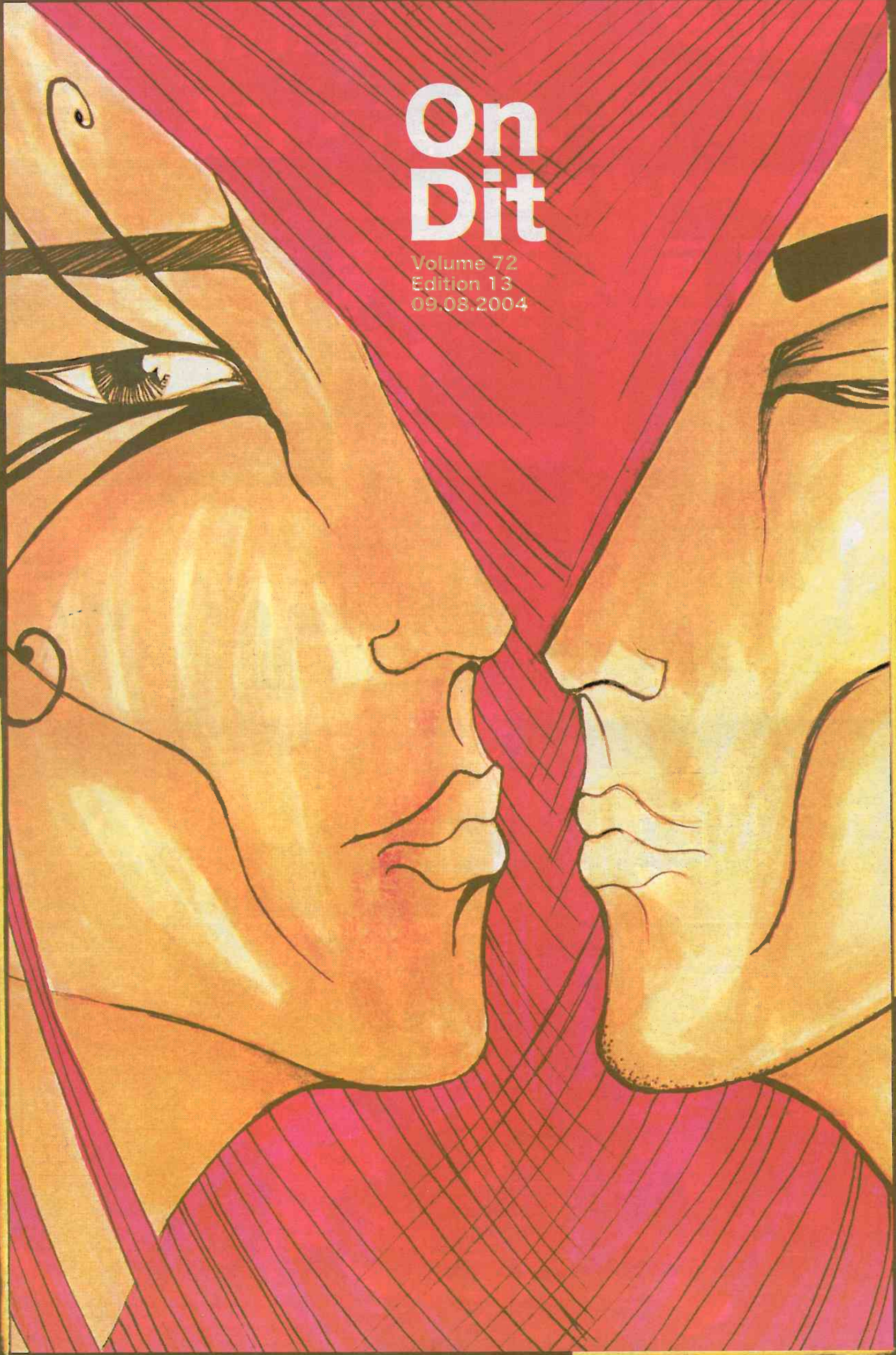


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# On Dit

Volume 72  
Edition 13  
09.08.2004







## On Dit 72.13

*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. This week's cover art by Leo Greenfield - Happy Birthday, and good luck!



Send your submissions to [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au).  
Weekly deadline is Wednesday.

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# Garrett and the ALP Oil and water?

Green appears to be the new black these days, especially in the marginal seat of Adelaide.

Less than a week after the Greens Adelaide launch of their heavily promoted Arts Policy, last Wednesday saw Lord Mayor Michael Harbison host a media soiree promoting a competition encouraging young film makers to produce environmentally themed television commercials. The same day, star Labor recruit Peter Garrett delivered a policy sermon in our very own bar as a guest of the Adelaide University Labor Club.

Facing a packed bar, a seemingly nervous Garrett put forward the fairly obvious notion that Labor's environmental policy is far superior to that of the Howard Government, placing particular emphasis on

the plight of the Murray River. Interestingly, Garrett wasn't afraid of admitting to the fact that Labor's policy on forests is still "under development."

Garrett went on to reject suggestions that his candidacy for the safe Labor seat of Kingsford Smith was the result of sustained pressure from the party executive. "I take exception to the language of courtship. I was not in an way courted by anyone and I made my own decision," he said.

Nevertheless, Garrett's recruitment is as sure a sign as any that the ALP is willing to expose a certain amount of disunity for the sake of activist credibility. Some have suggested that Garrett's appeal lies more in his rock and roll credentials than his environmentalism (that is, the singer's appeal to loutish males aged 25 - 35 who came of age drinking draught beer and singing along to 'The Power and the Passion'). However, most read Garrett's ascent into federal politics as a response to the perception that the ALP's stance on the environment is compromised by its relationship with the union movement.

In particular, the former Australian Conservation Foundation President's recent criticism of the Tasmanian Government's policy on logging - and the union backlash that followed - highlight the precariousness of an increasingly green political environment.

Last election, The Greens doubled their percentage of the national vote, largely due to then Labor leader Kim Beazley's conservative stance on border protection and the war on terrorism. With the Democrats on the decline, One Nation

dead and buried and the recent announcement of independent Senator Brian Harradine's retirement, The Greens are almost certain to continue their march towards political credibility.

Even the Howard government is acknowledging the importance of the environmental vote, most notably with its 'lend our land a hand' television campaign. More recently, Howard's bizarre turnaround on the South Australian nuclear dump debate surprised everyone, not least the Rann government, who were preparing for a possible High Court appeal by the Government against a Federal Court ruling rejecting the Woomera site.

The move means up to eight low-level waste dumps could be built on offshore commonwealth land as opposed to one national waste dump located in the South Australian desert. Aside from ending the long-running row with the Rann Government, the decision should help the Government's chances in three key marginal Adelaide seats.

Mr Howard said that despite all states and territories accepting the need for the safe and secure disposal of low-level radioactive waste, the federal government has been forced to consider a location offshore. "We'll conduct a search, see if we can find some commonwealth land offshore and we'll put the commonwealth low-level waste there and we'll require

the states to look after their own."

Both the Greens and the ALP were quick to take advantage of Howard's capitulation. "It is a desperate attempt to save endangered SA marginal seats. Nothing more, nothing less," Labor's environment spokesman Kelvin Thomson said in a statement. Greens leader Bob Brown agreed, drawing the link between Howard's similarly unpopular stance on asylum seekers. "John Howard has dumped hapless human cargo, in breach of international law, in Nauru - he would be thinking of putting nuclear waste in Nauru," Senator Brown said.

The question remains: just how large a role will the environment play in the South Australia's famously marginal seats? The only sure thing at the moment is that greener side of politics is more influential than ever, even amongst SA's ageing population.

With the addition of Garrett, the ALP appears to be slowly coming around to the possibility of taking advantage of the green vote, instead of competing with the Coalition for the middle ground.

Tristan Mahoney

## Higher education funding directed at marginal seats

Lat May, a Griffith University academic discovered that most of the new money announced in the federal budget for higher education targets marginal seats.

The paper, prepared by policy analyst Gavin Moodie, reveals an astonishing amount of money directed towards institutions located in seats held by margins of less than three percent.

Despite much of the new funding being listed on a seat by seat basis, a spokesman for federal Education Minister Brendan Nelson said there had been no consideration of electoral boundaries in the new money being provided by the budget.

- The University of South Australia, based in the marginal seat of Adelaide, which needs only a 0.6 per cent swing to unseat sitting Liberal MP Trish Worth, got \$10 million for a new national chair of child protection.

- The University of Western Sydney - six campuses including the marginal seats of Parramatta, Lindsay and Banks - received \$18 million to establish a medical school.

- The Labor-held marginal seat of Bass in Tasmania, received almost \$5 million for the Australian Maritime College.

- The Coalition's most marginal seat, Solomon, in the Northern Territory (0.1 per cent), received \$3 million extra for Charles Darwin University and Batchelor Institute of Indigenous Tertiary Education.

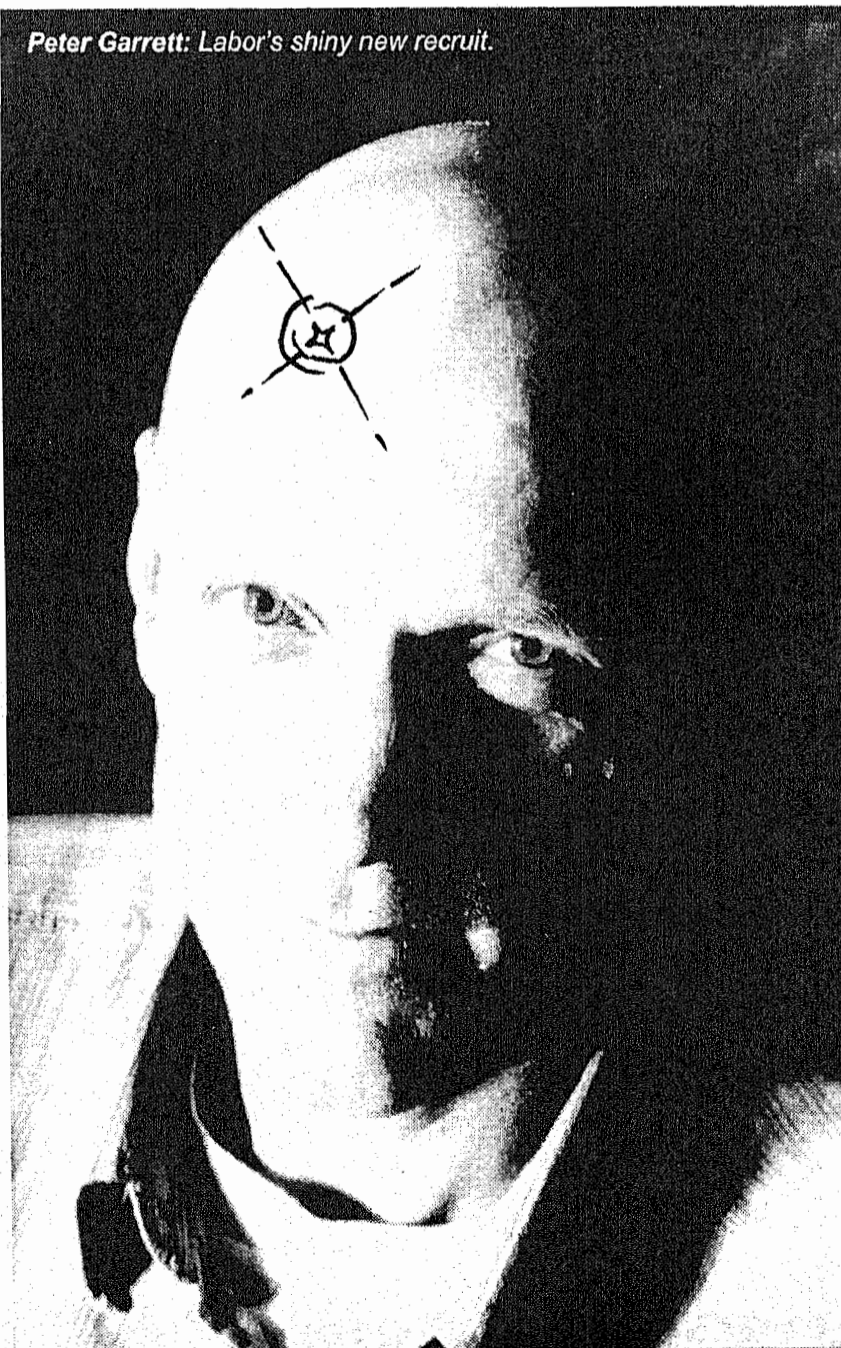
- The Liberal-held marginal seat of Herbert in Queensland, held by a 1.5 per cent margin, was given an extra 12 places for its James Cook Medical School.

Despite this, the bulk of the Howard government's funding initiatives rely almost exclusively upon university's newfound freedom to increase their quota of full fee paying students and raise HECS fees by up to

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Peter Garrett: Labor's shiny new recruit.





# SAUA Roundup

After visiting SAUA Council in his usual fashion last month, AUU President Rowan Nicholson had managed to convince the meeting that it was necessary for him to return in a fortnight's time with a restructure of the SAUA's constitution.

And that he did. Last meeting saw Nicholson, along with the Union's Finance and Development Manager, Graeme Tucker, arrive with a radical constitutional rewrite, apparently more 'legally sound' than the previous document, which, according to Nicholson, 'had been in dire need of a clean up'.

Most of the major changes are the result of the inclusion of a number of separate bylaws concerning matters that had been previously outlined in the constitution itself. These bylaws can be altered by resolution of Council, giving elected Councillors and Office Bearers more power to alter the constitution to their dastardly bidding.

Naturally, this prospect gave some Councillors the willies. A more malleable constitution could 'politicise' the operation of the SAUA, with radical alterations to the constitution requiring nothing more than a simple majority on Council. Nicholson and Tucker took these concerns on board, and promised to return the following meeting with a safer draft, with many of the bylaws returned to the constitution itself.

Exciting, no?

Independents recruit Josh Rayner was most vocal about the possible dangers of future Councils wreaking havoc with bylaws, and urged Councillors to pour over the AUU's revisions until such time as they could return to the next meeting brandishing copies of the document 'with red pen scrawled all

over it.' As a result, it was agreed that any alteration of bylaws would require a two-thirds majority resolution, laid over for one meeting. *Whew!* Aside from these concerns, it looks like Council will adopt the new constitution with, an overlap period during 2005. The AUU President told *On Dit* that he was pleasantly surprised by Council's helpfulness on the matter, despite the upstart Indie's suspicion.

Rayner, who is neither a SAUA Councillor nor has had any involvement in the SAUA's affairs since his time as an Orientation Director at the beginning of this year, wasn't afraid to cause a stir when the next item on the agenda. Further discussions about the abolition of the SAUA's Activities Department incited a passionate defence of the department from the bright young recruit, much to the chagrin of those who had already discussed the relevance of the department *ad nauseam* during previous meetings. His sanctimonious 'insistence that the SAUA would be lost without its beloved Activities Department - which has failed to make it above the radar for some time, save for the odd Prosh-related event. His reasoning was spurious at best, suggestion that relinquishing the department was akin to giving up the SAUA's status as a representative body to a hypothetical 'Union Education Committee.'

Rayner's thinly veiled suspicion of the Union was reminiscent of the Indie's traditional antagonism of the AUU, which has been without an Independent President for some four years. The sacredness of the Activities Department is also an old Independent chew toy, which makes Bek Cornish's lack-luster performance as Activities

and Campaigns Vice-President all the more ironic.

On the topic of mediocre Office Bearers, rumour has it that sole Sexuality Officer Kate Stryker is soon to resign for reasons that she will doubtlessly keep to herself. Assuming that rumours prove correct, her will be the fourth resignation from the Sexuality Department in two years.

And what of the massive profit from this year's successful Orientation? Where are the books, and is there any substance to the rumours that a hefty portion of the money has been 'misplaced'? Stay tuned...

Tristan Mahoney

## Stan's election rumours corner

Contrary to popular opinion, I am not the authority on all the pre-nomination gossip. Nor do I particularly care, I hasten to add. Unlike last year, I am the lamest of ducks, without the slightest interest in who will be running the show in 2005.

Having said that, I have heard a few hum-dingers. Here are a couple for your amusement.

The Network Formerly Known as the Independents have - surprise, surprise - been busy gathering an army of recruits since the beginning of the year. Cornish and her cronies managed once again to ensnare a large portion of those attending O'Camp, amongst a formidable bevy of bright young things. Look out for their saturation campaigning come election week.

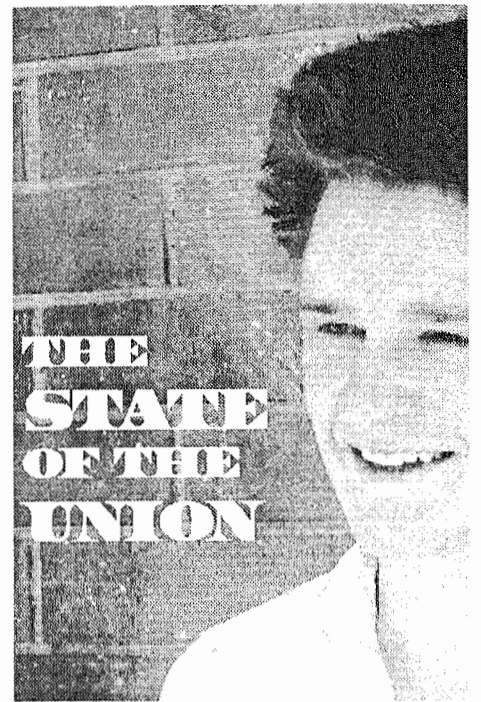
There are a number of possibilities for SAUA President, ranging from NOLS head-kicker Dave Pearson to rising Indie glamour girl Melissa Purcell. Rumours about Sarah Busuttill's candidacy are greatly exaggerated - not least because she's not a crazy as most people make her out to be.

Jessica Fishlock would make a fine Office Bearer, if not President of the SAUA. I have no reason to believe that she's running for anything - I'm just planting seeds...

Who will take over when Rowan's gone? That's the question on almost everyone's lips at the moment, not least those of the AUU President himself. There's a nifty little rumour going about the traps (started by me) that the smug bastard is considering a second term of office.

And what of the ageing On Dit dynasty of Henzell, Vince & Chalk? It seems certain that B-grade campus celebrity Clementine Ford will assemble an editorial triumvirate for 2005, but who with? Word around the basement is that the team will include a former Indie stalwart along with some fresh blood to boot. Will current Sexuality Officer Kate Stryker have another tilt at prize? Who knows? Who cares?

Not me. That's for sure.



A thousand bucks? Is that all our political ideals are worth?

So say many students who support the ban on military sponsorship for Students' Association events.

Others snap back that the ban is pious and absurd. No one can seriously suggest we should have no military at all? And surely they should be allowed to recruit on campus? There's a war on, comrade!

More to the point, why single out just one controversial organisation?

After all, half the sponsors we do accept are accused of everything from exploiting workers, to polluting the environment, to colluding with Satan or—worse—with George Bush Junior.

No one in touch with reality thinks we should abolish our military altogether. Or that we should ban every crooked corporate sponsor around.

But there are sound tactical reasons for singling some sponsors out. If we were campaigning against Nestlé for poisoning infants in Asia (which we were some years ago) then of course we would turn away Nestlé sponsorship and take its products off our shelves.

But we no longer are. We are campaigning, among other things, against the misuse of our military to occupy Iraq and its oilfields.

In fact, there has hardly been any time since the Vietnam War when students were not angry about something our military was doing, somewhere in the world.

If we are to have the freedom to point the finger, then we cannot very well be accepting money from the military with our other hand.

This should not be seen as an attack on students who enlist. We can all still respect the military if used properly to defend self-determination and human rights. But so long as it is misused we should not glorify or promote it.

Rowan Nicholson  
President  
Adelaide University Union

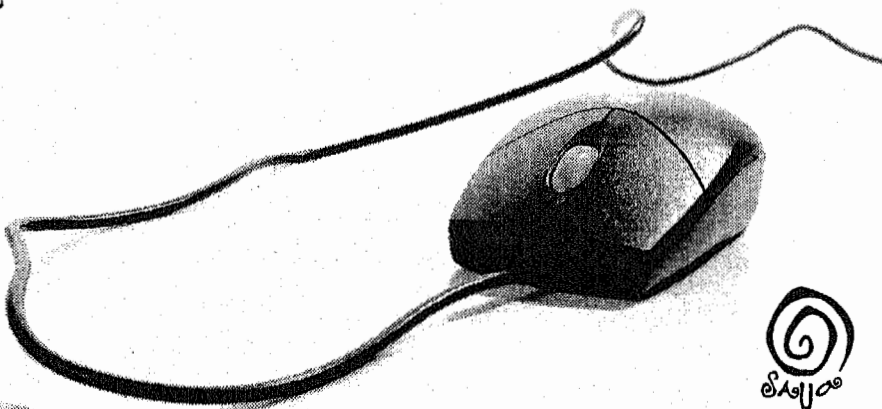
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4



[www.saua.adelaide.edu.au/tutor.html](http://www.saua.adelaide.edu.au/tutor.html)



# Letters

Just the one letter this week, and it's from a SAUA Councillor, and it's note even addressed to us! How embarrassing. Help us out by sending your letters to

[ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au)

Dear Aaron,

No, Labor didn't support the cutting of the Education Text Book Subsidy Scheme or ETSS, it was part of the original GST package that the ALP opposed, but was passed by the Democrats, with the exception I believe of Natasha Stott Despoja. As part of that package it simply lapsed and did not go before Parliament. The test of what is the ALP's policy in regards to the ETSS will come when either their tax policy is released which may or may not make textbooks exempt, or when the private members bill introduced by Senator Natasha Stott Despoja to extend the ETSS is put to the Senate, which we are still waiting on. Rest assured Aaron and everyone else that I and many others like me will be working within the Labor party to not only have the 8% tax exemption on textbooks brought back, but the full 10% exemption of tax on textbooks.

That aside I'd like to address the issue that Alice and I should step down from our compromised positions in the SAUA or that we should hand in our Labor party membership cards. For starters, I don't think I have a compromised position in the SAUA, and I think I can confidently say that. I would also say that most people involved in the SAUA would objectively agree, but obviously you are not involved in the SAUA or you would have known this.

What the ALP did with respect to the ETSS has nothing to do with my position in the SAUA, Alice and myself were some of the most active campaigners against the abolition of the ETSS. I

refer you to an earlier edition of *On Dit* in which Natasha Stott Despoja wrote a letter congratulating me personally on the work I had done in fighting against the abolition of the ETSS. I'm willing to work with anyone to ensure that the right thing is done by students, and our education system. The Labor party does not stand in the way of me doing this, it complements it.

Therefore I will not be handing in my party membership card for the very reason of what happened on Wednesday morning last week, where the left of the party voted against the FTA and in the end ensured that the amendments with respect to the PBS and Australian Media rules were put forward. I work through the ALP, because as Peter Garrett said last Wednesday in the UniBar, 'They are the Alternative Government in this country'. My membership of the Labor party does not mean I have to be a mouthpiece for the party, it allows me to influence it from the inside. Something I see as being the most effective way of influencing the alternative government and hopefully the government in this country, and I encourage those reading to do the same. However I have the upmost respect those who chose not to.

One final point, that 'Labor have never said they wouldn't have increased HECS as well', by this Aaron, I can only assume by that you mean that Labor hasn't committed to not increasing HECS. Well, if you care to take the time and check the ALP website, they have not only committed to not increasing HECS but to also reversing the 25% increase that the Howard Government has just had passed. Additionally they will scrap all full fee

paying places. Like many Labor policies its a damn site better than the government, but it could be better, and through my membership in that party I'm working towards making it better.

Aaron, I suggest before you go shooting your mouth off that you actually take the time to check the facts and find out what is going on. Additionally, I level the same criticism to all those who have a problem with what I do or what the SAUA does, if you don't make the effort to get involved or provide constructive criticism, shut up!

Regards

David Pearson  
SAUA Councillor

Fukinowa the  
ass-punching  
monkey says..

Why don't you bastards write in about more interesting stuff? Like who would win in an ass-punching fight between Amanda Vanstone and Kim Beazley?



5

Readers may remember *On Dit* getting in trouble with the AUU's General Manager for using the Union's email list to call a certain board member a dick. Below is another exchange that took place on the same list (we're aware of how nerdy the in joke is, but what do you expect? No one wrote any goddamn letters this week!).

Quoting Philip James Stojan  
<philip.stojan@adelaide.edu.au>:

I'd just like to state that you're all donkeys.

Quoting *On Dit* <ondit@adelaide.edu.au>:

I trust that you are referring to the size of our genitals, Phil. If so, I would have to disagree. The fact that we allowed a peanut like you to become a director of a multi-million dollar organisation suggests that our gonads are much larger than those of a donkey. Why else would we be so confident that our Union could withstand the embarrassment of your galactic stupidity?

Further, it is proof that democracy doesn't work, and probably never will until such time as your faction returns to the hades from whence it came.

Regards  
Tristan Mahoney

Quoting Philip James Stojan  
<philip.stojan@adelaide.edu.au>:

Thank you for putting the effort into entertaining me tristan.

I however am not a part of a faction, but if the faction you are referring to is NOLS, I would have to agree.

Phil

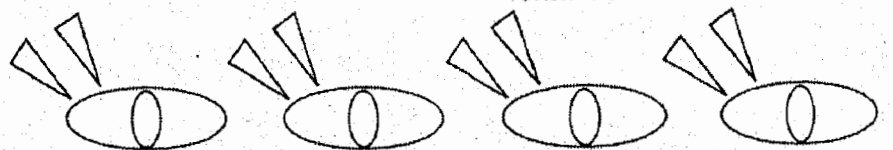
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# SAUA Office Bearers

## National Campus Band Comp

Tuesday August 10th

Saxax feat. Rebecca, Loemax,  
The Stanford Prison Experiment, Remedy, Fastlake

Wednesday August 11th

Domino, Aclinic Line, Close Call, Tinnitus,  
Miracle Hat, Angry Chick

Thursday August 12th

Walters Bald, Shuko, Glu, Struck Out By Distance,  
Kyri, Drowning Goldfish

Tuesday August 17th

Matt Winter Band, The Dairy Brothers,  
Confessions of a Crap Artist, Frequent Seahorse,  
Frank Zapata, Satin Harem

Wednesday August 18th

Myopia, Reverend 'A' and the Glory Holes,  
The Open Season, Aufschlag, Deep Bass Nine,  
The Icons

Thursday August 19th

Deafening Silence, Arkanum, Black Dog,  
Rise to Vote Sir, The Big Other

Come and support Adelaide Uni bands as they compete for supremacy and the chance to win MASSIVE prizes from SONY and Jim Beam in the National Final.

All heats are in the UniBar, level 5 Union House starting at 6:30pm. Heats are FREE to all tertiary students.

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Women's Officer  
Kellie  
Armstrong-Smith



President  
Alice  
Campbell

A fortnight ago I was happily (well, unhappily, considering the rain pelting down on my Pantene-just-washed silky locks) putting up posters that read 'Feminist' with a picture of a famous American Hollywood star underneath.

As I clamoured my way out of the rain's way, I was approached by a few female students.

'Nice posters,' they said. Then, 'Kellie,' (frowning slightly and tilting their heads.) 'Is it actually right to have that there?'

'What where?' I said, head spinning around in surprise.

'That - there.' I looked to where they were surreptitiously pointing. They were pointing at the face of a very male Ed Asner underneath the loud heading. 'I mean,' they continued, 'some say that men can never be feminists because they don't know what it's like to be a woman. They can be pro-feminists but not feminists.'

