some NUS Delegates and Office bearers who attended the James McAuley Memorial Lecture given by Tony Abbott MP last Tuesday (16/3).

NUS is meant to represent all university students regardless of their political ideology or persuasion. I was disappointed to see that members of NUS disrupted the guest of the Democratic Club thus not allowing genuinely interested students from hearing what Abbott had to say.

Let me put it on the record that the NUS Welfare Department is always concerned about the economic and intellectual welfare of students. It is just as important for students to have adequate economic support structures to be able to attend university as it is for them to be able to participate in free and educational political discourse (this is not Moscow State University circa 1972). It was

disappointing to see that certain members of NUS, as well as the SAUA President prevented this from occurring last Tuesday.

Regards
Sam Duluk
NUS State Welfare Officer

Another View (On Abbott's visits)

To the editor

If you haven't noticed already, in the last couple of weeks Adelaide has had a plethora of important guests in the city. I feel indeed honoured that John Howard pm and Tony Abbott have been generous enough to include Adelaide in their busy schedules (considering that most major music concerts seem to overlook us).

I also have been thoroughly entertained by our union's reaction to their visits. It has always been my thought that Adelaide and its universities hold the greatest student minds and future leaders of our country. Sadly I would have to say that all I have seen is a rambling bunch of loud-mouthed opinionated dolts. This band of rabble has done nothing but bring the union and the good it COULD do into disrepute. How is any government body going to take the student voice seriously when we scream, kick and spit whenever something doesn't go our way?

When I approached one of the protesters about this behaviour, they simply stated that they were exercising their freedom of speech. Interesting. I didn't know that it was morally right to exercise your freedom of speech to deliberately impinge on another's.

It is about time the student union started using the brilliant minds they have been given and start taking an active role in REAL politics. If the student body came up with a better education reform, for example, with costing, short and long term goals, creative ideas and it fell within the budget constraints, then shouldn't government take us all a little more seriously and have respect for the student union.

I don't know how they can have respect for them. From what I've seen, I don't.

Yours sincerely
Terestrial

The Truth about HECS and Liberals

Last week as I sat in the Mayo Refectory I struck up a conversation with an aspiring Law student who just so happened to be member of our campuses fabulous Liberal Club. I informed him of my support for the Howard Government in most areas. Most areas being pretty much everything bar education, both at the secondary and tertiary levels. I explained my disgust at the Government's idea of granting 50% of places to full fee paying students and that even the thought of 25% is just as disgraceful – in my opinion – and how dramatically it would increase TERs for courses if 25% of the student body were below the proposed cut off but getting in through the back door.

However before getting a chance to comment further I was sharply told that my problem is that I don't understand the situation due to the misinformation published by the Students Association. It was explained to naive little me that

the spoken 25% of full fee paying places would be on top of the current HECS places currently offered. In other words rather than having a 100% student body we would have up to a 125% student body or 150% if the Liberals had got it as they wanted it. This change would of course be no problem, it was explained to me, as extra staff would cover the 25% increase in students and Tertiary Entrance Ranks would also not be affected as the 25% of full fee paying students would not be a part of the original student body. Everybody wins, right? Wrong.

Imagine if you will the hypothetical situation of two students attempting to get into Law at Adelaide University, for which the cut off score is say 99. The hypothetical HECS student gains a TER of 98.7 in year 12 and unfortunately just misses out on the degree of his dreams. The hypothetical rich boy (full fee paying student) gains a TER of 97, well below the cut off of 99. So who is it that gets the position in the 25% increase of places? Well I tell you one thing that is for certain – it certainly isn't the Brickies son who worked his arse off through year 12 in a school which has and I quote, "No sense of ethics or proper Australian values" – cheers Johnny boy – rather it is his adversary, the Doctor's son who went to the best school money could buy who even with this advantage still had to buy himself into a degree and hence a career. As such, even though exclusive full fee paying student positions do not increase TERs directly, they do indirectly stop TERs from falling, as they would if the crucially needed increase in student numbers were not exclusive to the wealthy.

Bill Fuller

Natasha Sez

Dear Editors,

Thanks for including me in the 'baddies' column last edition - I loved it and the company I was keeping!

On a serious note, congratulations to David Pearson for drawing attention to the issue of the Educational Textbook Subsidy Scheme (ETSS). This scheme -- which subsidises textbooks by 8% due to the GST -- is due to finish at the end of this financial year. This means all textbooks will increase by 8% from July 1. I have been lobbying the Government on this issue for years and have introduced a Private Member's Bill which ensures the scheme continues. But I need help.

I have a petition circulating (there should be one at the SAUA) and plenty of stickers available to anyone who wants to further increase the pressure on the Federal Government over this issue.

Please contact me at senator.stottdespoja@aph.gov.au if you want to get involved.

Natasha Stott Despoja
Senator for South Australia

Hard Left!!

The hard left doesn't get it. They reason why they are sitting ducks for the Right when it comes to propaganda boils down to the fact that they take everything too seriously. Granted, the Right cares only about the individual, but at least they don't make the mistake of being self-righteous assholes

when communicating to the everyday Australian. The problem is that the hard left believes they are noble crusaders fighting the most serious of battles against tyranny and dictatorship. Well good luck comrades! It's just a shame someone forgot to tell them they happen to live in a western democracy.

The propaganda from the Right is therefore more entertaining for two reasons. The first being that the hard left is so caught up in its pious 'more socialist than thou' attitude that it fails to utilize humour as an effective tool for propaganda. The second is that they are so ridiculous that the Right has no shortage of comic inspiration.

However it would be wrong to conclude that there are no entertaining leftie's out there. Will Anderson and the sheer satirical genius from the United States publication *The Onion* are two good examples. Mark Latham's description of the Liberal party as "a conga line of suckholes" last year was pure gold. However I bet you your beret with the red star that Mark Latham doesn't sit around all day moaning about how ashamed he is to be an Australian.

On social and economic policy I would consider myself to be on the left and centre-left respectively. This is why I get so pissed off when I see the hard left stuffing up otherwise worthwhile political causes.

Feel free to pretend you're the next Che Guevara if you like. Hell, I may even give you your beret back. But just remember that if you can't deliver your ideas in a manner that's palatable to the mainstream then nothing will come of them.

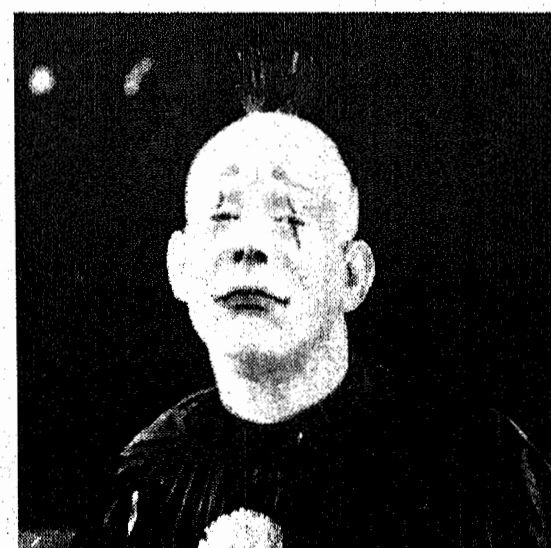
Matthew Walton
SAUA Councillor

Jimmy's Rant

Dear Union Stewards,

There is a set of showers behind the *On Dit* office. The furthest stall has a leaking tap. Whilst working in the dead of night, all I can hear is the intolerable metronome of Drip! Drip! with perfect accuracy, beckoning me to urinate every twenty or so minutes. Try as I might on my continual toilet trips I cannot get the tap to stop its infernal melody. Also, the pipes that go through our office are still belching out rotten shite-like gasses that linger for a good ten minutes. Our sub editors are getting mighty suspicious, and refusing to submit work in person. Although we are getting used to the smell, and we never really liked our subeds anyway, I am worried about the amount of water that is being wasted.

In Solidarity
Jimmy Trash



Sometimes it's hard
to be a man.

Dear *On Dit*,

I read with interest Mel Purcell's article "Ignorance and Apathy: what are you doing this International Women's Day?". While I agree that there are many areas of life in which women are subject to injustice, and these must be fought against, there are an equal amount of areas in which men suffer injustice. For example:

* Male life expectancy (compared to female) has decreased by 6 years since 1920 [*WWII might have had something to do with that - Eds*]

* Males die significantly more often than females across all 15 of the major causes of death, yet funding for prostate cancer is a fraction of the funding for breast cancer [*Prostate cancer is less fatal and easier to detect and treat than breast cancer - Eds*]

* Males are 3 times more likely than females to be the victims of murder, twice as likely to be the victims of violent crime, and about equally likely to be the victims of domestic violence [*Very few women own firearms, and rarely involve themselves in gang warfare - Eds*]

* Males suffer higher rates of suicide, drug/alcohol addiction and homelessness [*Fair cop - Eds*]

* 94% of work-related deaths are male (every working hour, a construction worker loses his life in the US alone - equivalent to the military death rate during the Vietnam war) [*Men outnumber women in the workforce, and tend not to chose dangerous occupations - Eds*]

* Males are the vast majority of military deaths and injuries (not to mention having to kill and injure other men, women and children to fulfill their job) [*Duh - Eds*]

* While the average wage for Australian women might be 84% of the average wage for men, if one takes into account education, age, experience, consecutive years in the workforce and type of job, their wage rates are about the same. In fact, the average hourly incomes of Australian men and women are \$20.30 and \$21.75 respectively. [*That's right, women belong in the Kitchen. - Eds*]

* Men have few reproductive rights [*Men don't have to gestate children for nine months. - Eds*]

* Men suffer genital mutilation (called circumcision) at far higher rates than women [*Whoa, dude. Try looking up 'female circumcision' on the net. - Eds*]

* Men have the obligation (not the option) for taking the sexual initiative in relationships [*Diddums. Is rape a sexual initiative? - Eds*]

* Violence against men is often the subject of humour in the media (think *Funniest Home Videos*) or isn't even noticed at all (which sex more often gets killed or is the subject of violence on TV or in movies?) [*Such films are usually aimed at a male audience, and rarely incite women to violence - Eds*]

And to add insult to injury, if a man as much as mentions these facts he is labelled misogynist or male supremacist!

I could go on, but the point of this is not to engage in a "men have it worse than women" debate, it is to say that claiming higher victim status does nothing for gender relations - all it does is cause misunderstanding, bitterness, resentment, righteousness and it poisons love. We must move past this in order to end the ridiculous "battle of the sexes". Then we can all work to reduce violence, improve health, reduce discrimination, no matter who the victims are.

Yours sincerely,
Greg Andresen

8

Some of my best
friends are girls...

Dear *On Dit*,

First off, I'd like to thank the author of *Much Ado About Men* for writing such a courageous and purely belter article. Thanks!

Now, before the feminists write me off as just another sexist pig, let me add two words: *sod off*.

As a male (one actually connected to a brain, and one who doesn't care for sports or beer) I find it increasingly - *exponentially* - difficult to maintain an air of geniality in this town, this state, this country, this world. Having people like Germaine Greer and her followers write off all men as chauvinist pigs, and labelling marriage as a way of enslaving women, doesn't make things any easier.

But the worst thing is, they're almost right. We're a disgrace. I'll use the example of a few of my friends, both of whom would've been described as sweet, sensitive, caring *gentlemen* a few years ago. But now, one of them has become overtly, *blatantly* sexist. After reading him the article in *On Dit*, his reply was simple. (Simple-minded, that is.) "*Women complain too much*". The other friend came to me a few months ago, almost in tears. His girlfriend had dumped him. Why? He stuck his tongue down his ex's throat. And he couldn't understand what he had done wrong.

I've all but given up on men. I have dozens of female friends, none of whom I have, am or ever will have any intention of becoming romantically or sexually involved with. Does this stance grant me any respect at all? Not from the guys. I've been labelled gay, fag, poofter... every name under the sun.

Perhaps it's just the Australian way. The words 'gentleman' and 'pom' are apparently seen to be synonymous around these parts, even though any Pom'll tell you that it isn't true in the least (can you say Soho?). And as Pommy-bashing is a national pastime, it'd make sense to reject anything even remotely related to England. But it's not the case, because it's happening all over the world - yes, even in England. Perhaps it's as the author says - those six things are the only innately masculine things left. Well, why can't men reciprocate in kind, and involve themselves in things that are - in our patriarchal society - deemed 'feminine'? Is it really more manly to say "*fuckin'-A, did ya see the rack on that sheila?*" than it is to say, show off your soufflé, or go shopping for clothes? Am I any less of a man if I dress in a suit (with white shirt and tie and leather gloves) than if I dress in a nauseatingly-teenybopper, psychedelically-coloured vest (with obligatory 50-Cent/Eminem signature, and lots of bling-bling to boot)?

For those of you who have disconnected your brains and moved your CNS to somewhere between your legs, those were rhetorical questions. That means you don't have to answer them. I don't want misogynist dinosaurs coming up to me sometime next week and going "*yo, wot up wid all dat shit yo' wrote about all's, mofa?*", because a) I can't understand you, and b) if I wanted lip from you, I'd have rattled my zipper, m'kay?

Now, getting back to the feminists who hate me (first paragraph). Don't judge a book by its penis (how's THAT for a mixed metaphor). I'm the only damned thing left between you and the sexist pigs who threaten to engulf me - engulf us. So stay off *my* case, and start - *keep* - kicking righteous chauvinist ass.

Regards
Aaron



Abbo
Says...

Letter writing is loads of fun. I remember writing stacks of letters back when I led strike action against Kerry Packer's Consolidated Press in the early nineties.

Back then, I was a lowly hack working for *The Bulletin*, but I still managed to stick it to The Man with my razor sharp wit.

Tra-la-la.

Letter writing is especially fun if you have some kind of political rod up the wazoo. But if that doesn't tickle you, try asking *On Dit*'s readers silly questions, like if God is so benevolent, how come there are people like David Ettridge still roaming the streets?

Send your letters to ondit@adelaide.edu.au or drop them in to the *On Dit* Office in the basement of the George Murray Building.

Keep your letters under 700 words and free of racist, sexist, homophobic and defamatory material, or else the editors will sick a pack of feral lefties on you.

Have fun!

Abbo

FOOTBALL GOES TO CHURCH

& other sorry stories from rape culture

*Turn on the TV and what do you see?
Two alleged Rapists, sitting in a tree.
One denies the charge,
The other follows suit,
Is it a surprise
Football culture gets the boot?
The boys have misbehaved,
Or so the victims say
A big ferocious law-suit
Should be here today.
The Labradors had a bright idea
To escape the 'rapist' frey
A church in Queensland's Golden Coast
Payed to wash their sins away.
Now they're bought and paid for,
The church sponsors their team-
These men - would be rapists? Not a chance!
Now, they're sparkling clean!*

*But wait, the sordid tale
Gets even better yet -
Leigh Matthews runs the Brisbane Lions
'The coach that doth know best'.
He admits that some men rape
Their good old sheila dates.
But, he says, it's no good
To get hived up on hate.
You can't paint ALL football players
With the same, big black brush
And with a mighty, happy rush
Came up with 'team work' mush.
A movie, featuring himself
On 'Team Spirit', no less
Was advertised on the same day
The alleged rapists got their pay.
"Pride, Respect, and Trust," said Leigh
Were the essential qualities
That football players require
To keep their feet from the mire
So every would-be victim
Is probably thinking thus;
If I want to date a football boy
Does he deserve my Trust?
After all, who knows?
You want to date one boy
And end up with them all.
Team culture - now there's a thing!
Why not bring on the Rapist Ring?
Team-work on and off the field -
With football, and in bed.
Don't forget to go to church
And earn your daily bread.*

Amen.

EPISODE TWO (NON-POEM PART)

I admit my poetry is a little rusty. I was never very good at saying something quickly and rhythmically, finishing on a high note that makes you feel all squishy and happy inside (or terror struck, if you read Edgar Allen Poe). No, I was always bit thicker than that. Poetry isn't my forte. So I decided to go over what I said above in plain prose - bear me the indulgence and read on, on!

I turned on the television this morning, groggy eyed and exhausted, to watch Channel 9's breakfast programme with Traci and the guy with a greying taupe. On screen, David Loft, coach I believe of the Labradors (from the Gold Coast) was standing between two Adonis like blonde footy players, each with vast, stupid grins on their faces and a football in hand, white teeth sparkling. They were inside a modern church.

So I thought to myself, oh God, here we go again. What Traci and David discussed began to alarm, bewilder, and amuse me.

Perhaps in an effort to lighten the mood, Channel 9 dished up this story. A Queensland church had signed a contract with the Labradors whereby the church would pay about \$5,000 a year (correct figures? I was sleepy) on one condition. In return for their sponsorship, the entire team had to go to church ONCE A YEAR, even the non-believers.

So what, besides the butch insanity of the whole situation, was wrong with this picture?

1. It washed over, glossed over, and made a joke of the serious allegations of the existence of a 'rape culture'
2. It suggested that a sponsorship deal with a church automatically makes its team 'rape free' and 'virtuous'
3. It insults people of religious worth who attend church MORE than once a year (i.e., regularly) for more appropriate reasons than cash payouts
4. It was the cheapest and most distasteful use of religion shown during a week of serious troubles for both football players and the alleged victims.

What was even more disturbing?

The commentators turned to God. They wondered if God knew what was going on with this whole rape situation, whether He noticed that some football players attended his holy church only because it was in their contracts, or whether He was aware of any rapists lurking in the fold. Traci, laughing as if at a children's dinner party event, said: "He (God) would be horrified of some of the behaviour he's seen!"

If a female commentator can laugh about a rape allegation situation on a breakfast TV show, then perhaps it truly doesn't matter that I can't write poetry for shit.

Best wishes,
Kellie



Feral Leftie Scum v Boat Shoe Liberals: Student Politics Gone Wrong

It rapidly, and predictably, descended into a battle between the 'Boat-Shoe Liberals' and the 'Feral Leftie Scum'. There weren't many positives to take out of last Tuesday's visit by Federal Health Minister Tony Abbott, who gave a presentation in Union Hall at the invitation of the newly-revived conservative Democratic Club, but it did highlight, I think, how unaccustomed University of Adelaide - perhaps Australian - students are to political activity.

There was never any doubt that the event would be a shambles. I was a little surprised that the Liberal Party would actually let Abbott out without a leash - and a finely-honed script - after his performances on Lateline over the past twelve months. But release him they did, and, as if following scripts of their own, various groups around campus acted precisely as expected. People tend to become their stereotypes, and this was no more evident than on Tuesday.

Behaving like a Resistance affiliate, the SAUA's Education Collective certainly was determined to disrupt Abbott's speech. In their Collective mind, Abbott is a Liberal MP, and a Cabinet member, in the most restrictive/oppressive and small-minded government in living memory for most of the student population. This government has certainly committed, and has been complicit in, some heinous human rights abuses over its term in office; for many, this government may well be illegitimate, and Abbott is guilty by association. According to email circulations throughout the previous week:

"In line with a resolution

of...education collectives nation wide, no member of the Howard government is welcome on campus."

And while it was the Democratic Club that organised this event, the notorious Young Liberals, who seem ideologically similar, turned out in volume if not quite force. The ridiculous cross-slandering that occurred throughout Abbott's speech was an example of the lack of political maturity on campus. It was like watching a perverted sideshow, in which the clowns, and not the audience, were the ones being entertained.

My comments here will probably offend some people, if anyone bothers to read them. It is the Collective, as representatives of the 'Left', that is likely to take particular offence. I agreed with most, if not all, of what they were saying; indeed, it's difficult not to. However, I didn't agree with their method, and this is a problem the 'Left' has always faced. Reza, a protagonist in Anahita Firouz's brilliant novel *In the Walled Gardens*, is continually let down by fellow ideologues as he campaigns for revolution in Iran; he continually disagrees with the increasingly violent, autocratic tactics being adopted by various 'Leftist' factions. Perhaps because of the passion, perhaps because of the critical thought, 'Left-wingers' often disagree, and often ardently. Perhaps this is one reason why the ALP has nearly always had to deal with potentially destructive, but democratically valuable, factional divisions. Perhaps this is why the relationship between the ALP, the Democrats and the Greens is not one of harmony.

