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**On Dit**  
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**3.3.2005**

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

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**This week's Vox Pop by**

Daniel Joyce

**About the cover:**

Who didn't love the wrestling during O'week? The blatant homophobes certainly did.

**Wanna Write?**

Come down to our friendly little office, in the basement of the George Murray building, next to the boy's loo (to our chagrin). Otherwise you can get in contact with us via email at [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au) or call us on 83035404.

**Next Edition:**

Deadline March 4

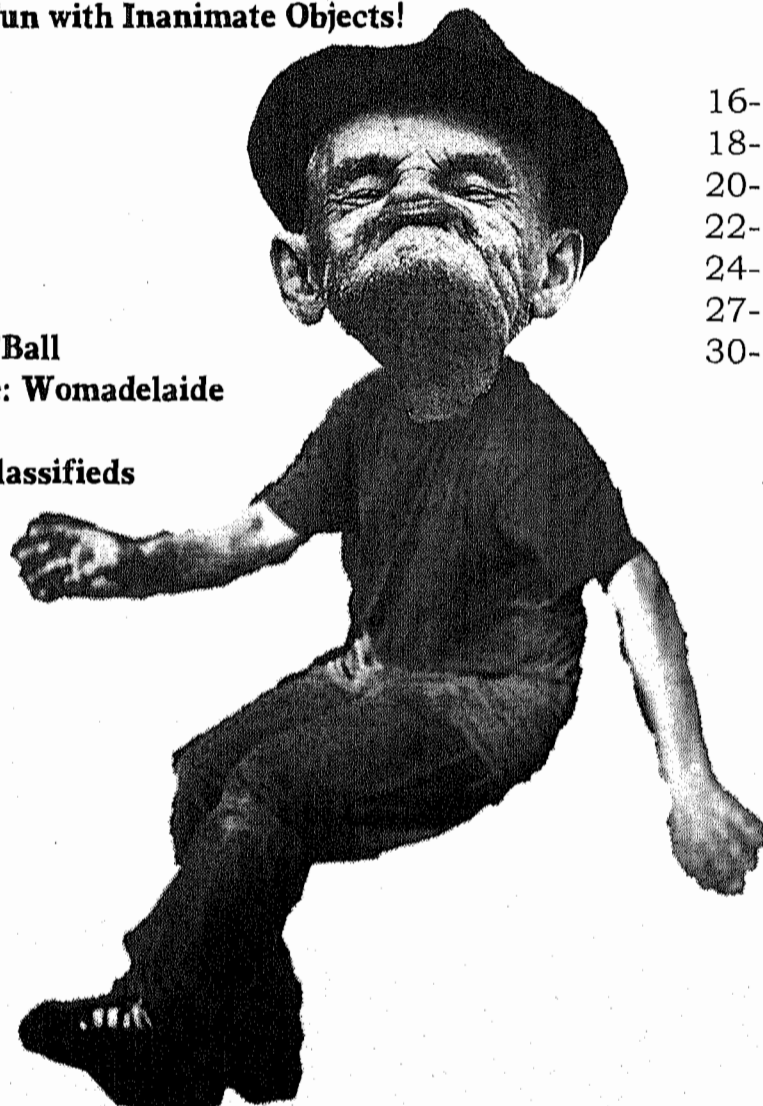
Published Mar 8

**The Editors would like to thank:**

Sexalexis, Matt, Nerissa, Anna, Dave, Stanny poo, Potter for being so goddamn fab, carrots because they're delicious and good for our eyes, Bonnie from Cadillac and midnight Coles. No thanks to the 6am leafblower. What are you doing man?

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**Game Duo!**

After the roaring success of last week's hunt, we welcome back another edition of this nail biting treasure trek. Hold onto your hats intrepid adventurers as you scour the following pages in search of:

- A tribute to a 1970s icon
- One spelling error
- Something you never knew before
- A picture of a silent movie legend
- A German pick up line
- Something free
- An example of breathtaking layout