'Uh -' I tried to find some politically correct words at this point as my right brain-sphere quickly scanned the mental lists of what is right and what is wrong and what's possible in feminism and what's not - 'Uh, well, I don't see why they can't be feminists. I mean, they were at this feminist march in Washington DC along with the women stars too. They were marching in support of women's right to reproductive emancipation. I even saw some Republicans marching, too!'

'Mm,' the girls said, mulling it over.

I have to admit I was quite surprised by these statements. I mean, why can't a bloke be a feminist? Frankly I find it quite flattering, heart-warming, and necessary to see men involved. So I just checked on Dictionary.com. There it defined the word as an adjective to mean 'relating to or advocating equal rights for women.'

So here's how my reasoning follows;

If Margaret Thatcher can declare 'I'm not a woman,' then I feel I am well within the unspecific bounds of subjective terms and definitions to juxtapose a happy mug shot of a bloke together with the word 'feminist', all the while knowing that this means he is 'relating to or advocating equal rights for women.'

Always Sincerely,  
Kellie

6

I had a rather interesting debate with one of my fellow office bearers recently, (actually I had an even more interesting debate with another office bearer but I won't go into that). This office bearer claimed that the SAUA had completely alienated students and was virtually useless due to the structure of student factions. The office bearer also claimed, among many other things, that certain other office bearers could get away with wasting money and doing nothing because they always had their faction to defend them.

While I agreed with the second comment, I was exceptionally annoyed with the first. I will admit that this has been a disappointing year for the SAUA, all office bearers have failed to fulfill their duties at some point or another, and while the federal election should give us a kick up the arse, a lot more can be done. Student factions aren't completely to blame for this, SAUA representatives merely have to take a more active role and stop making excuses, (and often bragging about it later!).

What also gave me the shits in the debate was the arrogance displayed by this office bearer. The office bearer seemed to believe that they knew more about what students wanted than anyone else in the organisation. Maybe this office bearer should turn up to our council meetings to actually see what happens and stop writing them off as a bitch fest. Particularly when they have requested so much money recently.

Please email me your thoughts to [alice.campbell@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:alice.campbell@adelaide.edu.au). This office bearer also told me that only 2% of Adelaide students actually read On Dit, so all 2% of you should make the effort to respond. I will write an article addressing the issue further for next week's edition.

Cheers,  
Alice

*The Editors would like to point out that On Dit is in fact read by at least 2,500 students each week, with a further 500 copies distributed to other universities and storefronts in the metropolitan area.*

*It is more likely that the two percent figure describes the portion of students who read Office Bearer columns (unless, of course, they're written by the delightfully controversial Kellie Armstrong-Smith).*



# Why Men Should Support Feminists

So. I am a white English-speaking man in a white English-speaking man's world. How should men like me respond to feminism?

Too many of us forget that not everyone finds it so straightforward. Every time a young feminist writes in to our student paper, these men strike back with claims that "women are already equal" and "feminism alienates men".

The facts tell us otherwise. Overwhelmingly, most positions of power in our society are still held by men. "Women's work" in our schools, hospitals, and homes is still undervalued or even ignored.

Our institutions favour men because men like me built them. Men with louder voices, more ruthless methods, and fewer family obligations than the women they left behind. To offset thousands of years of structural inequality, sometimes we need to make a conscious effort to favour women.

Maybe the stupidest response to "affirmative action" is to call for a men's officer or men's room. What for? To protect poor, helpless men from abuse and assault by drunk girls? Grow up.

Men like this are to blame for wasting the talent and potential of half the human race. How much more civilised would we be with twice as many artists, twice as many scientists, and probably just half as many brutal rulers?

The historical barriers which have kept women out of these roles are not easy for men to understand, because we have never experienced them.

So most feminists will tell you that you, a man, can never call yourself a feminist. Just like most of us can never call ourselves refugees or black South Africans, though we can still support their struggles.

Women need to organise for themselves. To follow their own leaders and fight for their own causes. Men need to learn to stop telling women what is best for them, because we fundamentally do not know and never really can know.

But we can support women in other ways. By catching ourselves out when we are physically overbearing. By not judging them by their weight or height or hair colour. More than anything else just by listening to them and respecting what they say instead of relying on our own misinformed prejudices.

The word for this is "pro-feminist". Any man committed to bringing some balance to our society and its values would be wise to become one.

And the rest of you? Just get back in the tool shed where you belong.

Rowan Nicholson

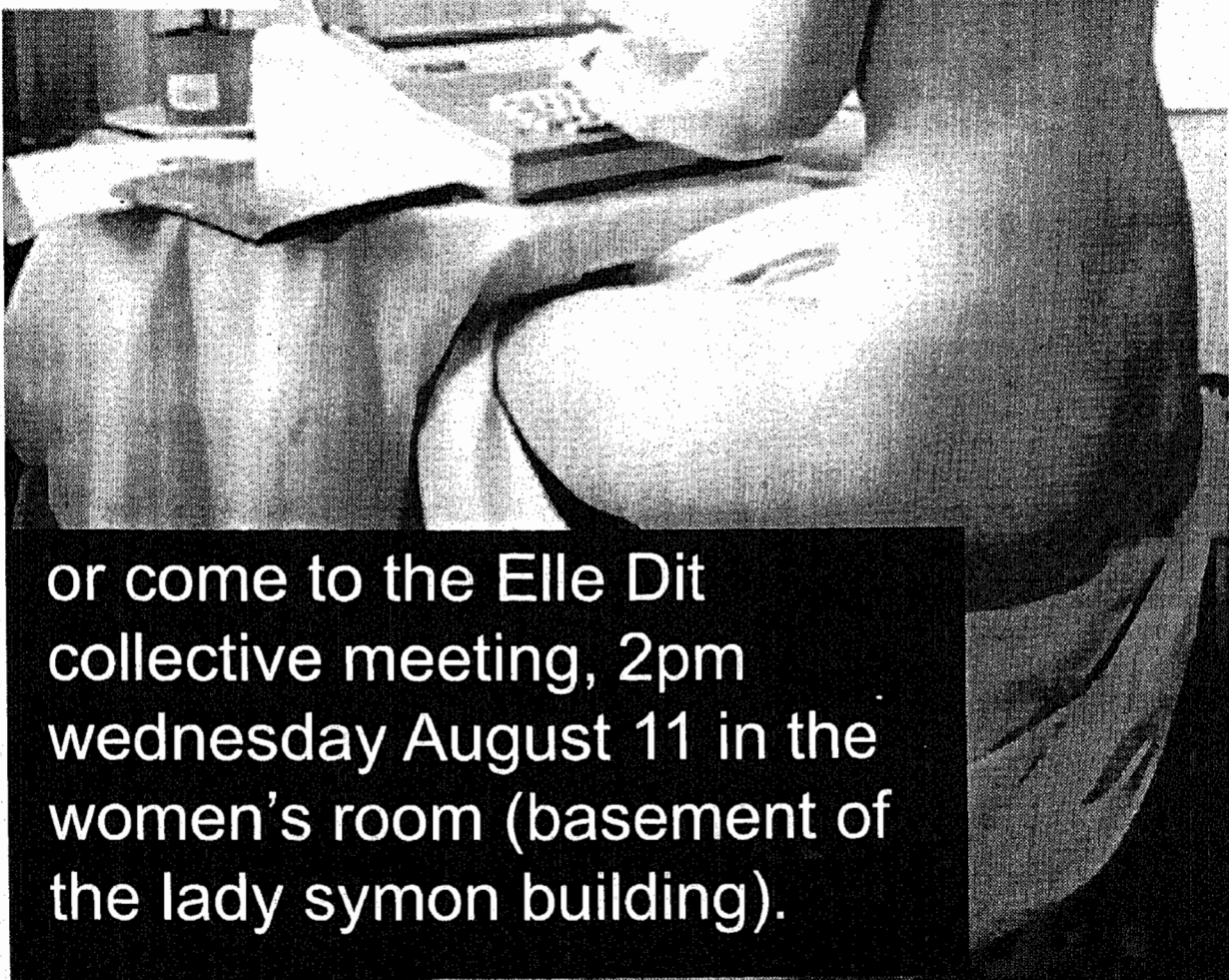
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or come to the Elle Dit  
collective meeting, 2pm  
wednesday August 11 in the  
women's room (basement of  
the lady symon building).

(seven)



# A Feral Leftie's Perspective on Immigration Detention

## Russell Marks talks hotel accommodation with Federal Immigration Minister Amanda Vanstone

"Hi Russell. This is Kevin Donnellan at Senator Vanstone's office." Crap. They are going to cancel on me right at the last minute. "Can you come in half an hour later, if you don't mind?" He could've made it five hours later - I was a uni student on my mid-year break; it's not like every hour was budgeted for.

Thankfully, Ms Vanstone's office is on Flinders St, as opposed to a place requiring its own freeway turnoff - but it was my very first solo interview and I was bloody nervous. This senator had come through interviews with Tony Jones, Kerry O'Brien and Andrew Denton relatively unscathed.

I began in a tone of appeasement, gushing some line about wanting to open up lines of discussion between the student body and federal Executive - which I actually do think would be wonderful, though in hindsight I'm not sure why I thought firing provocative questions about Immigration Detention Centres was going to achieve this goal. I sensed the stonewall being erected as soon as I mentioned the word "detention".

Long before the interview was over, I'd appreciated that Ms Vanstone, like any representative of any Executive, would prefer academics, students, journalists and the Judiciary to focus on the entire spectrum of government policy and conclude that, on the whole, Howard's Liberals are doing a reasonable job.

"Look, I'll agree with you. We do have some people with whom there are difficulties. But they're not the small portion I'm talking about in detention. They're a very very small portion of that group. A very small portion."

"I don't mind a focus on one person, but if it's in perspective. That's what I'm always looking for. Perspective. And by perspective I mean that there are 8 and a half thousand, out there, with visas."

Academics, students, journalists and the Judiciary, of course, are more focussed on outcomes in individual cases like that of Shayan Badraie, who has, fairly obviously, been an innocent victim of a harsh approach to the processing of onshore asylum seekers in the past decade and a half.

Here's one particularly interesting exchange:

Vanstone: If you're in a detention centre - it's not a prison - you're free to leave Australia at any time. It isn't "freedom", I don't pretend that it is, and you can't walk out of it. So there isn't, practically, a large amount of difference, as to where it's placed.

Russell: - other than the fact that it becomes less easy to get people like lawyers, even activists, to-

Vanstone: Oh, now you're talking about the convenience for political participants.

Russell: But what about lawyers?

Vanstone: They have lawyers in Port Augusta. I mean, if you want to do maritime law, you may as well set yourself up at Port Adelaide. You know? You don't say, well, I want to be a lawyer that acts for asylum seekers and I want to work in Melbourne, when Maribyrnong is predominantly another compliance place, and it really annoys me that my clients are somewhere else! So, you're making the point, not about the difference for the people who are in detention centres, but for other people.

Russell: Well maybe for the people who are in detention centres as well. In a remote detention centre environment, for a person in detention, they are remote from

everywhere else. They actually have less access to lawyers, to media outlets, due to their own remoteness.

Vanstone: Listen. Yatala's not remote. We don't allow a lot of media there.

Russell: Yatala's a prison!

Vanstone: And Yatala's a prison. Yeah, I know, that's what I'm saying! The distinction I make between a prison and a detention centre, is- Have you seen Baxter?

Russell: I've seen Baxter, but I haven't been in Baxter.

Vanstone: Well, you've got to go into see it, really, because what you see from the outside is the cyclone fencing. When you get inside, the compounds are rectangular shaped, and even from outside, what you see is building area. When you go in - well, the one I went in, and I'm told they're pretty much all the same - along here there's sort of the amenities, that's washing, dining, common room sort of stuff. And then down around here motel-type accommodation. I'm not saying it's 4-star motels, but it's reasonable, clean, it's got a shower and bathroom facility attached to each one. The middle area here is lawn, not Footy Park sort of size, but a big lawn area, and a small playground for kids - you know, swings, slippery dips...

Russell: But, people would still say that a prison is a prison. Basically, if you're locking people up - and yes, you could say that they're free to leave Australia at any time and that's a differentiation between a prison and a detention centre-

Vanstone: I would say that's a key one.

Russell: -but a lot of the people are here because they may have nowhere else to be. There have been a few cases of people who have even expressed a wish to leave, but who can't find a country to take them.

Vanstone: They are the exceptions. We agree about those, and we're doing everything we can to try to resolve those issues. But they're not the norm. I'd hazard a guess that they'd be less than one per cent.

Russell: But I think that the people who constitute the very small minority in detention centres are those that are the focus [of media]. You're probably aware of Zachary Steel's observations? He's a psychologist who has been working in detention centres, and talking to people, and doing a bunch of studies. Aamer Sultan?

Vanstone: No.

Russell: - and they've found that... 3 months is generally the time frame after which people slip into a

state of depression inside a detention centre.

Vanstone: I'll have something to say in the very near future about various assessments that have been made about the mental health of people in detention centres.

Russell: Can you give me a hint?

Vanstone: No.

After raising the issue of temporary protection visas, a topic Ms Vanstone unfortunately didn't want to broach at all, I lost control of the interview, as the Senator appeared to me to employ almost all of the *Yes, Minister!* tactics to avoid the issues at hand.

But Ms Vanstone blames lawyers themselves for "misleading" asylum seekers. "You know, we win, or people pull out of, something like 95% of these cases. Doesn't that tell you that somebody's misleading these people? That's the most unkind thing you can do to these people - offer them false hope and support. The cruellest thing that you can do is lead them to believe, that with a bit of political activism and few sorry pictures in the paper, they'll be allowed to stay. All people who do that are doing is extending the heartbreak for those people." I'm not sure what effect temporary protection was intended to have, but saying to a person - a person found to be a "refugee" under the UNHCR definition, a person fleeing a serious risk of persecution - that you can stay in Australia for three years but then you must have your case reassessed, and there's the possibility that you'll have to uproot

yourself from your new life and go back home would be, I think, the definition of "false hope".

Perhaps I'm being completely unfair. Perhaps I don't have *perspective*. Perhaps I'm conforming to the typical Feral Leftie student newspaper angle here. Whatever the case, I will continue to focus on those cases that do fall through the cracks, and I don't think I need to make any apology for that. Ms Vanstone, of course, has other ideas. After floating the possibility of Australia being rated second by the UNHCR in terms of resettlement, the Minister for Immigration, Multiculturalism and Indigenous Affairs accused "people like" myself of potentially talking people out of being a welcoming country. "You're going to convince them that it's okay for governments to be unwelcoming to refugees, when Australia isn't unwelcoming to refugees. What we have an argument about is those who aren't. What some advocates are doing is teaching young Australians, and the rest,

that it's okay not to be [welcoming], because they've got a government that hasn't been for 8 years, so it's okay. You're giving fuel and space to those people who wouldn't, in the best of times, give a helping hand to refugees."

That said, if there's just one person who has been locked up in a place like the now-defunct Woomera, or Port Hedland, or Baxter, for five years, and has suffered irreversible mental health deterioration as a result, then Australia has failed in its human rights obligations. This, to me, is irrespective of whether the "vast majority" of "unauthorised arrivals" are processed efficiently and without incident.

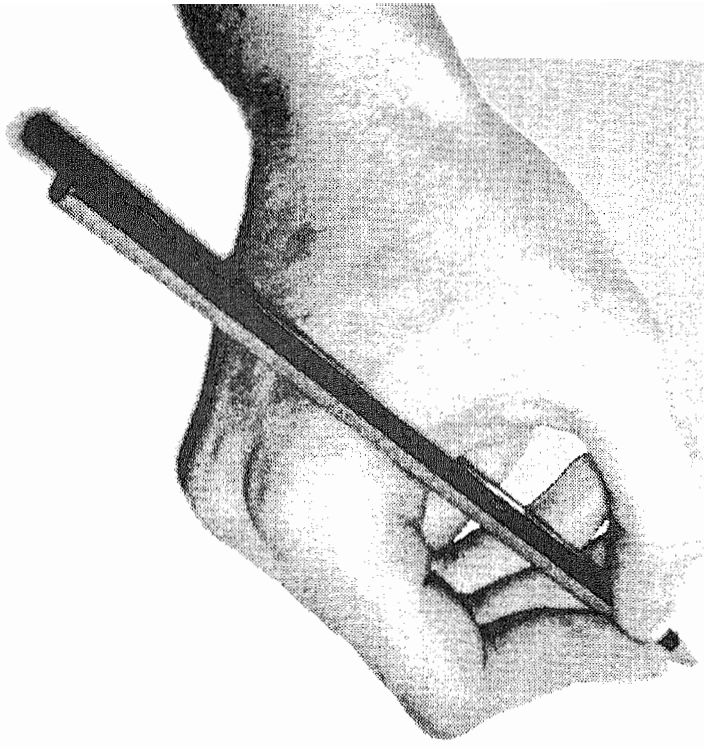
Russell Marks

**"I'm not saying it's 4-star motels, but it's reasonable, clean, it's got a shower and bathroom..."**





# On Dit 2004



BACK ISSUES

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

X X Stan & Jimmy.

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



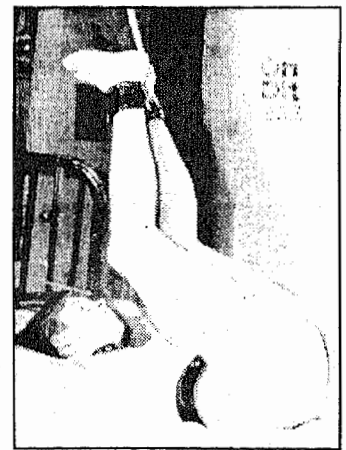
On Dit 72.1  
'Fuck me it's cold!'



On Dit 72.2  
'I call him Gambler!'



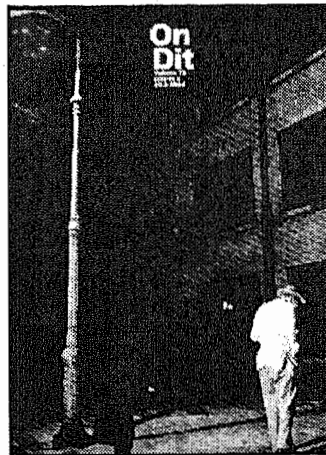
On Dit 72.3  
'Constructi-OnDit'



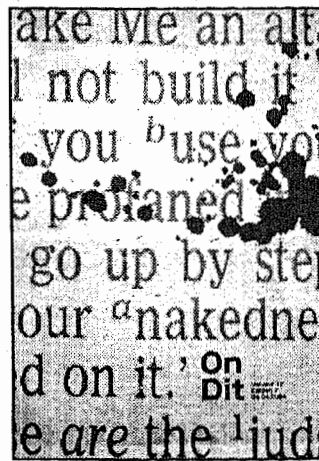
On Dit 72.4  
'The One That Got Banned'



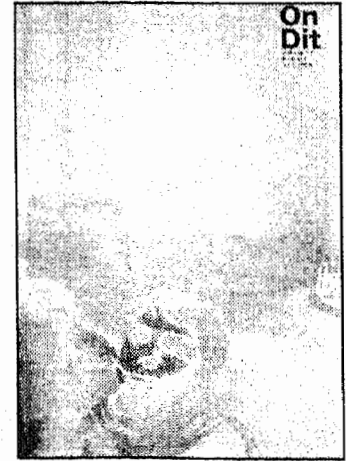
On Dit 72.5  
'The Nice, Friendly Pink One That Made Up for the One That Got Banned'



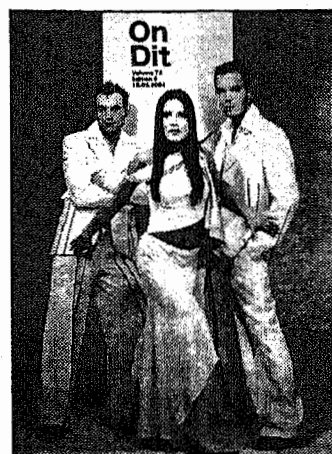
On Dit 72.6  
'New Schmork'



On Dit 72.7  
'Religi-OnDit'



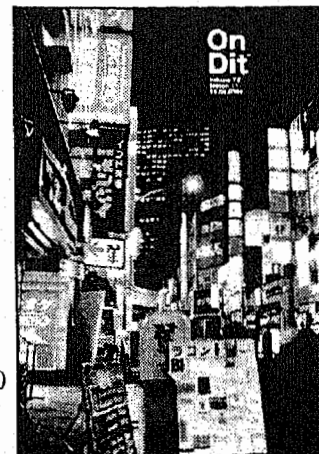
On Dit 72.8  
'Ennui'



On Dit 72.9  
'Eurotrash'



On Dit 72.10  
'The Disaster Edition'



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



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



# Where to from here for the Education Campaign?



Well, the first question some of you might be asking is "What campaign?" Fair point. It hasn't been the most visible campaign to students at Adelaide Uni. But then again what campaign is?

If there is one thing that I learned from the recent National Union of Students (NUS) Education Conference in Sydney, it is that Adelaide Uni is a fairly active and political campus compared to many others around the country. In some respects last semester's campaign was one of the most visible we've seen for quite a while. "Sure", I hear people say, "but a few protests against Howard, Abbott, and the university don't count as a legitimate campaign". They're probably right, but it's a start, it's better than it's been, and it wasn't just a few protests. We had a fantastic debate in *On Dit* about it

all, the amount of activists getting involved has increased, there was plenty of awareness created about the fee increases in the community and on campus, and I doubt as a result that there are many students who don't know that HECS fees will be increasing next year and that it is thanks to the Liberal government's atrocious higher education policies.

So that's the campaign so far, but where to from here? I can't tell you how many times I heard that question at the Education Conference, but it's an important one to ask. Now that in South Australia the implementation of the 25% HECS increases has started at all three South Australian universities, what should we do?

Some would argue that we should continue to fight the fee increases. In fact, many argued this very forcibly in Sydney. They said that we should

make the universities "ungovernable" until they finally sit up and listen to students. Of course, they advocated a continuation and expansion of the tactics that led to students getting pepper-sprayed at UTS in Sydney. Not the kind of campaign that I want to be associated with. What then should we do?

At the Education Conference nearly all in the student movement agreed that our first and most pressing priority should be to kick out the Liberal government. Why and how we should do this was of course where opinions differed.

There was a whole raft of reasons why people wanted to do this. There's no point in denying that there were those who wanted to see the Liberals kicked out of office just so we could see a Labor government, but there were also those ranging from anarchists who wanted to see the overthrow of all forms of structured organization, to those of the far left who are waiting for the revolutionary overthrow of the global neo-liberal agenda starting with the conservative Liberal government. However, there was also an overwhelming majority of people who simply wanted to see the back of the Liberal government because of their higher-education policies.

Although this view prevailed, there were again differences of opinion as to how we should set about doing this. There were basically three positions taken on the matter. One, that we run a marginal-seats campaign in a number of key states around the country. Two, that we do this but also back it up with an on-campus campaign and the usual tactics used by activists. Finally, that we run the marginal-seats campaign and have another National Day of Action (NDA) shortly before the election, as well as using all the usual activist tactics.

The debate basically came down to whether or not we should have another NDA, as all pretty much agreed with or accepted the inevitability of a marginal-seats campaign. In the end it was decided, after much debate, not to have another NDA, to the sheer delight of pretty much every South Australian representative at the conference. In light of the previous NDA in SA, activists were keen to avoid another one for numerous reasons. Instead, what was agreed upon was the second proposal to run the marginal-seats campaign and back this up with

all the usual tactics activists use. So what does this involve?

Well first of all the marginal-seats campaign will be largely run by NUS National Office. They will be selecting a number of marginal seats around the country, possibly the federal South Australian seats of Adelaide or Hindmarsh or both. The campaign will focus on making higher education an election issue for the people in these seats. The other part of the campaign is basically up to the activists on the ground here in SA.

So what can we do as activists in South Australia? First and foremost the SAUA is running an Enrol To Vote campaign, possibly even a "Rock Enrol" concert. But the other things that have been floated have been a statewide Busk For Your HECS day, as an event to create awareness and as a bit of a media stunt in a way that will get away from the more militant protests we have seen lately. There is also a rally being organised for later in the year that has a broad Kick Howard Out focus. It could possibly be good to get a large education contingent along to this rally. Other suggestions have been about having a Great-Debate-type event for students to debate out the issues relating to higher education. That is of course if we can find anyone who is willing or interested in debating on behalf of the government at such an event.

So where to from here? Well, from what I picked up at the Education Conference, basically anywhere we want, so long as there are those who are willing to get involved. So what do the students of Adelaide Uni want to do in the second half of this year? The SAUA can organise campaigns and events but if people don't want to be involved there's no point. What type of campaigns do we want to run and what tactics do we want to use? Write in to *On Dit* at: [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au) or join the SA education list at: [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/education\\_sa/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/education_sa/) and let's continue the debate.

*Top: The Socialist Alternative group physically remove Liberal students from a seminar on the education campaign to date. Below: The final vote over the NDA. SA and the sole Liberal left at the conference vote for the motion. The Liberal thought NUS holding another NDA was a great way of ensuring the re-election of the Howard government. Sinus bastard.*

## Don't Dis - Count Us

An election forum organised by young people for young people

**Friday 20 August 2004**

5:30pm - 7:30pm

7:30pm onwards Drinks & Entertainment at the UniBar

**Eclipse Function Room Adelaide University**

Level 4 Union House, enter via Gate 9 Victoria Drive

With special guest MC

**Lehmo**

(SAFM & Before the Game)

And in the hot seat:

Christopher Pyne MP - Liberal Party  
Tammy Franks - Democrats  
Senator Penny Wong - Labor Party  
Jake Bugden - Greens

**ACT NOW  
- YOUR  
FOUNDER  
DEPENDING  
ON YOU**

Got a burning question? This is your chance to ask it!

ENROL TO  
VOTE ON  
THE NIGHT

What Kind of  
Australia do you  
want to live in?

Free Entry

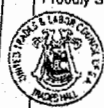
Your vote is  
important.  
So make it  
count!

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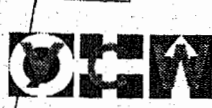
U-Who - the Young People and Unions Network is committed through education, action and community campaigning to improving the rights and conditions of young workers.