There's nothing wrong with

protest. Conversely, there's a lot wrong with not protesting. But how to protest - how best to convey one's dissent without shooting oneself in the arse, for example - is often learned the hard way. I'm not professing to know the definitive answer, but I was lucky enough to live on campus at the University of Victoria in British Columbia for four months which, compared to the University of Adelaide, was a constant hive of political activity. People here often complain about the apparent apathy among the student population; I would point, rather, to the wider population's alienation from political action. Most students aren't ready, willing, or angry enough to dive head-first into activity that is perceived - perceived - to be the domain of hot-headed hippie-types whose simplistic articulacy renders futile whatever their message might be. Instead of rallying the troops to action, the tactics of various groups on Adelaide's campus tends to turn them away.

While I sympathise with their cause(s), ten to twenty loud, angry rebels trying to buck The System, made up of Tony Abbott, the Democratic Club, the Young Liberals, and the Australian Federal Police, not to mention Adelaide's conservative news media and, by extension, the reactive Advertiser and talkback radio, represented by television cameras in Union Hall, might well be doing more harm to those causes than good. Members of the Young Liberals, present in the Hall, engaged in similar behaviour to that of the Collective, but the former group held the upper hand for those reasons just mentioned.

Many of the protestors



appeared to have no real concept of power; the power of the status quo, the incumbent system; the subversive power of discourse; the power of stereotypes; the power of the powerful. At least two people were physically removed from the Hall by either AFP or Campus Security; under what laws I'm not exactly sure. Abbott acknowledged the presence of AFP personnel, as "guarantors" of Australia's present power structures. Were they removed for breaching some kind of arcane peace? Or is the law, if any, that authorised their removal in breach of the implied freedom of political communication in Australia's Constitution?

The protestors were, quite rightly, reacting against a sociopolitical regime in this country, characterised, last Tuesday at least, by the federal Liberal government, which allows long-term detention of asylum seekers, including children, discrimination against queer people, Aboriginal people and women, and Cold War-style "us [U.S.?] vs. them" propaganda. But in doing so, they came across as simplistic and ignorant as those they propose to dissent against. By not allowing Abbott to be heard in that forum (regardless of his 'eight years of opportunity'), and then attempting to assert their own democratic right to freedom of speech during post-speech questions, some of the protestors were betraying their own hypocrisy, leaving them open to ridicule from the ridiculous.

The Speech

So, after a diatribe that threatens to alienate both conservatives and certain radical-left factions on campus, for the benefit of those still reading I intend now to respond briefly to Abbott's actual speech, accessible at <www.tonyabbott.com.au>. Thematically it had a lot in common with Alexander Downer's, delivered in the hallowed halls of Napier 102 in August last year. Downer talked about the "turbulent relations between church and state"; Abbott spoke about living as a Catholic politician. That both had religious themes raises major issues about the supposed separation between the two institutions, particularly given the fact that many MPs are also practicing Christians (See David Marr's *The High Price of Heaven* for more information).

Abbott began with a short

biography of James McAuley, in whose name the lecture was held. McAuley, a poet, was the founder of the now ultra-conservative Quadrant magazine, behind the Ern Malley hoax in the 1940s (that later informed Peter Carey's latest novel, *My Life as a Fake*), and provided conditions under which Democratic Clubs were formed by students "prepared to defend and justify the west's high culture of reason suffused with faith".

In case anybody held the misconception that Abbott was not a raving conservative, he fondly remembered his own University of Sydney Democratic Club organising, in 1978, Mary Whitehouse to speak. Incidentally, Whitehouse, a British conservative moraliser, believed that the world is now "very, very much worse" because issues like child abuse, the sexual division of labour, violence against women, pedophilia and environmental awareness, "which were taboos are now discussed openly... Topics previously dealt with privately would do well to remain private".¹ The old Democratic Clubs, according to Abbott, had a "sense of mission".

After listing some central tenets of Christian faith ('love thy neighbour', the golden rule, etc), Abbott then enunciated his own moral positions on the issues of euthanasia, embryo research, and, most controversially, abortion.

On euthanasia: "The problem with laws allowing doctors to kill the terminally ill is not that they offend Church teaching but that they are contrary to human wisdom". Not according to up to 90 per cent of the population, though.

On embryo research: It doesn't show "the ordinary respect due to human life". This implies that non-human research is okay, and there was an engaging debate on Radio "boring as batshit"² National last Monday night on this issue. Perhaps Abbott's preferential positioning of 'human' life comes from Genesis 1:26-28? I think there are far more substantive reasons to limit embryo research.

Finally, on abortion: "An objectively grave matter has been reduced to a question of the mother's convenience... To a pregnant 14-year-old struggling to grasp what's happening, a senior student with a whole life mapped out or a mother already failing to cope under difficult circumstances, abortion

is the easy way out. It's hardly surprising that people should choose the most convenient exit from awkward situations. What seems to be considered far less often is avoiding situations where difficult choices might arise. If half the effort were put into discouraging teenage promiscuity as into preventing teenage speeding, there might be fewer abortions, fewer traumatised women and fewer dysfunctional families."

Immediately, the battle-lines were re-drawn. Now, it was Justifiably Angry Women v Ignorant Boat-Shoe Boys Club, the latter having no concept of any of the major issues involved here. It's a convenient boys' club trick to stigmatise feminists and anyone who sounds remotely like one with the same 'Feral Leftie Scum' brush; Downer, in his speech, informed us that "environmental causes, feminist and gay agendas and Indigenous rights provide constant grandstanding opportunities" for some.

Abbott made passing reference to the extremely low Aboriginal life expectancy in this country (at least 20 years below the rest of the population) as well as "boat people", but quickly moved on to listing meaningless monetary figures in an attempt to provide evidence of the government's support for "pro-life" organisations.

Then this: "The [Howard] government has facilitated the parliamentary overthrow of the Northern Territory's assisted suicide law, banned human cloning, stopped the ACT heroin trial, backed the Catholic bishops' challenge to lesbian IVF, singled out stay-at-home mums for extra financial assistance, generously helped religious schools and, most recently, sought to allow Catholic schools to offer scholarships to male teachers." As if all of these 'achievements' were good things!

Finally, in true missionary spirit, Abbott closed by saying that "confused thinking about how to help the vulnerable is better than none at all", ignoring both the loaded connotations of various terms in that statement, as well as the many examples around the world where, in hindsight, "help" shouldn't have been given at all.

If nothing else, Abbott's speech provided, for me at least, evidence that the Boys' Club is alive and well in federal politics, and indeed in student politics. It vindicated without question

the accusations made in Anne Summers' latest book, *The End of Equality*. It reinforced how totally out of touch the current government is with major concerns of under-represented groups. Mark Latham, in his book *From the Suburbs*, recalls the words of a Cabinet Minister who visited the Werriwa constituency: "I didn't know places like this existed."

It's right to get angry and protest against crap like this. But protestors must also understand the entrenched power-politics, and the self-affirming nature of the incumbent system. They must also be careful not to distance potential sympathisers from their cause.

The 'Feral Leftie Scum' stereotype is there. Now we must not become it.

Russell Marks

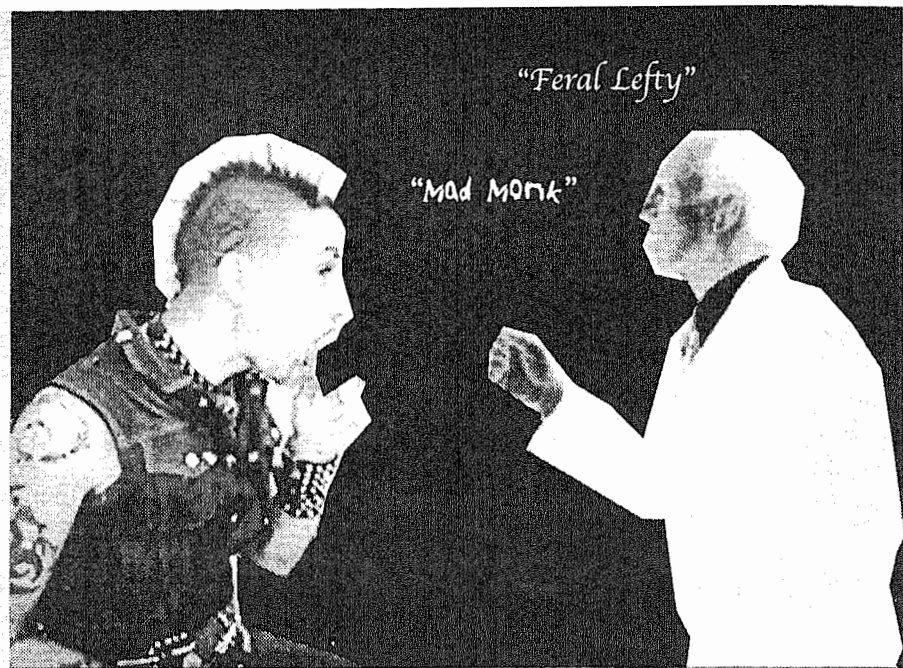
¹ Martin Jacques, the Guardian (9/11/1996); Mary Whitehouse, quoted in Kenneth Thompson, *Moral Panics* (London: Routledge, 1998) at 5 and 131

² Reportedly the words of ABC Director Sue Howard, just one of many conservative appointees to the ABC's board since 1996.



ELEVEN

...The Mad Monk and
The Feral Lefties



Federal Liberal Minister Tony Abbott's visit to campus last Tuesday held few real surprises. Lefties of varying degrees of feralness shouted outside, supporters of the Minister stood back and smirked, and when the man in question finally arrived, it was with an honour guard of cops. Meanwhile, the great majority of the student body stood back behind the TV cameras and watched the show. And went straight back to their lunches when the show moved inside.

Odds are better that you, reading this, were one of the people who stayed outside than one of the ones who took part, and better still that you weren't there at all. Smart. If you were there, though, and were foolhardy or morbidly curious enough to head on in, leave your bags by the door next to the Socialist Alliance's placards, submit to the metal detector test and take a seat, this is how it would have gone...

The afternoon held few surprises, but the few it did hold were important. The thing to remember is that Tony Abbott's a bloody good speaker. Of course he is. You don't get into federal parliament without being able to string a sentence or three together, even if you know you're talking bullshit... *especially* if you know you're talking bullshit. But Abbott wasn't talking bullshit. *He meant every word.* And with a topic, not announced until he got on stage, of "the ethical responsibilities of the Christian politician"... well, like I said, the surprises here are important.

After various heckles and counter-heckles, which led to brief debates between audience members on the finer points of German government policy from 1933 to 1945 and how it all compares to modern Australia... and one student (out of dozens) being thrown out for chanting through Abbott's opening, leading to remarks that if they were only going to kick out all the hardcores one by one, at this rate we'd be here all day... the speech kicked off with a long, dull, and of course purely laudatory history of the original Democratic Clubs, focusing on the Sydney University example of which Abbott was a member "back in '78 and '79". These clubs were conservative by any standards (and not just those of the average Aussie university), formed with help from the remains of the Democratic Labor Party (a hardline conservative Catholic ALP splinter group formed in the 1950's, which, while never winning a seat, preferenced the ALP out of power until the Whitlam era because it saw the party as not taking

a hard enough line on Communism). As for the current version, a comment was overheard from a member of both it and the Young Liberals afterwards that the two were the "same club" and indeed, there wasn't much difference in the casting of the photo-ops each club had taken with the Minister afterwards.

Back to the speech... there were a few cracks about "the lack of rationalist hospitals in the worst war zones" (so where does that leave Medecins Sans Frontières?), remarks that there was "no sense in the Gospels of compelling people to believe or forcing people to be free" (at least he admitted that Christian rulers and

Abbott suggested a government campaign against 'teenage promiscuity' (something he'd know a thing or two about, having fathered a child who was adopted out, in his younger years).

particularly the Catholic church seemed to have missed that bit over the centuries) and best of all, the line that "something justified by revelation alone shouldn't be part of political debate". Later, when we got to the meat of the matter – exactly which ethics Mr Abbott believed a good Christian politician should be responsible for – this was something to keep in mind. There was nothing new in what he suggested on such topics as abortion, embryo stem-cell research and (more briefly) queer law reform. He just reminded the lefties in the audience why we like to call ourselves "progressives": we think there's a better, newer (not necessarily *new*) way of doing things. Though Abbott never flat-out suggested banning abortion, he trumpeted abortion figures as a "national tragedy", and suggested a government campaign against "teenage promiscuity" (something he'd know a thing or two about, having fathered a child, who was adopted out, in his younger years) to solve the problem. I'm not entirely certain what this means – should we give out the addresses of monasteries alongside birth control advice? In any case, the response from the audience was unsurprising: chants of "get your morals off our bodies" (fair enough as a one-off, but repeated it got more tedious than a slow day at Parliament Question Time), and the mainstream

press coverage of this earned a swift slap-down from Peter Costello, realising that this was one wedge issue too pointy for even the John Hunt, Coward government to contemplate. Certainly one wonders what the hell he was thinking opening such a divisive can of worms so close to a Federal election; sure, it works well in the United States, but the political scene is rather different here.

He was on safer Liberal ground going on about how "love is a fine guide for individuals, but a folly for governments" and trashing those Christian MPs who championed the "social Gospel" over "seeking to reinforce ethical values". Again, the response from the Left in the audience was entirely predictable, and resonated throughout the questions at the end; but as a seasoned politician, he blew past the great majority of the questions (once the Liberal Club had finished counter-heckling one prominent AULS member) as Mike Tyson would avoid a late-night punch from a drunk high-schooler. Apart from one embarrassingly fawning Dorothy Dixier from campus Liberals president James Simpson, we had a couple each on boat people and government charity, which simply gave him a chance to repeat the closing parts of his speech; the closing question, on gay marriage, dropped the catch by failing to mention the financial and legal benefits it brings, effectively denied to non-straight. The only real clanger was when he was asked if, as a Christian, he forgave David Hicks; he replied that forgiveness does not replace the due process of law. (Not to say you can't argue what Hicks has gone through as being deserved, or unfortunate but justified by Da War On Terror... none of that, though, changes the fact that two years' imprisonment in an army camp without being charged cannot be described as "the due process of law".)

Abbott finished by thanking the Democratic Club for the opportunity to speak, and the SA Police for giving him the opportunity to not get tomatoes thrown at him. (I may be paraphrasing here.)

Are you still awake? Congratulations. I'm really impressed. Politics on campus right now is like a bad death-metal concert: all volume, no content, no originality. Next week, how to make student politics interesting, or die in the attempt. Presumably of boredom.

Jiminy Krikitt

THE ACTIVISM DILEMMA

Good grief!

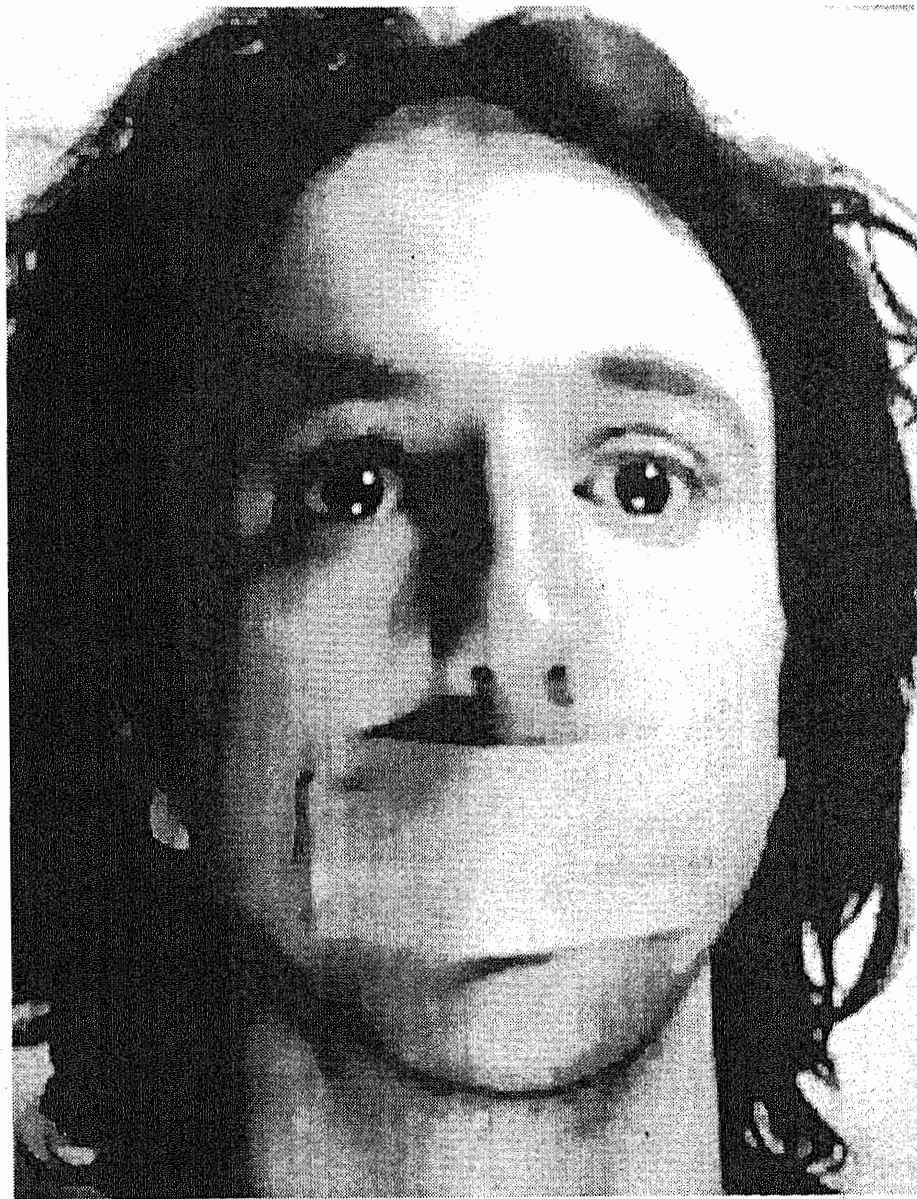
What a bloody rabble the protest against Tony Abbott was last Tuesday! Don't get me wrong, I think Abbott deserves to be toppled from his pedestal back into whatever hell spawned him, but come on people, get a grip!

I quietly mingled with the crowd at the protest, which consisted of a row of about 10 police, a group of perhaps 25 to 30 hard-core activists, a rival pro-Abbott group of predictably moronic nature numbering about 7, and a massive crowd of between fifty and two hundred seemingly unconvinced students wanting to know what all the fuss was about. This last group manages to appear as the bulk of most campus protests these days. They are actually vaguely interested (even if only in the spectacle of it all), probably agree with many of the ideals of the protesters and are waiting to be convinced, but in the vast majority of cases are scared off by the tactics and overt political allegiances of the core activists and their inability to elucidate a clear message beyond a load of derivative rhetoric.

Sounds familiar so far doesn't it? Especially to those of you who were in the crowd with me. I have sat at the outskirts of much of the political goings-on of the campus since coming here three years ago, denied a real chance at actually getting too far involved by the rigours of part-time study/part-time work. In that time I have watched the same old crowd regurgitate the same old messages and ideas to the resounding apathy of most of the student body, despite the increased urgency and importance of the issues at stake. So I address the rest of this article to the core activists of the SAUA in whom those of us who bothered to vote last election placed their hopes for the political campaigning of the current university year. Please allow me to give you some tips based on my observance of your methods and effectiveness. I do not aim to insult, but I do feel a healthy dose of reality is needed.