Remember - everybody loves a **WINNER!**

Entries close Mon 7 March



## media watch

with Audrey Hefeneggar

It was a story born to be splashed across the razztastic centrefold of trashy tabloids. Middle aged man finds long lost illegitimate son. Familial bonding ensues while situation confirms said father's deepest beliefs. It should have been the kind of story that caused housewives to weep as they waited in the local supermarket aisle before being relegated to the great trashcan of sentimentality in the sky. Except this wasn't just any old reunion story, and the man in question just happened to be Australia's ultra conservative Health Minister Tony Abbott. The irony of the situation is lost on nobody. A rabid anti-abortion activist, Abbott's political dreams came true this week when news of the beautiful reunion hit the streets. Meanwhile, Daniel O'Connor, a sound recordist for the ABC, has been dealt a mammoth blow this week through the discovery of his father's identity. After tracking down his biological mother through the Catholic adoption agency utilised after his birth 27 years ago and finding out he had been sired by the original conservative himself, O'Connor is rumoured to have released a string of obscenities. One can

only imagine what it must have been like for the long haired, leftie sound dude *who works for the ABC* to discover his dubious parentage. The reaction of the O'Connor, while understandable, is hardly the point. In fact, despite his integral connection to this latest of political scandals, O'Connor himself is quite immaterial. As the abortion debate once again gathers strength in parliament, Abbott couldn't have knowingly constructed a more powerful political coup for his cause. While O'Connor has declared the media frenzy to be 'an intrusion', Abbott has frocked up and slimed his way into the hearts of conservatives the nation over. According to Abbott, O'Connor's first words to him after the revelation were, "Thanks for having me". Those four words have become the battle cry for Abbott's war on the rights of women to choose. In one fell swoop, Abbott has become not a distant arbitor of morals but an experienced survivor. Apparently, it's a win win situation for everyone involved. The immature young lovers have grown into wiser people, aware of their mistakes yet more aware of the necessity of their actions. Their son has grown into an intelligent, successful young man lucky enough not only to have been raised by a respectable family, but to have been given the chance at life itself. See? Abbott gloats. If we can do it, so can you! Indeed. Yet as biological mother Kathy Donnelly herself says, she was lucky enough to be born into an

economically comfortable family who were also "sensationally supportive". Apparently this luxury also ensured that Donnelly wouldn't need to be "sent away to the country" on a random nine month sabbatical. The reality of many unwanted pregnancies occurring in situations of very different economical and emotional support needn't be pointed out.

Perhaps most despicable in this schmaltzy tale of human morality is Abbott's spin himself. According to an article by Anne Summers in *The Age*, the Health Minister had originally struck a deal with *The Bulletin's* Julie-Anne Davies. After agreeing to the story being held back until Wednesday of last week, Abbott allegedly contacted good friend and writer for *The Australian* Piers Akerman and informed him of *The Bulletin's* scoop. Akerman was to scoop the scoop so to speak. Davies was alerted of this plan after receiving a phone call from Kathy Donnelly. Because *The Bulletin* was still in layout mode, they were forced to break the story on their website, thus scooping the scoop of the scoop. Abbott has denied allegations that he reneged on the original deal. Regardless of how the story broke however, Abbott continues to use what should be a private matter to further his own archaic and regressive political agenda. As the abortion debate rears its ugly head once more, the real question remains: Would you rather be blissfully obliterated in the blink of an eye or find out that the blood of Australia's most conservative Catholic slithers through your veins?

*If you've been keeping an eye on the scummy side of the news, drop Audrey a line at [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au) and stick it to Murdoch!*

## COMING SOON

The eds are seeking submissions for the following editions:

### Environdit:

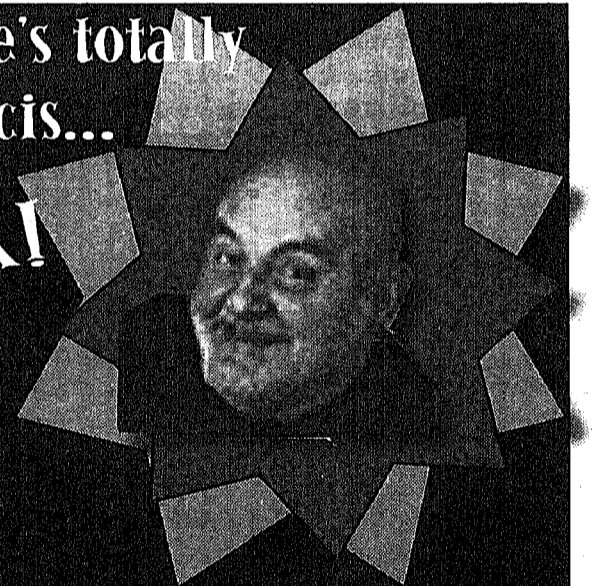
Let's get green  
Deadline Mar 8  
Published Mar 14

Gonzo edition  
Tribute to Hunter S.  
Deadline Mar 15  
Published Mar 21

He's wacky! He's zany! He's totally insaney! It's the Bob Francis...