United Trades and Labor Council

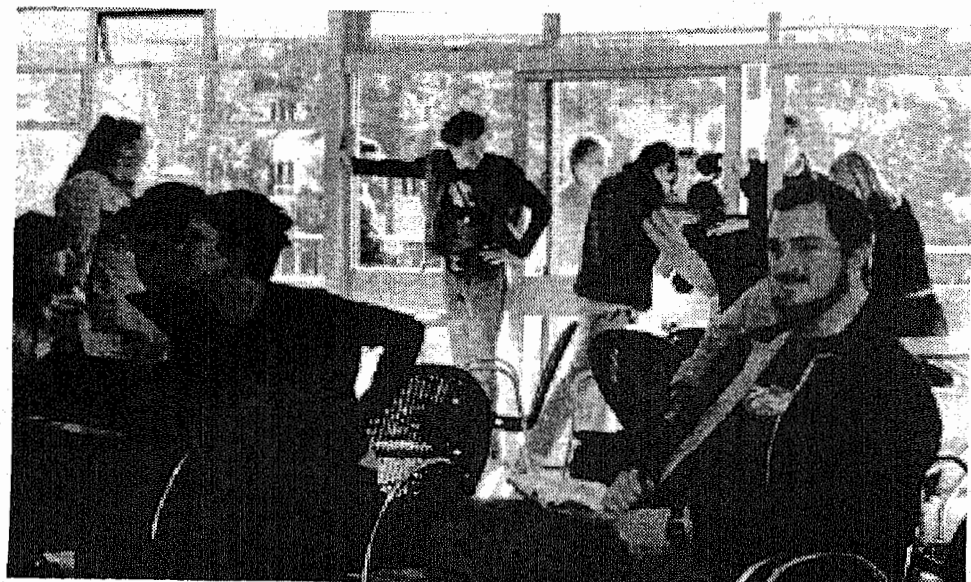


Student Association University of Adelaide

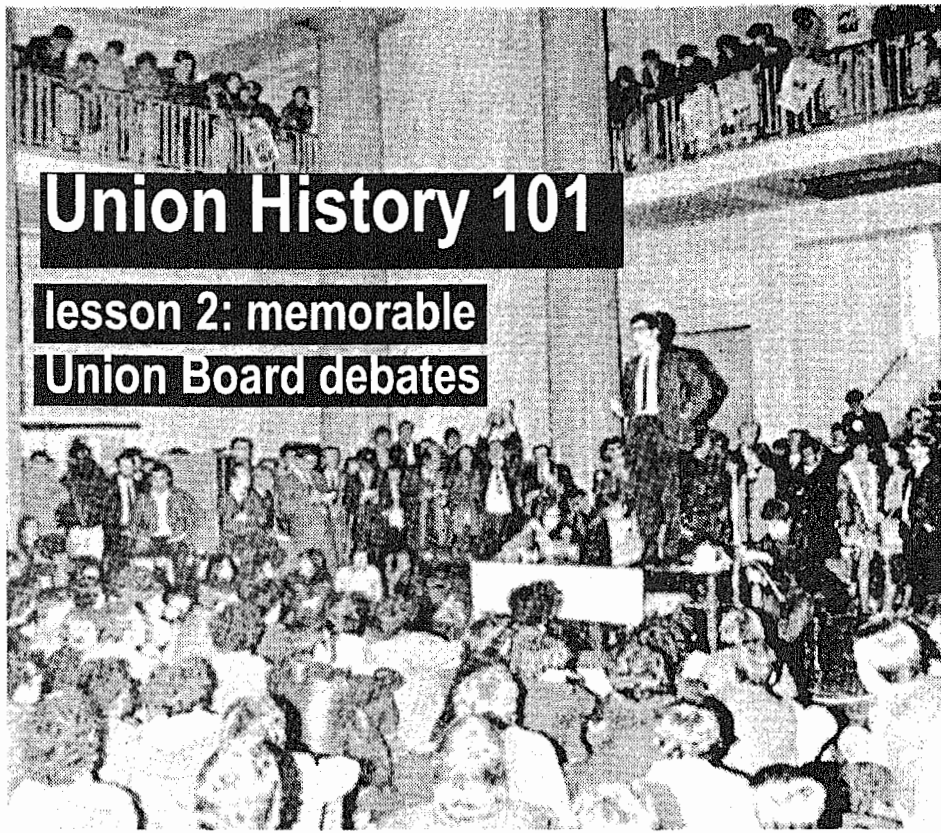


The Young Christian Workers are concerned with the everyday life of young workers and encourage them to take action to bring about change in their own lives

Authorised by J. Giles, 11 South Terrace Adelaide 5000. Printed by Student's Association Flinders University, Flinders Drive Bedford Park 5042







# Union History 101

## Lesson 2: memorable Union Board debates

In its 109-year history, the Adelaide University Union (AUU) has undergone many changes and survived hundreds of students and staff seeking to do their best (and on occasion, their worst) for and to the organisation. Since the AUU's founding, it has not been all serious endeavour that has occurred within its confines. The minutes of the thousands of meetings that the AUU has held since its creation, although the official record of much of its history, provide the occasional lighter moment – even if, at times, completely unintentionally. What better way to feel a connection with an organisation than to laugh at its occasionally misguided history?

The 1970s, responsible for so many other sources of hilarity in wider society (my, that's a nice mullet that you have there, sir) also provided similar highlights in the AUU. Rather than paraphrasing events, it is far more appropriate to quote the minute books on the relevant events. To protect the guilty from embarrassment – especially those who have since moved on to greater things or are now employed at this University – only the initials of individuals mentioned are listed.

For instance, take the following earnest discussion is recorded in the official minutes for the Union Council (as Union Board was still called at the time) that occurred in late 1978 about the type of publications that the Union bookshop – still yet to be named Unibooks – sold. Without wishing to be flippant, it does provide a useful insight into the changing attitudes of the time, as well as of individuals whose attitudes were slower to change:

VP pointed out that the Union did have a policy governing sexism and that the Union Shop by selling sexist material disregarded that policy.

KP said she found the sexist material sold in the Union Shop to be totally offensive. She pointed out that the motion was specifically aimed at magazines such as "Playboy" and not lines of books sold in the bookshop proper. She said the Union had a definite policy on sexism which should be adhered to.

DH [a visitor at the meeting] pointed out that many of the magazines considered sexist did, in fact, contain many good articles.

FG said she was sure that the majority of people purchasing this type of literature were not doing so for the articles contained therein.

This was not even the end of discussions about *Playboy*. In June 1979, the issue raised its head again, as a result of a SAUA motion to ban sexist material from being sold in the bookshop and a Union Council decision to not censor what students could read.

MS said he fully supported TC's [a visitor at the meeting] comments and he applauded him. (At this point MS drew to Council's attention some copies of "Playboy", "Young, Gay and Proud", "Loving Women" and "Lesbian Sex"). He said "Playboy" was not the only magazine on sale in the Bookshop guilty of sexism and if that magazine were banned then so should the others. [...] He personally objected to Mien [sic] Kampf being sold in the Bookshop but recognised that it was a legitimate book for study. He said that banning certain books or magazines would not end sexism. Sexism is a state of mind and the only way to overcome that is by education, he urged Council to support his motion.

As an attempt to find some middle ground between the two sides, KB suggested that the following be implemented:

Motion: To satisfy anti-sexist paranoid Union Councillors, Union Council supports that "a flashing electric sign approximately 24" x 12" bearing the words "BEWARE SEXIST MATERIAL FOR SALE IN THESE PREMISES" be erected in the appropriate area of the Union Shop/Bookshop.

The motion was not successful, but *Australian Playboy* was indeed eventually removed from sale.

In March 1979, GM (a long-serving Union Council member) proposed that the Union Gallery consider continue its subscription to "Australian Playboy". However, when he was told that not only was the publication "blatantly sexist", but also that the Gallery could neither afford its subscription nor did the frequency with which the publication was read warrant a subscription,

GM said it was important to note that this magazine was not purchased because of financial reasons and not because the GUMC [Gallery Users Management Committee] had set itself up as judge and jury for other students' reading material.

Earlier in the same year, a group of Union Council members proposed that a T.A.B./lottery outlet be established in Union House. The rationale for this far-sighted suggestion (at least as far as the proposers were concerned) was that as the Union already provided "other forms of antisocial behaviour, i.e. bars", it could not condone a gambling outlet on those grounds, and that it would provide an additional service to Union members that they lacked currently. As those who have been at this University for the last few decades can attest, there was never a T.A.B. outlet on campus. Mind you, as the AUU is always looking for new ideas for student services, perhaps if enough students were to demand a gambling outlet, it could replace a redundant area elsewhere on campus...

By the late 1970s, graffiti on Union buildings had become a serious problem, so that measures such as anti-graffiti paint was used to protect many areas.

Unperturbed, the individuals responsible simply scrawled above the paint, on the unprotected surfaces. In March 1977, one AUU committee met to discuss the problem, with JR and JS arguing passionately for each individual piece of graffiti to be assessed for its aesthetic qualities, as well as its content, and that no graffiti should be removed unless this is done. JR proposed a motion, which RT seconded, that read:

That each piece of graffiti be discussed by the House Committee on its own merits, considering if it provides valuable information to the members of the Union or expresses an opinion of some members without infringing on the rights of the rest of the Union. An error of fact in the graffiti should be a major reason for its removal. The decision must finally be taken after careful consideration of all submissions and opinions relating to that graffiti placed before the House Committee.

The motion was not successful.

These anecdotes just but a few examples of some of the misguided debates that have taken place within the realms of Union Board meetings. To the best of the current author's knowledge, the level of debate has moved on somewhat since the heady times of the 1970s – even if the general discussions tend to be along similar lines (the "FHM" debate at the start of 2004 springs to mind...).

Anthony Long



Next issue: Women & the AUU.





# a woman's right to choose

Transcript of a speech made by SAUA Women's Officer Kellie Armstrong-Smith.

Some of you might have been walking around this university and have seen some posters with the word 'feminist' and a face shot of some famous American star. They relate to what I want to talk to you today about, which is the March for Women's Lives. It was a march that took place in Washington DC on the 25<sup>th</sup> of April.

Why would I choose to talk about something that happened in the United States? Well, seeing that we're practically American anyway, you know we've got the same TV shows, the same foods, the same RnB artists and the same President – oops, did I just say we had the same President? Just kidding! Though in some ways I *wish* I was just joking. But, as we've seen with the second episode of the invasion of Iraq, the treatment of terrorist suspects (guilty before put on trial), free-trade agreements, voting habits on Israel (where we voted with the US and the UK against over 100 other nations of the world), Kyoto protocols, as we've seen with these examples, we're practically little Americans, the 51<sup>st</sup> state even – I reasoned that what happens in the United States could and very often does happen in this country.

And what is currently happening in the US is the hot topic of abortion and reproductive rights for women.

What's happening in America? Firstly, President George W. Bush moved to cancel another year's family-planning funds, which could lead (according to David Seldin of NARAL Pro-Choice America), to 75,000 infant deaths. 'You have to give the president and his cronies credit for persistence,' he remarked. 'But George Bush can always find one more way to push his far-right agenda. With his announcement that he has cancelled funding again for the United Nations Family Planning Fund, Bush is patting himself on the back for an action that could mean nearly 2 million unintended pregnancies, 800,000 abortions, 4,700 maternal deaths, 60,000 cases of serious maternal illness, and more than 77,000 infant and child deaths in the next twelve months. Protecting the health and well-being of women and babies around the world is insufficient a reason to stop him from promoting his anti-choice agenda.'

Bush is creating havoc at a time when the US has gone since 1994 without a Supreme Court retirement. If anybody has read one of John Grisham's novels about justices, they'll understand how relevant the Supreme Court is in this debate. President Bush will likely have the opportunity to name two, perhaps three, justices to the Court, more than enough to tip the balance and overturn Roe v. Wade.

Bush is nominating excruciatingly conservative judges to the supreme court, the place in the US that creates law and affects the entire country. NARAL Pro-Choice America claims that J. Leon Holmes, one of Bush's nominations to the Supreme Court, is one of

the worst. He is anti-choice and anti-woman and has now been appointed to federal bench for life. His writings include statements such as 'the wife is to subordinate herself to her husband,' and 'concern for rape victims is a red-herring because conceptions from rape occur with approximately the same frequency as snowfall in Miami.' In fact, studies estimate that between 25,000 and 32,000 women each year become pregnant as a result of rape in the United States, which is a lot more frequent than snow in warm and swampy Florida.

Currently the Supreme Court includes the following judges:

1. Justice Steven G. Breyer, one of the three strongest supporters of reproductive freedom in the court today. If Breyer retires and is replaced by anti-choice justice, or even a so-called 'swing' justice, the court will shift dramatically in its support for reproductive choices.
2. Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg, one of the strongest supporters of the right to choose. Her opinions while on court demonstrate her commitment to the constitutional rights of privacy and choice.
3. Justice Sandra Day O'Connor is a swing vote in all cases involving a woman's right to choose.
4. Justice Anthony Kennedy has been touted by many as a so-called 'swing' vote on the issue of a woman's right to choose.
5. Chief Justice William Rehnquist is one of the 3 extremely anti-choice members of the court. He consistently votes with Justices Scalia and Thomas to limit a woman's right to choose, and has called for Roe v. Wade and Planned Parenthood v. Casey to be overruled.
6. Justice Antonin Scalia is one of the three extremely anti-choice members of the court.
7. Justice David H. Souter was appointed by anti-choice President George W. Bush
8. Justice John Paul Stevens is now the strongest supporter of the right to choose on the Supreme Court. If he retires the court could shift dramatically in its support of reproductive choice.
9. Justice Clarence Thomas, one of the three extremely anti-choice justices.

The retirement of one of these justices is very dangerous for women's health. The two most significant cases dealing with reproductive rights in the last decade has been decided by the narrowest of margins: a vote of 5-4.

Now, for the first time since Roe v. Wade, anti-choice politicians are firmly in control of the White House and Congress and are one Supreme Court vacancy away from dismantling the freedom to choose.

If Roe v. Wade is overruled, tens of millions of women would face the possibility of losing their right to choose altogether, given the number of anti-choice state legislatures and governors currently in office.

Waiting periods, informed consent requirements, bans on public funding, insurance prohibitions, unnecessary clinic regulations – these laws are not designed to protect women. Rather, they are designed to deter women from choosing birth control and to make it more difficult and burdensome for those who do choose.

It also isn't safe for the abortion clinics and the physicians who serve their patients. Since 1977, there have been over 80,000 acts of violence, including:

- 7 murders
- 17 attempted murders
- 41 bombings
- 166 arsons
- 82 additional failed bombing and arson attempts
- 373 physical invasions of personal and business properties
- 1,042 acts of vandalism
- 100 butyric acid attacks
- 654 anthrax threats, of which 480 happened since September 11
- 125 assaults
- 355 death threats
- 3 kidnappings





So what did American women and men decide to do?

They organised one big-mama rally in Washington DC, calling it the 'March for Women's Lives.' Participants included some of the celebrities you've seen on the posters around you, and many ordinary women and men, religious and secular, black and white, Democrats and Republicans all. Whoopi Goldberg held up a coat-hanger and declared "Some people have asked me why I'm carrying this. I say because this is what it looked like before choice." Other marches explained their reasons for participating as:

'I'm marching because without control over my own body I have no rights.'

'I am marching because I am a 22 year old woman who goes to a Catholic University where women have to lie to their gynecologists to get birth control pills.'

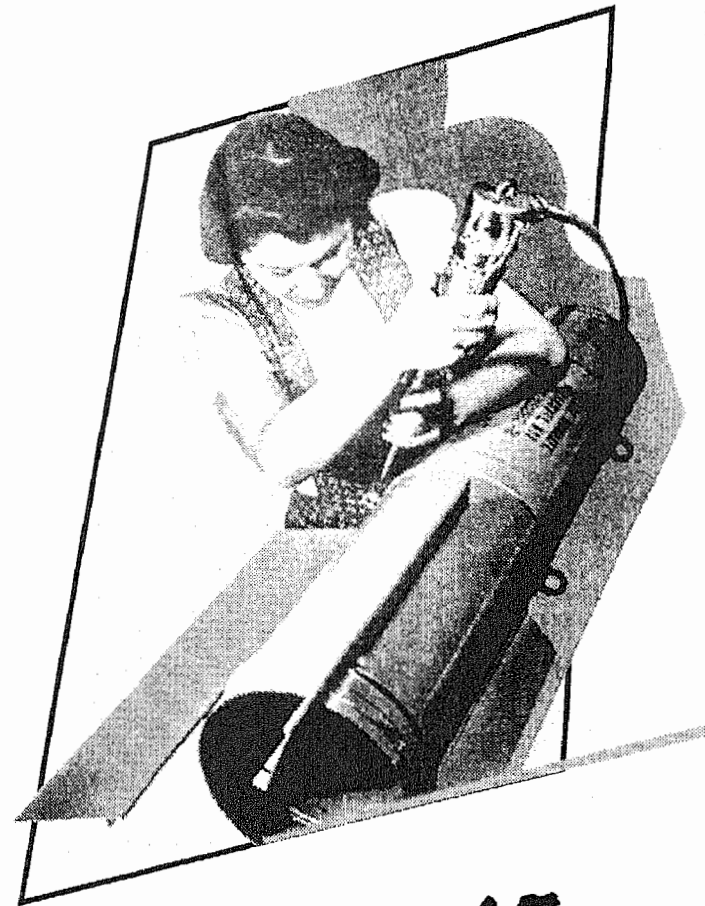
'I live on a campus where condoms are not sold within a 5 block radius.'

'As a practicing RN prior to Roe V. Wade, I cared for young minority children-butchered by back street or self attempted abortions. They were 10 to 14 year olds, post total hysterectomy, abdomen badly infected and

open, stabilised, with huge retention sutures and packed with gauze. After changing the wet to dry abdominal gauze packings and dressings I then had to apply a binder (so their abdominal contents would not fall out) and make them walk, pushing their IVS so they wouldn't die of a blood clot.'

Groups that participated in the event included American Civil Liberties Union, Black Women's Health Imperative, Feminist Majority, NARAL Pro-Choice America, National Latina Institute for Reproductive Health, National Organisation for Women, and Planned Parenthood Federation of America.

So I wanted to conclude this speech by pointing out that though this event may have happened in the United States, similar things could begin to happen here. What gave me some comfort was the fact that a million feminists marched that day in April for women's rights. What gave me comfort was the fact that freedom is not completely dead in the United States. What gave me comfort was the knowledge that what women and men can do together over there, we can always do right here. Thankyou.



13

## THE MARCH FOR WOMEN'S LIVES CELEBRITY COALITION INCLUDES:



Margie Adam  
Christina Aguilera  
Jennifer Aniston  
Curtis Armstrong  
Elaine Aronson  
Bea Arthur  
Ed Asner  
Kevin Bacon  
Alec Baldwin  
William Baldwin  
Meredith Baxter  
Shari Belafonte  
Maria Bello  
Polly Bergen  
Thora Birch  
Amy Brenneman  
Betty Buckley  
Jessica Capshaw  
Lynda Carter  
Jill Clayburgh

Kate Clinton  
Glenn Close  
Cindy Crawford  
Sheryl Crow  
Alan Cumming  
Tyne Daly  
Blythe Danner  
Kristin Davis  
Ossie Davis  
Dana Delany  
Laura Dern  
Ellen DeGeneres  
Ani DiFranco  
Ileana Douglas  
Denise Dowse  
Fran Drescher  
Kirsten Dunst  
David Eigenberg  
Hector Elizondo  
Emme

Eve Ensler  
Giancarlo Esposito  
Melissa Etheridge  
Morgan Fairchild  
Edie Falco  
Frances Fisher  
Calista Flockhart  
Jane Fonda  
Bonnie Franklin  
Janeane Garofalo  
Ana Gasteyer  
Indigo Girls  
Annabeth Gish  
Whoopi Goldberg  
Lauren Graham  
Maggie Gyllenhaal  
LisaGay Hamilton  
Ben Harper  
Ed Harris  
Sálma Hayek

Marg Helgenberger  
Isabella Hofmann  
Helen Hunt  
Amy Jo Johnson  
Kathryn Joosten  
Ashley Judd  
Catherine Keener  
Carole King  
Swoosie Kurtz  
Christine Lahti  
Sanaa Lathan  
Sharon Lawrence  
Lisa Loeb  
Amy Madigan  
Natalie Maines  
Wendie Malick  
Joshua Malina  
Camryn Manheim  
Frances  
McDormand

Ewan McGregor  
Marilyn McIntyre  
Sarah McLachlan  
Moby  
Demi Moore  
Julianne Moore  
Alanis Morissette  
Kathy Najimy  
Alyson Palmer  
Joe Pantoliano  
Mary-Louise Parker  
Adrian Pasdar  
Pink  
Martha Plimpton  
Doris Roberts  
Paul Rudd  
Susan Sarandon  
Campbell Scott  
Kyra Sedgwick  
Cybill Shepherd

Fisher Stevens  
Gloria Steinem  
Julia Stiles  
Corky and Mike  
Stoller  
Sharon Stone  
Amber Tamblyn  
Mary Testa  
Charlize Theron  
Uma Thurman  
Heather Tom  
Stanley Tucci  
Kathleen Turner  
Ted Turner  
Sarah Weddington  
Audrey Wells  
Bradley Whitford  
Alfre Woodard  
Thom Yorke  
Elizabeth Ziff



# The errant snivellings of a disheartened writer-cook. Friday.

I don't know why I do these things to myself. Sometimes I just wake up and think, Yes, today I'm going to do something irrational, and crap all over everything I've worked towards in recent weeks. Unfortunately for me, it happened to be *this* morning that I decided to deliver a piece of my disheveled mind, via the modern convenience of instantaneous electronic-mail, to the providers of my dessert-book writing contract.

To wit:

*Mr Jackson.*

*I was none too pleased with your attitude, the last time I spoke with you. To be perfectly honest I was infuriated. For you to suggest that I was, as you put it "wasting your time" is errant nonsense, in light of the fact that you wasted three days of my time, from Friday to Monday, putting together something you referred to as a "package" for me to write from. Naturally, I assumed that your package would include slightly more direction than a contents page. Last minute, indeed!*

*Now I am at a quandary: I am in the process of working for a man who tells me to ask any questions if I run into problems, seems to*

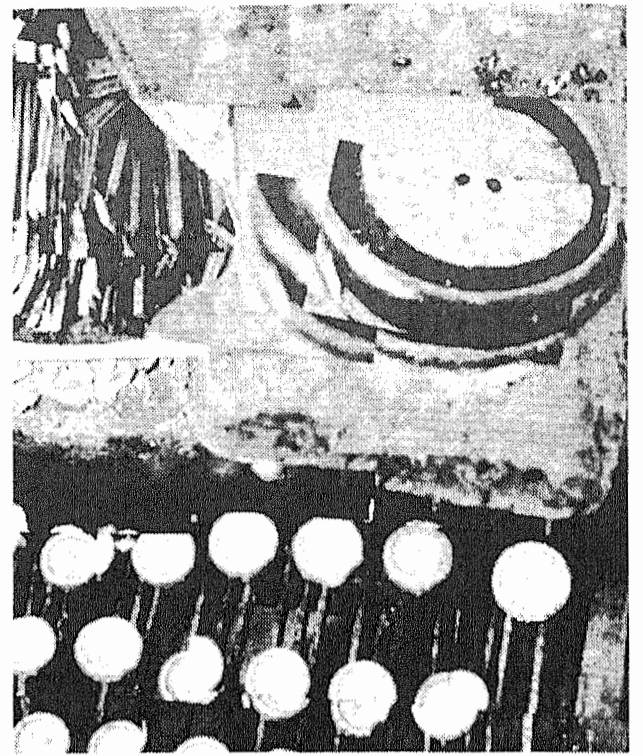
*think that I don't know what I'm doing when I ask questions (something I find extremely insulting from a man who has no idea of the amount of work involved in putting together a comprehensive dessert cookbook, or even any idea of how to spell the word "dessert"-see subject field), and may very well give my job to someone who would do a lesser work in a shorter space of time. This job is much more than 20 hours work for someone who does not regularly teach the subject "prepare hot and cold desserts", and involves a great deal of research energy to make sure that MY FUCKING ARSE IS COVERED!!! I am liable for the work produced, not you (according to your indoctrination meeting), so I have to go to the lengths of checking all of my references, and even cooking the recipes to make sure that the ones which DON'T breach copyright actually work when a student tries to cook them.*

*Now, Mr Jackson. I will produce a piece of writing in the next few days, the exact date I do not know. What I need from you is confirmation of your receipt of this email, and any helpful advice you might be able to offer me, like telling me (as I was trying to ask in my last phone call) whether the person who wrote the contents page was a chef, and what his vision for the teaching manual might have been? If this man, as I suspect, was NOT a chef, then I would recommend that you allow me to make some subtle alterations to the contents page, so that I might be able to write a much more cohesive document. If the man WAS a chef, please supply me with his phone number so that I might discuss the project with one of my peers, rather than yourself.*

*I expect a prompt reply, Mr Jackson, by email if you please.*

*B.H.*

*(PS, As for your receptionist's suggestion that I email to you what I have so far, my only reply is that you must think I am daft. I will*



*deliver a finished product to you, Mr Jackson, and we will discuss its merits IN PERSON. If you have a tangible deadline for me, feel free to tell me what it is.)*

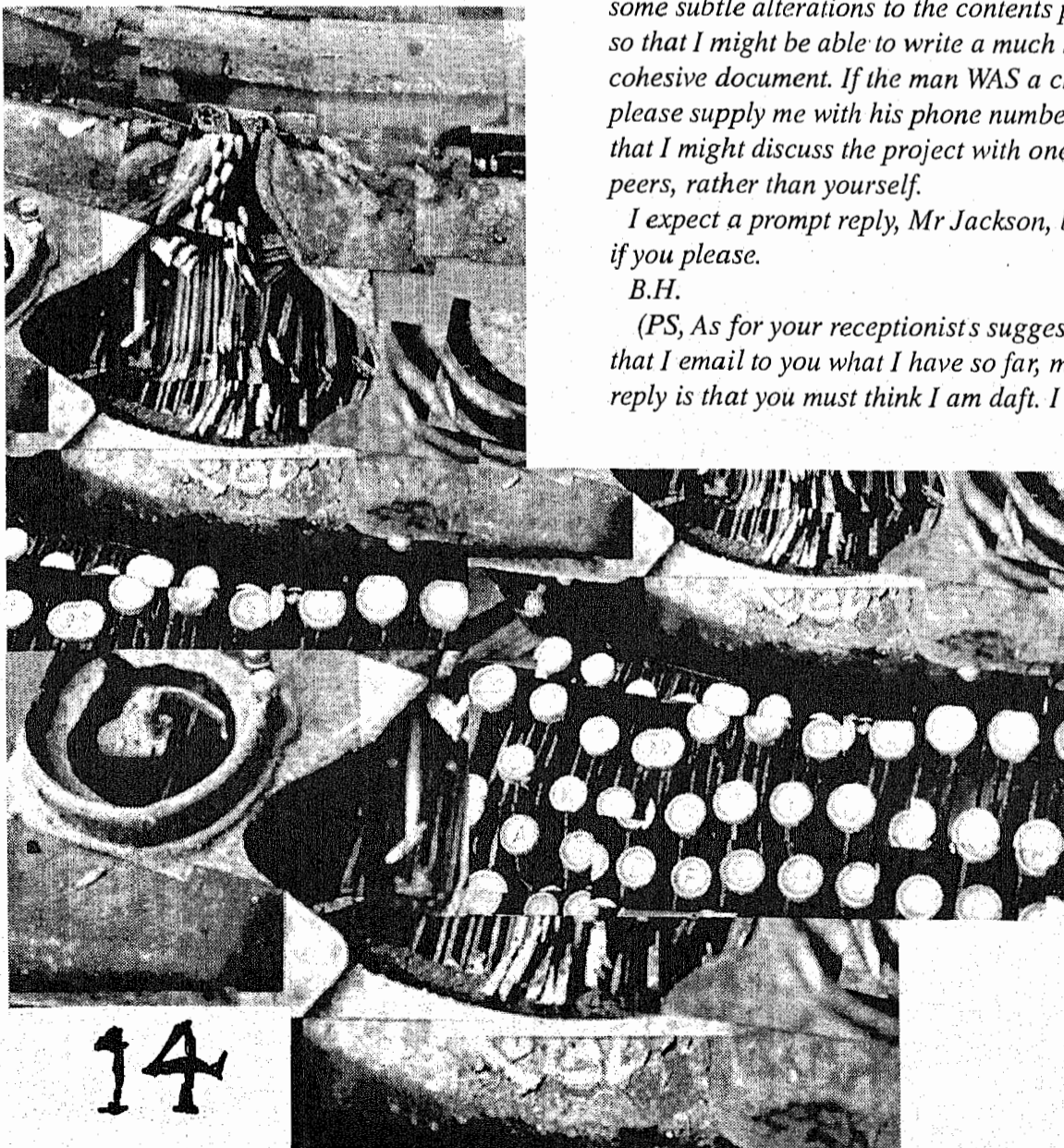
Am I the only one who, lemming-like, enjoys diving headlong into the mire of uncertainty, with only the slimmest of chances of survival? The deep-ender: we all have to learn to swim somehow. It was how I moved out of my mother's house at 24 hours notice (and several other places since). There's just something so thrilling about playing the little game that some might choose to call 'Lifestyle Bungee'.