Firstly, lose the ALP banners and the Greens and Democrat placards. Throw them on the bonfire, stamp them into the

grass of the Barr Smith Lawns, urinate on them, mingle it with petrol and set them ablaze. The average student, besides not giving a shit which political faction happens to be 'hosting' the current campaigning soiree, is beset by an overwhelming feeling of cynicism and apathy whenever a protest is framed as a partisan clash between Labor and Liberal, or even the minor parties. It is also neither the time nor the place for political advertising when the



future of tertiary education, public health and welfare are in jeopardy. In short, by effectively trivialising these incredibly important issues into a bi-partisan mould, you are alienating the people you need to be electrifying. 25 students standing behind an ALP banner is not a protest, it is a joke. I repeat, lose the political paraphernalia.

Next, stop yelling empty rhetoric about the demonic status of the current Australian leadership at an unconvinced crowd. They've heard it all before and it is BOOORRING! A key tenet of political crowd manipulation is not to begin yelling passionately until the crowd is defiantly on your side. The issues here

are important, but as soon as someone picks up a loudhailer and simply yells through it at bystanders, especially when the subject matter is about doing stupid things like throwing mud at retreating politicians' cars, they simply switch off or, worse, take issue with what is being said and latch on to the stupidities of the speaker. You need to capture the imaginations of students rather than attempting to curmudgeon them with an ideological platform

that, in most cases, they neither understand nor fully agree with. Lose the loudhailer.

Finally, change your tactics. Yelling abuse, chanting, throwing rocks and burning flags DOESN'T WORK! The impact of this sort of behaviour on the vast majority of students and the public at large is entirely negative. Instead of garnering proponents to the cause it literally opposes them to the ideals, important as they are, of your protest. Violent actions during a protest make them a threat, not only to the government who may attempt further suppression of our right to dissent, but also to the community at large, causing them to feel that the

government has some justification for their suppression. Grow up and adapt. Rather than creating a forum within which violence can blossom, make a protest everything that you are trying to say. Be creative to represent the loss of creativity under changed conditions, provide a forum for the multitude of voices of those confused and alienated watchers to be heard. Don't create a viciously polarised and distant political contest over which they feel they have little control and almost nothing invested.

Student activists seem to consider themselves as the embattled moral minority fighting constructively against massive and overwhelming odds in a black and white, good versus evil contest. The reality is, however, that the issues inhabit a very grey and blurry zone that denies being easily polarised unless it is done so artificially by being constructed under the strictures of the two-party system, a polarity that inspires apathy in most people. The reality of what current student activists are doing is creating a duality based around something that cannot galvanise populations the way it used to. They are creating their own problems by alienating the people they want to entice. The public has moved on. In order to move the numbers of people you need for protests to work effectively you have to penetrate the glare of advertising and the muddy waters of political manoeuvring. I don't know how this can be achieved in full, but I do know that the three things I have mentioned above are inhibiting rather than assisting the cause.

We need new and creative forms of public dissent based on our progressive ideals. The longer protests look and feel like Labor-sponsored rant-fests, the longer they will fail as a tool for grass-roots political change.

Brett Whittaker
International Politics

YOUNG WOMEN CREATE THE CULTURE OF APATHY - SPEECH FROM INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

Poverty has many faces.

The old woman, wearing summer clothes in winter, lying on a bench, is a face of poverty.

The child starving for want of food, rummaging in the tips for an orange skin or stale bread, is a face of poverty.

The man who has no shoes and asks for money on the street, so that he may buy a cigarette, is a face of poverty.

There is one face to poverty that I see every day, and it is none of the above.

It is a poverty that is not remarkable in any way; it does not shout for attention. It does not stand in front of a bin, looking for sustenance. It is almost unnoticeable; hidden, yet seething under the noise of the traffic.

Many women afflicted with this poverty may not even know it exists. Many have fine clothes, drink fine wine, watch television, have jobs that bring them money and a roof over their head; some may even have a room of one's own and study science.

So what is this poverty that I speak of?

The name of this poverty, that can afflict both rich and poor, busy and lazy, boy or girl, is a poverty of the spirit - a poverty of awareness of the past, of historical imagination. Its name is apathy.

Apathy fills the faces of people I see every day. When I come to university in the morning and leave a tutorial at night, the thousand faces of apathy stare back at me.

It is the apathy of young women that most alarms me. Even when these female students say, 'I have it all,' their faces say

something else. Even when they carry their books that women a hundred years ago would never have touched, even when they enter a room that was once the exclusive club of male students, their faces show something else.

This poverty of spirit - this poverty of historical imagination - is incredibly destructive. It lacks awareness and respect for the struggles of women in the past. When they walk into a theatre to study economics and complain how boring it is, or see study as a purely utilitarian experience, they forget that it was once an act of courage for women to go in there. They forget the women of the past who demanded to be included in the knowledges that were only available to men.

Now women make choices that will hopefully get them a job, that will allow them to slot into the consumer society.

What happened to the passion to be included - to know, to be heard, to be seen? Have we lost that hunger to know what's going on?

Why do we miss the opportunities to gather together, to discuss the way the world truly is, the way the economic system truly works, the way the political system barely counts us as any more important than it did 50 years ago?

Why is it that we march in our hundreds of thousands across the land to say sorry to the indigenous people of Australia, or to say NO to going to war in Iraq - and we are ignored? Why are we so docile, so

apathetic in our response to this? Why aren't we talking about how the women of the past dealt with being excluded, ignored, belittled - why aren't we talking about how, even with all the gains and liberties that we have inherited from the women of the past, the majority of women and children today still suffer from poverty and abuse throughout the world?

Those who have not experienced extreme poverty replace it with another thing - the poverty of apathy.

Apathy is a poverty that afflicts those who do not make choices, or who believe that they cannot make a choice. For those that feel they have no power. It is an irony that sits on every women's shoulders, whether she knows it or not. 'Poor women are elsewhere, not here,' they may generalise. 'There's nothing I can do about those starving children.' Indeed, I have experienced the overwhelming hold of apathy myself, when I realise I live in a world of immense suffering.

There is one question that every woman reading must ask herself; if we have such equality and freedom; if we are equal to men (as many claim we are); if feminism is dead and modern woman has it all, why do we feel so gutted by our lack of power? Why, I ask, do we feel so disempowered?

We are one of the luckiest countries; indeed, that is what they

call us; the Lucky Country. We have rights women 'Somewhere Else' could only dream of.

But what is the difference between the unlucky country, the unlucky woman, and us? What is a poor woman?

A poor woman is a woman who has little, if any, choice. Her survival is based on whether she will get enough food for the next meal, how she will find a home for her children, how she will pay for her daughter's education.

An apathetic woman is a woman that has enough food, shelter and education and yet is indifferent to the more subtle assaults on her historically new liberties.

'Poor' is when you have no choices.

'Apathetic' is when you make none.

How are these women different?

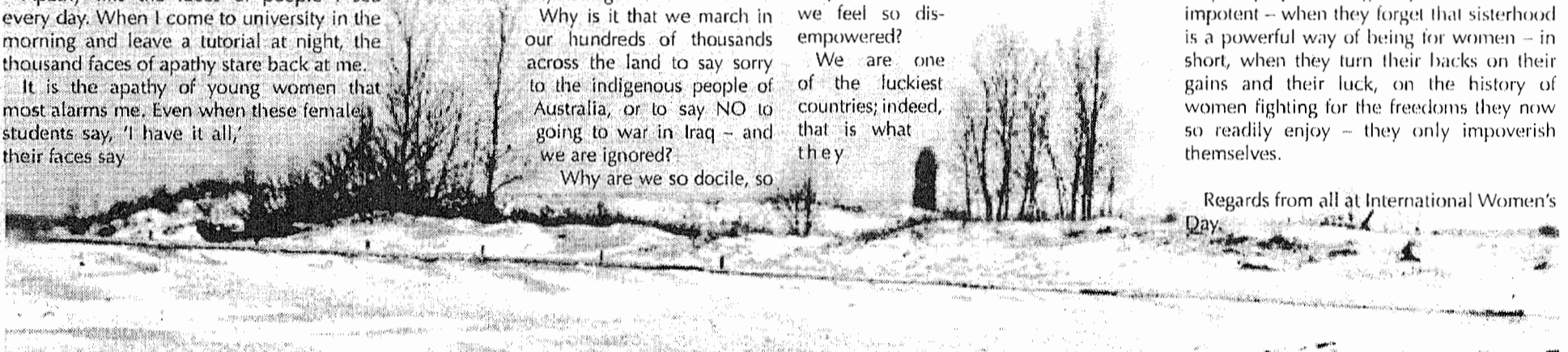
It is our own hearts we must examine.

Instead of exploring this idea, we turn to other women and say, 'She has no choices.' Yet we never hear her turn to us, and say, 'She has choices, but she decides that she has no power to make them.'

Any culture that denies its women power and opportunity impoverishes itself. Women have so much to offer.

Yet when women refuse to make the choices that are available to them - when they stop questioning why their votes are impotent - when they forget that sisterhood is a powerful way of being for women - in short, when they turn their backs on their gains and their luck, on the history of women fighting for the freedoms they now so readily enjoy - they only impoverish themselves.

Regards from all at International Women's Day.



My choice

I take complete and utter exception to Tony Abbot's views on abortion.

I wish I could tell him my story, like I'm telling you people. I know there are many people in this country who would see our society back in the 1950s where they believe it belongs, but I am grateful for the choice been allowed to make.

I was 16 when a family member sexually assaulted me. I was a kid, and instead of doing what kids do, and enjoying the kind of life that people at that age are supposed to live, the next five years of my life were beset with trouble as I struggled to deal with what had happened to me. I discovered

to my horror that the attack had left me pregnant. I couldn't deal with it, I had no income, and I had no resources to deal with bringing a child into this world and the responsibilities it entailed. So I consulted Second Story and asked them where to go for a termination. I was scared that my local doctor would tell my parents due to my young age. The people they sent me to asked me almost immediately if I had been sexually assaulted and once they learned of my situation, they were the most kind and understanding people I have come across in my short life. I struggled enormously with this decision. It was much harder than bringing a child into this world and

simply neglecting it, or palming it off onto someone else. There are women in this world, Mr Abbot, who do not have the choice if they become pregnant, and are sometimes, like myself, frightened, abused young girls. I invite Mr Abbot to come and talk to some of the women who have had terminations, and see for himself the affect of what he has ignorantly labelled "the easy way out" It is anything but easy. My choice is just that: *My choice*. It should not be taken away by anyone, and I am proud of the women who have the courage to realize that they can't bring kids into this world, and wish to do so only when they can provide loving environments for them.

TOO RIGHT

Why be politically correct
when you can be **RIGHT?**

THE CULT OF POPULAR IDEALS:

WHEN CONSTITUTIONALITY OVERSHADOWS CHRISTIANITY

The term 'Mardis Gras' is one of those phrases that needs translation from Australian to American. Yes, we speak the same language, and both in New Orleans and Sydney Mardis Gras is a time of drunken debauchery and an all around great party. But in The States, it actually ends on a Tuesday night, exactly 40 days before Palm Sunday. Here, it seems merely to be on a convenient weekend in March and has the added flare of a celebration of homosexuality. Odd, considering that the origin of Mardis Gras is the Christian celebration of the commencement of Lent. Shrove Tuesday, Ash Wednesday, they passed by without much notice, but it's hard not to notice dozens of men scantily clad in, I must say, very sexy and feminizing outfits. Sydney Mardis Gras had a message of its own, outside the realm of the Christian holiday, but ironically it is deeply tied to religion in the land of the free and the home of the brave and to the Anglican Church abroad.

The world as of late views the United States as a hub of Christian ideals. However, the Constitution is the real religion of American society. Its commandments are sacred: "Thou shalt not restrict the right to freedom of speech," "Thou shalt not search or seize private property without due cause," "Thou shalt not deprive the people of the right to bear arms." Any transgression on these most sacred grounds spurs cries of "Crucify him!" from the crowd. The preamble, that one sentence mission statement of the most powerful country in the world, is memorised by school children along with the alphabet and the colours of the rainbow.

While patriotism is certainly a plus, as is the assurance of freedom and equality for all, does this cult of the Constitution leave a right to freedom of other religions? The Ku Klux Klan is allowed to proclaim their beliefs of white supremacy on public television, because they have a right to free speech. Women are permitted to terminate their pregnancies because they have a right to privacy, a right only strongly suggested by the amendments collectively. But the church which believes that human values cannot be summed up in two words? Oh no! In the United States these days, not even Christian values have the right to encroach upon the power of the religion of freedom and equality, and many Americans would say this is just as it should be. Australians would probably agree with them. Mardis Gras in Australia seems a prime example of how the human rights doctrine has overthrown the doctrine of the Catholic and Anglican Churches.

**He's Having
extramarital sex and
He's jubilant about it, as
most of us usually are,
BUT He's a Priest.**

Just in this past year, the Episcopal Church of the United States of America (ECUSA) exemplified the never failing Jeffersonian ideals of equality and freedom within its holy policy. In August, the General Convention passed resolutions allowing the blessing of same-sex marriages (which by the way are permitted by law in only 3

states) and the consecration of Canon V. Gene Robinson, a practising homosexual, as the bishop of New Hampshire. That's one step for homosexual rights, one long, expansive jump for church doctrine. The ECUSA has a long history of acceptance on the issue of homosexuality, but on the grounds of neighbourly love and tolerance. As early as 1985 the General Convention, the decision-making forum of Episcopal priests and bishops, called for a resolution to dispel myths and prejudices against homosexuals. Yet, there is one small problem with blessing same sex marriages and appointing an openly gay priest to bishophood: the world wide Anglican Church has discerned that homosexuality is incompatible with scripture. Anglican Church doctrine is based on scripture, tradition, and reason, and can be described like a milking stool. It stands on three legs, one longer than the others, and the pillar with the most influence is scripture. So without that third leg to support its decisions, the ECUSA has fallen from milking into cow dung.

Now, I am avid a believer in the sermons of my American forefathers on justice and freedom; homosexual rights, and even possibly homosexual marriages, are protected by American ideals and the ideals of contemporary western society. I am also a lover of consistency. If the church holds that extramarital sex is not advisable, then its leaders should not be openly engaging themselves in it. Even so, most tolerant Christians would tell you that human beings are bound to sin, even priests and bishops, and so they should be forgiven. The issue at

hand is that Gene Robinson is not asking for forgiveness; he is celebrating his actions and presenting himself as an example to others. He's having extramarital sex and he's jubilant about it, as most of us usually are, but he's a priest. More than that he is now a bishop, and his job is not only to guide parishioners but priests as well.

Gene Robinson's decision to push the issue of homosexuality to the forefront speaks little for his commitment as a leader in the Anglican Church. His ability to stand up for what he believes in is admirable and the ECUSA's support demonstrates impressive progress for gay rights, but in the process it is demeaning Christian teachings and splitting the Anglican Church in two. Nine of the 38 Anglican provinces of the world have 'broken communion' with the ECUSA, for all intents and purposes excommunicating it. Several dioceses within the United States have done the same, creating a massive schism within the Anglican Church. While the Western ideal of human equality on all levels pervades our social consciousness as well as our governments, it does have its limits. It cannot define all levels of morality nor proclaim universal righteousness. It is the government's job to lead people to equality and justice under law; it is the church's job to promote love and understanding, but within the teachings of its beliefs, not those of popular culture.

Katie Bahr
American exchange student



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alice campbell saua prez



Greetings fellow students,

Here's the fifth lot of columns from your SAUA office bearers. I'm sure everyone has a lot to report on so to avoid repetition, I'll try to write something different. To begin with, I'd like to thank those of you who attended the protests that occurred last week and give a brief commentary. On Monday there was the protest against Howard in which a rather hung over president found herself screaming "Scum! Scum!" at the sight of little Johnny. Tuesday saw a group of students heckling Tony Abbott at his lecture to the "Democratic" Club. On Wednesday a group of Adelaide students attended the Flinders uni protest, something mentioned in the first few pages of *On Dit*.

Now then, here's something different to think about. As you are all aware, my job is very demanding but I do somehow maintain interests outside of this presidency. While I am attempting to show you just how much and in how many ways the Howard Government is screwing us I am planning my trip to the Melbourne Comedy Festival. While I am waiting to receive the Higher Education Support Act proposal from our university administration, I am eagerly awaiting the release of the new Gomez album. By the same measure, while you plan your weekend visit to the Exchange or Exeter, it is also possible for you to sign a petition or attend a protest. While you sit on the lawns reading *Who*, it is also possible to read a SAUA or NUS publication. It doesn't require substance abuse either, with the exception of some alcohol. Come on students of the University of Adelaide, you too can fight the system and still find time to party! Get active and get involved! And attend the **National Day of Action, Wednesday 31st March, 1pm, Barr Smith Lawns!**

See you round campus,
Alice

kellie armstrong smith women's officer



WHY ***** TOLD ME TO GO KILL MYSELF

I was innocently sitting with my fellow concerned students at the Honourable Tony Abbott's SPEECH (Sinister and Particularly Egalitarian Endorsement of Criticising Humanism) on Tuesday when three words were said. Words I never would have expected to have come out of the mouth of a good, law-abiding, (Catholic?) student.

"Go Kill Yourself," he uttered, giving me a stare that would have bore holes in a statue of Stalin, his chin set in the manner of Prince William.

Now, I'm not sure which of the following provoked this very anti 'Love Thy Neighbour' number - was it:

- a. "Yeah right Mr. Abbott, locking up children in detention centres without trial is somehow Christian?"
- b. "How can you attack women for having abortions when your government has made the financial conditions for mothers to raise children in unbearable?"
- c. "Booh!"
- d. "Hitler was a Roman Catholic, you know!"
- e. "What, you don't like our modern, free, multicultural society as it is?"

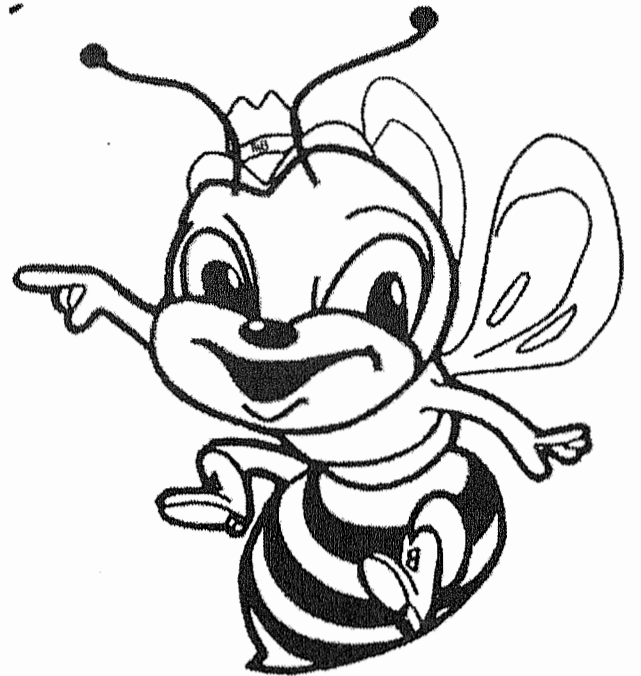
Whichever it was, I was firmly disturbed that someone of seemingly good upbringing and polite, ethical standing would tell me to kill myself! After all, Abbott was talking about Christian values ("Love Thy Neighbour, Judge Not Lest Ye Be Judged, Forgive Those That Sin Against Us," etc) and how we need them back to 'save' society. What I don't get then, is why one of his avid followers, who would assumedly agree with these sentiments, told me to kill myself.

My answer?

"Actually, suicide is illegal according to Mr. Abbott as well. Sorry! Can't Kill Myself today, but I'm sure an overworked bus driver who doesn't receive Medicare might accidentally finish me off."