CALL OF THE WEEK!

Comperer: Bob Francis  
Date: Feb 21  
Time: 8:18 pm  
Duration: 4:40 m



Caller John says that he's just drank a beautiful Amsterdam Mariner. He then says he's sick of beggars in Adelaide. Francis says he never gives money to anyone. John says they generally spend it on drugs and alcohols. Francis says lots of young people do it to old people because old people are scared of them. John says he sees lots of kids who are no hopers and they are worthless. He then says he believes feminism has gone too far and it is ruining all the things that are good in our world like football. Francis tells him to stick it up women. John says he loves women, but there are too many men-hating lesbians with hairy armpits who think men are evil. He says he is sick of their propaganda and rhetoric. Francis says the problem is that politicians listen to them and make laws around them. John says they hate men and they want to punish them. He says the Green Left [Weekly] is not worth buying because it is rubbish, left wing propaganda from Resistance. Francis says it's a joke. John calls the Resistance people dole bludgers. Francis says they have no idea what the world is all about. John says he loves John Howard.

Bob Francis airs between 8pm and 10pm Mon to Fri on Adelaide's leading talkback station 5AA. He is number one in the radio ratings.



## The Nepalese Coup: A 'bloodless' royal takeover? Or bloodshed by royal decree?

Nepal was once a relatively peaceful country. Situated on the serene southern slopes of the Himalayan Mountains, it was one of the few nations on earth that could lay claim to a history in which armed struggle and conflict was noticeably absent.

However, more recent times have brought to Nepal much political conflict and social unrest. Indeed, for almost a decade now, Nepal has been gripped by a virtual civil war, where Maoist insurgents have been fighting to overthrow the reigning government and install a Communist state. This war has left an estimated 11,000 people dead, and has effectively split the country in two; with over half of Nepal now under rebel control, and the other half under the control of the government.

This conflict again became the focus of international headlines last month, when a number of incidents effectively plunged Nepal into absolute chaos.

The most significant of these developments took place on February 1<sup>st</sup>, when the reigning monarch, King Gyanendra, staged a bloodless coup to assume absolute control over the country.

Using his support from Royal Nepalese Army, the King declared a national state of emergency, and sacked the acting government from office. He claimed that the government had been lax in their war effort against the Maoist rebels, and that only through absolute, authoritarian control could Nepal have any hope in defeating its insurgents.

Thus, in line with this, the King announced he would be instituting wide-ranging reforms

to better assist him in the war effort. First off, he announced that all Nepalese citizens would no longer have any basic rights or freedoms, including the removal of the right to free speech and privacy.

The King then announced that he would also be imposing a complete media-blackout, with all independent newspapers being forced to shut operations, and radio stations only being allowed to play music.

In addition to this, he also announced that the Nepalese borders would be closed, the airport shut down, and all telecommunications lines to be severed, including phone and internet services.

Perhaps most frightening of all was his approval of arbitrary arrests. Following the February 1<sup>st</sup> takeover, it is estimated that over 1000 political figures and journalists have been detained without charge. Most of these individuals have no involvement whatsoever with the Maoist insurgency; instead many are human rights campaigners or pro-democracy politicians.

It is such extreme measures as these that have led many to question the real motives behind the King's actions. Are these measures really necessary in order to stop the rebel forces, or are they actually just diversionary methods of solidifying the King's power?

Most international commentators seem to think the latter. Up until the early 1990s, the Nepalese monarchy held absolute rule over the country, and its royal members were considered to be living Hindu gods. Many believe that King Gyanendra's underlying motive in all these actions is really just to return Nepal to such a previous political state.

Even Nepal's long-time international allies

are worried about the developments. Both the US and UK, who financially support the war against the Maoists, released statements claiming that they were "deeply troubled" by the events, and that their assistance would be under review. Neighbouring India has also suspended all military aid to Nepal until democracy is restored.