Needless to say, my contract has been rescinded. This is the fastest firing ever: Three days is most certainly a personal record, of sorts. But to think of rejection in this way requires some very warped optimism. A former head chef said to me, when he fired me on instruction of the owners (so that they could hire a sixteen-year old for about five dollars an hour less, the cheap bastards!) that it only gets easier each time. He wasn't wrong, but it helps to have someone else to blame. I'm afraid that in this case I've really shat in my own nest. Ah, well, I couldn't have wanted the contract too badly. It's a good thing I have the psychological luxury of being able to blame it all on my subconscious.

Fuck it all! It's time to piss everything away, and get on a jet. Melbourne isn't very nice at this time of the year, but there are worse places to be. Anyway, when you taxi down the runway, and the thrust of the jets pushes you deep into your budget-priced seat, it almost seems like the woes and worries of your life have no chance of clinging to your speeding frame as it lifts into the air, losing all contact with the ground, and your perceived realm of reality. The baggage simply melts in the distance behind you.

Anything that thins the blood enough for a fully grown man to get smashed on ten bucks worth of Jacob's Creek Shiraz has got to be good for the soul. I could be wrong, like so many others, but that's the heady brand of bullshit that I choose to believe. What about you?

Hagemann





Notice of 2004

# annual student elections

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE AND THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

Election week for the 2004 SAUA and AUU Elections shall be:

Monday, 30th August until Friday, 3rd September 2004.

AUU nominations open: 9.00am, Monday 9th August 2004.

SAUA nominations open: 9.00am, Thursday 5th August, 2004.

All nominations close: 4.00pm, Friday 13th August 2004.

Compulsory briefing session: 5.30pm Wednesday 18th August 2004.

## NOMINATION FORMS SHALL BE AVAILABLE FROM AND LODGED WITH:-

- Students' Association Office, Level 2, Lady Symon Building, Union Complex, North Terrace Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)
- Union Information Office, Level 2, Lady Symon Building, Union Complex, North Terrace Campus (9.00 am - 5.00 pm)
- RACSUC Office, Union Building, Roseworthy Campus (8.30 am - 3.00 pm)
- WISA Office, Waite Campus (9.00 am - 3.30 pm)

Please Note: Nominations close at RACSUC and WISA offices at close of business, Thursday 12th August.

Nominations from Roseworthy & Waite Campuses can be forwarded to North Terrace until 4pm, Friday 13th August.

## ABOUT NOMINATIONS

Nomination forms shall be available from the opening of nominations at the above locations. Completed nomination forms (including 200 word policy statement and photograph (if desired) for SAUA paid positions, Union Board and Union Activities, and a 100 word policy statement and photograph (if desired) for all other positions) shall be lodged at the above locations by the close of nominations. Upon lodging a nomination form a receipt shall be issued, and candidates shall receive:- SAUA ... a general guide for the conduct of the election and the SAUA Election Regulations; AUU ... a general guide for the conduct of the election and the Union's Election Regulations. Students who cannot get to the above locations during those hours may receive and/or lodge their nomination form by contacting the Students' Association office by telephone on: (08) 8303 5406 or by post (mail to The Returning Officer, Students' Association, University of Adelaide, 5005) or by contacting the Union Information Office by telephone on (08) 8303 5401 or by post (mail to The Returning Officer, Adelaide University Union, University of Adelaide, 5005). Nomination forms by post MUST BE RECEIVED by the respective offices by close of nomination.

A compulsory briefing for all nominees will be held at 5.30pm on Wednesday 18th August to outline conduct during the election and responsibilities of all elected officers.

## POSITIONS AVAILABLE FOR ELECTION:

**GENERAL MEMBER OF ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION (AUU) BOARD (18 positions)** AUU board is the governing body of the AUU and is directly responsible for the Union Complex. The AUU also provides funding for affiliate bodies of the organisation. The Board meets monthly and has various sub-committees in which Board members are expected to participate. Any members wishing to stand for this position must be over 18.

**GENERAL MEMBER OF UNION ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE (10 positions)** The Union Activities Committee is responsible for organising Union activities for students. The Committee meets monthly and members are expected to help in creating Union activities projects.

**SAUA PRESIDENT (1 position, paid, full time)** Responsible for the overall co-ordination of SAUA's activities, chief spokesperson for the SAUA and Chair of SAUA Council.

**SAUA EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT (1 position, paid, half time)** Chief student advocate in academic matters and assists students who are having problems with the University's academic procedure.

**SAUA ACTIVITIES/CAMPAIGNS VICE-PRESIDENT (1 position, paid)** Co-ordinator and facilitator of SAUA's activities for students and campaigns to promote student interests during the year.

**SAUA WOMEN'S OFFICER (1 position, paid, half time, candidates must be female)** Responsible for promoting a positive role for women within the University and the community at large, an advocate for women's interests, co-ordinator of women's action on campus and assists student with problems such as sexual harassment and discrimination.

**SAUA ENVIRONMENT OFFICER (1 position, paid, quarter time)** Responsible for co-ordinating SAUA and student projects designed to promote, protect and/or regenerate a sustainable environment in Adelaide, Australia and/or the world.

**SAUA SEXUALITY OFFICERS (2 positions (1 female, 1 male), paid, each position quarter time.)** Responsible for creating awareness of sexuality issues, and to act as a referral service to assist students in locating appropriate organisations, persons & social groups.

**SAUA ORIENTATION CO-ORDINATOR (1 position, paid, requires a great deal of time in summer holidays, position until mid-March 2005)** Responsible for SAUA's 2005 Orientation Programme which includes O'Week, O'Campus, O'Ball and O'Guide.

**ON DIT EDITOR(S) (1 position, paid, requires many weekends during 2005, up to three students may nominate together to be joint editors)** Responsible for the publication of SAUA's student newspaper which is published most weeks during academic term. It is highly desirable that the successful candidate(s) have some knowledge of producing a student newspaper (if you are considering nominating please find out what is involved).

**STUDENT RADIO DIRECTOR(S) (1 position, paid, up to two students may nominate to be joint-directors)** Responsible for the co-ordination of the Student Radio programs on Radio Adelaide and the co-ordination and training of students involved in producing programs. It is highly desirable that the successful candidate(s) have knowledge of producing radio programs.

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA COUNCIL (8 positions, meets fortnightly)** The group responsible for determining SAUA policy and the watchdog of SAUA Office Bearers. Members are expected to contribute to the activities of SAUA.

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA EDUCATION/SERVICES STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions)**

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA ACTIVITIES STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions)**

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA WOMEN'S STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions)**

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA ENVIRONMENT STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions)**

**GENERAL MEMBER OF SAUA SEXUALITY STANDING COMMITTEE (6 positions: 3 female, 3 male)**

Standing Committees meet monthly, or more often if a special need arises, and are charged with the responsibility of developing action in the respective fields in co-operation with the responsible SAUA office bearer. Members are expected to contribute towards these activities.

**NUS DELEGATES (6 positions)** The National Union of Students is the body that is charged with the responsibility of representing student interests. Delegates are expected to attend State and National conferences of NUS and contribute to the development of policy and action at a State and National Level.

## NOMINATIONS RECEIVED AFTER THE CLOSE OF NOMINATIONS SHALL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

Only students of the University of Adelaide may nominate. A student may only nominate for one paid position. For time and place of voting, please see the forthcoming notice that details polling places. For further information, contact the respective office bearer, Alice Campbell - SAUA President, Rowan Nicholson - AUU President or the Returning Officer. Telephone (08) 8303 5406 / (08) 8303 5401





*And now, by popular demand, it's the return of everyone's favourite fish out of water...*

*Linley  
Henzell's  
Japan*

#### My First Earthquake

I experienced my first earthquake on Saturday. I walked into a classroom and sat down before I noticed that the room, on the second floor, was swaying gently (usually I work in a grotty basement, but on Saturday I did a shift at a different school to replace someone who, rumour has it, was sacked for engaging in inappropriate extracurricular activities with one of his students). In the event of an earthquake we've been told to watch the Japanese; if they stay calmly seated it's going to be okay, but if they run screaming for the emergency exit we can take it that Tokyo's unusually long seventy-year period of seismic quiet has come to an end.

Fortunately the emergency exits of my school (the basement school, not the 2nd floor one) are right next to the classrooms, so in the event of the next big one hitting Tokyo I'll be able to flee outside to dodge falling power lines and pieces of building and so forth instead of being crushed underneath tons of rubble. Unfortunately the area outside one of the emergency exits is used as a waste collection area, which can smell a little bad on hot days when the numerous restaurants on the floors above decide to dispose of their food scraps all at once.

I know some people who work on the eighth floor of a tall building, and in the event of a more serious earthquake, like the one they had last November, it sways back and forth so much that it becomes difficult to stand up. I think the basement is the place to be - I've heard that buildings below a certain height tend to collapse to the second or third floor and stop before squashing the ground floor or basement. Mind you, that was from someone who also works underground and it was probably just what he wanted to think.

#### Delicia

The Japanese attitude to discussing bodily functions and the workings of the digestive system is refreshingly open. For example, it's not unknown for a class to start like this:

Me (to one student in a class of three):  
How was your weekend?  
Salaryman: Not so good.  
Me: Really? Why was that?  
SM: Oh, I had terrible diarrhoea.

I never really know where to take it

from there.

The other day I ran into a part-Japanese friend, another lawyer who has decided that teaching English here is better than practising our gruelling profession (although she's qualified in the Phillipines, so I can understand why Japan seems like a better option). A couple of weeks previously she had informed me, via phone email, that she couldn't attend one of my flatmates' Sayonara (goodbye) party because she was suffering from 'an inflammation of the ascending right colon'. When I ran into her in a train station she proceeded to discuss, loudly, the details of her endoscopy: 'they put a camera in my intestines to see what was wrong, and they took a scraping. It was the most painful experience of my life!' As I said, I find this level of openness refreshing.

To continue on the theme, Japanese toilets are marvels of inventiveness. One of my first surprises on exploring my apartment was that the toilet's handbasin is built into the top of the cistern and turns on automatically for about 30 seconds after flushing, so that the hand-washing water is ingeniously reused. This arrangement saves water and, even more importantly for the average Japanese family, space that can be used for electronics. The toilet also has an electric seat-warmer, but even with these two clever features it's nothing compared to some of the conveniences I've seen around.

Unfortunately, my school's toilet has few enhancements (just a seat-warmer), but it does have the distinction of having been made by a company called 'Delicia' - obviously not a Japanese word (you can tell by the L and C) so the only possible derivation I can think of is from the English 'delicious'.

The best I've seen, though, was in a Canadian-themed cafe in Odawara (apart from the large map of Canada on the wall, we could tell it was Canadian-themed because everything had maple syrup flavouring). It didn't have a built-in basin, but it did have a large control panel on the wall with over twenty buttons offering a variety of water sprays and jets of heated air and other things I couldn't read but which scared me nonetheless. It looked like the kind of toilet Japanese astronauts would use in space.

Bye,

Linley

Here are some more observations.

The air here is filthy. It doesn't help that I live not too far from what is described as an "environmental plant" but is in fact a giant waste incinerator.

Japanese teeth are amazing. Really shockingly bad - rotting, grey, brown, crooked, huge and weird-shaped, even jutting out in multiple staggered rows like shark's teeth. You'll get the most well-groomed, smartly-dressed Japanese person walking into a class then opening their mouth to reveal a cubist nightmare vision of the Tokyo skyline. Resorting to orthodontics is apparently regarded as shameful here. Or maybe they just don't care, which is fair enough.

The Japanese have an amazing ability to create convenience, then ruin it in some way. For example: they have vending machines everywhere, mostly selling cigarettes or cans of soft drink, coffee, beer, whisky etc, all the things you expect to be able to buy out of a machine on the side of the road. But the machines close at around 10:00, shortly after most of the shops close. The other day I was walking through downtown Fujisawa with my flatmates at about 11pm and when we tried to buy a 2-litre plastic flagon of Asahi Dry from a vending machine it just spat our yen back at us. I fail to see the point, really.

Other examples: The ATMS close at the same times as the banks. Shops are filled with a great variety of handy, portable foods which you're not supposed to eat while walking down the street (it's regarded as a sign of a poor upbringing), but there's nowhere to sit down in public so you have to take them home or to the office and eat them there. Every apartment has a generous balcony which you can only use for hanging out washing because it's considered unacceptable to have a conversation there. Etc, etc.

Any ideas I may have had about a Japanese minimalist aesthetic vanished as soon as I first stepped out into the street. The guiding principle of design here seems to be "empty space is unproductive space". Every outdoor surface (sometimes including the surface of the road) is covered in decorative Kanji or cute animal cartoons or advertisements or colourful tiles or just strange geometric patterns. My favourite streetside advertisement (seen on vending machines around Fujisawa): a serious-looking man in a suit sitting cross-legged on the ocean floor and holding a huge luminous egg. Possibly minimalism and subtlety are alive and well indoors, but walking outside here is like a narrow glimpse into schizophrenia. If you found one of those Fred Hollows people who have just had their eyesight restored after 40 years of blindness and left them on any street-corner near Tokyo they would be irrevocably insane after less than a minute.

Shop names are as expected an endless source of amusement: Freshness Burger, Chocolate Hill (a cafe or something run by a Japanese hippy called Kevin), Free Culture (Jamaican-themed pub), Happy Slot (pachinko parlour), Gas Panic (nightclub), Hunny Pot (cake shop), Sad Cafe (a small pub), etc. Imagine how dull the world would be if it wasn't for English.

The other night I watched a children's cartoon. It was about two huge men who fought by whipping each other with their very long and flexible nostril hairs. Then they turned into giant robots and fought other giant robots in space. Then there was a flashback to their childhoods together, and they were yelled at by a talking can of beer. Then one of them drank the beer. I have no idea what was going on.

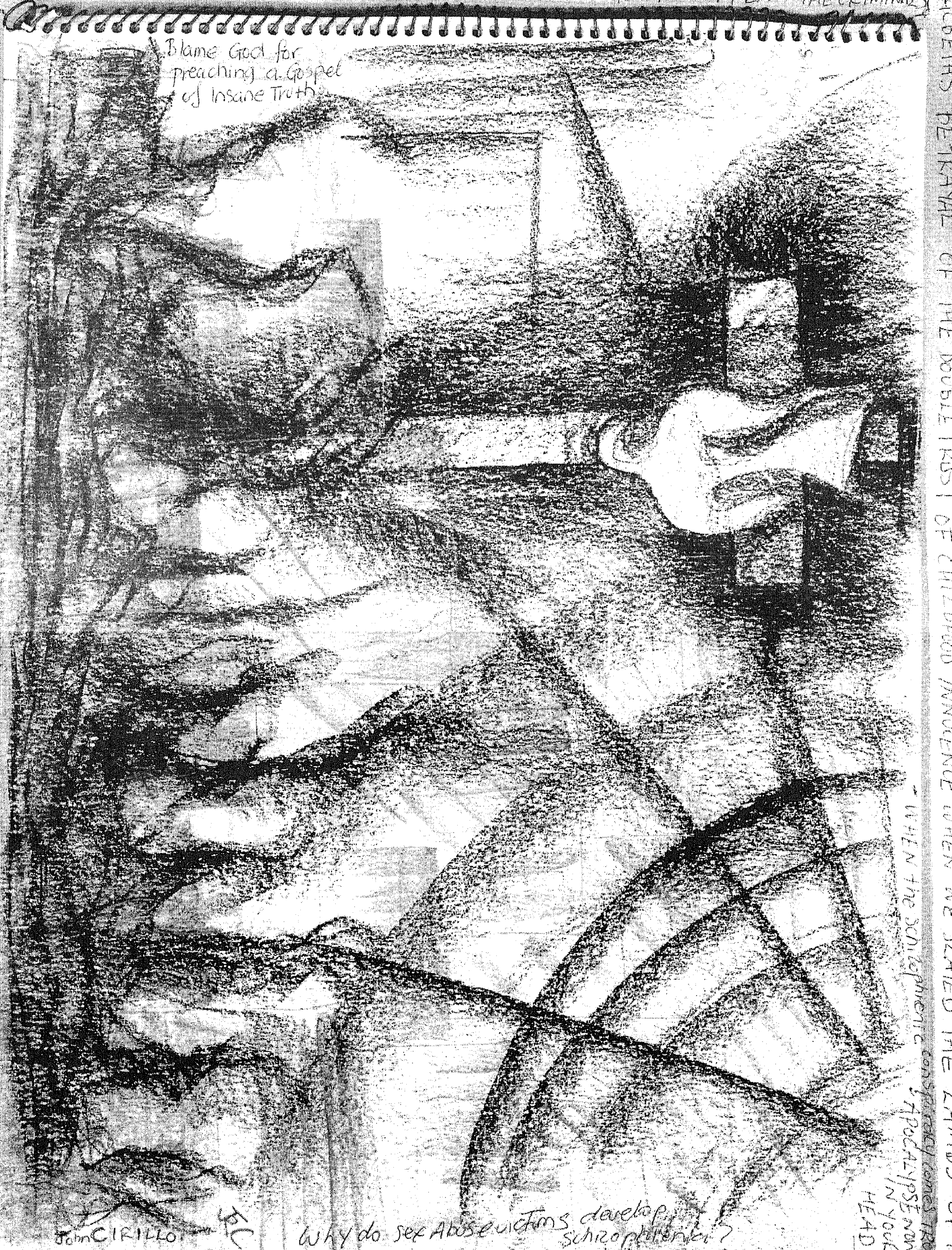


AND IN MENTAL HEALTH YOU THINK WE ARE MAD - YOU LOCK UP THE VICTIMS OF CRIME - AND YET YOU DEFEND THE CRIMINALS

THE MAGNETIC RETRIEVAL OF THE DOUBTFUL INNOGENCE WHEN WE SLAYED THE LAMBS OF THE HOLY

INNOCENTS AND NOBODY SPEAKS UP FOR THEM APART FROM THE SHRI LAMENTED SCHIZOPHRENIC VOICES OF THE SCREAMING SOULS

Blame God for preaching a Gospel of Insane Truth



WHEN THE SCHIZOPHRENIC CONSPIRACY OF ONE'S MIND IS APOCALYPSE NOW IN YOUR HEAD!

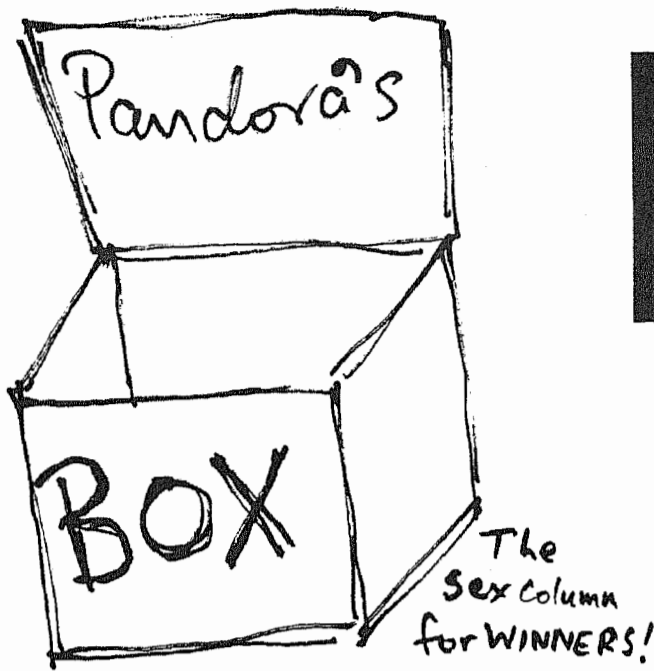
John CIRILLO

Why do sex abuse victims develop schizophrenia?

IN WHICH THE CHILDREN ARE LIKE DOVES OF PEACE NAILED TO A BLOOD-STAINED CROSS WHICH THEY HAVE TO CARRY ALL THEIR LIVES AND NO ONE LISTENS TO THE INJUSTICE OF SEX ABUSE OR THE VOICES OF PROTEST COMING FROM RACHEL'S LAMENTATIONS!

Who is John Cirillo? Genius, madman or both? Stay tuned...





## gee, nice legs. what time do they open?

to the bathroom, adjusted our push-ups then went on attack.

There's something quite perverse about pub culture. Early in the night, before the males have had sufficient quantities of alcohol to feel they can nod their heads arrhythmically in what they call dancing, the men skulk on the fringes of the room watching like sharks as the girls dance like prostitutes in the centre of the room. I first noticed this phenomenon at Mansions (surprise, surprise), but it extends to most pubs. At least clubs have gay men dancing like prostitutes too.

So I sidled up to my first shark, a hot Indonesian guy wearing one of those drool-worthy black skintight man-jumpers. With an irresponsible amount of vodka pumping through my veins, I stood on tiptoes and whispered in his ear: 'I may not have my virginity, but you can have the box it came in'. He went very pale, then smiled, flashing brilliant white teeth against his dark skin and asked me to dance. Phan (I think that was his name...it was kinda noisy) was an extraordinarily bad dancer, but so good looking you forgave him. Along with multitasking and faking orgasms, women are born with the knowing how to give a guy an erection just by dancing with him. However, it is usually extremely boring for the female (with one exception - this Under 21's Glenelg footballer at Shenanigans who knew exactly what he was doing with his hands... I want that moment back again) so I caught Larceny's eye and we returned to the bathroom to debrief.

Larceny had tried slipping a line in during conversation - this takes more sass and bravado than my method. She'd struck up a conversation with a guy at the bar and tried the following: 'So what do you do? I'm a lawyer. I'm trained to get you off.' Unfortunately he was an economics major, thus fairly dense and the line was lost into the ether of cigarette smoke and stale vomit. Larceny ended up arguing over Iraq and WMDs. The moment was lost.

Everyone knows that the bathroom is really the mothership for all females. This is where we exchange tampons, boyfriends and sexual favours. Tonight was particularly special. A girl marched in, speaking rapidly in German, screeching at her mobile phone. At the same time, another girl emerged from the toilets, mascara coloured tears running down her face. Larceny tried to comfort her, but she bawled in French. A Canadian girl stepped forward and comforted her in stilted French. The German girl hung up and spoke to the French girl in German. There was a lot of translating going on, but we soon found out that the German girl had been stood up by her boyfriend, the French girl had just found her fiance kissing another man (Hans from Sweden - they were staying at the same backpackers hostel) and the Canadian girl had never had a boyfriend that didn't ask for anal sex. It was like a United Nations Convention on the Evil That Is Man.

By the time we emerged it was nearly ten and the weekly same sex kissing competition was about to commence. Although she was Larceny for the night, Amy has no bisexual tendencies and was unwilling to participate, so



I was left with the awkward task of approaching strangers to enter with me. I approached a likely-looking candidate and said 'I'm going onstage to make-out. Care to join me?' Olga did indeed join me onstage and we came a mighty third, winning ourselves a drink (two sets of blondes came first and second- I'm wearing a wig next time I enter). If it's anything like the last time I entered, you can find these pictures, perhaps even the film, on the internet. These pictures were played on the pub televisions all night and I was approached so many times, I could've pulled anything.

Larceny and I withdrew to the bathrooms again. The line to the ladies' was by now out the door and so we went to the little boy's room. One of the toilets was flooded so we waited in a much shorter line for the remaining loo. While we waited, we found a goldmine of pick-up lines.

You are truly beautiful. Can you cook and clean also?

Do you take it up the ass?

I'm like a tropical island. Hot, wet and waiting for tourists

If I flip a coin what are my chances of getting head?

Are you anorexic? I'll understand if you spit.

Are you lost? Heaven's a long way from here.

Are those space pants, cos that ass is out of this world.

I lost my virginity. Can I have yours?

If I said something about your cleavage, would you hold it against me?

How would you like your eggs in the morning, scrambled or fertilised?

Are you free tonight or is it gonna cost me?

Do you have a mirror in your pocket cos I can see myself in your pants.

Sadly, it was revealed to us that these lines rarely work as intended. \*curses\* Then some bright spark flushed the flooded toilet and excrement began to cover the floor. Since Larceny was wearing open-toed heels, we fled, squealing like high-pitched piglets.

Thus endeth the lesson.

Lavinia Emmett-Grey

I was standing in a newsagent not long ago and saw the cover of TV hits with Robert 'Millsy' Mills saying "pick up lines work". Well, they may for no-talent B-grade celebrities like yourself Mr Mills (and I hasten to add, he could sing 'Ms Vanity' and I'd still bang him like an old Chevy), but do they work for an impoverished uni student with a B-cup and knee-high pink ugh boots? I was on a quest to see if gems like 'Baby, you must be a broom cause you swept me off my feet' really work.

I carefully selected my battleground. Until recently, my local, The Alma, on a lonely evening, was mainly patronised by corrupt cops, second-rate drug dealers and desperate women over forty in leopard print. It was a bomb. But then fucking Ryan from *Big Brother* plugged the pub on television and in a desperate bid to make money The Alma replayed that grab on classy radio stations like Fresh FM. Sadly, that desperate bid was a massive success and fifteen year olds with fake IDs and their g-strings exposed over their hipster jeans now queue in the freezing cold like lemmings. Don't they know that The Bath, The Colonist, Finn Macool's, The Oriental and two bottle shops are all within walking distance? But for an anthropological experiment like mine, what better place than one populated by skinny white guys in 'Massive Loser Squad' tee shirts?

There is a theatrical element to picking up. You cannot say: "I'd like to rearrange the alphabet so I is next to U" with a straight face unless you are channelling an Academy Award winner. Preferably Cher. So, my accomplice and I created characters for ourselves. For one night, Amy, a sweet ex-Walford girl currently studying law, became Larceny, a bad girl with excessive eyeliner, leather pants and I've-recently-been-fucked bed hair. I wore my ugh boots, pigtails and a tartan skirt, took on the name Jessica and aimed straight at the heart (or perhaps another part of the male anatomy would be more appropriate) of every man's schoolgirl fantasy. We drank in character - Larceny downed double whiskies in one shot; Jessica guzzled Cruisers like they were soda pop - pouted their lips in the mirror, tested a few lines (Let's play army. You lie down and I'll blow you away.), then headed for the pub.

The trick is to get to The Alma before eight on a Thursday night (best night - Vodkas are 2 for 1 and Pale is three dollars a pint), then there are no queues. Wait a few months, once everyone's forgotten who won *Big Brother* and there will be no queues whatsoever. We played pokies for a while, then by eight, we went



Tomorrow

it'll

all

just

be

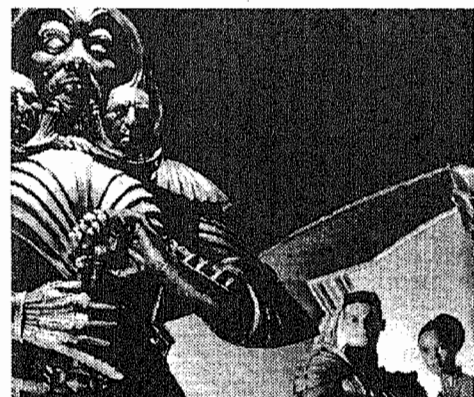
mushrooms.