Regards,
Kellie.

bek cornish activities officer



We in the Activities Department would like to get your input on what activities you'd like to see happen over this year. Is there a particular event that you'd like to see re-created? Is there a particular fetish you

have that you'd like us to dedicate a night to in the UniBar? If so, come to our next activities forum so you can suggest your ideas and perhaps get involved in the organisation of some of the other plans we have: **This Thursday, 3pm Rumours Cafe.**

One of the main things that we'll be talking about during this forum is our annual PROSH festival set to be held during 3-7 May. What is PROSH again, I hear you ask? PROSH has been a tradition at Adelaide Uni for over 90 years and is a week where students run rampant through the campus creating mischief through pranks and dares to raise money for charity. All students can get involved by registering your pranks with the Students' Association (so it can be officially recognised) and then collecting money for people to see your prank. All proceeds will go to a charity/s to be chosen at this week's forum.

Make sure you come along! If you can't attend but would like to make suggestions, or want to know more, email me or call me in the SAUA on 83035406

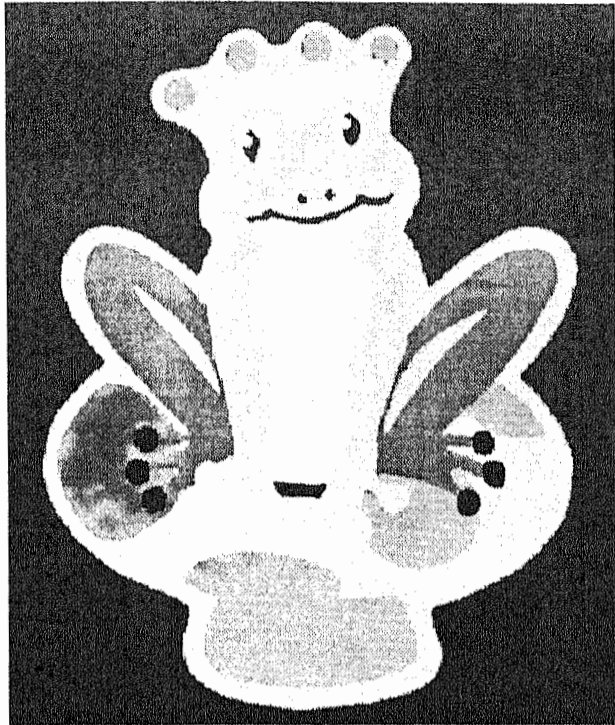
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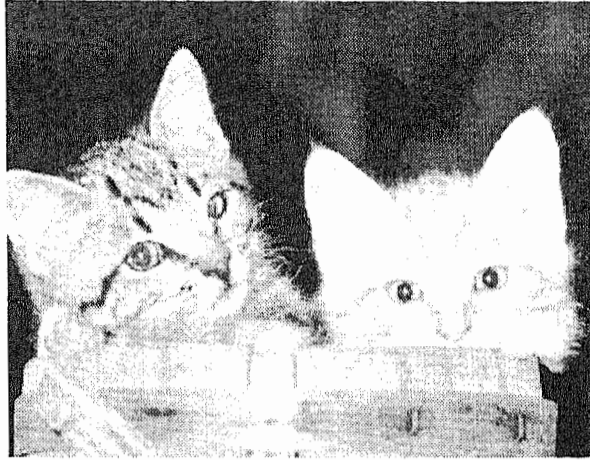
The state of Tasmania is home to some of the most beautiful and important forestry in Australia, and the world. Environmental icons such as the Styx and Tarkine forests are truly unique, containing some of the tallest hardwood trees in the world, and more than 50 species of endangered wildlife in the Tarkine alone.

Experiencing this precious wilderness first hand as opposition leader Mark Latham did last week allows for full appreciation of this natural wonderland. However, the trip that the 'boy from the suburbs' made to the 'apple isle' last week was aimed merely at ensuring Greens support for the Labor Party in the coming federal election. Refusing to espouse nothing more than support for forestry jobs in Tasmania, he failed to recognise the crisis at hand, the continual destruction of Tasmania's forests.

Major logging company Gunns Limited has until 2010 to continue old growth forest logging, a date Latham pledged would not be altered. In the meantime, using the clear-felling method (destroying everything in sight!), Gunns has increased its operations in an effort to clear as much as possible in the set timeframe. This company is concerned with nothing else but their bottom line, and politicians (exempting a small minority) are simply focussed on winning their next election.

Help educate Australia's politicians on environmental issues by telling Mark Latham how important pristine Tasmanian wildlife is: M.Latham.MP@aph.gov.au Environmental preservation before jobs.

sam nona and cody morris atsi office bearers



"Indigenous Students Still In Poverty Trap" was the headline of the latest media release of the National Indigenous Postgraduate Association Aboriginal Corporation (NICPAAC). It seems the current government is out to get all students no matter of what ethnicity they may be.

However it is no surprise that Indigenous students are still in the poverty trap since cuts were made to the ABSTUDY scheme in 2000 following a previous cut in 1996. By 2000, these two cuts had reduced the number of Indigenous students commencing undergraduate studies at a tertiary level by 15.2%. According to the Australian Bureau of statistics, in the same year Indigenous Students only made up 1.2% of the total student population in higher education.

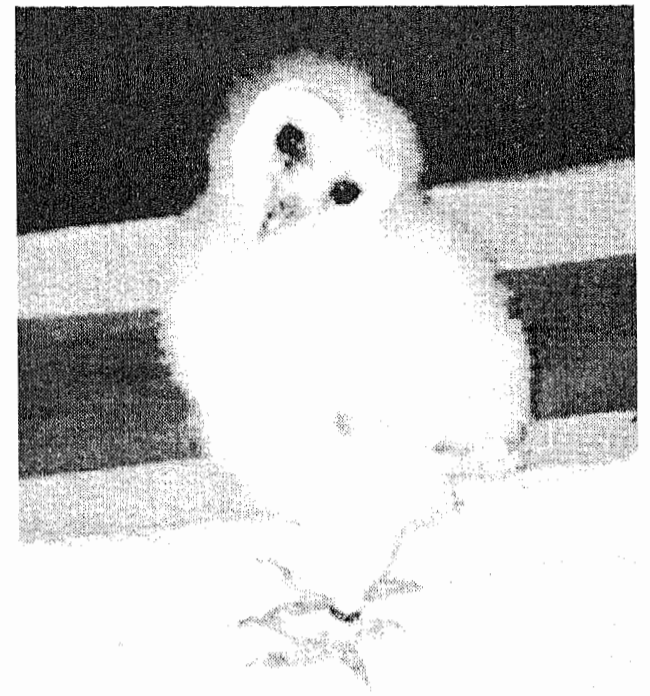
But the fun just doesn't stop there. Nelson's education package to deregulate HECS fees means that all students, not just Indigenous students, will be in debt for many years to come after their studies. It makes one think how many people will commence undergraduate studies in the future, let alone Indigenous people.

So what makes Indigenous students different to non-Indigenous students do you ask? Sadly many Indigenous students come from a background that include drug and alcohol abuse, health problems, domestic violence, child abuse and poverty. The individuals who attend university do so in the hope of making a difference for themselves and one day for their community. However Indigenous students also come from a very rich culture that we would like to showcase this to the university.

So in some aspects we do have the same issues as non-Indigenous students. But in other aspects we need the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Department to specifically address the social and cultural issues that we face.

Regards
Sam and Cody

aurelia stapleton education vice president



By now hopefully you all would have heard about the events of last week in which hundreds of South Australian university students rallied together to oppose the government's detrimental fee hikes. Well the battle is not over yet!

This week the SAUA will be holding a BBQ on both Wednesday and Thursday to raise awareness of current education issues and to encourage all of you to be involved in the **National Day of Action Rally on Wednesday 31st March at 1pm** on the Barr Smith Lawns. Please come down to find us set up around the lawns (which are being revegetated due to the Fringe) and talk to us about what's happening at the moment in the education campaign while your eating your deliciously greasy snag or veggie burger. We are happy to answer any questions you might have and give you more information on the issues that interest you.

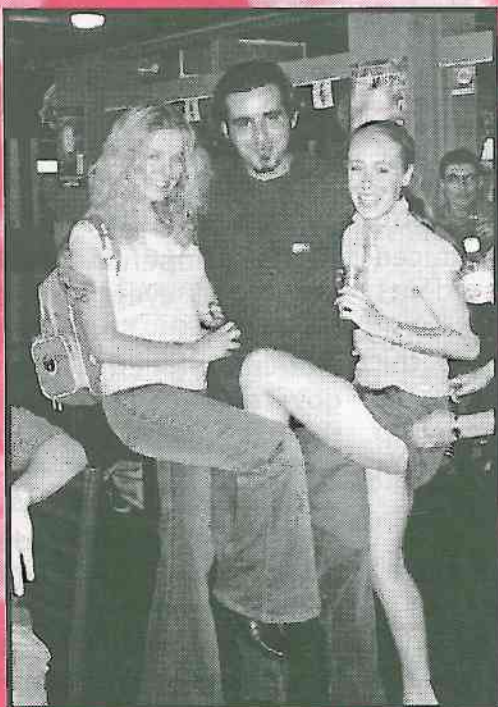
Obviously, this will be happening around lunch time on these two days, however, if you're really keen to find out more and/or help out you can come down to the SAUA at any time during the week and speak to me (or Alice if I'm not there at the time). I also encourage you to join our education yahoo group for more info: aurelia.stapleton@ade.laide.edu.au or phone me on 8303 5406.

PS: Don't forget to nominate yourself in Faculty/Department student elections!

VOX POP

QUESTIONS

1. What's the best way to catch a leprechaun?
2. Tell us your best Irish one-liner
3. When was the last time you got lucky?

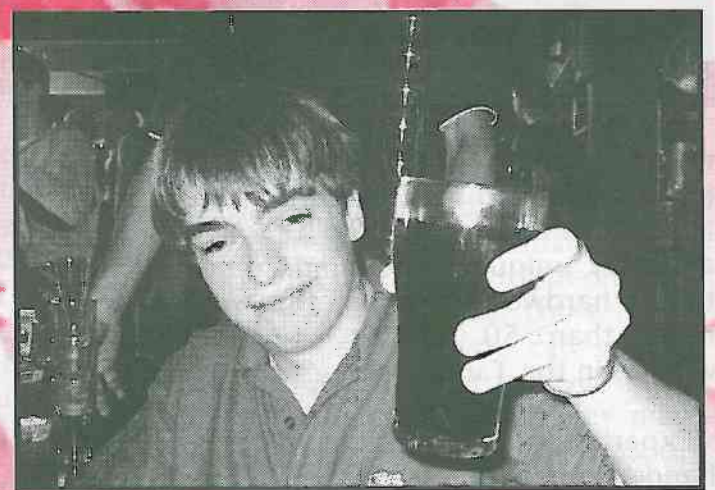


Mel, Constantinos Paul Koutsouliotas and Jess

- M** 1. Between your thighs
2. Would you like to see my shamrock?
3. When I caught a leprechaun between my thighs and he showed me his shamrock.
- C** 1. With tweezers.
2. How bout a roll in the four leaf clover?
3. After this interview.
- J** 1. I AM a leprechaun!
2. Have you ever had an Irish Catholic in ya?
3. Last week. And they rubbed my tummy.

The editors apologise for the number of student politicians in this week's Vox Pop. Rest assured that the relevant subeditors have been punished. On Dit recommends that readers henceforth make a point of not voting for future candidates who have appeared on these pages.

- Eds



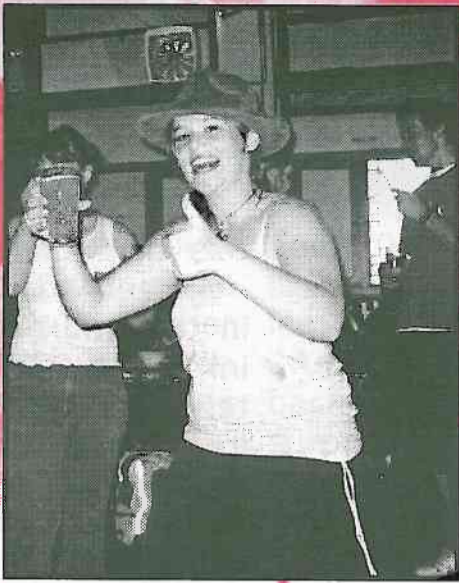
Luke

1. With a paperweight. Throw it at him.
2. Whale oil beef hooked.
(Read aloud and run the words together - Sub eds)
3. As an Irish citizen I am entitled to free beer all night!



Chris (serial drunk)

1. Use safety pins as kebab skewers, roast and toast them. Mmmm that's good eatin'.
2. Spread 'em. Time to get lucky. [Eeew. - Eds]
3. When I managed to get 4 diaries worth of beer vouchers.



Sarah

1. Smear yourself with honey and dance around a bit.
2. Kiss me, I'm Irish!
3. O'Camp. In a van.



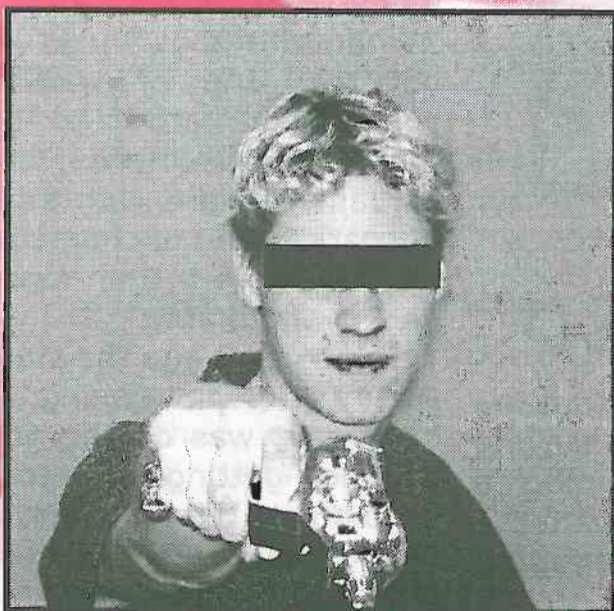
Victor

1. Grow some pot at the end of a rainbow.
2. Did you hear about the Irishman who tried to hang himself with an elastic rope? He died of a concussion.
3. When I woke up naked in the zoo chasing gazelles.



Tracy

1. With a mousetrap using yoghurt for bait.
2. Can I drink your Guinness?
3. Monday, I'm single now.



Some Psycho Terrorist
(An Exclusive Interview)

1. They will probably try to enter your house (to steal food) via the cat flap so simply place a garbage disposal unit in front of the door. Mmmm minced leprechaun.
2. Wanna cop a feel o' me 'loocky' charms?
3. I dunno, how about now? What do you say, baby?



Still Formidable Tanisha

1. Stand behind Jess with a hessian sack.
2. Wanna come back to my place for taters and sauce? Oh wait a minute, no taters. Just sauce...
3. Realising that poor Man Goo was staying awake at night suffering relevancy deprivation disorder.

LIBERAL RECRUITMENT: A SYMPTOM OF AN AILING BODY POLITIC

Advertisement



Liberal Party

Expressions of Interest

Expressions of interest are called for community minded persons who are interested in representing the Liberal Party at the next State election.

To register your interest or for more information, please contact the State Director at director@sa.liberal.org.au or phone (08) 8373 1955.

Authorised by G.Jaeschke, Liberal Party
104 Greenhill Rd, Unley 5061.
www.sa.liberal.org.au

this no wonder the state – indeed the body politic in the entire country – is in such a parlous state in terms of the workings of its democratic political processes.

The Libs have got it all wrong.

The fact is that a politician has to be unconventional if they are to be any good to the rest of us. They need to be visionary (in the true sense that they have to have a well worked out idea of what makes for a fair and just society) as well as having the practical ability to actually make these things happen.

The political environment is a special one quite unlike that in which the rest of us lead our lives. For politicians it is an uncertain wheel of fortune which requires special qualities that can't be measured in a standard job application. It is not, nor should it be, a safe career that can be partially arrived at by the same groveling, toadying process that applies generally to wider job acquisition in society today.

What the Libs need is not the kind of wanker likely to be attracted by the advertisement but parliamentarians with a bit of spark – a bit of character – with more-than-usual unconventionality.

Some years ago the state Liberal MP Ivan Venning, to his credit, was on the odd occasion getting up onto a soap box in the main street of Kapunda to address the masses. It is this kind of activity which ought to typify the approach of parliamentarians to politics.

What is really interesting, though, is not so much what this says about the Libs approach to the recruitment of their MPs

So, it has come to this – a political party calling for expressions of interest in writing from aspirants wanting to lead our state as parliamentarians.

That's right: our media is actually carrying an advertisement calling for 'expressions of interest' from 'community minded persons ... interested in representing the Liberal Party at the next State election'.

There doesn't seem to be much to it at all. All you need to do is to send in your CV with your application. And there's a one day course you can attend on how to be a Liberal MP. It's easy. You don't even have to be a member of the Liberal Party when you apply.

The trouble is that on this approach the Libs and their wider constituency are at risk of getting up for the vote, not the best candidate

in a genuine sense, but the best spouters of job-seeking jargon – those claiming to be 'team players', with the best 'vision for the future' and so on.

We all know the sort of Orwellian quasi-religious, economic rationalist crap that gets people jobs these days. The risk is that we the voters will end up with the best bullshit artists as Liberal parliamentarians.

With developments like

but what it reflects about the state of politics in Australia in general.

In crude terms one of the problems with our two party system at both the state and federal level is that to an excessive degree it has been taken over by party hacks using the political process to feather their own nests with too little regard for the masses they purport to serve.

The presence of these usurpers has helped to make the parties a closed world- a rarified atmosphere - with the rest of us - the vast bulk of the population who are the voters - left out of it all.

There is ample evidence that it is this sort of alienation that has led to a widespread negative reaction to politics and politicians in the electorate.

There was the whole phenomenon of One Nation - its rise and fall and all that went with it

And then there were the very short-lived mass demonstrations against the war in Iraq. This was flash-in-the-pan popular outrage across party lines that quickly evaporated once hostilities got under way.

The strongest expression of disillusionment with the party political process however is what looks like apathy on the part of the voting public towards it.

Nobody wants to think and talk about politics any more - an opting out that leaves those ruling the roost in our society more or less free to do what they want in shafting the rest of us.

It's a good time to be feeding the electorate bread and circuses and the powers-that-be are having a field day doing so.

There is, then, some sort of popular rejection of mainstream politics going on out there.

All parties are struggling to keep ahead of this rather curious popular mood.

The two main parties continue a moronic appeal to voters at the most

elemental level through slogans dreamed up by spin doctors who would put out same sort of message on soap powder, deodorant, or a new kind of hairspray.

Against the political landscape of say the 1960s and 70s the current one is depressing to say the least.

Against this kind of backdrop it is hardly surprising we have got to the stage where one of our mainstream parties is calling for expressions of interest from people wanting to lead the state.

Years ago now one of the speakers at Adelaide's Speakers' Corner (located just up the road from the uni in Botanic Park) used to speak on behalf of the Cross Lotto Party. This 'party' had as its central tenet that everyone should have the chance to lead the nation for a period at the throw of the dice.

When his hecklers complained that this a lunatic way of going about it he replied that it was lunatic, yes, but in effect not necessarily any worse than the way so called political leaders were getting into their positions of power at that time.

All this was, of course, intended as political satire.

Amazingly, however, since those days subsequent events seem to be suggesting this political CossLottoism is not completely divorced in a literal sense from reality after all. Since those soap box speeches all sorts of people have been getting into positions of political power through luck as much as anything else. For example, chance has surely played its part in ensuring that we still have 'Lazarus with a triple bypass' at the helm of the national ship of state.

In the light of all this then, it may well be that the Liberal advertisement is symptomatic of an ailing political system losing its way.

To keep it in perspective the edifice of state, while

Ménage à trois?

We're a fun-loving, experimental couple seeking a third for a mind-blowing deal. We want you so we can get Microsoft Office 2003 for \$299. It comes with three licences so we'll all be completely satisfied and no-one will get jealous. If this sounds like your kind of thing, visit us in the software section of the campus bookshop.



it is showing some definite signs of cracking at the seams, is holding together at this point in time.

The real question is that of the long term trend that may be evident in the political setting now. The point is that we can not take for granted the ongoing stability and well being of our social and political system.

One thing that must happen to ensure that long term stability is that our state and national leaders must re-establish contact with the population they seek to lead.

Perhaps the Latham get-back-in-touch-with-the-grassroots-constituency approach does amount to a genuine move towards the restoration of a vibrant political democracy in this country. If so, good, and well done the Latham ALP. But it's too early to tell at this stage whether it's genuine or just more spin in populist guise.

Still, while something is indeed rotten in this state and nation of ours it is far from being the case that it is all beyond redemption. In this federal election year (with a SA state election to follow early the year after next) we the populace once

again have our chance for a genuine involvement in the electoral political process.

But it won't happen as a matter of course.

A relative of mine once wrote across his federal election ballot paper: 'None of these for me'. If we all started doing these things it would be noticed, at any rate. It's the sort of thing that could well be a popular step in the right direction.

It's not as if we the masses have no hope of getting what we want in the face of overwhelming power to the contrary.

As Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty Four* has it: 'If there's hope it lies in the proles'.

We are the proles in our society today. A proper involvement for us in the upcoming elections, both federal and state, will only happen if we all make it happen.

Terry Hewton



Tony stares seedily at the only non-Abbott related news article of this edition.

21

FRIENDS

OF THE EARTH

established 1972

2004 marks the thirtieth anniversary of Friends of the Earth Australia (FoE-A), a national member of the international network dealing with environmental issues from a social justice perspective.

Curiously enough, in Australia, FoE started activities two years before that, in a branch formed at Adelaide Uni in 1972. It grew out of activities of the Social Action Committee of the SAUA, as did an Aboriginal School and Women's Lib!

The very first target of a FoE campaign was big multinational Coca-Cola, who won a "King of Krap" award for all the abandoned bottles and cans.

The award was announced in *On Dit* on April 11, and students were invited to collect empty Coke cans and join a march to the Coke factory on the Friday.

at one extreme from doing nothing at all, to at the other extreme preventing the march from ever leaving the University and that was an option which they obviously regarded as just being perfectly normal within their capacity. They eventually decided to allow the march to occur and not to call the cops, but just make sure the cops were hovering in the background on the grounds that they've got a brand new plant on a major road out of town with acreage of glass on the front which is operating eight hours a day, so three quarters of the entire week it's unmanned."

(Gabriel Lafitte, a former employee of Image Australia, which handled the steel can account, Interview in *On Dit* 1973).

A few weeks after the visit to Coke, a similar march visited Parliament House, where cans were left on the steps and a deputation went to chat to Glen Broomhill, then Minister for the Environment

This first campaign lead to Gabriel Lafitte being sent to Adelaide to infiltrate the new group.

After the assault on Coke, the *Steel Can People*, who were trying to promote a community conscious, responsible image for BHP (as a producer of recyclable steel cans), decided to try to tame FOE. They invited them to observe recycling operations, and gave them \$3,900 to make a film about recycling. This they did, with the help of film students from Flinders Uni. Ultimately, the film was a damning indictment of the whole steel can scam. At the film's premiere, February 6 1973, FOE issued a detailed analysis of the lies and half truths told by BHP. Footage of steel cans that were to be recycling being dumped into landfill made the National Seven News.

Gabriel Lafitte came clean and blew the whistle on the whole mess, providing a very interesting insight into the workings of large companies. The debate over cans continued well into 1974, when another demonstration was staged, this time with people dressed as Coke cans, in support of the can deposit legislation.

From the first, FoE called itself a radical ecology group. It organised seminars — 'Is technology a blueprint for Destruction?' — and insisted the University had a responsibility to involve itself in the real world.

There were campaigns on public transport — some activists got a car wreck, sprayed it bright yellow, and deposited it outside the State Transport Department in Victoria Square to highlight the dominance of the motor vehicle in transport planning — as well as requests to University Council for more bike racks ("we don't want unsightly bicycles scattered about the place").

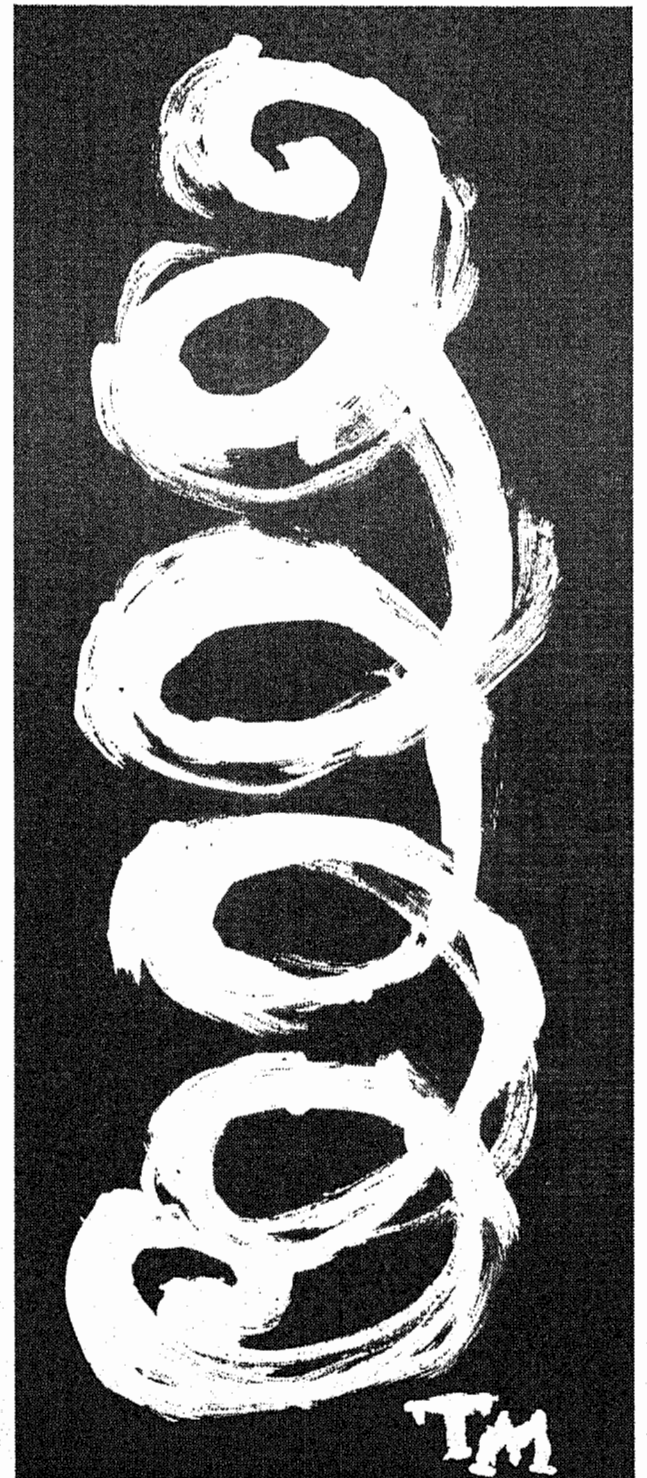
June 1972 saw the focus on the French nuclear tests in the Pacific, with a double page spread in Monday's *On Dit*, a public meeting on the Tuesday, and a march from Elder Park to the French Consulate. This was the first sign of FOE's continuing concern with all aspects of nuclear

operations.

Today, FoE Australia has an anti-nuke campaigner based in Adelaide, working on the proposed nuclear dump and in-situ leaching. Campaigns against corporations continue, with Exxon-Mobil targetted internationally as climate criminals. The local Adelaide group (FoE Nouveau) is updating the Green Cities handbook for Adelaide, and there's a trade campaign opposing the "Free" trade agreement and the WTO. A climate justice tour will highlight the effect of global warning on our pacific neighbours in April, and there are plans for a "Moving to renewables" conference.

And at Adelaide Uni, the seed of all this activity? Well, there are a few of us who want to revive Adelaide Uni FoE, so we're calling an inaugural General Meeting for 1pm March 25th, in the Margaret Murray room. See you there.

Roman Orszanski



— EVERY MONTH —

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH PRESENT KING OF KRAP AWARDS

... to those companies that make our group necessary.

The first of these is on this week. Presentations of their own pollutants will be made to various firms at suitable ceremonies. Usually, this will be preceded by PURPOSEFUL PROCESSIONS.



KINDLY COKE CONSIDERS THE CONSUMER

"The development of efficient systems for handling one way bottles and cans has narrowed the price differential between convenience packages and returnables ... more important, the consumer is more affluent today, and willing to spend a little extra for convenience in any form ..."

Coca Cola advert.
Scientific American, (Sept., 1970) 223, 3, page 119.

PUT YOUR PRIORITIES IN ORDER — CONVENIENCE NOW, SURVIVAL LATER?

"The Coca Cola Company is aware of the need to develop more efficient packaging systems that will help solve some of the problems of solid waste and litter ..."

... meanwhile, the non-returnable 28oz. bottle is developed, the cans remain steel, not recyclable aluminum, caps and tops are sprinkled like seeds at sowing time, and the product behind it all is ...

DIRECT ACTION IS NEEDED — MARCH AGAINST CAPITALIST HYPOCRISY AND COMPLACENCY. LAWN RALLY FRIDAY, APRIL 14 — MARCH TO COKE PLANT ON PORT ROAD.

FOR EARTH'S SAKE, ACT NOW.

About 300 people took part. The offending items were returned, and the award presented to Coke. The threat to target polluters and undo all their careful public relations work had an amazing effect upon the large packaging companies:

"I found it very heartening to realise that within hours of somebody wandering around Adelaide University and noticing a notice stuck up saying FOE were going to organise a demonstration against Coca Cola in 10 days time and someone (either an employee, or a son of an employee of Coca Cola) rang Coke and within hours 20 top executives of six of Australia's largest companies all round the country were panicking. That's an indication of what it was like. People were flying to and fro. They didn't know what to do. They flew me over to Adelaide to see if I could head off the demonstration.

"There were seven options open to them ranging

A misguided opinion.

Currently tertiary education isn't looking like a promising option for Australia's lower classes. The changes that have been made to tertiary education under the Howard government (in particular increased HECS fees and increased full fee paying positions) has left many people wondering, "How am I or my children going to be able to afford to go to university?"

Fear not people! As usual, American television has provided me with the perfect solution to this problem. Watching *The Jerry Springer Show* I have noticed the underprivileged can find the financial security the government no longer provides. Where? The Sex Industry. According to the Springer show, when an American can't afford to pay their rent, feed their kids or go to school they don't hesitate to look for work in the sex industry, even if they look like they just crawled out of an Alabama swamp.

So embrace the culture that embraces us, do it for your future. There is a whole world of well paying opportunities out there just waiting to be taken advantage of. Opportunities that could be paying for your education.

Australia has managed to follow so many American trends it's about time we caught up on this one. Hip Hop fans should find this

idea particularly appealing, especially if they bought anything by Fifty Cent.

If the idea of having sex for money is just a little too weird for you to handle, you could opt for a less strenuous position such as a stripper or topless bartender. The pay is still good and, let's face it, some of us don't have much to take off as it is.

Australia is full of opportunities for those willing to go that extra mile to secure their future. In Australia you could be an Escort, a stripper, a topless waiter or bartender, a porn star, or your classic street walker.

So stop whining about how the government is fucking you and let someone else in on the action.

Colwin Lee

23



Water Proofing Adelaide

Make a date with a drip...

World Water Day is your opportunity to have a say about issues such as water conservation, rainwater tanks, and stormwater reuse.

Water Proofing Adelaide is a State Government initiative which is developing a 20-year plan for Adelaide's water resources and we need your ideas.

We are holding a forum on World Water Day in conjunction with the Torrens and Patawalonga Catchment Water Management Boards.

Adelaide University 11.00 am Monday 22 March

Adelaide University, Level 4 Union House, Equinox room, North Terrace, Adelaide.

Your input is vital to ensure the sustainable management of our water resources.

To find out more please

phone 1300 365 422 (during business hours),

visit www.waterproofingadelaide.sa.gov.au

or drop a letter to GPO Box 1751, Adelaide SA 5001.



Government
of South Australia



action
Salinity & Water
AUSTRALIA

WaterCare
It's in your hands



Where does Vladimir Putin lead Russia?

He is slender, sporty, and he's getting bold. And since Sunday, Vladimir Putin can call himself the old and new president of Russia, as he got re-elected by a bigger than 70 percent majority of the Russian electorate. The overwhelming and maybe *too* clear outcome of the elections did not come as a surprise. Yet it raised worldwide suspicion about the freedom and fairness of the referendum, and the question came up again, where President Putin will lead Russia? Does the country move towards more political freedom and stability, or is Putin about to undermine the still young democracy of the country?

Putin's Way to Power

From the beginning of his political career, Putin sent out ambivalent signals about his way to govern the country. When he got into power in 1999, the signs for more democracy were far from good. Being the second "democratic" president of Russia after the collapse of the Soviet Union, Putin was not elected in a free and fair referendum, but he was appointed by then-president Boris Yeltsin in an almost monarch-like manner. By making the extremely loyal Putin his successor, Yeltsin, who had been involved in corruption and scandal for years, wanted to ensure legal immunity for himself and his family after his presidency. And Putin

proved to be the right man for that, as his first act as a president was to pass an amnesty for Yeltsin and his family.

In 2000, general elections were held, and Putin got confirmed as the president, saying that his main task would be "improving the life of the people, the population's standard of living", as well as fighting against the Islamic rebels battling Russian forces in the Caucasus. With that, he met the most burning desires of Russians. As what the people really wanted after the collapse of the Soviet Union and the chaotic years under Yeltsin, was to get their country out of its economic, social and political misery and to regain international political influence.

Economic Progress...

In this, it has to be said, Putin was successful. Since he took over power, the Russian economy flourished. Annual economic growth rose six to eight percent – partly due to the high oil prices, partly because of the stabilisation of economy. The stockmarkets experienced a boom, and in contrast to the Yeltsin time, Russians can now be sure that their monthly pension or social aid, low as it may be, will be on their bank accounts on time every month.

Yet, apart from economic liberalisation

and success, which often made most western governments avert their eyes from democratic deficiencies in Russia and Chechnya, Putin also undertook some political changes - changes that are rather questionable.

...But Democratic Regress

From the early days of his presidency, Putin started to change the political structures of the country. When Yeltsin named Putin as his preferred successor, he knew that he was about to appoint a former KGB spy, and boss of the replacement Russian intelligence service. By now, the leading league of politicians in Russia is riddled with Putin's former colleagues from the intelligence service, some of them ex-KGB people. The cabinet has been reduced to half of its members, with the ministers being personally responsible for their work. That way, Putin concentrates more and more power on his own person.

However, it is not only the political structures he aimed at, but also the media. In 2002, Russia's last independent TV station, TV6 was liquidated, only one year after the second free TV station, NTV had suffered the same fate. Both stations were known to be highly critical towards the Kremlin, both cases show ridiculously similar characteristics.

Putin's fight against the free media makes sense considering Russia's political culture and the immense possibility of influencing the voters' behavior through the media. In general, the Russian electorate has the habit of taking short-term decisions when it comes up to elections: The question of who to vote for is often answered only weeks or days before the election. Also, the political education is not as well developed as, for example, in western Europe. What the people know they usually learn from the media. Especially the candidate's (self-)presentation on TV serves as an orientation for the voting decision. Campaigns in the mass media, especially on TV, therefore, get highly important in order to influence the outcome of the elections.

The 2004 Elections and...

In this year's elections, Putin did not have to fear any critical coverage of his political actions, as the critical TV stations had been liquidated. However, the media still played a crucial role for his campaign. While generally avoiding political debates with his opponents on TV, Putin used the mass media for his self-representation, and despite condemning TV campaigning in the public, had one half hour speech of his broadcasted life on TV – an act which is forbidden by Russian electoral law. The opposition, in contrast, reproached Putin for having denied them access to the government

The many faces of VLADIMIR PUTIN



controlled TV stations and so manipulated their chances for a victory.

Another criticism Putin had to face in the 2004 elections was his alleged faked turnout figures. In the 2000 elections already, the *Moscow Times* could prove that the results of the Caucasus region were manipulated. And this year again, particularly the turnout in the Caucasus, where Putin has been waging war against Islamic rebels since his early days as the president, can hardly be believed to have been 90 percent, with a 92 percent pro Putin vote in Chechnya.

Putin's future direction

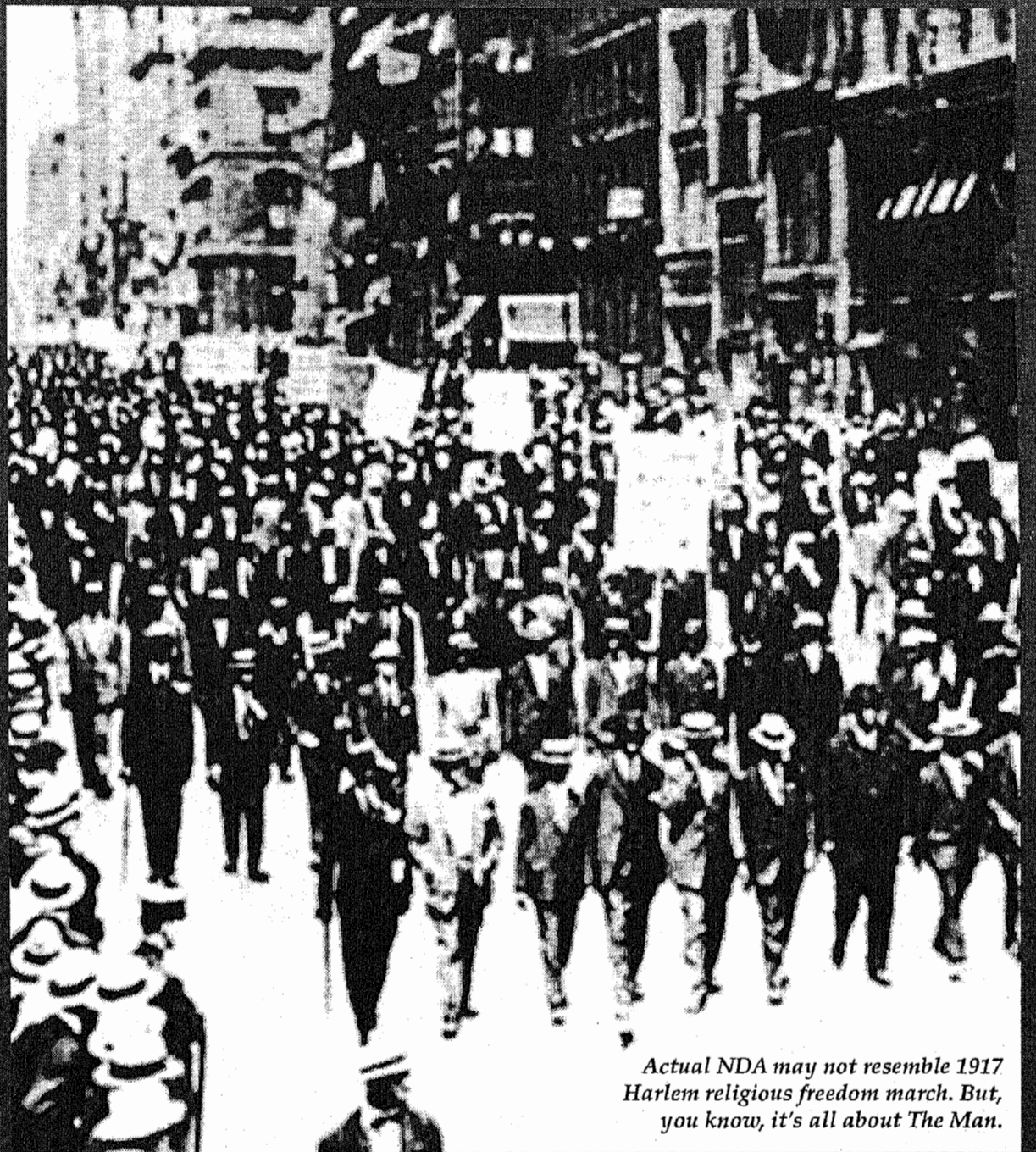
Putin had the chance to make the 2004 elections the first really democratic elections ever in Russia – but he did not take it. What makes that fact even sadder is that according to surveys and election research before the elections, no manipulation would have been necessary. Putin lead with a big headstart before his closest rival Nikolaj Charitonow. The Russian people seem to be willing to accept reductions in the basic components of democracy, such as free media and an open competition amongst parties, if Putin grants them a more or less stable economy – and he does. Yet, the one does not exclude the other. Putin has now four more years to change his political direction, or to keep it; one hint for his future procedure might be if he does use his two thirds majority in the Duma to change the constitution and enable himself to have a third incumbency – a move which is expected by western politicians, but denied by himself – or if he leaves the constitution the way it is and tries to improve the young democracy of the country as much as he can in the time he has left as the Russian president.