**Bon Voyage:** *Bon Voyage* is the latest film from Jean-Paul Rappeneau, the director of the universally acclaimed 1990 adaptation of *Cyrano De Bergerac*. One night in 1940, after a film premiere, Viviane (Isabelle Adjani), a famous and beautiful actress, is forced to defend herself from a man who becomes shamelessly forward after escorting her home. After a relatively subdued tussle the man drops dead, leaving her with a corpse and a potential scandal on her hands. Deciding that she can't do anything to ruin her career she calls Frédéric (Grégori Derangère) to help her dispose of the body. Frédéric suffers a car accident while transporting the body and is put on trial. The rest of the film unfolds as a fairly unsubtle comedy of errors that tries for many more laughs than it achieves. \*\*1/2

Danny Wills



**The Chronicles of Riddick:** The story, in spite of some allusions to events from the previous film, comes off as fairly generic. There are a race of unholy beings known as Necromongers attacking planet after planet, offering inhabitants a simple decision: convert or die. At their centre is the sixth Lord Marshal (*Paycheck's* Colm Feore), the imposing leader of their race, and Dame Vaako (Thandie Newton), an ambitious woman adept at manipulating others to protect her own position of power. Their greatest foe is the reluctant Riddick upon whom the fate of all the universe supposedly depends. As Riddick moves from a civilisation under siege to a prison deep below ground, and then to the mother ship of the Necromongers, he also happens upon an old friend, Kyra (Alexa Davalos). Also at the centre of the story is Aereon, a mysterious foreign ambassador portrayed by Dame Judi Dench.

Yes, you read right: Vin Diesel and Judi Dench in the same movie.

# FILLUM BONANZA

A rotin', tootin' round up of the more notable films of the last few months.

While the story and some of the characters tend to take a back seat to the action sequences, this is definitely one of the better films Diesel has done in recent years. He, as well as Davalos and Dench, are all more or less fun to watch and charismatic enough to carry the movie. Thandie Newton is easily the most interesting person to watch, her presence onscreen impossible to overlook. The special effects, while overused, are impressive enough. The film winds up being a perfect example of a popcorn flick. My reaction to the film ended up being no different from Riddick's reaction to the struggle between countless races: completely neutral. \*\*1/2

Brian O'Neill



**Dirty Pretty Things:** Audrey Tatou returns in her first starring role since *Amélie* in Stephen Frears' (*The Grifters*, *My Beautiful Launderette*) urban thriller/social drama. Okwe (Chiwetel Ejiofor) is a trained doctor in his home nation of Nigeria who has immigrated to London. With his credentials unrecognized he works as a hotel clerk and a cab driver, straining himself to the point of exhaustion. He shares an apartment with the retreating Senay (Audrey Tatou), an illegal Turkish immigrant also living only just above the poverty line. On night on duty Okwe answers a routine call to check a broken toilet and makes a shocking discovery that opens his eyes to practices that he had no idea were going on right under his nose. Stephen Frears has a history with films that attempt social critique. After attempting examinations of sexuality and race in the past he now deals with class. His efforts are commendable, but ultimately fall just short of being truly insightful and come off, unfortunately, as mere cliché. \*\*1/2

Danny Wills



**Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban:** Having been a little disappointed by the first two Harry outings, I was a little apprehensive as to how the third book would be interpreted. It became almost immediately apparent that Cuarón's interpretation of Rowling's wonderful series was aesthetically very different from his predecessor's.

Harry (Daniel Radcliffe) and his two best friends Ron (Rupert Grint – hot) and Hermione (Emma Watson – hotter) are back at Hogwarts for their third year, and as luck would have it, there's a new foe on the loose. Harry's godfather, Sirius Black (Gary Oldman) has escaped from the wizards' prison Azkaban and is apparently on a mission to kill the scarred one. Cuarón does an excellent job balancing Harry's emotional vulnerability and rage with the physicality of school life around him – no clumsy *Spiderman 2* slip ups here. With just a touch of magical realism pervading the film's atmosphere, Radcliffe, Grint and Watson demonstrate that they have truly slipped into their alter egos skin. The result is an almost flawless interpretation of a complex story that in others' hands (I'll get you Columbus...) would fall flat. \*\*\*\*

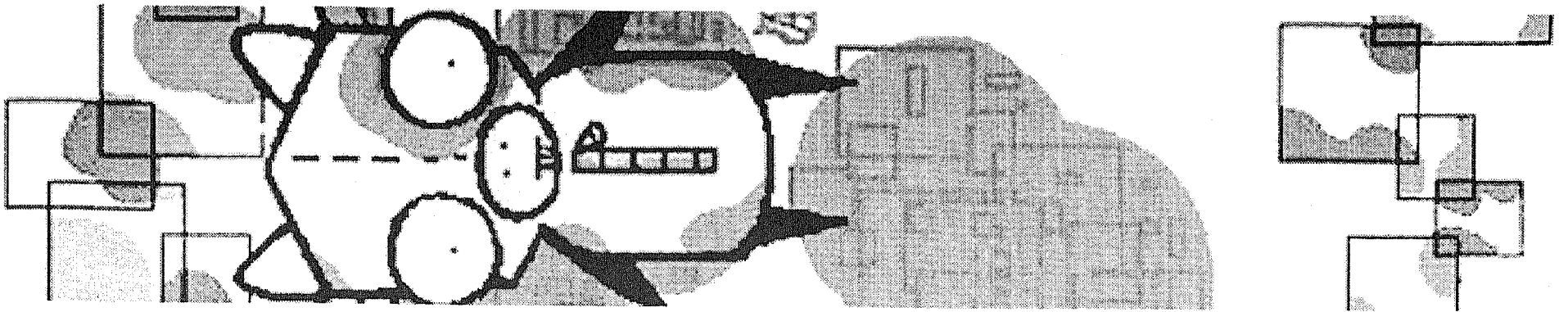
Clementine Ford



**The Mother:** *The Mother* is the story of the sexual awakening of an older woman penned by Hanif Kureishi, a man with a reputation for cold stories centering on the darker sides of human nature. May (Anne Reid) and Toots (Peter Vaughn) are an elderly couple visiting their children in London. Upon arrival they are met with chaos, their children are too busy, and too detached, to offer any support or attention and May and Toots are cut loose in the big city. When Toots suddenly dies May relocates indefinitely to London to be closer to her children. Her daughter Paula is dating Darren, a tradesman doing work on the work on Bobby's (May's other child) house. May and Darin begin flirting and soon their relationship evolves into a secret love affair. There's much to admire about the film, in particular the early scenes that juxtapose the solemnity of May's life to the chaos of that of her children, but ultimately *The Mother* misses the mark slightly and, for all it's ambition, fails to make any significant emotional or intellectual impact. \*\*\*

Danny Wills





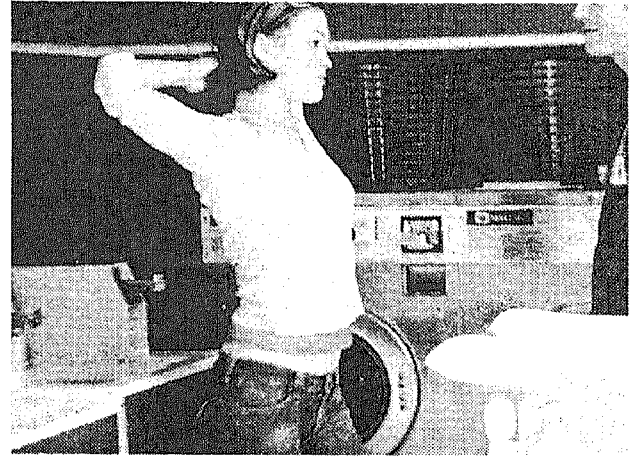
**Owning Mahowny:** After many years of playing distinctive and brave character roles, Philip Seymour Hoffman gets a significant lead role in the true story of Canadian banker and gambling addict Dan Mahowny. Dan is the youngest ever executive at his bank and is often handling multi million dollar accounts, but he also has a dangerous addiction to gambling, an activity that gives him far more of a thrill than anything else life has to offer him. Using his position at the bank he embezzles increasingly larger and larger sums and gambles it away at Atlantic City, losing every time, and getting deeper and deeper into trouble. In *Owning Mahowny* Philip Seymour Hoffman shows once again that he is an actor of considerable talent and nuance. He plays Dan Mahowny, the "Iceman" with the required restraint but gives enough small indications of Mahowny's state as to lend the required sympathy. \*\*\*1/2

Danny Wills



**Nathalie:** Anne Fontaine confidently delivers a taut, sensuous tale-twisting story, ably aided by the experienced and self-assured cast of some of France's best. Catherine (Fanny Ardant) lives in an increasingly leaden marriage with Bernard (Gérard Depardieu), hoping for more, but getting less via the betrayal of infidelity. Time for the tables to turn, seeing this urbane, professional choose Emmanuelle Béart's young escort, Marlène, to do some soliciting of Bernard's favours. What follows are the obsessive machinations of all three characters, all seeming to feed off each others need for... control. Marlène becomes Nathalie, employed to test boundaries, loyalties, honesty, with their encounters described in increasingly frank, unsettlingly intimate detail. The two women retain central focus, though, leaving room to explore themes of the seduction of manipulation and a whole new type of marriage therapy, based on this rather fascinating nouveau voyeurism. For those that like to watch, this one is worth a look. \*\*\*

David Wilkins



**The Prince and Me:** *The Prince and Me* is like a soufflé – light, sweet but unsatisfying. Considering the recent nuptials of Denmark's Prince to Tassie's Mary, this film will probably garner more attention than it deserves. Although mostly enjoyable, *The Prince and Me* suffers from an uneven and clichéd script.

Prince Edvard of Denmark (Luke Mably) is an obnoxious and immature playboy. Rebelling against his royal duty, he takes a "study trip" to Wisconsin. Paige (Julia Stiles) is a hard-working pre-med student. By coincidence, Paige and Eddie find themselves as chemistry partners and both working at the uni bar. Eddie keeps his true identity a secret and the polar opposites find themselves dabbling in a different kind of chemistry. With paparazzi on the trail, Eddie's exposure is inevitable. Will he take the throne and can Paige adapt to life as a royal? This dilemma is handled in a shallow, predictable and very Hollywood manner.

*The Prince and Me* has comic moments but not all are intentional. The accents of the Royal family are hilariously inconsistent. Eddie would appear to be British, whilst his father (James Fox) fashions a hybrid of English/American. Eddie's mother (Miranda Richardson) does an extremely dubious English/Danish accent. Still, *The Prince and Me* is a fun holiday film... entertaining but forgettable. \*\*

Simone Bannister

suicide hotline: ozza667@hotmail.com

ROOM 237 by OZ

ONE NIGHT, SCIENTIST JIM JONES IS BITTEN BY A GENETICALLY-MODIFIED SLOTH !!!

GUH!!! MY MOLECULAR STRUCTURE... G-CHANGING!!

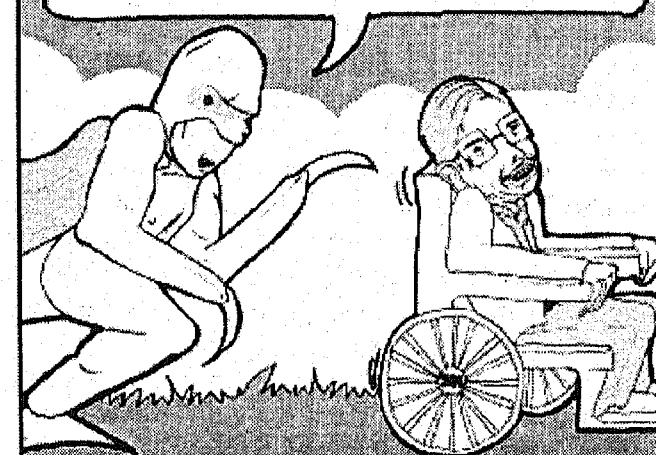
THE SLOTHMAN

I AM THE SLOTHMAN.

WITH VIN DIESEL AS "THE SLOTHMAN".

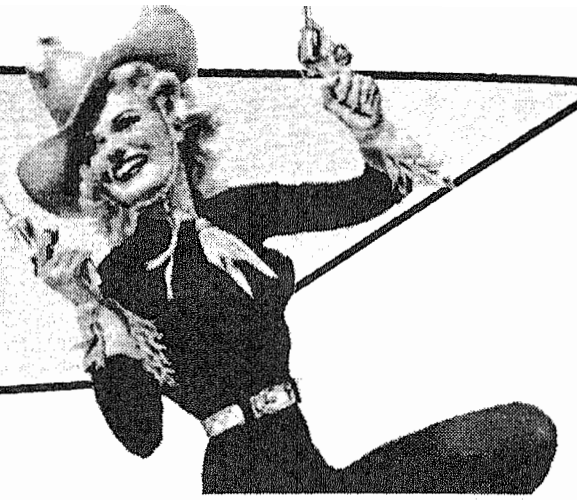
WITH THE SPEED OF TEN SLOTHS!

guh... GET-- wheeze GET BACK HERE... pant... STEPHEN HAWKING!!!





# FILLUM BONANZA



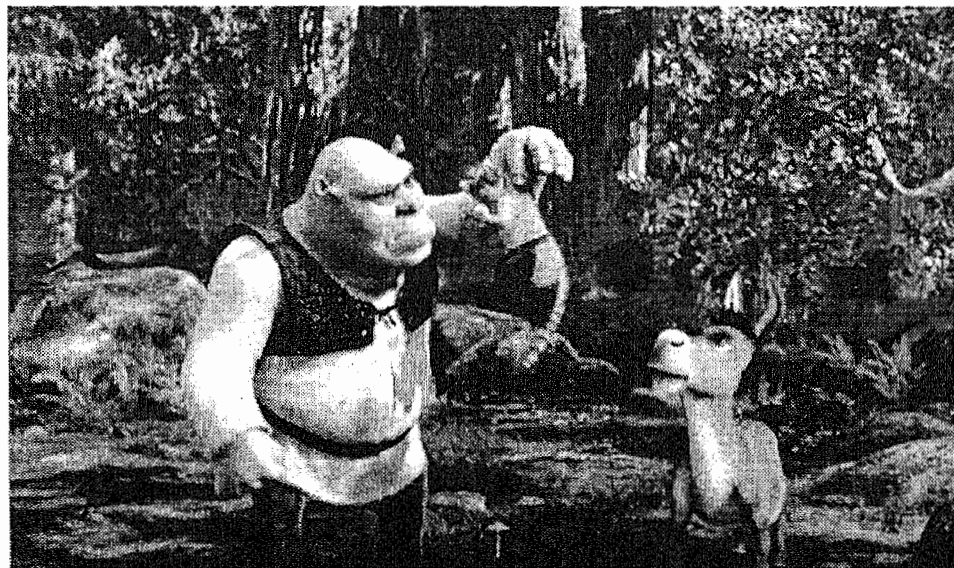
[continued]



**The Stepford Wives:** *The Stepford Wives* is a second interpretation of Ira Levin's novel. Previously it had been done in 1975 by Bryan Forbes as a taught horror/thriller. Here instead Frank Oz takes it in the direction of a candy coloured broad social satire, in the vain of *Edward Scissorhands* or *Far From Heaven*. Joanna (Nicole Kidman) and Walter Kresby (Mathew Broderick) move from New York to the small, idyllic town of Stepford after Joanna is fired from her job at a television network after a crazed rampage by one of the abused participants

of one of her reality TV shows. In Stepford the couple is confronted with picket fence lined streets and docile, domesticated women. Walter fits right in to the Suburban lifestyle as Joanna struggles. Soon Joanna discovers the dark secret under the town's pretty veneer and exposes them for what they are. Frank Oz (*The Dark Crystal*, *Little Shop of Horrors*, *The Muppets*) brings a theatrical sensibility to the films that heightens the sense of surrealism and artifice that proves to be an inspired re-invention of the original idea. \*\*\*\*

Danny Wills



**Shrek 2:** After the record breaking success of 2001's *Shrek*, Donkey, Princess Fiona and the titular ogre are back and up to their old tricks again. Fiona and Shrek are now married and receive an invitation from Fiona's parents, King Harold (John Cleese) and Queen Lillian (Julie Andrews) to return to their kingdom of "Far, Far Away" so they can meet the presumably dashing prince that she has married. Unsurprisingly Harold and Lillian are unimpressed by Shrek and soon a plot is sprung to marry Fiona off to a more suitable candidate. Early on the film seems a little flat, the jokes feel like someone trying

to 'do *Shrek*' and there are a few scenes of domestic drama that feel more like the territory of Ingmar Bergman than of Pinocchio and John Cleese. Very soon though the old magic is back and the last half of the movie is a wondrous romp through fairy tale magic. Puss in Boots steals the show with his inexhaustible cuteness. The inevitable question of 'is as good as the first one?' is tough to answer but its fair to say that no one who was a fan of the original will leave disappointed. \*\*\*\*

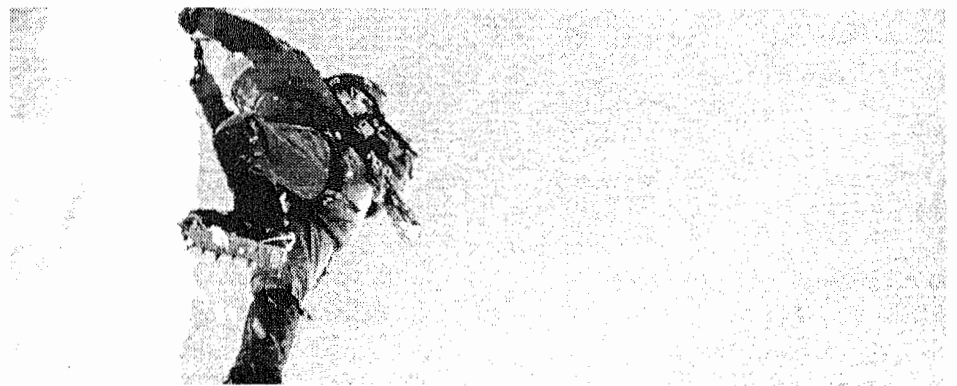
Danny Wills



**To Be And To Have:** Set in a one room schoolhouse in the French countryside *To be and to Have* documents an entire school year as teacher Georges Lopez shepherds his pupils through their troubles, whether they be academic or otherwise. The small class is a made up of a collection of children ranging in ages from four to ten, each with drastically different needs to the others. It's a strange documentary, it's

austere but doesn't have any 'grand' point that's it's pushing. It's a deliberately steadily paced meditation on the role of the mentor and the joyous innocence of childhood. It celebrates small marvels, like a child learning to tie a shoelace for the first time, or a teacher's patience, in a way that is impossible to convey adequately in words. \*\*\*\*1/2

Danny Wills



**Touching the Void:** *Touching the Void* is a docudrama blending interview and re-enactment to tell the story of Joe Simpson and Simon Yates' attempt to climb Siula Grande in the Peruvian Andes in 1985. They were experienced climbers who had conquered many summits previously and reached the peak of Siula Grande easily enough only to meet with bad luck upon descent. Joe Simpson fell badly, injuring his knee, a death sentence to any climber. The two tried to continue the descent together but after a time Yates was forced to cut Simpson free and continue on alone to base camp. We follow Simpson as he

battles pain, fatigue and insanity on his way back to civilization. The interviews are interesting and the story grand, but there's really nothing that distinguishes *Touching the Void* from any documentary shown on the discovery channel. Joe and Simon attempt to lend their story some sort of existential significance (man against nature and all that junk) but ultimately it's a story about two men who *willingly* flew head long into a situation they knew to be dangerous and suffered easily foreseeable problems. It's a documentary that's interesting enough, but the cinema isn't the place for it. \*\*1/2

Danny Wills





## From Nascars to Marijuana Crops & How to Make an Australian Movie: In Conversation With *The Crop's* George Elliot

George Elliot is an astounding man. His most recent venture is the new Australian crime film *The Crop*, on which he served as writer, producer and star. But this amazing feat is only the latest in a long line of remarkable accomplishments. He is also a best-selling author and was, for quite a time, a Nascar driver. While it seems counter intuitive that Nascar could be a good preparation for a career in cinema George asserts that they're actually quite similar and says that the step from Nascar to films was almost a logical progression: "I've always had a bit of an interest in wanting to make a film. Back in about 1994 in Adelaide I'd crashed a Nascar in the last race of the season. I thought 'I need to broaden my profile, how do I go about that?' and thought 'ill write a hit movie and ill star in it.' It's a decision that's indicative of George's character. He's a man who has almost infinite self-confidence, but not a hint of arrogance. He's confident for good reason, it seems whatever he sets his mind to he tends to achieve.

George spent a lot of time around pubs and clubs during his driving years and it provided him with many of the sources for his stories: "I was in the hotel game and working the door in nightclubs back in the early eighties when the breathalyzer came in. It was a really interesting period to go through, you hear a lot of stories and see a lot of things, a lot of the nightclub owners were just going broke because people were going out in the car park, having a smoke of dope and not buying drinks. The guys who were making all the money seemed to be the marijuana growers."

Once he had all of these stories George then began to work on a screenplay, with little to no knowledge of what it would entail: "I must admit, I was pretty naïve. I'd actually never seen a screenplay and didn't know how to go about it, basically all I wanted to do was to get the story down. I sat down and I didn't really know how to go about it, but I thought if I wrote the persons name and what they said and what they did, then that would give me a format to follow and that's what I did."

Once the story was down the problem of financing was the next to be faced. It was here that George's Nascar experience proved itself invaluable: "Being a professional racecar driver sounds like a lot of fun, but you're always in boardrooms trying to find money to go to the next season." This fact is a reality of both industries, so when it came time to fund his movies George already had a head start: "I used the skills I'd learnt from motor racing to go out and speak to people to raise the money. It was a long hard process with a lot of knock-backs but once the thing started to click over and I got one or two people interested the thing actually started to take on a life of its own."

What held George back a little at the start was his dogged insistence that he star in the film: "A lot of people said they loved the story but I had to go away and let them make it. I knew I'd end up with someone else's version of my and that's not what I set out to do". His struggle is similar to that of Sylvester Stallone's while trying to get *Rocky* made. "Many times that's been mentioned. There were plenty of times when I had money offered for the script but I just always believed in my ability to make it happen. I took comfort in that thinking 'well if he can do it, I can do it.'"

After George found the money he needed he began to assemble a cast and crew capable of realizing his vision. People including director

Scott Patterson. "One of the things I really needed him to do was to forget that I was writer or executive producer and just look at me as an actor and if he wasn't happy with the performance then to drag it out of me. Just get the best he possibly can out of me."

George gives a well-measured performance that proves to be one of the highlights of the film. He even performs a nude scene which became something of a spectator event: "Scott (Patterson, director) said he'd close the set, but what I didn't realize was that 'set' was the side of the street that we were shooting. The other side of the street was a big grass hill. So when we came to do it there were families sitting on picnic rugs, kids everywhere, and I said to Scott 'this is the one and only take, you better get it right.'"

It could have been tough for one man to take on so many roles but George found it to be possible with correct management: "I wasn't daunted so much because I was too busy to be daunted. There are times though when you have to let one hat go and focus solely on one area." Now that the film has worked it's way through post production and onto theatre screens George reclines as a contented man: "I'm really happy with it, the satisfaction in looking at the end result is worth more than any amount of money you could get."

For people who aspire to do the same he offers a little advice, but warns that there is no short cut or secret to be divulged: "Sheer determination and not taking no for an answer was the main reason my film got made. I think people just give up too early. Its easy to say that, but when you out there beating your head against the wall day after day I can understand why people do eventually just give up. Sheer tenacity and determination is what got me to where I am today."

**Danny Wills**



### Against the Ropes:

"You're like a pearl in the ocean, you're pretty and you're tough....and you can go a long way with pretty tough."

Oh dear...*Against the Ropes* managed to convince me within the first five minutes that it would struggle to be more than a B-grade vehicle for Meg Ryan's faltering star. It has trashy, clichéd dialogue, an uninspiring female lead, tired boxing scenes and an embarrassing ending.

This is the story of Jackie Kallen (Meg Ryan), the world's first female boxing promoter in a profession dominated by males. We meet Kallen when she is working as a secretary for a sports promoter. She dreams of greater things and finds an opportunity when she signs novice-boxer Luther Shaw (Omar Epps) as her first fighter. From this point it's pretty much predictable territory. Kallen struggles to be taken seriously and is challenged by rival promoter Tony LaRocca (Tony Shalhoub). Shaw becomes a champion boxer but the media proclaims Kallen as the new star of the boxing world. The expected conflict erupts between Kallen and Shaw as the film climbs to its Big Fight. Meg Ryan has many horrific costume

changes amidst the drama.

*Against the Ropes* is enjoyable because of some unforgettably cheesy one-liners:

"How can I walk away? I might as well spit in the face of destiny."

"If he's the gum on your shoe, why is he walking all over you?"

During the title fight between Shaw and a Hispanic champ, boxing promoter LaRocca yells with passion, "Send him back to the ghetto!"

*Against the Ropes* really reaches the pinnacle of hilarity when Kallen walks into a silent room. One pair of hands begins to clap slowly, and soon the room is in a frenzy of applause. It's so inspirational.

Ryan must have thought *Against the Ropes* posed similarities to *Erin Brockovich*, but it takes more than a skanky wardrobe to win an Oscar. Epps' performance is more convincing and he has great presence on the screen. This is a tele-movie pretending to be more. That said, *Against the Ropes* is energetic, fun and succeeds as an unintentional comedy. \*\*

**Simone Bannister**



# Literature



they witness or simply a sanitised version for consumption with our dinner?

To answer these questions Denise Leith has gathered testimony from 19 of the most experienced and well respected war correspondents in the world, including Australians Monica Attard, David Brill and Peter Charley. Each journalist has a chapter to informally recall their experiences, probably guided by some set questions. Unfortunately each chapter, because of the similar experiences of the journalists (many of whom had worked together), seems to cover the same ground. Many of the journalists saying almost exactly the same thing about post traumatic stress and returning home after being involved in conflict. That's not to say the information within isn't worth wading through for but if Leith actually assumed the role of editor the book could have been much more succinct while just as fascinating and convincing instead of tedious. Luckily the separation of the chapter means you can simply pick out a journalist depending on who you feel like reading about on any given day.

Most of the prose is very casual, encouraging the writers to frame their thoughts in a simple, personal and presumably more 'real' conversational style. No doubt it is convincing. There seems to be no ulterior motive when a journalist remarks on the brutality of the Israeli offensives in Palestine. However without being truly pushed to expand on their account the contributors tend to gloss over some of the most intriguing possibilities of the book – to answer the aforementioned questions. By the end one gets a sense of why certain choices are made and the complexity of the decisions but there is never any attempt to thoroughly explore a topic as philosophically and politically rich as being able to eat a five star meal while a population starves around you.

Despite the redundancies and lack of fine detail, *Bearing Witness* contains some unmissable information and incredibly moving (sometimes sickeningly so) stories. Rot Gutman discusses the Rwandan tragedy where those who committed the genocide were eventually assumed to be refugees and given aid. Ahmed Jadallah explains what it means to grow up in the Gaza Strip under Israeli restriction and while the book was being produced was in hospital after being injured in an Israeli offensive. Marie Colvin recalls her famous reporting during the siege of the UN compound in East Timor while others illustrate the comparisons between poverty in the third world and destitution in New York or speak about child victims in Bosnia and the brutality

of the Serbian military. What makes these accounts more compelling than the average TV presentation is the personal closeness of the journalist to the moment. Penny Tweedie claims a boy in Bangladesh could literally reach and touch her as she photographed the beating which led to his execution while Ron Haviv watched a man being dragged into a building only to see him thrown from the third story and land at his feet.