Judith Renner

International Correspondent



National Day of Action



Actual NDA may not resemble 1917 Harlem religious freedom march. But, you know, it's all about The Man.

**Fight the Fees, help
stop the attacks on students**

**Wednesday
March 31**

Meet by the Barr Smith Lawns at 1pm



Tony sez:

"I'll be there with bells on!"



South Australia's Own

Saizen Sushi Bar
153 O'Connell Street
Ph: 8361 9561

I had arrived in the city an hour and a half before my Latino dance class was due to begin.

I had had nothing - NOTHING - to eat since midday, so food was all that was on my mind.

I decided to go and rid myself of my hunger somewhere near my dance studio on O'Connell Street - it was nice weather, so I didn't mind the walk. On my way up O'Connell Street I ran into some friends and I hoped they were on their way to dinner somewhere because then I would tag along with them. Unfortunately, they had already eaten so we stayed chatting and laughing at the traffic lights for a long time. Eventually my starvation got the best of me and I had to part ways with the three beautiful women.

I crossed the road knowing that Saizen Sushi Bar was just a few more metres up the road. It's proximity was the deciding factor to make it my destination.

When I pushed open the dense metal door I spotted a seat in front of the sushi train between a lone, thirty-something business man and a lone (but chic!) business woman. As I sat down the waitress came over and was cheery and happy, which made me think how well she'd been trained. She seemed to recognize me, and it turned out she had worked with me previously at Genki Roll Sushi Bar. That's right! I worked at your favourite sushi bar - a true Japanese food connoisseur.

After reminiscing and ordering a salad and a drink I turned my attention to the sushi train and poured myself a dish of soy sauce, practically salivating from hunger. I took some salmon rolls and enjoyed their fresh feel. It was a matter of minutes until my bean sprout and vegetable salad arrived. It was fragrant and crisp and made me feel like a healthy kind of person.

The train made a few rounds and I happily took 6 or so servings of sushi until my stomach started feeling like it had reached its limit. I was very relaxed and it was almost 8:00 before I picked up my bags and went to pay up. The total cost of my meal was \$30 which is a little on the pricey side particularly as it was a meal for just one person. But Saizen serves high quality food and I'm happy to pay for what they provide. I could have chosen cheaper meals if I really had wanted to - but occasional extravagance brings great happiness, as they say in Japan. (Well, not really, but it makes me feel better to think it.)

The atmosphere in Saizen is very Japanese - a fusion of tradition and innovation. The people who were around the restaurant were quite friendly and open to conversation with fellow passengers of the sushi train. It wouldn't be uncommon to go there and have someone ask you for a free chopsticks lesson. Perhaps because of the slightly higher prices of Saizen, the weeknight patrons seem to be mostly professionals and other well-to-do-people - but don't let that put you off. As I was halfway through my meal a family entered the restaurant and the junior primary aged schoolchildren were enjoying the sushi from Saizen as much as everyone else. I loved that. I was never so nutritious at such a developmental stage.

The kids seemed to love the novelty of a train. And honestly - who doesn't. They were saying "the train's coming - chug-a-chug-a-chug-a-choo-choo" which reminded me of the dance I had been doing the weekend before.

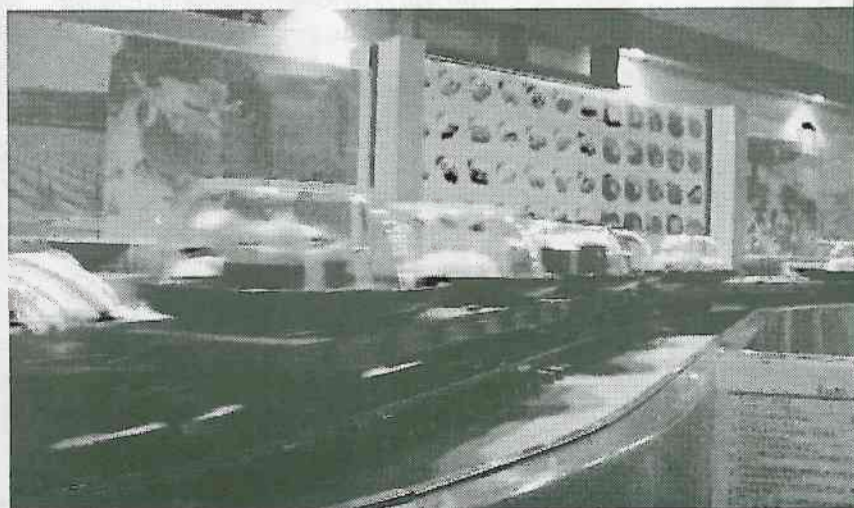
North Adelaide's O'Connell Street is the ideal setting for Saizen. It's got a vibe that lends itself well to the culture and funk of the zone. Do go and check it out for yourself.

Gorgeous Owen
(aka MGF)

**FEEL THE NEED TO WRITE FOR
ON BIT, EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T
FANCY MUSIC OR COMPLICATED
BOOK READIN'?**



**THEN WRITE FOR OUR FUD
SECTION! ITS EASY, JUST EAT
,DRINK, THEN REVIEW!
YOU CAN PRESENT TO THE WORLD
YOUR UNIQUE FLAIR, BE IT A WEB
BLOG - A - LIKE REVIEW THAT
ENTAILS BIZARRE REFERENCES
TO YOUR CHILDHOOD OR A
CARTOON BASED ON YOUR LAST
MEAL AT THE NIGHT TRAIN.**



Hand-made by the Cooper family.

Wanna be involved
with Student TV?

The new community TV station C31 starts in late April and student tv is looking for people interested in producing programs. One of these programs will be based around the student radio show local noise. for more info, have a chat to one of your friendly radio directors.

STUDENT RADIO 101.5FM

9pm Monday, Tuesday and Saturday
<http://student.radio.adelaide.edu.au>

When you're looking for something to help you procrastinate while you attempt to start your essay at 10pm the night before it's due... Look no further. Student Radio is here for you. Don't do your assignment, listen to your fellow students spin their favorite tunes and flaunt their bellowing egos.

If you're in the Unibar, ask them ever so nicely to turn off Christina Scragulira on channel [V]enereal and put on Student Radio. Doing this will save the Amazon rainforests and help a blind, World Vision sponsored child to see again.

Sign up for the open mic show - student.radio@adelaide.edu.au

	tuesday 23 MARCH	saturday 27 MARCH	monday 29 MARCH
9PM	Local Noise Presents FIVE STAR	senseless, mindless acts of radio with andrew, calven & daniel	saturday night roller disco with hector & jesus
10PM	its not dead air... its a dramatic pause with sam & trish	Being Followed Home with Jules, Nick & James	aerosoul URBAN BODY massage machines
11PM	Four Flies on grey velvet with the DAns	open mic Featuring DAVID Plevin	jesus loves jam - jazz HOUR with Dave & James
midnight	you talk way too much sava & media stuff	rebourne on sunday with reegan, phil & kingo	THE HOUSE OF QUALITY meats with joe & paul

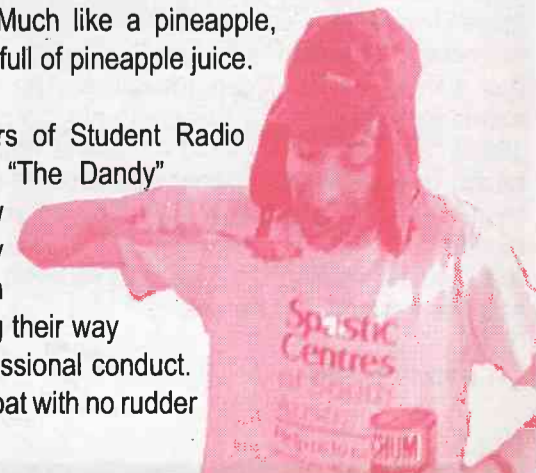
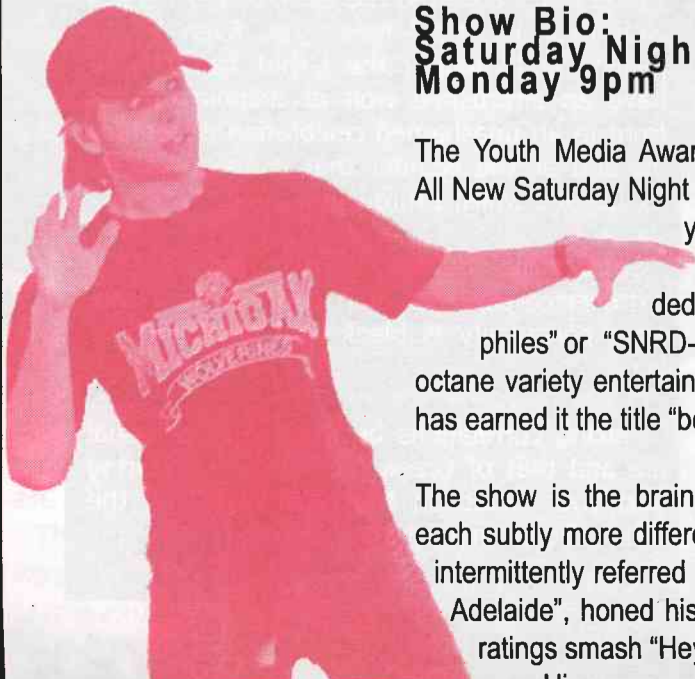
Show Bio: Saturday Night Roller Disco Monday 9pm

The Youth Media Awards-nominated radio smash "The All New Saturday Night Roller Disco" has for the past two years been a bi-weekly source of enjoyment to its small but dedicated fan-base of loyal "Disco-philos" or "SNRD-Nerds". Its refreshing blend of hi-octane variety entertainment and humour-based comedy has earned it the title "best radio show".

The show is the brainchild of two dynamic individuals, each subtly more different than the other. Jésus Alvarez, intermittently referred to as the "hardest-working man in Adelaide", honed his comedy skills as a writer on the ratings smash "Hey Dad!".

He is joined by Hector Lopez, the man credited as being the inspiration for the character of Mr Gaffpenny in the classic '70s Britcom "Cheque, Please!". Much like a pineapple, Hector Lopez is a prickly fruit full of pineapple juice.

Towed into the murky waters of Student Radio by flamboyant director Tim "The Dandy" Clark, Hector and Jésus now steer the good ship Saturday Night Roller Disco through a sea of water, while navigating their way through whirlpools of unprofessional conduct. They're two first mates on a boat with no rudder - gentlemen, place your bets!



Ah, the incandescent glow of celebrities. What a fabulous source of spiritual nourishment for the dreary social systems that dwell within modern society. It's not just about celebrities being mere tokens of the crafts for which they represent any more- they have become figureheads of a hysterical brand of glamour that the general public are shamelessly addicted to. Oscar who? Hey, as long as Nicole Kidman continues to inspire millions of teenage girls to counterfeit her Jean Paul Gaultier haute couture for their school formals, who needs the movie anyway? Whilst mainstream culture will forever look to such overexposed luminaries as Marilyn Monroe and the Beatles for eternal inspiration (mop tops, Indian cheesecloth shirts, yawn), the real epitome of chic will always be to recreate the look of a random B-grade 80s star who faded inevitably into oblivion. And who better to imitate than the one Corey Feldman.

Corey who, you ask? Shame Shame. Corey Feldman is best remembered by a select few as playing Teddy Duchamp in Stand By Me however his resume is quite an impressive synopsis of the 1980s in general. At the tender age of 3, he landed his first role in TV commercials for that bastion of modern capitalism, McDonalds, before being cast in the short-lived sitcom The Bad News Bears. After playing the ever-so-important lead role in Friday the 13th Part IV: The Final Chapter, Corey went on to fame and fortune after being cast as Clarke 'Mouth' Devereaux in The Goonies by Mr family film himself, Steven Spielberg. A few mildly appreciated films followed, ensuring him a temporary place in the spotlight but as with all things that glitter, his career eventually faded- unlike his fashion sense, that is.

You see, the humble oversized grey leather jacket will never cease to epitomise true style. And Corey certainly knew this, as it became almost a second skin to him as he nonchalantly zoomed his way around the Hollywood party circuit, circa 1989.

At the movie premiers that he so frequented in his teens, young Corey was never seen without a dashing khaki-cream baggy suit complete with angular shoulder pads of a calibre that could make DeStijl blush (sleeves perennially pushed up of course to give off that illusive vibe reeking of casual composure). He flaunted such fashion wonders (now endangered species) like skinny white ties, gangster hats and Reebok Pumps to the point where he graced the covers of Seventeen and Cosmo Girl on a regular basis. Going out with a young Alyssa Milano didn't hurt his coolness either- apparently neither did teaming crisp white tennis shorts and mirrored aviators together. Yes, the boy could dress indeed. A message to the male population of Adelaide: If you can somehow harness the look of this severely underrated icon, I swear you'll have the frockistocracy shrieking with envy.

So what is the fabulously garbed Monsieur Feldman doing now in 2004? Well, after his bright light burned out in the early 90s, he went through the prerequisite washed-up celeb rite of rehab. Since becoming sober, Corey established himself in the music business by fronting a pseudo-depresso banal rock band aptly entitled 'Corey Feldman's Truth Movement' and continued to act in schlocky horror films, but alas, we are still waiting in anticipation for his career revival to occur. Although his once-sparkling notoriety has waned, you too can resuscitate the aesthetic memories left behind by this oh-so-hip idol of the late 1980s. As you ponder which Adelaide nightspot to haunt, give a serious thought to donning a keyboard tie and grey vinyl suit, whilst fluffing up your sandy blonde hair into a gleefully bouffant 'do. Add a thatched straw handbag boys, and you'll be the envy of all your friends. I promise.

Fashion Idol: Corey Feldman

Corey now. What a rock pig!



WHAT'S HOT

Becoming friends with a personal trainer, dietician or advertising executive - all hail the holy trinity of cosmopolitanism.

Bike shorts. Preferably Lycra. And The Face says that voyeurism is passe. Tsk tsk.

Being new age. Astrology, tarot, Ganesh and shit. Pass the Tahini, and try not to trip over the Birkenstocks lying around the perfectly Feng Shui-d \$50 per week flat.

WHAT'S NOT

Taking those 'Magic Happens' bumper stickers and covering the back of old t-shirts with their insightful messages. Even better fashion statement if the t-shirt happens to have an airbrushed wolf or dolphin on the front in an unashamed celebration of fantasy art and all the wonder that it encapsulates. Excuse me whilst I throw up.

Sombreros. Tryhard party animals. That extroverted Hawaiian shirt aint foolin no one. Your personality is bleak and uninteresting. Ha.

Making correlations between your personal life and that of Greek mythology, i.e staring into your reflection Narcissus style. All the schmucks are narcissists.



We're all still Peacocks

When it comes to acquiring the look of the moment, why don't we all try something new and be ourselves for once? While reading a mag one day I realised how out of date and off the mark fashion publications really are. In a barrage of advertising and vicious editorials about how best to be selfish, one can no longer ignore the fact that this just isn't art.

The magazine I was pondering was proclaiming the death of *Metrosexuality* and the re-birth of the modern man, in the form

of a *Retrosexual*. Being a *Retro* means seeing the end of shaving and waxing one's chests, while forgetting about obsessive beauty routines and trips to the local Givenchy Day Spa. All good *Retrosexuals* must take note while viewing *Lord of the Rings* and try to imitate the long mane and shaggy stubble look of Viggo Mortensen.

With reference after reference to Tom Ford the article cried 'goodbye' to the pretty boy and 'hello' to models who look like boxers. Ironically the article was illustrated with a Gucci model all

in white, holding a large man bag, who just happened to have a little bit of chest hair. Well I think that's proof that the days of pretty boys and metrosexuals are behind us, don't you?

All good fashionistas know that trends go in cycles. Yesterday's waxed chest is tomorrow's hairy one. It's all fashion and it's all about trying to obtain that image of cool, no matter how much it costs. It doesn't matter whether you are shaved or bearded, you're still a peacock. Because we all know that all trends are about

money-making, even if it looks natural. Anyway lets not make out that the whole 'lets get hairy chic' thing is new. It's been around for ages, look at the Gucci campaign two years ago and not to mention Brad Pitt's whole wizard look.

So where's the variety? On the catwalks and billboards around the world there were as many macho models with facial hair as there were pretty boys, straight from college and fresh for Dior. And that's what it should be like. Fashion should reflect diversity, as humans are diverse. We don't all look the same so why should models? Men's fashion seems to have a bit more diversity of body shapes than Women's fashion, as unfortunately the waif still holds rank over the truly beautiful curvy women that all good *Retrosexuals* and *Metrosexuals* alike love.

While *Vogue's* obsession with the 'new' still holds a tight grip over the consume, we must all remember that whether it's about being *metro* or *retro*, nothing is new. Just because David Beckham steps into a room carrying a Prada bag doesn't mean that all of us guys suddenly care about what we look like. Sorry Becks, the French Aristocracy was around long before you and let's not forget those ancient keepers of timeless style, the Japanese Samurai. After a long day of being butch on the battle field these kimono obsessed dignitaries spent hours arranging flowers. When it comes to what's really new, it's all just a massive operation to sell, sell, sell.

So if you still can't decide whether you're going to shave for that big date or not, why don't you pull your head out of *British Vogue*, and do the *new*, new thing and be *anti-chic*. It's what all the truly stylish are doing - breaking the rules.

And why not? Aaron Baddely does.

Words and artwork by Leo Greenfield

**Clockwise from top:
Fashion's ode to puberty
blues by Miu Miu,
Masquerading with David
Beckham and
Aaron Baddely rising
above it all in plaid pants.**

FILM



Paycheck

Director: John Woo

Starring: Ben Affleck, Uma Thurman, Aaron Eckhart and Paul Giamatti

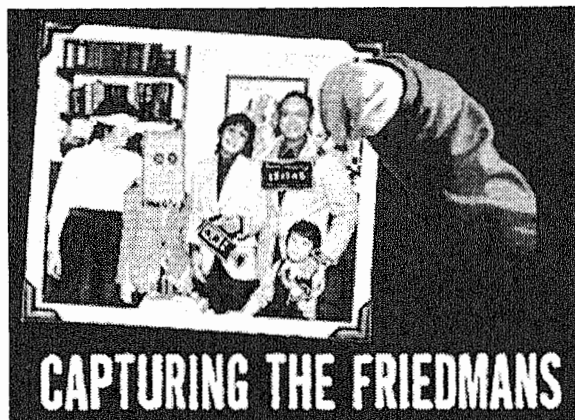
Spawned from a 1953 Phillip K. Dick short story *Paycheck* is Asian action maestro John Woo's 6th explosive Hollywood action feature as director. Ben Affleck is cast as Michael Jennings, a top 'reverse engineer'. It's Michael's job to deconstruct new technologies, steal their mechanical secrets and them on to companies that are willing to pay big bucks for it. After each job Michael submits to a dangerous memory erasing procedure, assumedly so that he can't pass on what he's discovered to other interested companies. Usually these jobs are relatively short affairs of a few weeks, or a couple of months, but an advance in memory wiping technology has provided a lucrative opportunity for Michael. His mission, should he choose to accept it, to work for three years on an unknown project in exchange for company stock of significant (allegedly 9 figure) value. He agrees and awakens with a three year block of his life missing, as well as the realization that he traded his 92 million dollars worth of stock for a mysterious envelope containing 19 fairly non-descript items. Using the items – a stick of matches, keys, a watch, a paper clip etc - he has to clear himself an undo the wrong he's done.