Aside from the personal stories the book covers issues prevalent in contemporary war journalism. The direction in which the media is moving, away from on the ground, studied stories to hotel ridden reporters and instant but consequently fraudulent (and sometimes blatantly wrong) news reports. Max Stahl in one of the most interesting chapters of the book decries the "instant news machine as the enemy of truth" explaining that in the effort to "keep up with the competition... all they produce is instant banality". Many express the extreme frustration of attempting to get images through the censors into the outside world and then managing to penetrate the desensitised minds of a Western audience who view from such a distance.

Within the book is an eight page centrepiece containing (particularly once you know the underlying story) some of the most disturbing images I've ever come across. Illustrating the extent of censorship is an image of a bloodied Iraqi girl taken during the current Iraq war. At first glance the picture is not unusual or problematic until you move downwards and notice the tattered rags of flesh and bone that once formed her feet. I can't help but choke when I think of the years ahead of her and the absoluteness of the change to her life. Before it was published in Western media this image was cropped removing the girls feet and sanitising the scene. In Iraq it was displayed in its entirety. One begins to understand how two populations could view the war so differently and just how effective the censorship blindfold can be.

This book is utterly depressing but absolutely necessary. Most of the contributors maintain or feign some hope and pleasure in knowing they're work has been making some difference while a few, after witnessing the worst give a more pessimistic view, "I am sorry but there is no hope for humanity" Christopher Morris prophesies. *Bearing Witness* is almost a miniature first hand lesson in history and politics covering so many situations that I would have otherwise had such no knowledge of covering stories that never made it to print. However tiresome, it is a must for anyone interested in 'real' journalism or the truth behind foreign conflict.

Dan J

Adam Wasson and Jessica Stamen



## The Self-Destruction Handbook

8 SIMPLE STEPS TO AN UNHEALTHIER YOU

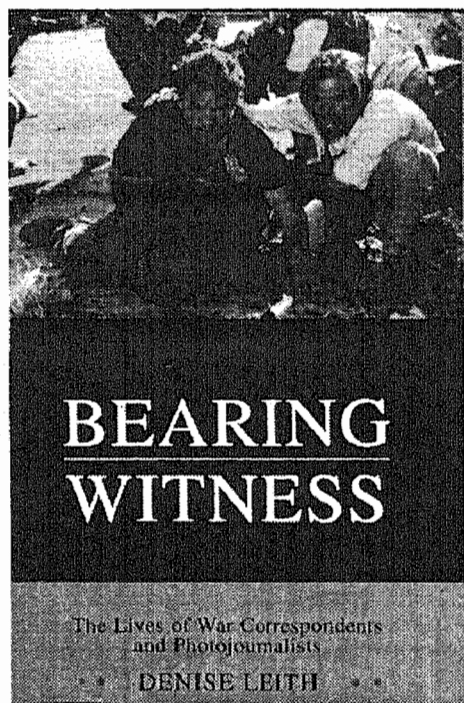
*The Self-Destruction Handbook*  
Adam Wasson and Jessica Stamen  
Random House

This eye-catching title is neatly placed in a high stack on the desks of many alternative bookstores at the moment. It really is quite explanatory in its content; the book literally takes a plucky look at the most destructive habits of youth culture, from drugs and drinking problems through to loose sex, self mutilation and eating disorders. After a very obvious disclaimer the authors take a free license to thoroughly discuss the maintenance of these problems, and how to harvest the most out of a hedonistic and debauched lifestyle. The humour is very accessible, and able to be appreciated by all but the most uncomfortable miser. The double entendre of the book for many, however, is that it teeters very close to home. Comments such as, "The inappropriate and degrading sexual encounter is an essential ingredient in your alcoholic cocktail" and factoids like, "Nearly half of all drastic weight reduction programmes are forestalled by 'concerned' friends and relatives before ultimate weight-loss goals are met" may only be funny to those who...nah fuck it I'm not going to moralise. Just picking up this book is probably a good indicator of your humour tastes, and the book just continually tries to hit people in the "oh my god I've been there" vein. *The Handbook* is extraordinarily cleverly done for such a tacky and cheap way to get laughs, and you get the idea that the authors know what they are writing about. Full of hilarious 'his' and 'her' situations, plenty of filthy content, I'd say this is the best book you ever left next to the can. It's also really cool to find a filthy comedic piece that does not have a hint of

sexism or racism, (these classes are all ferociously jabbed at), and that is also only slightly politically hung up – the only real political piece is a page dedicated to explaining whilst they were doing online drug research their I.P. address taken for accessing a banned website, blaming a move towards modern American McCarthyism. Hilarious.

The best chapter is on 'ass-tinence' or alternate contraception. Check out the 'Belgian Sprtizer' or the 'Houdini'. Ho what larks!

Jimmy Trash.



*Bearing Witness: The Lives of War Correspondents and Photojournalists.*

Denise Leith  
Random House Australia

Inevitably when one watches, however ineffectually, a documentary on conflict in foreign land or sees the famous and unbelievable images such as monk self-immolating or mass starvation in Africa, certain questions nudge their way into the mind. How can the journalist who has filmed, photographed or written about these moments not intervene and help? Students of State of the World will recall the World Vision ad featuring a well fed presenter walking amongst gaunt, swollen bellied children in Ethiopia. Is any thought of responsibility going through their minds while they flash through rolls of film as an execution takes place? How can they come to terms with the seemingly inherent violence in people or the schism between starvation in Africa and a steak at home or between a splintered daily life in a conflict area and the mundane drift of the civilised world? To what extent are we seeing what



## Revisiting George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* in 2004

This 'modern classic' begins with the protagonist, Winston Smith, gazing at the following caption in the hallway of his apartment-block: **BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU.** While the reference in the story is to a totalitarian regime in the state of Oceania (comprising the British Isles, the Americas, Australasia), the tele-screens and government propaganda implying the above message abound in today's 'liberal' environment. And this is precisely why an ostensibly outdated 'socialist' narrative like *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is as threatening a prophecy in 2004, as it was in June 1949, when the novel was first published. Superficially speaking, Orwell's socio-political saga produces a series of wrong impressions. Modern historians would argue that since the second World War, there has been a rapid decline in non-democratic/dictatorial forms of government, hence it is not logically possible to have a global future as depicted in the book. Western left-wing intellectuals tend to see it as

an attack on Soviet and Chinese socialism (particularly Stalinism), as well as British socialism under the Labour governments. However, these conclusions overlook historical facts almost as blatantly as Big Brother's Party annihilates all historical records. If extremist states have diminished in number, why call for a self-proclaimed resurrection of 'good'; why declare a global 'war on terror'; why build nuclear arsenals? The book, more importantly, was written long before the Cold War began to hang like a sword over the head of humanity – it may have rightly predicted the rise of Communism, but was it really anti-socialist? In fact, Orwell professed to be a social democrat himself and was a supporter of the British Labour Party. The book, in my opinion, is a debate within socialism – Oceanic society used the very tenets of socialism to justify a self-serving regime. It is a warning to people around the world of how puritanical principles and public-good objectives can be distorted for achieving exactly the opposite ends. Can we not see the book's relevance amidst appointed-not-elected lying Heads of State, elected-yet-dethroned disgraced Presidents, neither elected nor appointed 'born' nominal leaders? Another intriguing aspect of the

book to which its survival can be attributed is the language employed by the Party, namely, *Newspeak*. This is a vernacular composed of shorter versions of existing English words and expressions, making heretical thoughts impossible. Orwell cites real-world examples like *Nazi*, *Gestapo*, *Comintern*, adding that erstwhile totalitarian regimes coined these telescoped words instinctively, where as *Newspeak* adopted them consciously so as to cut out any connotations or subtle associations. Thus, it became the only language in the world to have a decreasing vocabulary. Moreover, the 'wilful ugliness' of the language is shown to be in accordance with *Ingsoc*, or English Socialism, the official philosophy of the party. Perhaps the word which most aptly manifests this ideology is *doublethink*, defined as 'the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them'. For those who are startled and alienated by the nature of this dialect, have you ever heard of 'collateral damage', or 'peace-keeping forces'? The most pressing feature of the book, however, is the sense of futility. The war with Eurasia and Eastasia is deliberately carried on to distribute human and material

resources judiciously, without enhancing the living standard. The 'proles', or the common masses, seem to have reached the epitome of oblivion, as war is used not only to accomplish the necessary destruction, but to accomplish it in a psychologically acceptable way. In the Oceanic system, 'All history was a palimpsest, scraped clean and re-inscribed exactly as often as was necessary', not very unlike our ever-present yet ever-changing 'axis of evil'. Moreover, it is a socio-political system where power has ceased to be a means to achieve other ends, philanthropic or misanthropic. In a speech which may sound horrific to contemporary intellectuals and workers alike, O'Brien (a member of the Inner Party) states lucidly to Winston: 'Power is not a means, it is an end...The object of persecution is persecution. The object of torture is torture. The object of power is power'. It is horrific, but familiar. Whether the familiarity arises from the prevailing international conditions, or a premonition of a catastrophic future evolving from the present, I cannot say. What I can say though, and say unequivocally, is that Orwell's fictive story is more non-fictive than our daily paper.

Su Khoranaz





# Spats Coffee Lounge

108 King William Road, Goodwood

Ph: 8272 6170

**Picture this scenario:** you've had a meal out with some friends and you're feeling quite satisfied. It wasn't the most fantastic meal in the world, but you really couldn't eat any more. It would just be gluttonous to buy more food. Still...you were tempted by dessert even before you had your main meal. No, no, you shouldn't eat dessert - you're not even hungry!

As we know, however, the main purpose of dessert is not to fill you up. Sugar is like a drug; you don't need it, but life just seems so much sweeter with it. I was craving some comfort from my winter blues, and what better way than a cosy dessert at Spats? The dim interior, the little booths tucked away, the French paintings of naked women (or near naked women) adorning the walls - what a perfect setting for my sugar fix.

Admittedly, the menu didn't have any spectacular sounding desserts, but dessert doesn't have to be spectacular. It just has to be sinful. I decided on the Hot Plum Pudding, which was tempting to me mainly because it was actually hot. We placed our orders, and proceeded to wait for ages for our desserts to arrive. Not that I really minded, since Spats is the kind of place where you would want to linger. Did I mention the dim lighting? Perfect for you and your loved one.

Spats is an old Edwardian house that has been converted in to a coffee lounge, with little booths for groups of two to ten tucked in to every corner. There's even one under the staircase, though I thought it looked a little claustrophobic. The first floor didn't really grab my attention, so if you do ever go there, don't stay there! The décor is much more interesting upstairs, and I preferred the red walls and more secluded booths.

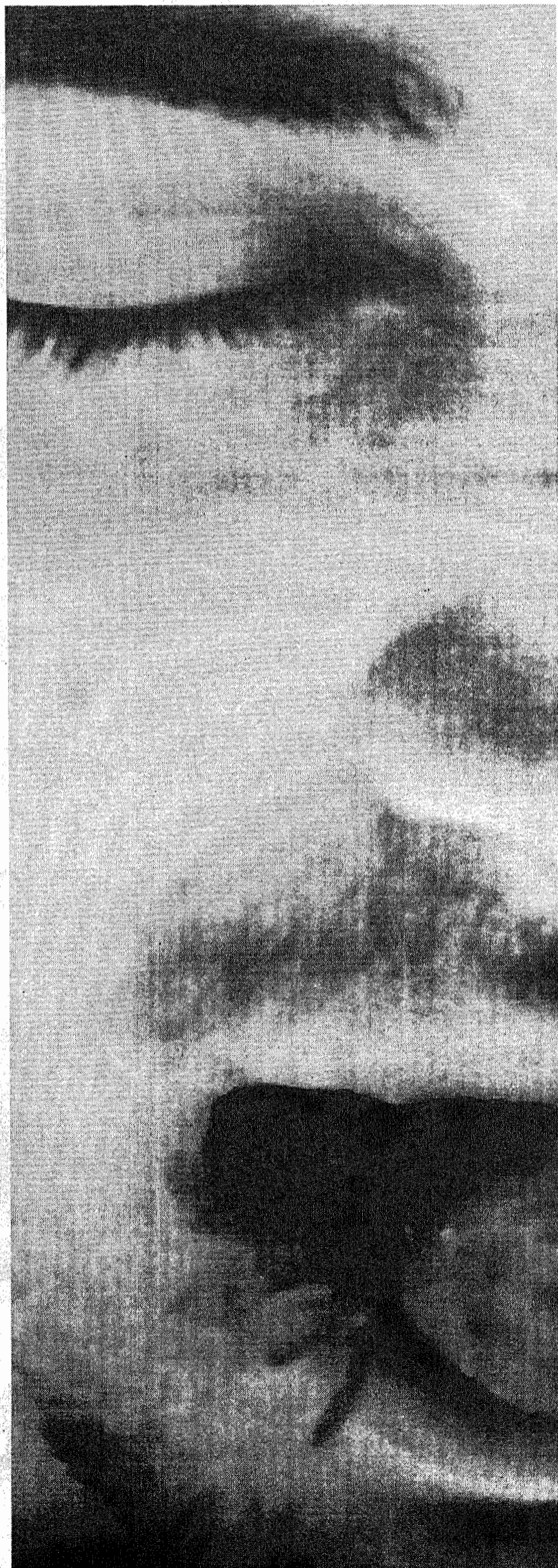
While waiting, we got comfortable in our large booth and discussed the French naked women and other important topics until our dishes arrived. By this time, I had worked myself in to a huge anticipatory mood, but was slightly irritated that my "hot" pudding was only just warm. This isn't to say that I didn't enjoy my helping of sin immensely. The servings were mostly average

size, except for the Strawberries and Cream. You'd think we had gotten a personal show with the amount of ooh-ing and aah-ing that ensued when the waitress placed a tower of strawberries and cream topped with a huge fruit skewer on our table. That impressive presentation wasn't typical, since most of us were treated to bright blue and orange syrupy swirls surrounding our plates. It was quite amusing to taste it and predict what it was. There's something about weirdly coloured food. Does anyone remember green tomato sauce? It tasted like tomato sauce, but your brain almost refused to process that that's what it actually was. That's what happened with the psychedelic syrup.

The desserts were all standard fare (think banana splits and waffles), and when you're relaxed after a big meal, large amounts of cream, icecream and fruit will leave most people relatively satisfied. Since the desserts weren't that amazing, I don't think it's the food you're paying for at Spats. Yes, I know it sounds corny, but it's for the experience. After, all food is only a part of eating out. If it wasn't, we'd take-away all the time and enjoy ourselves in front of the TV, which would mean missing out on the ambience of places like Spats. My lounge-room would never elicit the kinds of conversation that all that dim lighting and cosiness does at Spats. You can never underestimate the power of good interior decorating!

\* Note: Spats also has light meals and lunches if you're not as sugar-addicted as I am.

ET



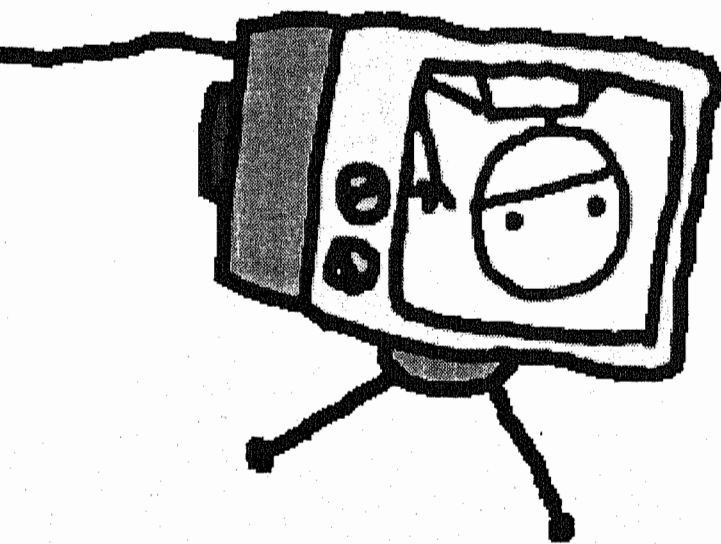




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9pm - 1am  
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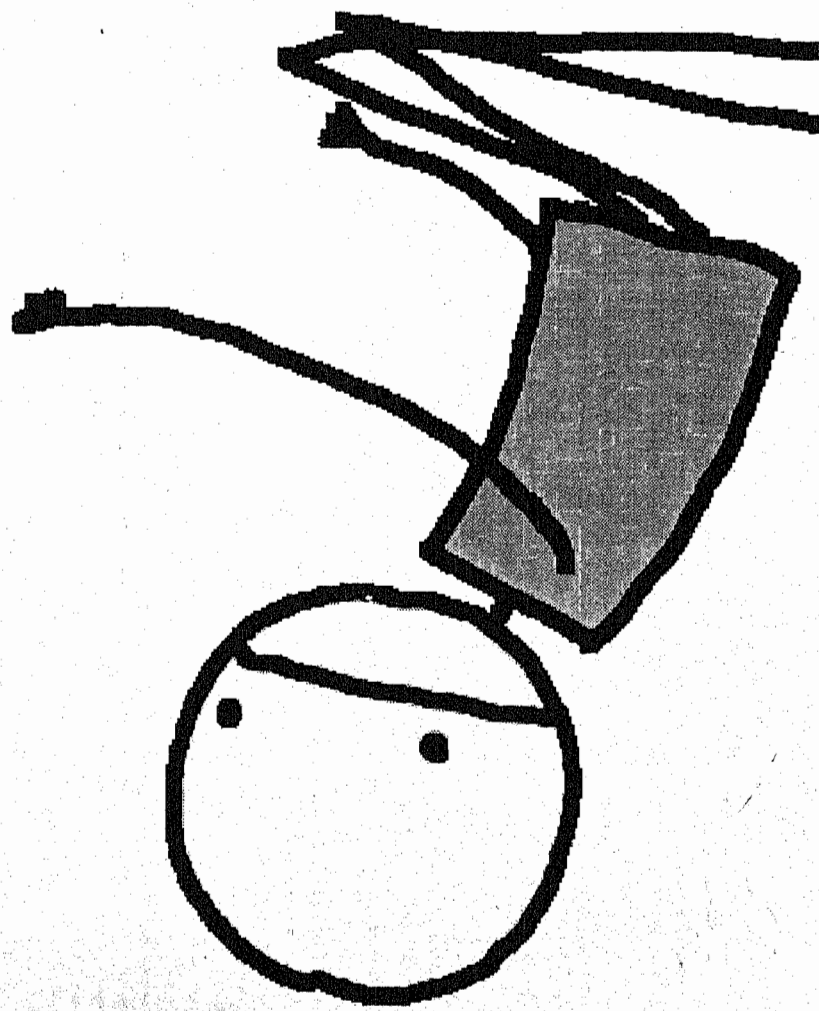
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# Leo Greenfield en plein amour

"It's about an expression of colour. I derive everything from fantasy. I'm inspired by all the facets of women"

The art world's incessant fascination with panoramic illustrations of the Australian landscape is starting to become more than just a small infection – it is now a full-blown epidemic of bad taste. When picture after picture depicts the same assortment of snivelling watercolour trees, one can't help but cry out in agony for the kind of aesthetics that make one believe in human emotion again. Well, fear not fellow culture vultures, for salvation has come in the form of the seriously chic and glamorous works of Adelaide's newest *enfant terrible*, Leo Greenfield. Like beacons of hope in a withering world, Greenfield's striking creations tread the line between fashion illustration, Japanese anime and contemporary BritArt, but never fall prey to being stereotyped as being merely by-products of the post-medium age.

The worlds of high art and fashion are never more than a (Swarovski) stone's throw away from each other, and Greenfield's work makes no denial of this fact. Impeccably clad in futuristic garb with interrogating, super-sculpted faces, the subjects of Greenfield's work make style seem effortless and a force of nature. The triumphant duo of *Pharaoh* and *Pharaoh's Muse* truly exemplify this ability to transgress visceral boundaries. Whilst *Pharaoh*, in all his highly angular glory beckons the viewer to question and admire his alluring gaze, *Pharaoh's Muse*

acts as his feminine counterpart, steely and unforgiving, yet in a strange way, hopelessly ladylike. Like David and Twiggy on the cover of the infamous Pin Ups album, they form a symbiotic relationship swathed in colour and true affection. Greenfield's hand is extraordinarily gifted with a unique steadiness and peculiar style that is impossible to counterfeit, and one senses that with *Pharaoh* and *Pharaoh's Muse*, Greenfield has explored the depths of an emotion that we have yet to discover.

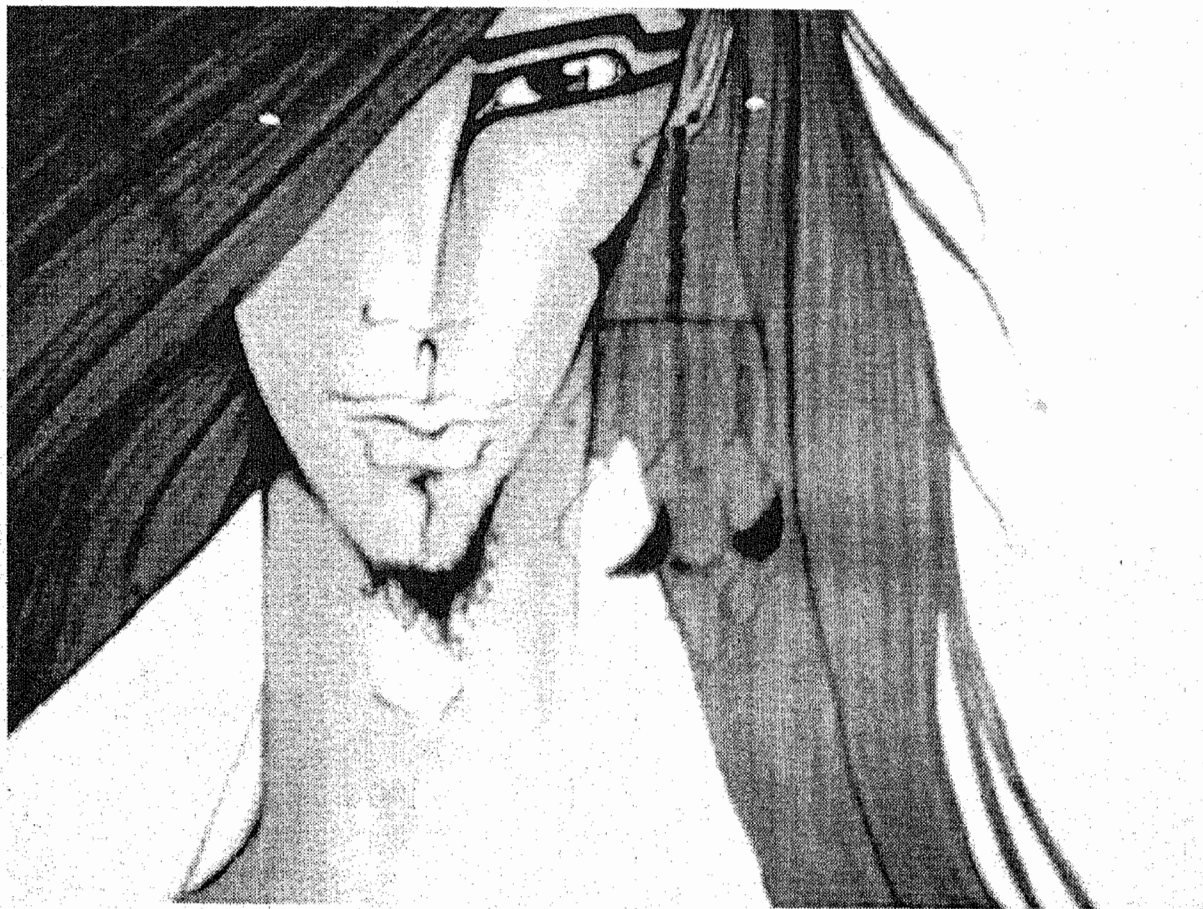
However, the piece-de-resistance of Greenfield's collection is truly *The Firebird*, his largest and most dazzling work. *The Firebird* is inspired by the *Ballet Russe*, an early 20<sup>th</sup> century Russian Dance Company who forever changed the perceptions of modern art, fashion and dance with their performance of the aptly titled *The Firebird* in Paris. The ballet was such a success because of its impeccable use of colour in both its unconventional dance movements and outlandish costumes (designed by Picasso) that were so different from the dark and bleak offerings of the time. Greenfield's rendition of *The Firebird* evokes this fantastical sense of colour and vibrancy and truly captures the spirit of the ballet using another of his ethereal androgynous characters as his vehicle of brilliance. With his perfectly chiselled side profile looking hopelessly into oblivion, the subject of *The Firebird* is swathed in a technicolour glow, yet still manages to retain his pungent sense of masculinity that forces all the women in the room to squeal with delight. *The Firebird* is a force to be reckoned with, a celebration of life, fantasy, colour and love that echo the artist's own ideologies with tenacity and youthful enthusiasm.



Whilst his art most certainly speaks for itself, I can't help but ponder the old Greek proverb *The style is the man himself* when thinking about the artist's relationship with his creations. The fabulous opening of the exhibition was thwarted with friends, relatives, fashionistas and curious members of the public, yet amongst the throng of flashing cameras and tinkling wine glasses, the artist himself radiated energy like a Hindu deity. With his perfectly coiffed blonde locks scintillating amidst the halogen glow, Greenfield fluttered around the crowd, laughing, thanking and explaining his art to his newfound legion of fans like a stylish Viking blessed with the party-hard spirit of Warhol. Although Greenfield bears no resemblance to his visceral subjects, I couldn't help but make correlations between the artist's curious and gentle spirit and that of his dreamy subjects- it was almost as if Greenfield himself was a walking, talking piece of the exhibition. Greenfield was the perfect host to his many guests and was quite the style god in his own right- I was lucky enough to spy the flash of a certain gold G logo as he sashayed past to pose for the paparazzi.

Fashion follies aside, to step into his microcosmic world of the sacred masculine and feminine was not only a pleasure, but also a privilege. Those of you with a keen interest in the spiritual, the celebratory, the chic and most importantly, the perspective altering, this exhibition has been most definitely crafted for you. Nosy on down to To Relish restaurant on King William Road, Hyde Park for Leo Greenfield's Untitled exhibition, as part of SALA week and also witness the splendour of the works of Rossanne Pellegrino until September 23.

Stephanie Mountzouris





Alex Dathe's art is punk aesthetic, laid down on canvas. Or cardboard, wood, walls, or anything else that is in his reach. With each exhibition his subject matter changes completely, but never his style - a layered myriad of images that always seem to congeal despite the odds. Sort of like a fuck-up that ends up in your favour.

For those in need of labels, Alex's paintings hover in the ground of dada/surrealist street art, although he says it differently. "I'm influenced by cave paintings, Egyptian art, Aboriginal art" he claims, "for me, all that stuff is the equivalent of modern graffiti".

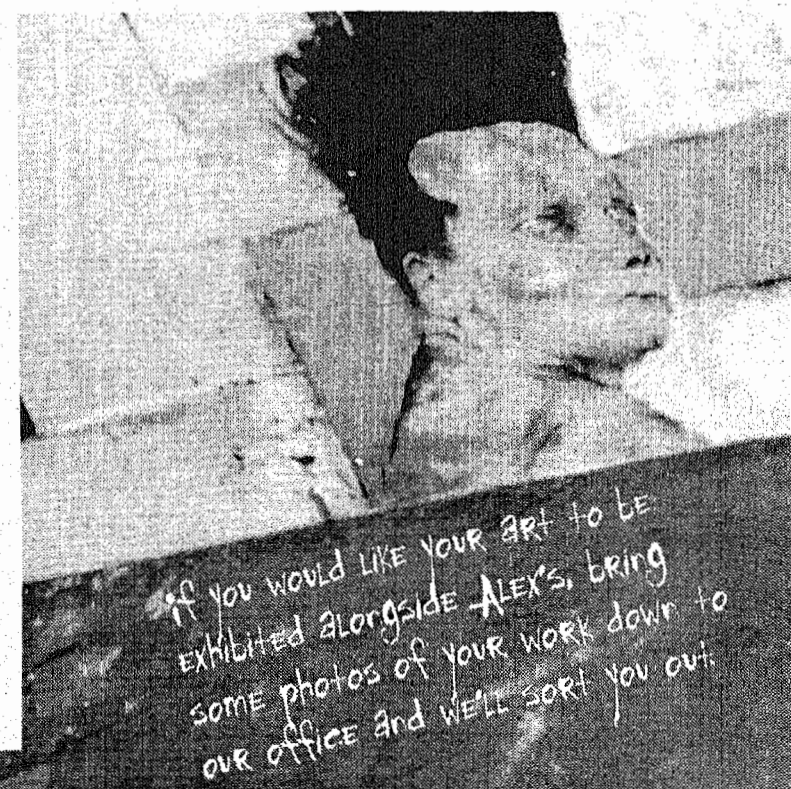
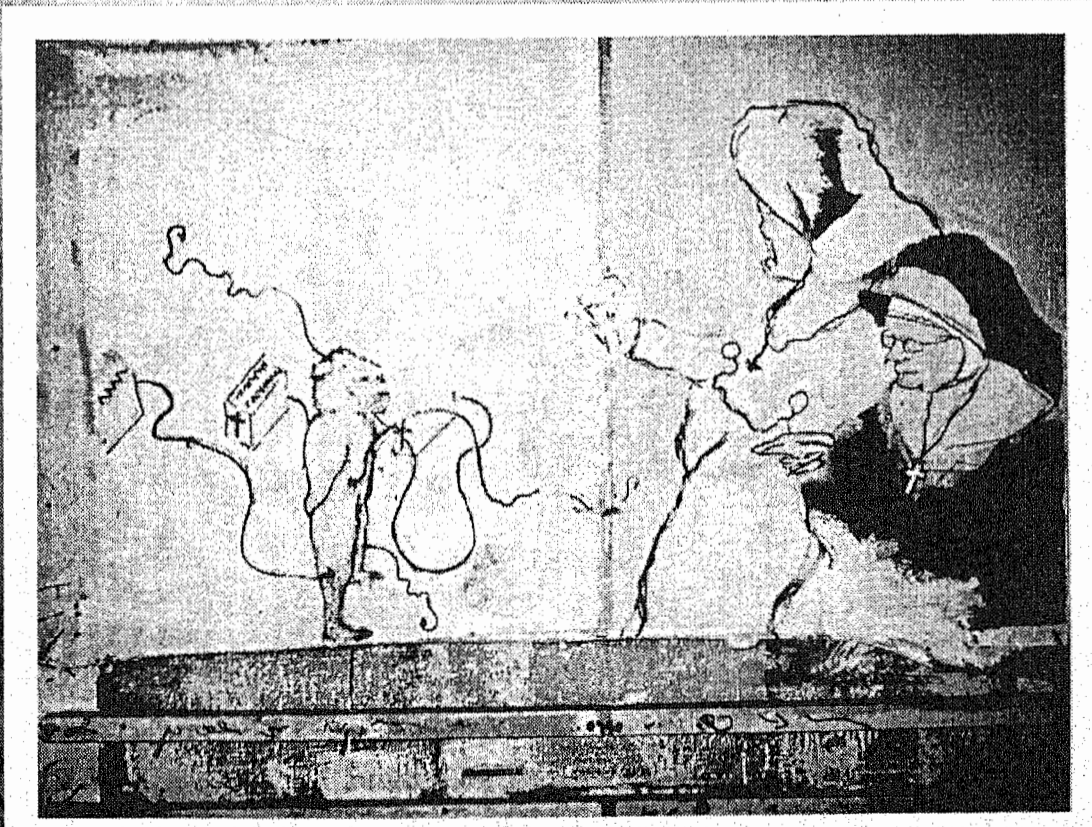
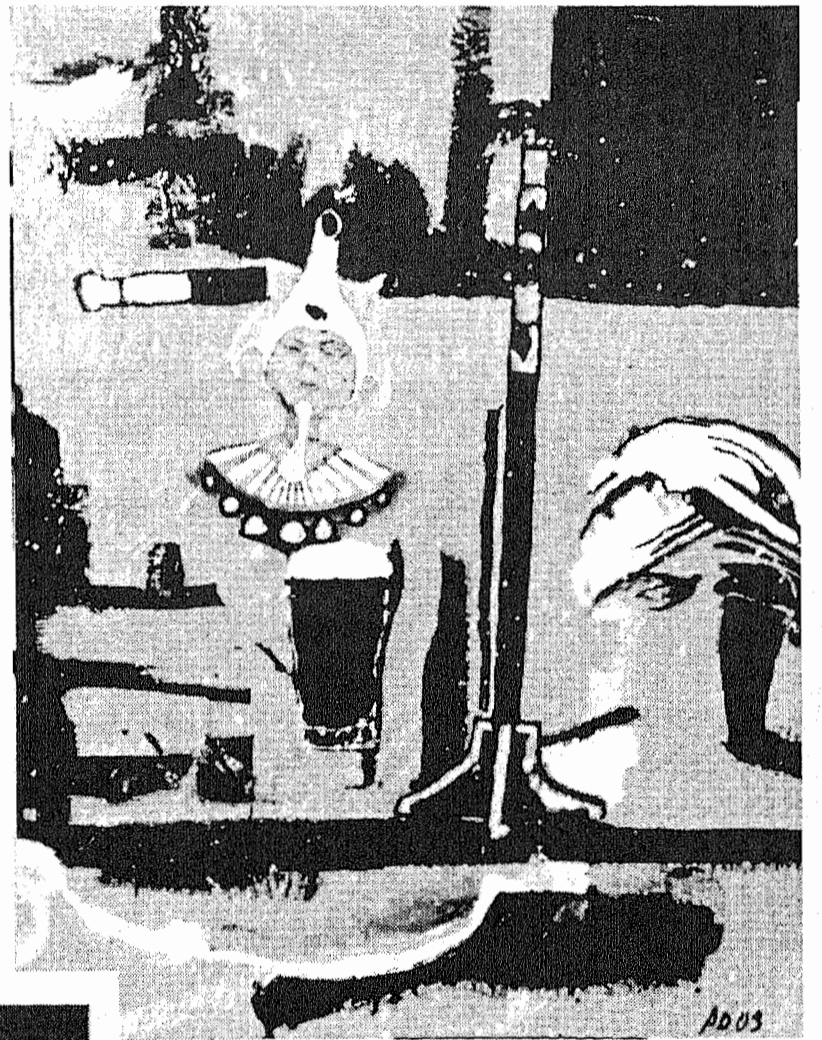
The spasmodic realities of Alex's paintings are testimony to this. His work is totally baffling - incorporating Dali's sick surrealism with cool street art such as stencils and everyday objects. At first glances he seems like he should be a modern artists' dream, just knowing exactly what is cool and interesting. Instead his insights into art are both disturbing and despondent. "I'm not really happy with anything that I do... I'd like to be able to do two paintings a week and be happy with them, but instead I'm always painting over them".

"I always look at other peoples art and want to paint over it. I haven't found anything that I'd want to put on my wall yet".

By this point I'm pretty taken aback by Alex. While he's producing large-scale pieces of art that are visually stunning and truly innovative, he really can't give a toss about art as a collective. It seems like this is the key to his work is a total disassociation with the art world, and all its hang-ups and airs. Alex sums it up perfectly.

"I don't really like art enough to be inspired by it... although I've got into Van Gogh lately, only because he was an absinthe drinker. I never thought I'd like that sort of stuff."

Jimmy Trash



if you would like your art to be exhibited alongside ALEX'S, bring some photos of your work down to our office and we'll sort you out.



# THE WHO

## Live at the Vodafone Arena, Melbourne, July 31<sup>st</sup>

From early on, reason told me I would probably never see The Who play live in my lifetime. Their excessively publicised falling out with socially backward Australia in the late sixties, as well as the remaining members' elderly status made sure the fantasy was well receded. After bass player John Entwistle passed on in 2002 and the controversy surrounding Pete Townshend and his credit card usage came to pass, I considered even my slimmest hopes dashed. So I felt the luckiest person alive when on the evening of the 31<sup>st</sup> of July, I arrived at Melbourne's Vodafone Arena, another entertainment venue committed to the current trend of naming stadiums after phone companies. I honestly did not know what to expect from this performance. I was adamant about one thing though; getting a good show for the price I paid for the ticket.

After strolling through the lobby and checking out the overpriced merchandise, I ran into and introduced myself to a few members of local mod rock outfit The Trafalgars, who had driven over that day especially for the gig.

Support act You Am I kicked off the show, and after seeing them for the first time I believe they were the only credible choice to front an Australian Who concert. I would have died (or killed, either way) if Jet or The Vines had received the honours. Frontman Tim Rogers was fully aware of the implications of being the support act for a world famous group that hadn't set foot inside the country in 36 years, and set about a sturdy and compelling performance. However swift the set, the You Am I boys couldn't prevent unnecessary heckling from the crowd to get off, which indicated that certain members of The Who's initial fan base of the sixties and seventies obviously hadn't learnt the system involved in running a concert. The support act is paid to play for a whole hour BEFORE the main act begins. The main act DO NOT come out and start early just because the support act has finished before their allocated time is up!

The lights finally went down and the anxiety/adrenaline kicked in when the silhouettes of Daltrey and Townshend emerged. The audience was on its feet long before and eagerly awaiting the beginning of the gig. The opening chords to 'I Can't Explain' rang through the air and I could tell this was going to be a life changing night. Although blatantly slower than their recorded originals, the songs 'I Can't Explain', 'Substitute' and 'Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere' took on more significant and powerful roles than ever before. I was also relieved to find that the quality of sound I was hearing was crisp and modern, thankfully unlike any of their performances in the eighties. I think it was after these three songs that Townshend took the time to banter genuinely with the audience, and to introduce the band members individually; Pino Paladino on bass, Simon Townshend (yes, Pete's

brother) on 2<sup>nd</sup> guitar and backing vocal, a now completely bald John 'Rabbit' Bundrick on keys, and finally, Zac Starkey (son of Ringo Starr, but a damnsight more effective, no offence, Ringo still did his job) on drums. The leading men appeared to be in good health and were moving about the stage with ease and performing the same moves as was the norm 25-30 years ago (excepting the flying leaps and guitar trashing usually made by Townshend). Daltrey looked like he even *may* have taken some mic swinging lessons from Omar Rodriguez of The Mars Volta, as he pulled off some moves I didn't know he had in his trick bag.

The ARP synth opening of 'Baba O' Riley' was utterly hypnotising. There is something about Townshend's use of that instrument that is so pure and beautiful and that could not have worked with any other band like it did with The Who. Roger cracked out the harmonica for the ending and played like a blues veteran.

I can't express how refreshing and soothing it was to hear the original version of 'Behind Blues Eyes'. The infuriating impudence of Limp Bizkit and their shitty cover of it rendered me unable to bear the tune, but this problem was all but fixed by the time the song was over.

One of the two new tracks recently recorded and released by The Who, 'Real Good Looking Boy' was played following this, and I was determined not to let the audience's response level drop just because this was a new song. Mind you, I can't actually remember how the song goes now, so that's either a testament to my bad memory or to how catchy it was. After the CSI theme song ('Who Are You'), Townshend made more conversation with us, and it was strange to think he looked as though he was genuinely enjoying the gig. He joked about The Who's previous involuntary exit from the country while making plenty of references to beer (\*see below). Three songs from the "much revered" and "raved about" *Quadrophenia* album were presented, the first being 'Drowned', which featured Townshend solo with an acoustic guitar and an extremely confident and well kept voice. The surprise song of the night was hearing 'The Punk & The Godfather', in which Roger did extremely well to sing live the awkward arpeggio like chorus.

Bundrick then took the spotlight for a personalised and extended intro to 'Love Reign O'er Me', the powerful and emotional ending of *Quadrophenia*. As a guitarist, I've never really rated Townshend's solos, but seeing as he's had a few years to get a few chops, I think now more than ever he can express exactly what he wants to on his instrument, and still leave room for a few windmills.

The band then worked their way through the eighties hits 'Eminence Front' and 'You Better You Bet', which were great, but not my cup of Who. 'The Kids Are Alright' came to a close, then I witnessed the most enthusiastic

and energy laced live version I've heard of 'My Generation' since the very early seventies, during which Townshend continued to make fun of all the clichés that come with playing songs you have played for over 30 years, and rightly so. The usual ferocious ending of this song was replaced with the other of the two new tracks, 'Old Red Wine', to which I also can't remember the melody, and which no doubt I will appreciate more when I'm older (seriously, no pun intended).

Once again, the ARP synthesiser kicked in for the *Who's Next* closer, 'Won't Get Fooled Again', in which Townshend delivered more inspired guitar. I knew this was the 'end' of the gig. The haunting interlude had that much more presence in the 'flesh' than it had had anywhere else, as did Daltrey's pitch perfect scream which brought it all back in for the remaining bars.

The band then took a few bows, thanked us all a few times and left the stage. I didn't know what to think. Would they give an 'encore', or were they too keen to hurry back to their warm hotel suites? I do know one thing, the Melbourne crowd present on this night rid itself of the 'placid crowd' stereotype that many of my friends have encountered, and I made damn sure I was getting an encore (it all relates back to the price of the ticket). If you can't hear me doing the 'Lleyton' call on the concert recording, there's something wrong with the equipment. I'm sure we would have got an encore anyway, but if they weren't planning one, we would have frigging well deserved it.

Our 'treat' consisted of songs from the *Tommy* era, beginning with the instantly recognisable 'Pinball Wizard'. Then the second surprise song(s) of the night came. 'Amazing Journey', followed by the pre-metal 'Sparks', which I prayed they would play. The two old fellas had been performing for over two hours now, but were still taking it all in their stride, misrepresenting their age completely. The final two songs for the evening were (predictably, but

not any less appreciated) 'See Me, Feel Me' and 'Listening To You'. Again, Daltrey shone in the delicate intro, and Townshend swung his arm like a rotor blade throughout the coda.

When it was all over, the crowd showed its appreciation as much as they could without rioting, which when you think about it, wouldn't have gotten too far out of hand. Townshend vowed (which is almost compulsory for any band these days) that they would be back soon, and I was left in more of a state of highness and disbelief than the older couple from Wagga Wagga sitting next to me, who appeared unusually sedate.

The musicianship between the members of the group was superb, the best I've ever heard a Who rhythm section without Keith Moon. What's more, Townshend and Daltrey appeared as though they actually wanted to be there, and performed, I believe, to the best of their abilities, and that always makes you feel like it was worth it.

This concert exceeded *all* my expectations, and ask my friends, that's a big call, but then again I'm slightly biased towards this group more than any other. Look, if you want proof that this was a kick arse concert, go to [www.themusic.com](http://www.themusic.com) and order the live CD from the very concert I attended. Absolutely bloody amazing...

Look, if you've gotten this far (and you're not the editor), thanks for reading my account of my greatest experience all year thus far, music wise.

**Tony Marshall**

\*The Who were deported from Australia along with The Small Faces during their 1968 Australian and New Zealand tour for drinking beer on a plane and 'harassing' (i.e. not taking any crap from) the flight attendants. Pete Townshend fairly enough decided he hated the country and thus they haven't been back until now.





# Sonic Youth

## Live at the Forum, Melbourne

### June 23 & 24 2004

There was little hesitation in deciding to make the trip East to Melbourne in order to witness Sonic Youth live in action. I was foolish to have not seen them on previous tours, and since (like the rest of us) they're not getting any younger, I thought this may be my last opportunity to see what is arguably the most influential 'indie' rock band in the world.

Though both of the Melbourne shows had sold out (I had tix for Thursday), I was lucky enough to see the Youth on the Wednesday night (thanks Jon!). We walked into the plush Forum, just as the Redsunband were wrapping up their set; with no disrespect, I wasn't too disappointed that I had missed them. As you might understand, seeing J Mascis and the Youth were the main priorities for the evening.

J shuffled out like the Snuffleupagus, for his solo acoustic/ fuzz assault. He seemed a little rushed on this occasion, and the volume difference between his straight acoustic guitar and his monstrous, blistering solo fuzz sound, appeared to throw him a bit in terms of his playing and timing. Though it certainly wasn't the best performance I've seen of J's, though it was far from a complete disaster; no matter how loose J is he's still great, and I'd wager that the significance of his opening for old friends and admirers Sonic Youth was not lost on the capacity crowd.

After a short interval the house lights dimmed to the sound of a warm drone. One by one the Youth members took to the stage to the cheers of the expectant crowd, beginning with new recruit Jim O'Rourke, followed by Lee Ranaldo, and Steve Shelley, who shyly made his way behind the drum kit. The cheers grew in volume and density with the arrival of and indie rock's coolest couple, Thurston Moore and Kim Gordon. Kim, arriving last, took centre-stage to rapturous applause; a fitting entrance for the punk rock matriarch.

The drone morphed into the intro to the placid 'I love you Golden Blue', from their new release *Sonic Nurse*. The more discordant 'Bull in the Heather', an unexpected set addition from the band's *Experimental Jet and No Star* record followed. The set was dominated by songs from the (with pattern, but included some older material, like '100%', and Lee Ranaldo's 'Karenology', which was a personal highlight. Kim dropped the bass and sang unfettered for an energetic performance of 'Kool Thing', bouncing about the stage like a hyperactive mynx. For a woman older than my mother, her stage presence and energy was nothing short of amazing.

The whole band seemed wired and on; the first show proved to be a much more vigorous performance wise than on the following night. Thurston in particular captivated the crowd with his unique "figure-jammed-in-the-electrical-socket" style of guitar playing, along with his now familiar moves of drum stick-fueled guitar torture and amplifier/ guitar/ body feedback manipulation.

Keeping track of the band's musical interplay alone could have kept anyone happy for hours and Thurston impressed with his delicate improvisations in the extended jam sections throughout the amazing rendition of "Rain on Tin" in the first of two encores.

Though they played around fifteen songs, the set seemed short when it reached its end; the audience, though satisfied, could have easily received another encore (or two!), security couldn't empty the venue

fast enough, making for a bedazzled to discuss the masterful performance they had just witnessed.

Yet, amazing as the Wednesday performance was, the second night's show on Thursday was in my opinion, even better. Sorry to those that missed out, but honestly, there was something about the pacing and concentration of the band that made it a far superior show to the already impressive Wednesday performance.

This time I was a little upset to miss the support (Bucketrider) again due to dinner commitments; I had heard very good things about these avant-jazzbos and was keen to hear them for myself. Nevermind, there was more J to enjoy. J second night set was absolutely mind-blowing. Having seen him a variety of times (both solo and with the sadly defunct Dinosaur Jr.) I can confirm that on this night the audience was privy to a veritable J tour de force.

J graduated into the hallowed Hall of musical greats, there's no doubt in my mind that he's the heir to Neil Young's throne.

As I stared intently toward the stage, watching J's long graying hair draped over his shoulder, he had the appearance of a wise old samurai, capable of playing the heart broken lovable stoner and the cutting guitar warrior with equal deftness. His extended noisy guitar excursions, emotionally intense playing that ventured into brutal, string-ripping territory. But he bring it back down to the bare bones of the melancholic songs. Listening to his world-weary voice cracking its way through the chorus of "Thumb": "There never really is a good time/ There's always nothing much to say/ I'm pretty good not doing that fine/ getting up most every day", was one of the most emotionally resonant moments of the entire concert.

As an aside, I must say that there's an element within Melbourne audiences that are quite strange. Like the shmuck who threw a full bottle of water at Jim's pedal board is not exactly going to enamor the man with our country, (considering past comments made by O'Rourke about his strong reluctance to ever tour Australia). Some people seemed desperate to secure a vantage point in the crowd, and not relinquish an inch under any circumstances. At one point I was sandwiched between a couple engaging in

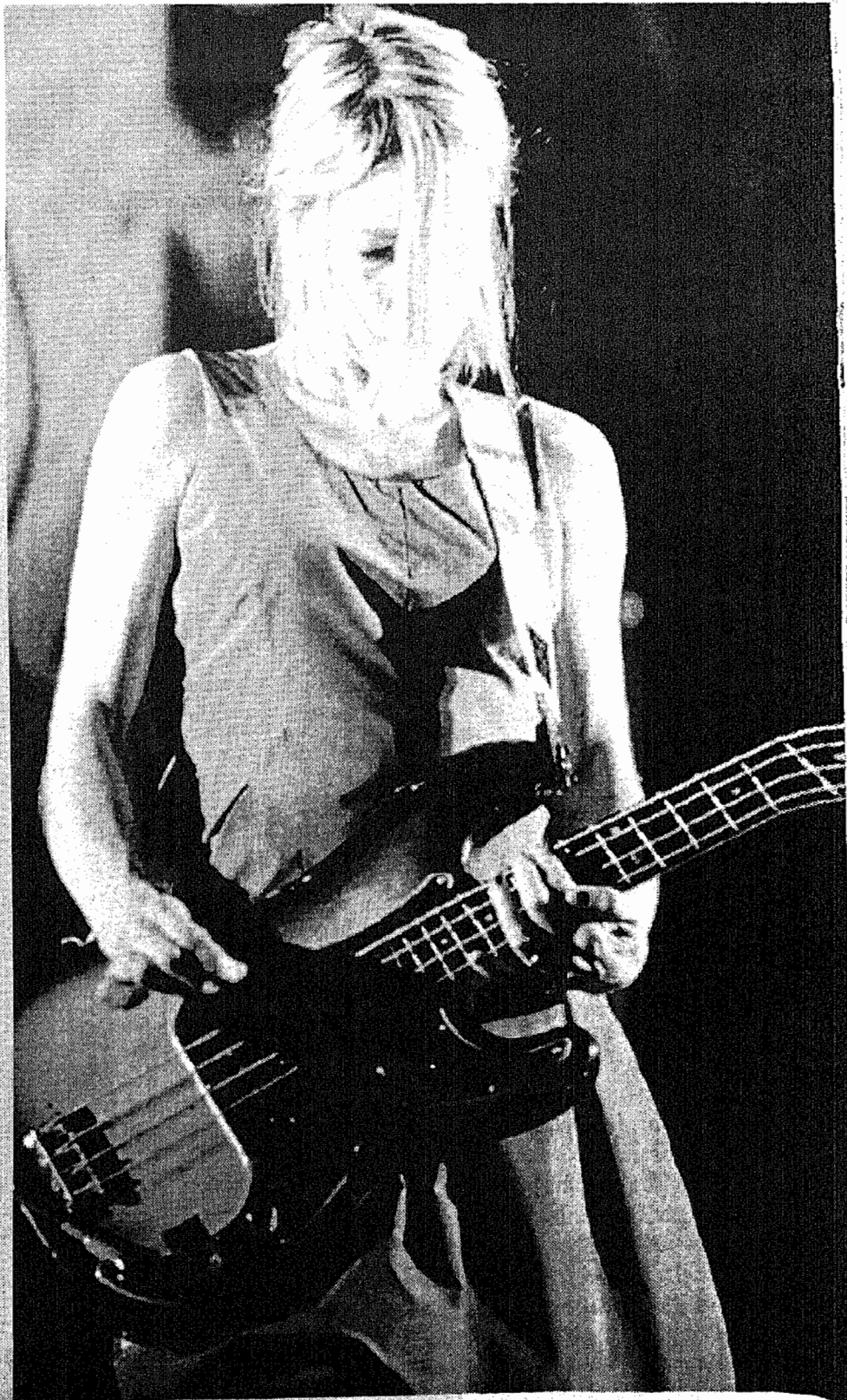
the most kooky, unskilled and annoying (every time they elbowed me) attempt at dancing. The moron continuously yelling out for 'Silver Rocket' to prove to the entire hall that he was 'down' with their early material was similarly distracting.

Nevertheless, not even these miscreants could put a damper on the evening, especially when SY pulled out Lee's 'Mote', with its lengthy feedback jam. The majestic triple guitar melodic work-out of Thurston's new song 'Unmade Bed', underpinned with Steve's drum rolls, made for a divine swarm of sound. The inclusion of 'Schizophrenia' sated those hungry for older tunes, and the rendition of another newie, 'Pattern Recognition', was also dazzling; its dirty disco vibes provided the scene for some fabulous lead work from Lee, Kim's punk-as-fuck vocals and noisy slide guitar all whilst Jim literally tore it up on the bass. Jim's influence on the vitality of the band was evident, and it was a joy to behold. Thurston engaged the crowd in some light-hearted anti-Bush chanting before segueing into the appropriately titled 'Peace Attack'. Finishing the final encore with the oldie 'Brother James', SY left us with a warm, satisfied feeling from a consistently amazing show.

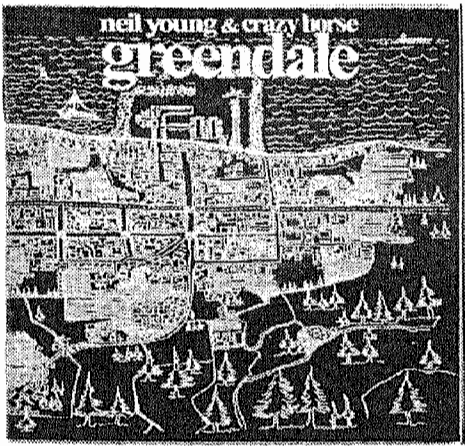
Sonic Youth may be over twenty years old, but these performances proved that not only can they still cut it, but they put most of their detractors, imitators and yes, even some of their rightful successors to shame.

dan V

31







Neil Young  
*Greendale*  
 Reprise/ Warner

There few old rock and rollers that command as much respect these days as Neil Young. Sure, the Stones are still (barely) limping along, as are Kiss, with all their dishonest talk of farewell tours. Iggy collaborating with Green Day? Forget about it.

Even though he's certainly had his ups and downs and worn his share of stylistic hats, Young has remained relatively immune from accusations of "past-it". He's been forgiven by hardcore fans for past transgressions, whose faith in the singer-songwriter (and one time peer of Crosby, Stills and Nash) reached a career low when he appropriated the then burgeoning synthesizer and vocoder technology on his 1983 album *Trans*. After all, there's a reason why everyone's favourite post-rock pioneers Slint covered his epic 'Cortez the Killer', and why the abysmally derivative Powderfinger took their name from Young's paean to heroin addiction. This was the man who penned the line Kurt Cobain chose to quote in his infamous suicide note, "It's better to burn out than fade away".

Still, if you considered *Greendale* on face value: "aging hippy releasing a concept album about the life of a fictional Everyman American family in a small town", you could be forgiven for being disinterested or dismissive. The important thing to note is that the man with the giant custom Fender amp backline has managed to make such an ambitious project work successfully.

To sum up the basic storyline, *Greendale* is all about a fictional small Californian town of the same name, with the songs revolving around the Green family. The father, Earl, is a Vietnam vet who lives at the Double E Rancho with his wife Edith, their daughter Sun and her cousin Jed. Jed kills Carmichael, the town police officer, after Satan (who happens to reside by choice in the county jail) drove him to do it, and Grandma and Grandpa Green have to flee their homes after the media descend on their house to interview them about the murder. There's more to it of course, though when paired

with Young's long song structures, the detailed and convoluted plot can lumber at times.