While the story that develops from that isn't completely water tight it's enough for a master like John Woo to work with. His direction is constantly inventive, and almost good enough to mask Baffleck's uninspired performance. The script does reduce Uma Thurman to little more than the pretty girlfriend character that's present in every other action film but these flaws are over ridden by the near brilliance of the action scenes. There's a couple of particularly amazing sequences - one containing a motorcycle chase in a construction yard and another in a train tunnel. Not just an action film there's also elements of spy thrillers in this. The décor and costumes suggest a little of the Sean Connery era James Bond films.

The film is one of a string of good sci-fi/action/thrillers that have come from Hollywood recently and like it's brethren – *Minority Report*, *The Bourne Identity* and *The Italian Job*, *Paycheck* isn't anything other than what you might expect – explosions, guns, car chases and stunts. But to its credit it must be said that what it does, it does extremely well.

Danny Wills

30



CAPTURING THE FRIEDMANS

Director: Andrew Jarecki

Andrew Jarecki makes his directorial debut with *Capturing the Friedmans*, a documentary about the slippery nature of truth.

Arnold and Elaine are loving parents to their three mature sons David, Seth and Jesse. They seem to be the definition of the average middle American family. They have the white picket fence and the quarter acre block as well as the respect of their local community. Arnold was once famous Latin swing musician who has since become an award winning high school science teacher. His wife Elaine is a devoted wife and mother, and sons David, Seth and Jesse are happy, successful kids with the world at their feet.

If I've learned one thing from David Lynch it's that families that are this 'normal' never EVER are, in fact the more innocuous they seem, the more likely it is that they are to have some kind of horrific dark secret. True to the formula, pretty soon we begin to discover that the Friedman's have some pretty viscous skeletons in their family closet.

Through monitoring of the mail local authorities discover that child pornography is being sent to the family home and they stage a raid. As a result father Arnold is arrested for possession and dissemination of kiddie porn. The police continue their investigations in the following days and find further incriminating evidence. It turns out that Arnold had been conducting computer lessons in his basement for children in the area. The police make investigations into these sessions and concluded that Arnold had used them to take advantage of the children to commit acts of pedophilia. A trial ensues in which son Jesse is also fingered by the police and public anger rises.

Andrew Jarecki actually began this documentary as one centering on son David Friedman who is "Manhattan's most popular party clown". During his pre-production on that project he uncovered the family's scandal and, deciding it would make a better documentary, pursued it as his topic. What's most amazing is the amount of intimate footage that Jarecki was able to uncover. The Friedman's are technology nuts; interested in every new piece of equipment that science produces. They acquired a home video camera as soon as they came on the market and took to recording their experiences during the scandal.

Jarecki gets interviews with a large spread of people – alleged victims, investigating officers, family friends – and reveals telling discrepancies between the stories and opinions of everyone involved. We see the story from multiple perspectives, none of which is wholly convincing or satisfying. In this sense *Capturing the Friedmans* becomes more about the foggy idea of 'truth' than about the trial itself. The ambiguity that is the strength of the documentary is also something of a weakness. Due to it's ghostly aloofness there are periods where it's also slightly frustrating. It meanders a little through unimportant areas and, one gets the feeling, must be leaving out important facts that would render it a somewhat more cohesive.

Danny Wills



The Old Man Who Read Love Stories

Director: Rolf De Heer

Starring: Richard Dreyfuss, Hugo Weaving and Timothy Spall

Over the past decade Rolf De Heer has evolved into a rare and precious creature – an Australian *auteur*. With a resume that reads like a list of the best films of the modern Australian era he has written and directed the surrealistic *Bad Boy Bobby*, the tender portrait of *The Quiet Room*, the superb *The Tracker*, the daring *Dance Me to My Song* and the uncompromising sledgehammer that was *Alexandra's Project*. He adds to this list of original, personal and progressive films with *The Old Man Who Read Love Stories*. Completed before the release of both *The Tracker* and *Alexandra's Project* it's struggled to find a cinematic release due to reasons that De Heer described as being related to "marketing, finance, tax and legal (with) a terribly fraught period of post-production".

The Old Man Who Read Love Stories is based on a novel of the same name by Luis Sepulveda and marks the first time that De Heer has adapted a screenplay from an existing source. Shot and set in the Southern American nation of French Guiana it tells the story of Antonio Bolivar (Richard Dreyfuss). Years ago he and his wife arrived in the jungle nation as members of a colonizing party. They were accepted by Nushino (Victor Bottenbly), the leader of the native tribes, until Nushino's wife was killed by colonial disease. After her death the white settlers are were shunned by the natives and those who remain are forced to live as outsiders. After Antonio's wife also dies he decides to remain in the jungle. His existence is solitary, his sole friend a jungle dentist (Hugo Weaving) who supplies him with romantic novels that he acquires on his travels. While he is a simple man, Antonio finds endless pleasure in these books, savoring each line and going over the plethora of possible interpretations of their closing sentences. His peaceful life is disrupted when the torn body of a settler is discovered washed up in the local river. Fuelled by his hatred for the locals, vulgarian mayor Luis Agalla (Timothy Spall) leaps to the conclusion that villagers have slashed the man with machetes. Antonio modestly corrects him and demonstrates that it is obviously the work of a jaguar, and a pretty damn powerful one at that. Mayor Agalla recognizes that Antonio could be of use to him in tracking the beast and coerces him to join the hunt.

In *The Old Man Who Read Love Stories* we have a unique film. While on paper it's probably a thriller, or even perhaps a monster movie, De Heer spins it, and turns it into a beautifully dreamlike and poetic movie. While the 'story' is that of the Jaguar hunt, the film is much more interested in the beauty of art and romance. Dreyfuss is brilliantly restrained as Antonio Bolivar, swapping his usual urbane style for a much more understated and vulnerable one. He gives a strong performance that supplies the heart to the film, the personification of its overall sensibility. Hugo Weaving is also fantastic (and somewhat against type) as Ribicondo the hedonistic jungle dentist.

Old Man marks an interesting point in De Heer's career. It comes before a pair of very accomplished and important films in *The Tracker* and *Alexandra's Project*, and it's the logical precursor to them. While these films still retain a killer knock out punch, it becomes much harder to predict from which way it's coming. *Old Man* however, distinguishes itself from these two in its tender and unashamed romanticism.

The Old Man Who Read Love Stories is in love with art, in love with life, in love with nature, in love with women, in love with men, in love with humanity... in love with love.

Danny Wills

Film 101: An Introduction to...

Jean-Luc Godard (1930 - present)

Director/Writer/Actor
France

"Cinema is the most beautiful fraud in the world"
- Jean-Luc Godard

An endlessly intriguing filmmaker, Jean-Luc Godard has a style and swagger like no other. His films are a contradictory collection. The early movies are pure indulgence - they're pulp stories of gangsters, crime, men and women and the beautiful frustration that lies in between. The later films are intensely intellectual, unflinching examinations of capitalism, sexual politics, art, religion, philosophy and literature. He's the definition of an iconoclast, never ever doing what's expected and always battling against what has become standard. Romantic, intelligent, uncompromising and forever unique, he became the single most influential filmmaker of the post-war era. His restless invention freed the cinema from the shackles of traditionally accepted form, always attempting to break through to make that elusive "new kind of movie".

Born to an upper class Paris family in 1930, as a young man Godard was enrolled at the Sorbonne. He was supposed to study anthropology but spent most of his time at the 'Cine-Club du Quartier Latin'. It was there that he met two other young men with an equally passionate love of the cinema in Francois Truffaut and Jacques Rivette. Later they would all become staff at the legendary publication *Cahiers du Cinema*. There they began to write more serious dissertations of film theory. Through their intellectual and critical approaches they began to change the impressions that audiences had of movies. Their writings made the assumption that the worth of movies as art was self-evident and that their cinematic heroes - Jean Renoir, Alfred Hitchcock, John Houston and Fritz Lang - were as important in western culture as 'high' artists like Picasso, Michaelangelo, Dostoevsky and Mozart. Truffaut's development of the *auteur* theory, which equated the film director with the author of a novel, made the definitive steps that legitimized the cinema as valid art. While working together they also began to look more seriously at the possibilities of putting their ideas to use and make their own films. The approach they took, and the films that they made, shook the foundations of ideas about what the cinema could be, and will never be forgotten.

1959 was a banner year for the French cinema, Alain Resnais released *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, Francois Truffaut released *The 400 Blows* and Godard dropped *Breathless* on an unsuspecting public. *Breathless* was like nothing that anyone had ever seen. It was incredibly literate; paying *homage* to the great cultural tradition that came before it, but leaping into the future with gleeful abandon. In his first star turn Jean-Paul Belmondo plays gangster Michel Poiccard. Throughout the film Poiccard relentlessly attempts to woo Patricia (Jean Seberg) while constantly on the run from the police. The most stunning aspect of the film however, was the sheer disregard shown to stylistic conventions. In *Breathless* we see a distilling of the hallmarks of Godard's style, his camera moves with a handheld immediacy, characters directly address the camera, sound and visuals are mismatched and 'high' art is de-mystified. In short, Godard reveals, and revels in, the fraud that is cinema. He shows the audience that the movie is a pure construction, an artifice that is endlessly manipulated by the director. Both the critics and the public loved *Breathless*. No other film had come close to its groundbreaking impact until Tarantino gave us *Pulp Fiction* four decades later.

With that one film Godard had established himself as the leader of the movement christened 'nouveau vague'. After *Breathless* Godard made *Le Petit Soldat* and *Une Femme Est une Femme*,

both starring wife Anna Karina. *Une Femme Est une Femme* is a glorious, unconventional musical in which Godard continues with his hyper-referential style paying tribute to Ernst Lubistch, Busby Berkeley and the Hollywood musicals of the 30's. In a typically Godardian joke he had the lead female character be an erotic dancer, rather than the typically wholesome characters of the Hollywood musicals. With typical aloofness Godard convolutedly described *Une Femme* as "a neo-realist musical, that is, a contradiction in terms".

The next five years would be an incredibly ferocious period of creation for Godard. Between 63 and 68 he produced a formidable string of masterpieces. *Le Mepris* was a deconstruction of the movie making process that starred Godard himself alongside the luminous Brigitte Bardot. *Pierrot Le Fou* was a virtually plotless meandering through the relationship of a couple and featured Sam Fuller's famous utterance that cinema is "A battleground - love, hate, action, violence, death - in one word, emotion."

In 1964 came two great films in *A Band of Outsiders (Bande a Part)* and *Alphaville*. *Band of Outsiders* is a beautifully romantic and unconventional gangster film featuring a love triangle centering around Anna Karina. At once violent and poetically tranquil it features all of Godard's common obsessions surrounding romance and the cinema. *Band of Outsiders* features a particularly famous scene where the three characters spontaneously begin dancing in a café which was famously recreated by Tarantino in the 'Jack Rabbit Slim's' scene in *Pulp Fiction*. Also in '64 was *Alphaville*. Comic book detective-come-spy Lemmy Caution confronts a dystopia controlled by an all-knowing computer system. Along with Stanley Kubrick's brilliant *2001* it's the great 'head' science fiction film. Truly original, it unravels new layers with each viewing.

In this five-year period Godard's films also became increasingly political. A trend that began in *Le Mepris* intensified in *Masculine/Feminine*, *Made in USA*, *Two or Three Things I Know About Her* and *La Chinoise*. During this time Godard embraced Marxism. Diving into the Parisian underground he became educated in the Communist doctrines and brought this sensibility to his films. In *Masculine/Feminine* he declares his generation to be "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola" and has sequences such as "Conversation With a Consumer Product" where his main character discusses social theory with a magazine model. *Two or Three Things I Know About Her* looked at women as commodity in a capitalistic society by examining the life of a prostitute. But it was with the apocalyptic *Week-end* that Godard definitively combined the realms of his cinema and his politics.

Depending on who you speak to *Week-end* is one of two things - the greatest film Godard ever made, or a hopelessly self-involved mess. Alternately known as 'A Film Found on the Scrap Heap' and 'A Film Lost in the Cosmos' it begins by depicting the traffic jam from hell in a 10-minute tracking shot with cars and bodies strewn along a highway. A woman involved later begins to live with a group

of Maoist rebels whom she comes to sympathize with. Thematically and stylistically it is complete anarchy. The film ends with the titles "End of film, end of cinema". Godard clearly intended it to be his grand statement, the culmination of all his previous work and sacrifice.

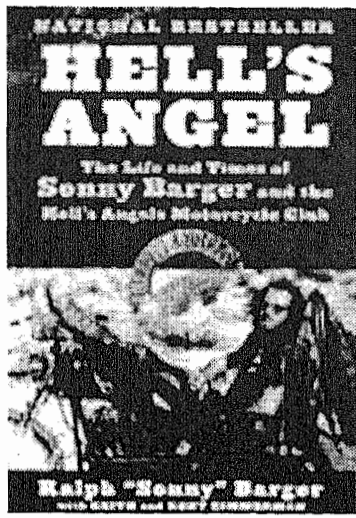
After *Week-end* Godard went into something of a hibernation from the public. Declaring his previous films to be "bougeoise" he founded the 'Dziga Vertov Group' who formed with the aim of "making political films politically". In the twenty years following made a few films that were seen by the public (*One Plus One*, *Tout va Bien*) but many were only circulated throughout the Maoist underground and have been since destroyed, or remain unseen. More recently Godard has returned to the screens of art-house theatres with *In Praise of Love* and *Alas For Me*.

His career is one of sharp polarity. He never understood the concept of 'moderation'. Constantly in motion, he was always, like the Marshal amps in *This Is Spinal Tap*, turned up to 11. Whatever he did, it was with a commitment and ferocity that has to be admired. Personally, I like anything he does, no matter how idiosyncratic or indulgent, to be in the presence of a genius is never a dull experience. But it must be said that Godard at his most enjoyable is the romantic Godard of the early sixties, a Godard who is unashamedly delirious with *joie de vivre*.

If this sounds cool or interesting, go and check out: *Band of Outsiders*, *Breathless*, *Alphaville*, *Une Femme Est une Femme*, *Masculine/Feminine*, *Le Mepris*, *Two or Three Things I Know About Her*, *One Plus One*, *Week-end*



30+1=31



Classic Lit. pick

Hell's Angel: The Life and Times of Sonny Barger and the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club

Hunter S. Thompson

The public's fascination for bad-boys and their possies has spawned a long legacy of movies, music, and literature, all varying in degrees of authenticity and factuality. *Hell's Angels: The Life and Times of Sonny Barger and the H.A.M.C.* caught my eye primarily because it is an autobiography, no less that it should reflect a culture as well as individual. In the past, more than a few outsiders (such as Hunter Thompson and Tom Wolfe) have recorded the activities of the club in graphic and startling detail, but always slightly lacking in the sympathy provided by an insider's perspective: Never before has there been written an autobiographical account of this, or any other motorcycle gang.

Sonny Barger became president of the Oklahoma chapter of the H.A.M.C. in 1956, and for almost half a century thereafter remained a dedicated member of this most notorious of sub-cultures. A mottled history of savage violence, heinous drugs, redneck police, and nefarious women provides the testosterone-fuelled tales we would expect from such a book, however Barger offers a larger picture of the Hell's Angels, documenting the social environment of the 1950's which spawned the H.A.M.C., as well as the club's rules, beliefs, and customs. Barger was regarded as a cool operator and shrewd tactician during his foremost years, well liked and respected by members, as well as many from outside the

club. This book is a reflection of these attributes, warts and all, yet safe and sound, standing more as a historical reference than the dirty confessions that we all secretly hoped for. The book does not lack in such themes, to reassure the gossip-mongers; Drug addiction, Folsam Prison, murder, trials, and finally cancer were battled and overcome by Barger, a true survivor.

The book is written in a matter-of-fact style, simply structured and descriptively minimal, a testament to Barger's lifelong commitment to the H.A.M.C. Overall, an interesting look at the alternative lifestyle of an outlaw motorcycle club.

Chef Christo

Writing · Poetry Competition

Until the end of this term we will be hosting a writing competition. The winner, notified in the last edition of *On Dit* for this term (deadline for submissions March 31st) will be able to collect a swag of new literature. And your peers will be much impressed by seeing your name in print.

Wireless Manifesto

Froned-licked dactyls dance - stuttering sideways - glance against tuner and SHIFT waves out of focus.

Unilateral static streams (twitch reflex impulses) career on static-clear, solder seams. Circuit and cochlea screech in unison; drifting fuzz; the buzz of another

warcry ascension, exuded through a three Kelvin radiation skin. Transcend voiceless vacuum ennui with finite bursts of political agenda; then the fundamentalist

enmity tension calms while Chopin flautists flounce lambently. Vibratos, concertos, nu metal thrashes and lashes of concupiscent crashes -- symbolic

embolisms. Retired mechanical engineers compose treatise on post-industrial grunge with just a hint of techno

funk, the prospects are limitless - frequency or amplitude modulated. Plug in your all weather personal portable, sportable;

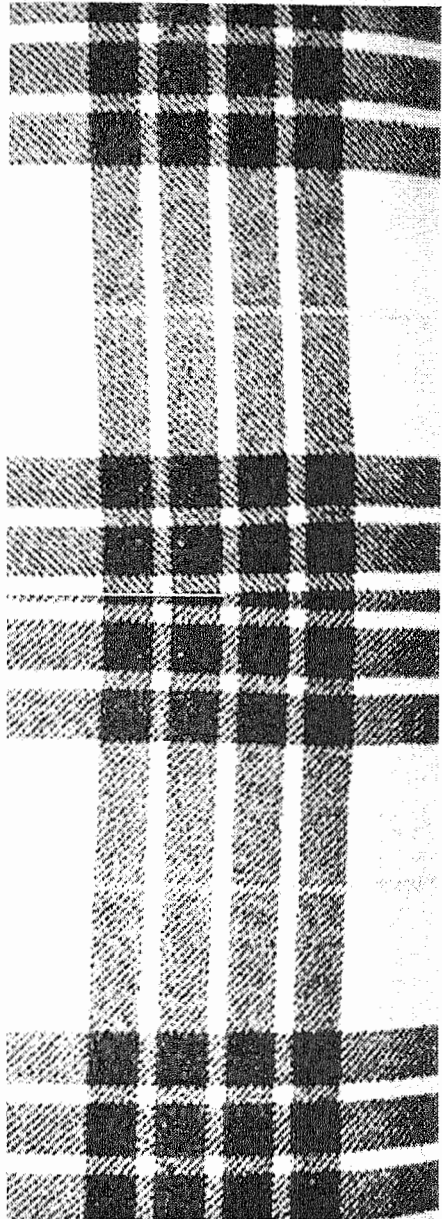
jive and bounce to the jumbled waves.

CORPORATE NATION

What is this alien world,
Of Hardwood atmosphere?
And grey suit desperation?
To be first,
And be heard,
To leave all others waiting.
What is this harsh soundscape,
Of grinding satisfaction?
And superficial level,
Upon level of,
Nothing Matters,
Except for me.
What is this battlefield,
Of lingering suspicion?
And enviable feelings?
Of big and bigger,
Biggest,
We tower over you.
What is this broken sphere,
Of my voice is the loudest,
And i can't comprehend you?
What of all the flowers?
Decaying, dead and battered,
Into the city street.