The storyline is really just a means by which Young can tie in the themes which concern him the most at the moment; pollution and environmental concerns, the predatory media, the War on Terror; in other words, a snapshot of present day America. Many listeners may discover, as I did, that despite the detailed yet engaging storyline, the songs are best enjoyed on their own.

Musically, Young has never been into anything too complex (eight minute cathartic guitar solos notwithstanding), and the music here is suitably understated. It also sits comfortably alongside anything else he's recorded thus far in his career. Young's band Crazy Horse (comprising bassist Billy Talbot and drummer Ralph Molina, though for some reason, second guitarist Frank Sampedro is strangely absent) ably back him up on the countrified blues of 'Double E' and the fragile acoustic folk of 'Bandit'. The man who wrote anthems like 'Keep on Rocking in the Free World' hasn't lost any of his optimism, as evidenced by the lines from 'Falling from Above': "A little love and affection/ in everything you do/ will make the world a better place/ with or without you."

'Leave the Driving', a grooving, trance-like blues that details the murder (and can be read as criticising the new police state that is America after the recent terrorist attacks), is one of the album's best. Young's trademark high alto singing "The moral of this story/ is try not to get too old/ the more time you spend on Earth/ the more you see unfold/ and as an afterthought/ this must too be told/ some people have taken pure bullshit/ and turned it into gold", before launching into a warm, overdriven guitar solo is a high point.

The unashamed hippy anthem, 'Be the Rain', with it's female choir intoning "We've got to save/ Mother Earth" is another case in point. Such a line would be cliché in anyone else's hands, but when Young does it, his sincerity plainly evident, well, it's kinda sweet.

The story, the songs and the

whole package, with its beautifully rendered sleeve (and a bonus DVD) combine to ensure *Greendale* is not only a great concept album, but a great album period.

Whilst other ageing rockers are content to sit back and count the cheques, *Greendale* provides persuasive evidence that Young still has a warm fire in his belly, enough optimism to persist in spreading some positive vibes, and the integrity to put his money where his mouth is.

dan V



Supergrass  
*Supergrass is 10*  
 Parlophone/ EMI

Yes, well, for a band unfortunate to have been birthed during Britpop's heyday (Blur living in a country house? Pulp meeting up in the year 2000? Remember that?), the 'Grass have aged remarkably well – even if they don't appear to have grown up in the process. Any other band with a breakthrough single like 'Alright' should justifiably be consigned to the musical dustbin, but while the Gallaghers crashed and burned and Damon Albarn contrarily refused to continue milking the Britpop cash cow, Supergrass went on quietly changing direction and releasing albums as satisfying as they were different. Hard to believe they've only been around 10 years and released only three albums.

Supergrass is 10 years old this year, and they've released a 21-track best-of to mark the occasion. Guaranteed most people will only recognise the first three tracks, which also happen to be the worst three ('Caught By The Fuzz', 'Pumping On Your Stereo', 'Alright'), but the rest of the album is a surprisingly generous look

at the better part of Supergrass' career – and two newies, 'Kiss Of Life' (See! They CAN funk it with the best of 'em!) and 'Bullet', which more than justify the cover price of the CD in my opinion.

A great way to discover one of Britain's best and most immature bands, with a splendid time guaranteed for all (apologies Sgt. Pepper). Cheers.

dentarthurdent



Speedstar  
*Forget The Sun, Just Hold On...*  
 EMI

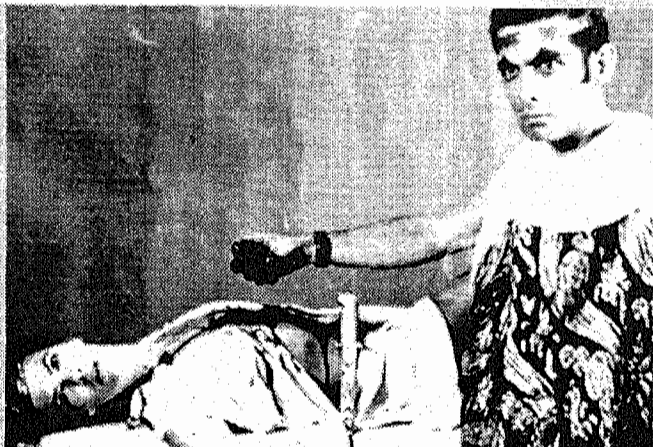
Bright, bouyant pop presents itself in the 'Are You Feeling Better, Angelina' the first song on *Forget the Sun...* The album is definitely influenced by Tony Doogan who produced Belle and Sebastian, giving it plenty of bounce but with only half the daisies and lollypops and is most evident in 'The Saddest Summer on Record'. It's not all-pervasive though, and Speedstar manage to find their own sound, however erratic the album's style may be.

Ranging from piano ballads to boppy horn sections to bouncing guitar and occasionally supported by a full choir the album somehow still feels a little dull and over long. Once again the vocals are cute but nasal and rangeless in true Aussie style. The slower tracks lack any acute brilliance or the universal appeal of some vague pop lyrics.

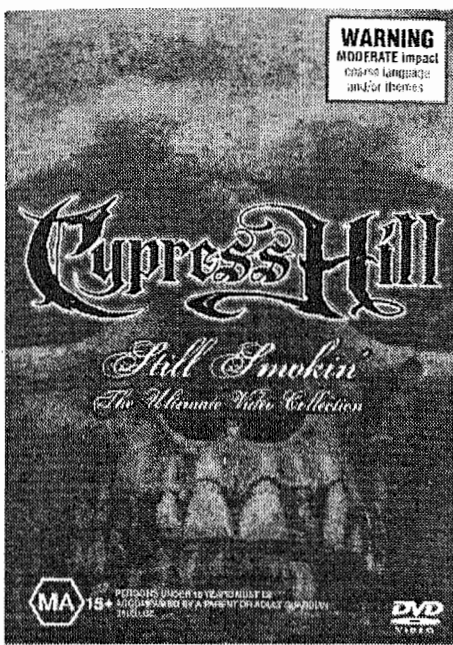
Speedstar is an Australian band who are nobly trying for a sound usually found outside our shores, but not quite capturing it. Any fans of pop acoustic Oz music will really enjoy *Forget the Sun...* as it pushes out the boundaries of that genre. For me it was a fun but uninspiring hour of life.

Dan J

Electro-Noise  
 Exotica duo  
 Uber-Stomp are  
 rocking the Rhino  
 with buddies Blood  
 Robots on Saturday  
 the 14th of August.  
 So come out and see  
 the show.







Cypress Hill  
*Still Smokin': The Ultimate  
 Video Collection*  
 Sony Music Video

I am no rap fan. The genre has infiltrated the mainstream to the extent that generations are growing up with the impression that this is the only way music can or should sound. Speak to me in person about it, but I could rant on for hours on what I think rap hasn't contributed to music, but in the end, it has kept morons and the musically unappreciative from listening to stuff that I like, and prevented them on most occasions from attending similar concerts.

Then there are Cypress Hill. From the time in history when hip-hoppers didn't wear clothes that look as impractical as an ejector seat in a helicopter, they are one of the few groups of this style that have ever had anything to offer musically and lyrically. Who is not remotely caught by songs like "The Phunky Feel One", "Insane In The Membrane", "How I Could Just Kill A Man" and "When The Ship Goes Down?" The Latin frontmans' bizarre vocal sound/style is unique the fun that was ever present on previous albums. They may be the kings of self-referential humour but there are only so many times you can hear "my name's Mike D..." "I'm a scorio..." and numerous other shout-outs, without thinking that waxing lyrical has started coming from a Beasties phase book.

That's not to say that there is no skill or interest here. This is possibly a good album to break any teenage brothers or sisters from a staple diet of Snoop Dogg, or Wu-Tang into a funkier and more interesting back catalogue in time for the Beastie Boys inevitable presence in our country next year. Old-school all the way, but just too few innovative hooks.

Prof. Booty



Season  
*Avatar*  
 Low Transit Industries

Just when I was starting to think that every young Melbourne band was mining the same aggressive and angular post-punk aesthetic, along comes narcoleptic rockers Season to confuse the issue. An instrumental trio based around guitars, bass and drums (who enlisted extra musicians on violin,

in a way I have never heard in rap before or since, but aside from this I can't put a finger specifically on what it is about Cypress that seems like they have more to offer musically than many, many other hip-hop artists.

Watching this DVD reminded me how much Cypress I actually know, whether through past friends or from my brothers' sub-woofer. Viewing the Cypress clips, I didn't get the same nauseating feeling as watching rap videos on a Sunday morning on *Rage* or *Video Hits*. There was something more human and humble in what they are all about. Not once did I pick up any excessive self-promotion or skin usage, unnecessary language or bias toward persons undeserving, but true fans can feel free to correct me on this. There was no bravado or 'tude that we've all become so complacent with in most of our other connections with American culture and society. This was welcome and somewhat

cello and trombone), Season's seven track release features long pieces big on mood and texture.

From the opening track's bleak string swells and repetitive ominous chord progressions, the band telegraph their territory (and more importantly, their influences) early on in the piece, spanning ambient organic trip-hop, sombre instrumental post-rock a la Mogwai, and darkly dramatic orchestral manoeuvres reminiscent of Canada's Godspeed You! Black Emperor and their ilk.

Considering the delayed guitars and long melodic developments of songs like 'God Mode', it's hard not to see the connections to the aforementioned bands, particularly as the bass heavy rhythmic wallop that comes at the songs end reminds this listener of Mogwai's distortion fests and the metal-prog riffage of Tool. Elsewhere on 'Give Up the Ghost' the quiet/ loud dynamic shifts, twangy mournful guitars, and sustained piano conjure up the free-floating ephemera that's been heavily explored by bands like Do Make Say Think and Explosions in the Sky.

A band can be forgiven for sharing similarities with their influences, but with *Avatar*, Season employ certain moves (the rain soaked field recordings, the swelling build-ups) that contribute to a subtle air of contrivance that permeates the release at several points, and detracts from the fine musicianship and production.

Still, the sombre feel of 'Zero Crossing', surrounded by mountains of reverb, provides such a fitting compliment to bleak, rainy days that perhaps the notorious Melbourne winters are as much to blame for the music and extra-musical gestures here, as any overt

refreshing.

Had the DVD merely contained the most comprehensive collection of videos by Cypress Hill to date, it would have been worth it, but also included are seven live tracks from their performance at the Fillmore East in San Francisco. This is a surprising feature for a hip-hop group to include, but the performances of these songs prove that Cypress are not purely content with recording an album and then sitting around waiting for the money to roll in, they're prepared to 'bring it to the kids' as it were. So yeah, to round up briefly, good if you're a fan, also good if you write reviews for On Dit and get it for free.

\* DVD highlight (live track- Hits From The Bong) - watch for the pathetic American kid who gets invited on stage by the 'Hill' to take a giant toke, then won't leave...

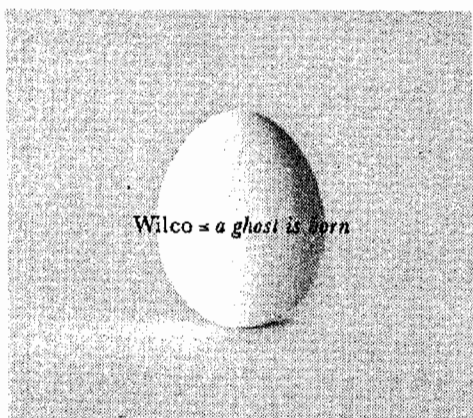
Tony M.

influence derived from other similar bands. To Seasons credit, certain melodic elements throughout the album work quite successfully in compelling the listener to simply acquiesce and be carried along with it all. The addition of vocals (provided by guest Karen Vogt) on 'Throw me to the Sky' goes some way to differentiating Season from their influences, and without such comparisons, their music would undoubtedly be much more effective. I would venture that those unfamiliar with the musical realm to which Season are aligned would take the most from this release.

In time, Season's sound may change to the extent that they forge their own identity. In the meantime, since Godspeed You! Black Emperor have (from all accounts) disbanded, many instrumental-ambient-orchestral-rock-crescendo junkies will soon have to obtain their fix elsewhere-although Season are hardly exploring new territory with this release, less critical fans of the ubiquitous 'post/orchestral-rock' genre will relish Season's take on all things bleak and moody. Until they find something better of course.

dan V





Wilco  
*A Ghost Is Born*  
 Nonesuch

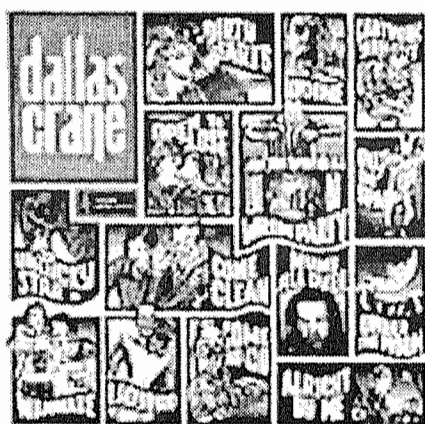
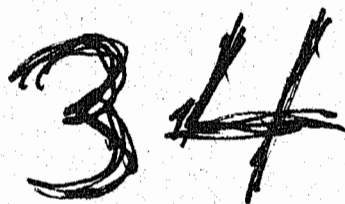
Four years on from the acclaimed sonic-folk creation *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*, Jeff Tweedy and Wilco have returned in trademark ground-breaking style with *A Ghost Is Born*. Departing from the tighter form and wariness of its predecessor, *A Ghost Is Born* is instead overflowing with creative energy and confidence. Having earned the right to with *YHF*, Wilco really let go, Tweedy's fearless and evolved lead guitar leading the way. There is a freedom and attitude to songs such as opener 'At Least That's What You Said', which is what rock is all about.

Lyrical, Tweedy again explores many places, bright and spirited and also concerningly dark, and his use of words is much less forced than ever before. There is such a mish-mash of the epic, the experimental and the down-to-earth that it's all disorienting at first, yet time and dedication ensure that you again find yourself caught in the Wilco web. Indeed, it soon becomes apparent that Wilco are cleaner and much more sure of themselves than ever. Although initially intimidating, this is deceptively accessible.

'Wishful Thinking' and 'Less Than You Think' are wary and beautiful looks at the fragile mind, something Tweedy with his 'Handshake Drugs' is all too aware of, while 'I'm a Wheel' sees them shed the synthesizers and layers of percussion for some simple punk fun perfect for the airwaves.

As on *YHF* the production skills of Sonic Youth's Jim O'Rourke perfectly complement Tweedy's songwriting and the band's flexible musicianship. The haunting interaction and placement of the synthesizers, percussion and guitars shape this mesh of energy and creativity into another classic chapter of the Wilco story.

#### Banjo



Dallas Crane  
*Dallas Crane*  
 Alberts/FMR

In a bloated genre that sees artists sinking into the ever increasing whirlpool of shit music, Dallas Crane can proudly sit on the shores and watch the pseudo-musos sink. Rock'n'roll. Yeah baby. Personally, I'm fucking sick of the rock revival, but then every now and again a band like Dallas Crane comes along to restore faith in a cynical bastard like myself. This is quality Aussie rock'n'roll. No fashion, all passion.

This, their third long player for these former carpet cleaners, have found a home at legendary Aussie record label Alberts (home of AC/DC, Easybeats) after self releasing their previous two albums. Produced under the mystical guidance of Wayne Connolly (You Am I, and Underground Lovers producer fame), these geezers have pulled off a beaut. The album is like taking a 14 stop journey on a Maglev train, no holding back just racing straight ahead, taking your eardrums hostage and not letting them go until your whole body is moving to the beat. The momentum ceases in a few tracks where the music seems to float through your body and sedate your soul. And the guitar work throughout is fucking rock as.

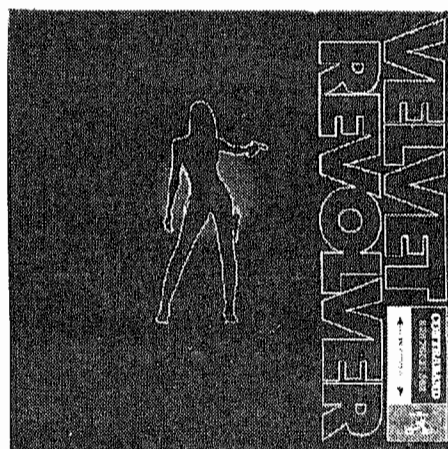
Dig the front cover, though I don't know bout the rest of the artwork. Never have I seen album artwork with so many pictures of the band. They have the live shots, the posed

shot on the couch, the drawing of themselves. Self indulgent? If they weren't so fucking good I might actually give them shit about it.

If you want to wear funky overpriced rock'n'roll threads and get your hair permed like the dude from The Strokes, being the hippest rock'n'roller in town until next year when the happy pants resurgence envelops us (God, I'm counting down the days), buy Jet or The Vines or some other scripted manufactured tripe.

If you actually like rock'n'roll music, and want to hear innovative passionate rock buy this album. Now. And make sure you check them out when they visit our audience apathetic metropolis as part of 'The Filth and the Grime Tour' with The Cops and 67 Special.

#### Yuky



Velvet Revolver  
*Contraband*  
 BMG

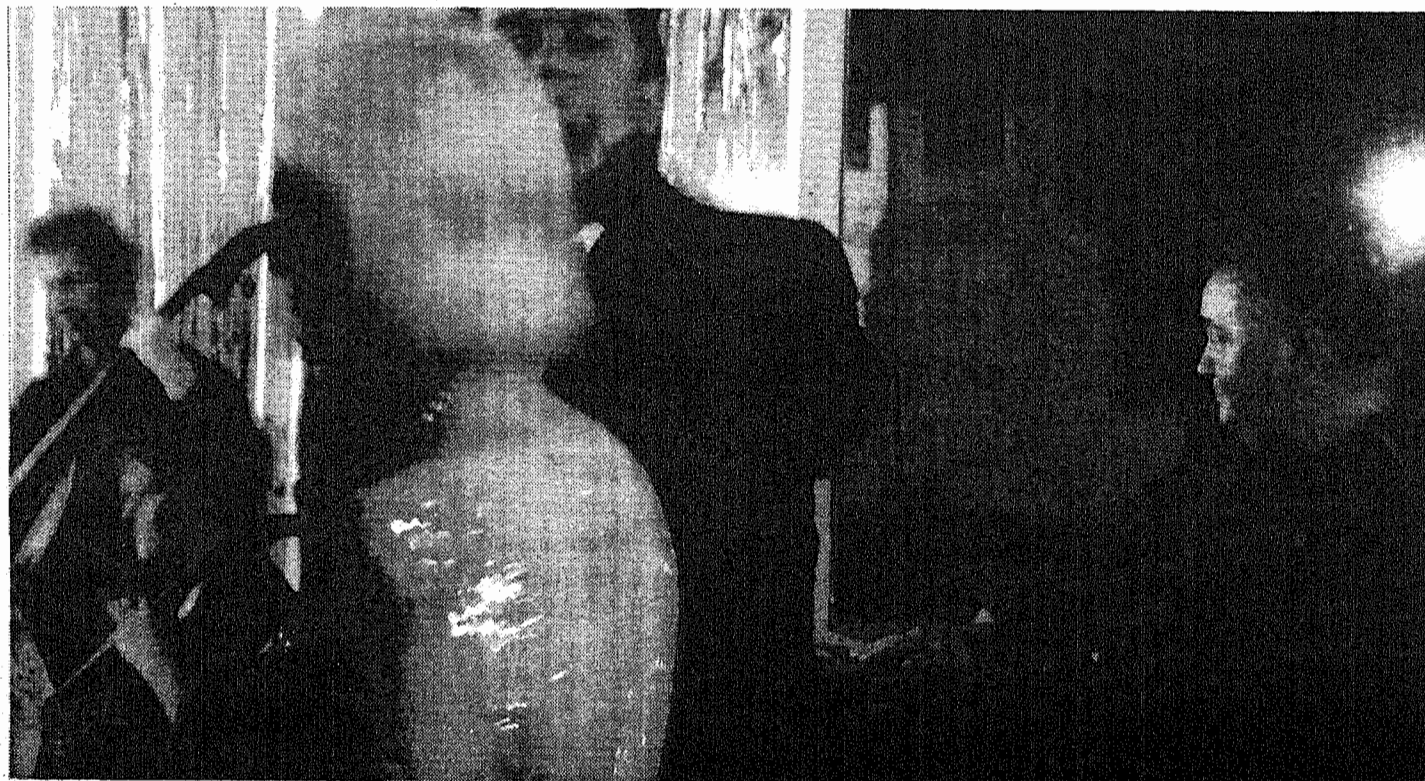
Surely it must be a joke, tongue in cheek? *Contraband*, a naked Bondesque chick on the cover, plenty of 'hardcore' criminal images in the liner notes, titles like 'Big Machine' and 'Do It For The Kids', and the classic line "somebody raped my tapeworm abortion" (why bother printing such utterly abstract lyrics, just mumble and let us believe you're saying something).

Velvet Revolver IS a supergroup, combining Scott Weiland

(perpetually jailbound, drug addled Stone Temple Pilots frontman), Slash (Guns n Roses), Duff McKagen(GnR), Matt Sorum (GnR) and Dave Kushner (Suicidal Tendencies). For STP fans this is a release to approach with curiosity and dread, the moment when childhood idols might finally prove to have been false gods. Many of the '90s alternative rock bands walked a fine line between honest, bitter creativity and the ego-driven cock rock styling of bands like Guns 'n' Roses before them. This could be the album in which Weiland finally shows his true colours by stumbling into the otherside.

The criminal theme of the artwork carries into the first track with an obligatory wailing siren to open it up. From there it is fast, heavy riffing and lead guitar. It's not without reason that I've barely spoken of Slash and co as the GnR sound finds few entrances. It's not until track 6, 'Fall to Pieces' that the high pitched super electric guitar typical of Slash's past life comes bursting through. Even then the scaming, harmonised guitars that define cheesy cock rock are thankfully absent. The band prefers to plunge the growling, continuously low riffs typical of grunge and STP but with a much faster, modern edge. Weiland's husky voice gives a certain credibility and dignity combining with the music for a gruff but dynamic sound. Of course *Contraband* is entirely professional, super clean in production and, standing apart from it's members previous legacies, is one of the best nu-rock/cock rock albums in recent times – as long as you can ignore the lyrics and focus on the interaction of the vocals and guitar riffs.

#### Dan J





# Clubs and Classifieds

ADELAIDE UNI FILM SOCIETY PRESENTS  
Classic Science Fiction!  
Thursday 12th August

*The Day the Earth Stood Still* (1951)  
An alien (Klaatu) with his mighty robot (Gort) land their spacecraft on cold war Earth just after the end of World War II. They bring an important message for the planet which Klaatu wishes to tell to representatives of all nations. However, communication turns out to be difficult so, after learning something of the natives, Klaatu decides on an alternative approach. (92 mins, USA)

+ Short:  
*Le Voyage Dans la Lune* (A Trip to the Moon) (1902). A group of astronomers go on an expedition to the moon. (14 mins)

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

The new Adelaide Uni Scottish Dancing Group is looking for members! This kind of dancing is easy to learn and great fun! No swords, kilts or bagpipes involved. The next two classes are from 7.30-10 pm on Thursday, August 12 in the WP Rogers Room and on Friday, August 20 in the South Function Room, Level 4 Union House.

We would be happy if you joined us. More information available from Birgit: [birgit.hofmann@student.adelaide.edu.au](mailto:birgit.hofmann@student.adelaide.edu.au)

JC: *Hey Stan, how do you think the kids would feel if they knew we took a cut of their students fees and blew it on drugs to come up with this junk every week?*

Stan: *Oh I don't care about what they think, I just don't want my mother to find out.*

JC: *Me neither. Maybe this is a bad idea and we should just run with that 'JC forgets Stan's birthday schtick again.*

Stan: *Yeah, do that.*

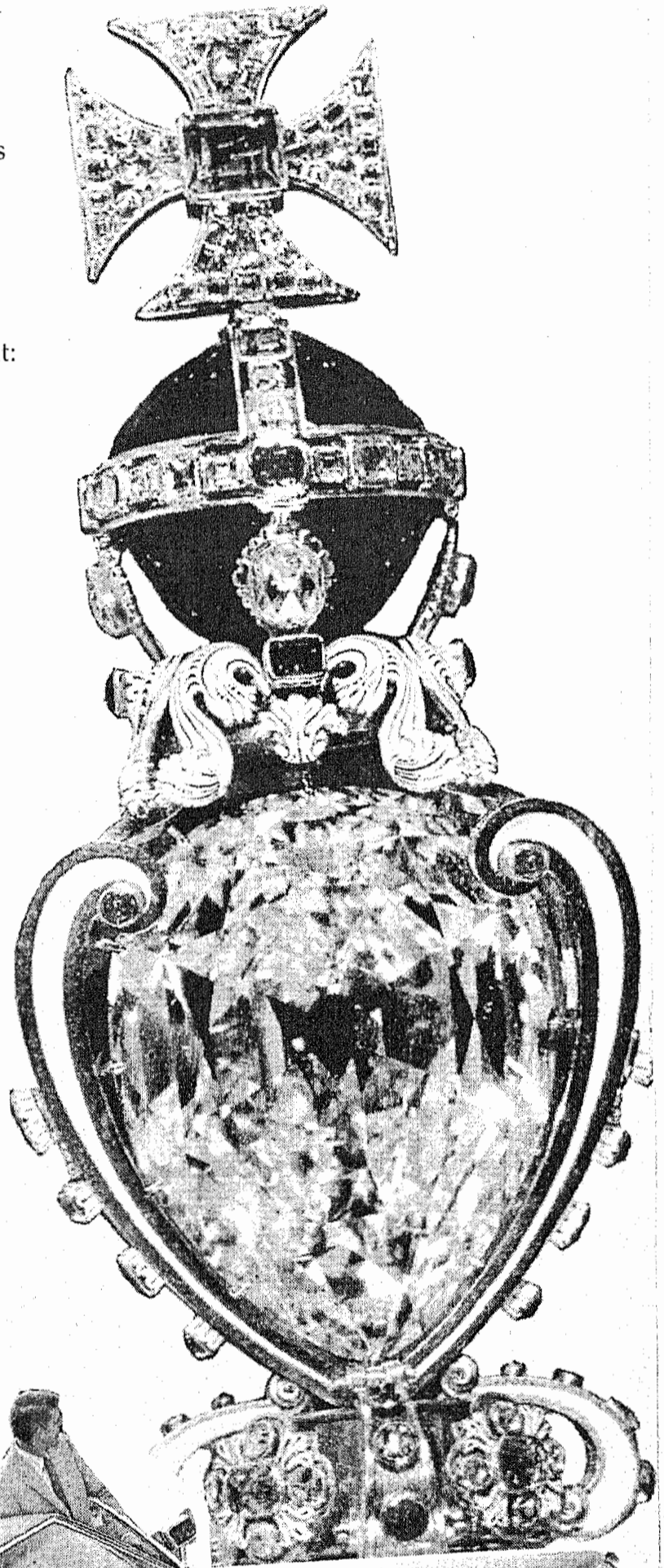
Stan: *Do you know what day it is today Jimmy?*

JC: *Yeah! Monday! Sleep day!*

Stan: *I hate you Jimmy.*

## Thankyoos:

All four Dans, they hold our sanity by our ball hairs, Tony, whoever dropped their meth at Shotz, Alex, Claire, Russell, Leo's folks for all the free booze, and radiant Sophie.



35