Clemi Wetherall

THE KILTED GENERATION LIVE IN THE MALL



Stumbling aimlessly down Rundle Mall one fine, sunny Monday afternoon thinking to my self exactly what bands I should see and review this weekend, the answer to all my questions was literally right in front of me: THE KILTED GENERATION.

Hailing from Perth, the energetic trio have spent the last few weeks making daily appearances throughout the Mall with their street performance style set of bagpipe tinged rock n' roll.

The band's instruments were the first thing to grab my attention. Consisting of a somewhat minimalist electronic drum kit, a heavily distorted, weird-looking traditional lute kind of thing and a mean set of bagpipes, it was hard not to find these guys cool.

With the, uhh, lutist pumping out the mean-as, old skool, cock rockin riffs, the drummer smashing away at his tiny kit and the bagpipe player prancing around the circular stage with pipes in one hand

and glowing skull in the other, The Kilted Generation put on a hell of a show that was hard to forget.

Made up mainly of self-penned instrumentals, some interesting audience participation and the occasional rendition of the Star Wars theme, The Kilted Generation's set was fast, fun, occasionally epic, and of course, always rockin.

This and the bands old skool punk/traditional Scottish dress stylings left The Kilted Generation as one of the finest busking acts I've seen to date who I felt thoroughly earned my thirty five cent donation.

Unfortunately the ending of the Fringe has seen the boys head back to their home town. I'd like to think that the Kilted Generation may one day return, but if everyone in Adelaide is as stingy as I am then its probably not going to happen.

Luc Nosnhoj

BIG GUIDE

The Trafalgars
And Hummel...
REFORMED!!!
Jive

Saturday March 27

Soursob Bob + The Dairy
Brothers =
The Sourcream Experience
Thursday March 25
Prince Albert Hotel

Soursob will be playing a set solo first.

The Dairy Bros write funny songs, play really well, and parody a rock n roll band all at the same time.

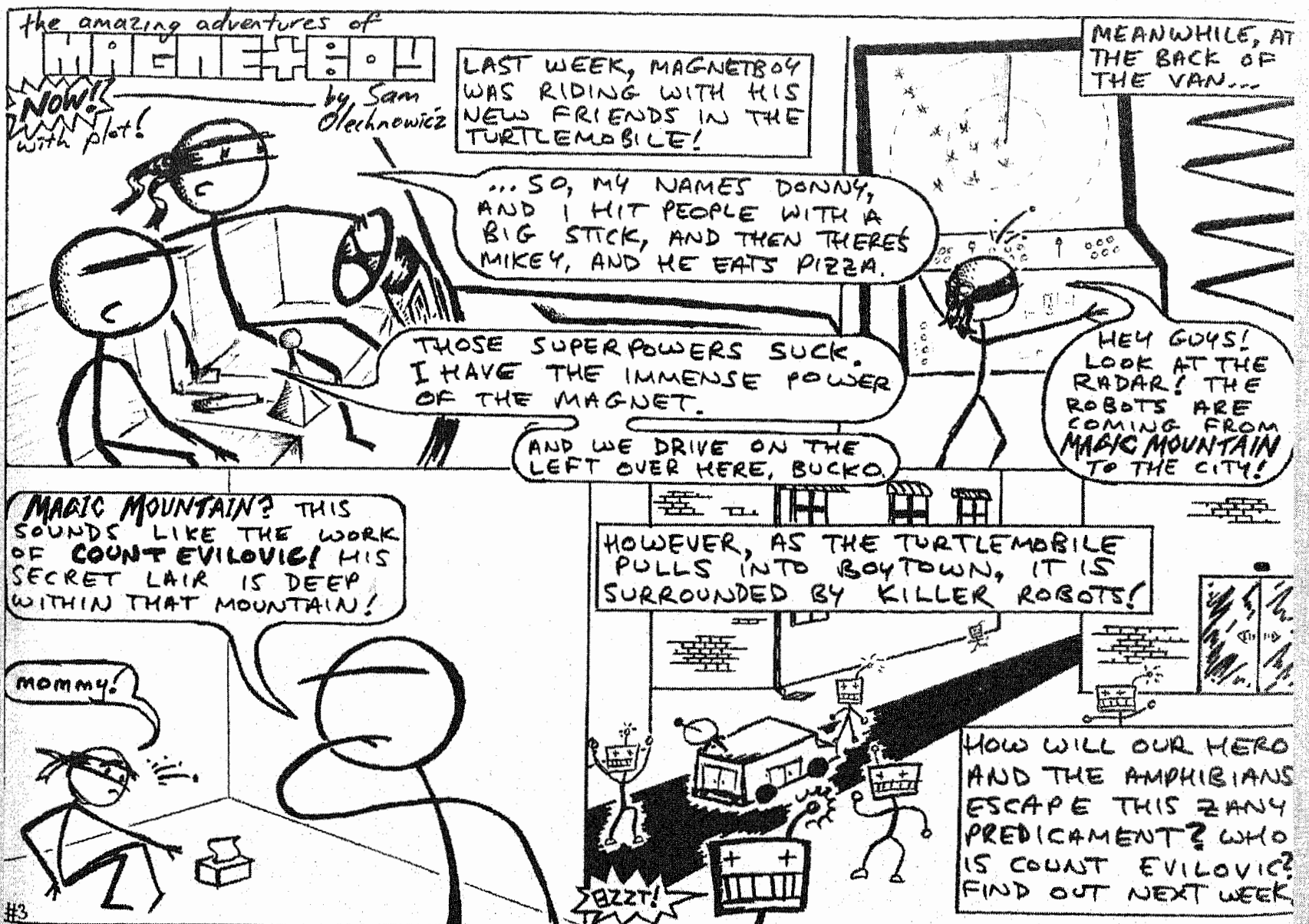
They are a distant relative of the comedy duo Average, but there are 4 in the DB's. They'll be on 2nd.

Free to get in, free to leave.

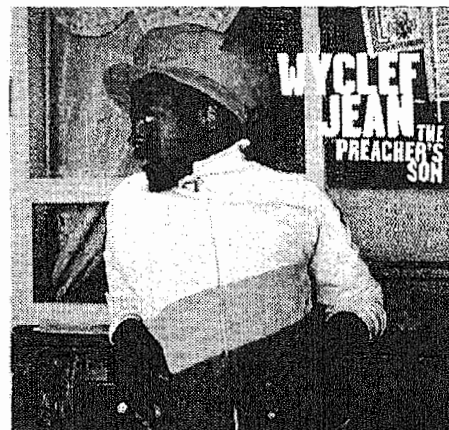
Flinders Uni O Ball
Frenzal Rhomb (Vic)
Dropkick Murphy's (USA)
Bouncing Souls (USA)
Wayville Showgrounds
Saturday March 27

Antiskeptic (Vic)
After the Fall
I killed the Prom Queen
Adelaide Uni Bar
Sun Mar 28

33



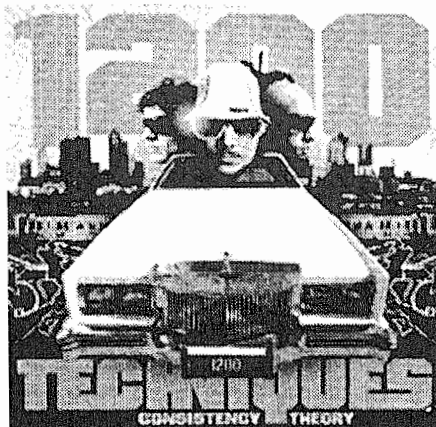
MUSIC



Wyclef Jean
The Preacher's Son
BMG

The most productive of the former-Fugees, Wyclef Jean, returns with *The Preacher's Son*. Aside from a horrible introduction, the album opens with two standout tracks: 'Industry', where Wyclef looks back to reverse the tragedies, troubles, and violence in the hip hop world: "Imagine if Biggie and Pac never got shot/ and the Roots was still rulers of hip hop..." Followed by the second single, a collaboration with the lady with somewhat of a Midas touch, Missy Elliot, 'Party To Domascus' is nothing new for either artist but is still an excellent song. *The Preachers Son* is packed with a plethora celebrity cameos (Carlos Santana, Wayne Wonder, Monica, Redman, and Patti LaBelle just to name a few) but unlike many hip hop albums, the guests only enhance Wyclef's skills as a songwriter, arranger and producer. There are still dull points and a bit of filler- but after 2002's mediocre 'Masquerade' album, 'The Preacher's Son' is a real return to form.

Glitz Mullet



1200 Techniques
Consistency Theory
Sony

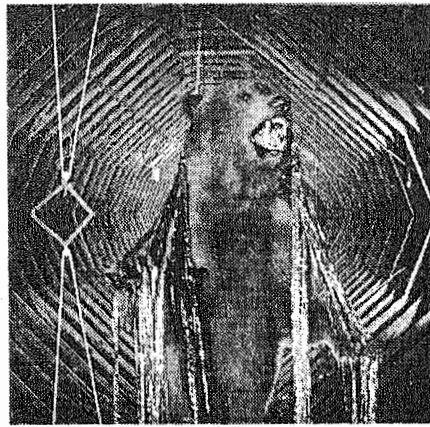
From one of Australia's most popular hip-hop acts comes *Consistency Theory*, an album that thankfully lives up to its title. This time there's no smash-hit in the vein of 'Karma', but a more well-rounded collection of songs, any one of which is likely to get you moving.

Vocalist and part-time genie Nfamas is in fine form with most of his lyrics witty and decipherable enough to command attention, whilst upholding a generally positive theme throughout. Musically the album borrows from 80s funk-groove stylings, coming to the fore in 'Takin' You Back', one of the many highlights.

Other peaks include first single 'Eye Of The Storm' and the bassy 'Where Ur At', while there are also a number of highly successful collaborations found on the album (Motion Man, Koolism, Maya Jupiter, Kronidon) - it will be interesting to see how the much-vaunted 1200 Techniques live show handles these songs without their co-stars.

Consistency Theory presents a clear improvement on the previous album *Choose One*, and the temporarily accompanying live DVD from the 2003 Big Day Out is also well worth checking out.

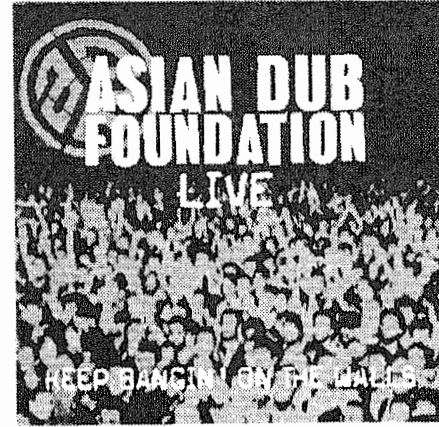
The Brown Nosed Gnome



My Morning Jacket
It Still Moves
ATO / BMG

Anyone who considers country music a dirty genre is kidding themselves. In the last twelve months The Kings Of Leon have made a classic debut, Ryan Adams continues to prove himself as one of the best singer/songwriters going around and Johnny Cash's final material is breathtakingly good. Kentucky's own My Morning Jacket is often placed in the same crossover bracket as these artists and *It Still Moves* is their third LP. The first track 'Mahgeetah' kicks off the record well as it glows with rich passion and pop sensibility. Lead singer/songwriter Jim James sounds something like a country version of Thom Yorke and Neil Young. It moulds into a dream-like pleasure, thus bringing to mind the likes of Super Furry Animals and The Coral. The other highlight on this record is the beautiful 'Golden', which sounds like its recorded in a southern cave, with a glorious echo effect and honest lyrics: "People always told that bars are dark and lonely..." However, the majority of the other tracks drag on over six minutes, thus losing any magic they began to create. The length and lack of focus or any real chorus's fail to make any real impact. James's voice unlike Young and Yorke's becomes utterly tedious, but perhaps *It Still Moves* went over my head and I just didn't get it.

Alex Moran



Asian Dub Foundation
Keep Bangin' On the Walls
Live
Rinse It Out / EMI

Reading "The Best Live Band Ever!" sticker plastered to the front of *Keep Bangin' On the Walls* is distracting and untrue. Not to say that ADF aren't a good live band, nor is this collection of tunes from their 2003 European tour below the par of your average live recording. It simply serves as a benchmark that proves to be inherently unattainable. ADF have built an admirable live reputation and accumulated an impressive, if not especially diverse catalogue. At its core ADF are a political global beat collective, originally formed to play only anti-racism gigs alongside the likes of Beastie Boys. ADF combine emotive reggae-rap with strong dub bass hooks to create an infectious and formidable sonic experience. Beginning strongly with 'Cyberbad' and never letting the bpm plummet through the likes of the anthemic 'Fortress Europe' and seminal 'Free Satpal Ram'. Grandiose closing track 'Rebel Warrior', rounds out the retrospective with a strong melding of all styles covered in its 14 predecessors. Taken from a series of performances the album lacks continuity in its attempt to convey the building energy of a single live experience. While the live album renaissance moves into overdrive (*Keep Bangin'* also available on the obligatory DVD) ADF have succeeded in the increasingly impossible task of bringing a slice of their live vibe into your headphones. You may not agree with the politics but you can't deny the passion.

Gaz

34

Don't miss music reviewer meetings every Tuesday at 2:00 on the Balcony of Rumours Cafe. If you want to write about music, life and why heavy metal is just noise, send your idea to The Dans at ondit@adelaide.edu.au.

Abbo says...



Adelaide Uni Bridge Club AGM

**1.30 pm, Thursday April 1st
North Dining Room, Level 4
Union House.**

**Come along and see what its
all about!**

AU Sailing Club

Interested in sailing? The Sailing Club is having a BBQ at the Boat Sheds (West Beach) this Sunday, 28 March, at 1pm. Come along, meet new people, find out about our club and have some fun. If interested, email Monika at monika.kwiatkowski@student.delaide.edu.au

The AU Film Society

WEEK 4, Thursday 25th March
The Year of Living Dangerously (1982)

Partly financed by MGM and shot on location in Australia and in the Philippines *The Year of Living Dangerously* was to be Peter Weir's big break into an American career. Balancing romantic drama and political thriller, Weir's film is set against the backdrop of the 1965 Sukarno crisis in Indonesia. Weir's cinema has always been marked by his strong fascination for 'other worlds', and in this film this interest takes the form of more or less broad-minded Westerners pitted against a developing country in turmoil. Far from drowning the film in an overblown romanticism, Weir is able to use the political backdrop to explore darker areas of human behaviour. Adapted from the novel by Christopher J. Koch (115 mins) English.

Showing from 7pm, Union Cinema, Level 5
Union Building

BRAND NEW

**Good quality
LABCOATS
(buttons on the front)**

\$30

&

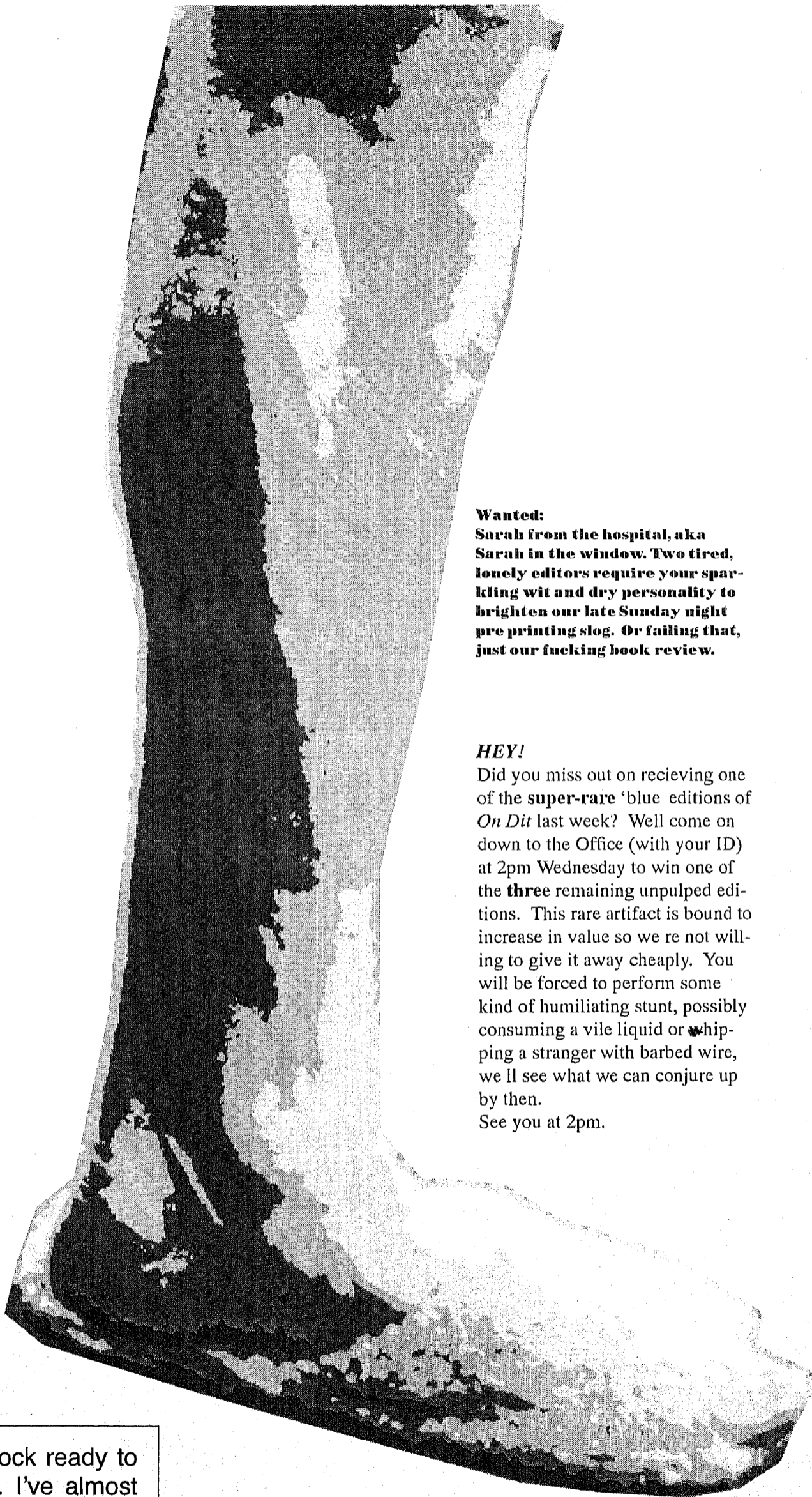
MEDICAL COATS

\$40

127 Wright St, ADELAIDE

Mob 0417884477

If you grab both, you'll get a further \$10 discount!



Wanted:

Sarah from the hospital, aka Sarah in the window. Two tired, lonely editors require your sparkling wit and dry personality to brighten our late Sunday night pre printing slog. Or failing that, just our fucking book review.

HEY!

Did you miss out on receiving one of the **super-rare** 'blue editions' of *On Dit* last week? Well come on down to the Office (with your ID) at 2pm Wednesday to win one of the **three** remaining unpulped editions. This rare artifact is bound to increase in value so we're not willing to give it away cheaply. You will be forced to perform some kind of humiliating stunt, possibly consuming a vile liquid or whipping a stranger with barbed wire, we'll see what we can conjure up by then.

See you at 2pm.

Sperm Donor. I have quality stock ready to offload for a mere \$299 a pop. I've almost completed a science/law degree, my mum tells me I'm good-looking and I love to study. I'm saving up to buy Microsoft Office 2003 in fact. You're desperate for a child and I'm desperate for an upgrade, so let's help each other out! Come and find me in the software section of the campus bookshop.

Stan: Do you suppose all the happy, fluffy nice things in this edition will help our readers forgive us for last week's vulgarity?

JC: Whatever. Let's play violent LAN games.

Stan: Okay, but for Christ's sake put some trousers on!

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Fini