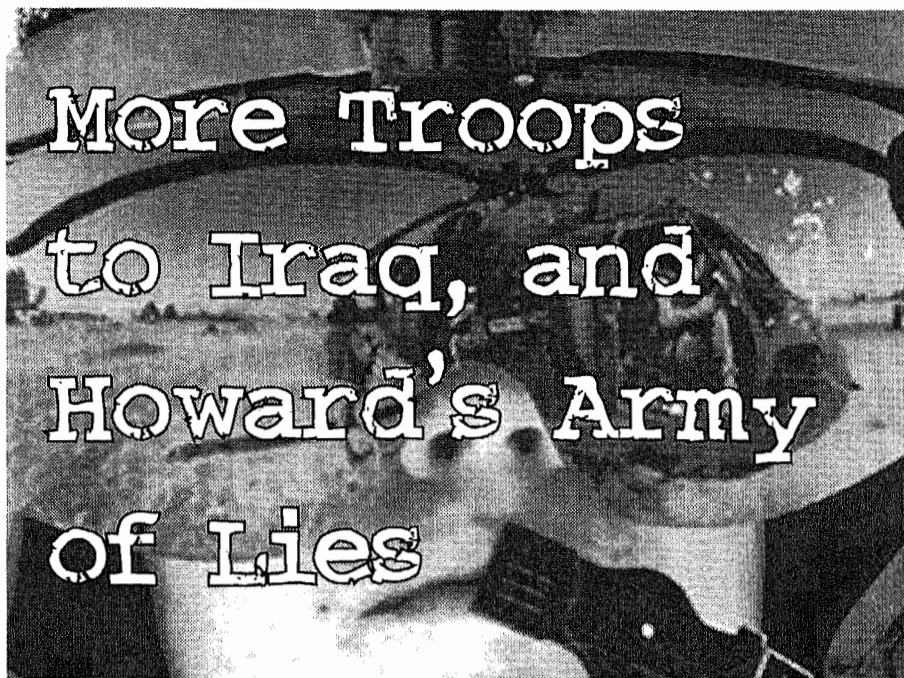
In fact, it is quite likely that the King's emergency reforms will only assist the Maoist struggle in the long run. By regressing from democracy and human rights standards, the King has risked causing even more public resentment toward the monarchy, and thus, further increasing public support for the rebels. What would have been a more effective measure would have been to institute more wide-ranging democratic reforms, combined with a serious attempt to improve living standards and reduce poverty.

In any event, the Maoist response to the emergency measures has been to heighten their military struggle. Last week the rebels established a country-wide highway blockade, aimed at bringing traffic and trade in Nepal to a standstill. With the notable exception of Kathmandu, this goal has largely been achieved, and many areas are now experiencing severe fuel shortages.

However, this stalemate can only last for so long. The country now stands on the brink of protracted violence and destruction. And with Human Rights Watch labelling both sides to the conflict as "serious human rights violators", it appears certain that the situation in Nepal will get much worse before it gets better.

**Nick Parkin**





During last year's election campaign Prime Minister John Howard promised that no more Australian troops would be sent to Iraq. This week he went back on this promise and sent a further 450 personnel into potential conflict.

This new addition came after the Dutch government removed 1,400 of their troops to placate a restless public.

The Australian additions will begin their work in Southern Iraq in May and will be used to train security forces and protect masses of Japanese soldiers currently involved in reconstructing the devastated nation.

Howard admitted the move would be unpopular but has since attempted to justify it claiming that although he did promise no

more troops would be sent into the region the conditions have changed, necessitating a reconsideration and, ultimately, a further increase in numbers.

Howard's original election promise not to increase to the total number of troops was made hastily made to combat Latham's 'troops home by Christmas' initiative. Howard's decision was undoubtedly a calculated political move designed to halt the Labor campaign's growing momentum. His back flip should

come as no surprise to anyone who has even the most cursory knowledge of Howard's history of broken promises. His most famous "never, ever" comment about the GST is joined by a plethora of others including his promise to "retain Medicare in its entirety" and "there will be no \$100,000 degrees under this (Howard's Liberal) government". Medicare has been cut to shreds by the Liberal government, turning Australian healthcare into a two-tiered system and there are now upwards of 15 university degrees costing upwards of \$100,000.

The Liberals have a long history of 'deliberate ignorance' of important information. Howard built a justification for government toppling

in Iraq on shady, inaccurate information about weapons of mass destruction and turned the public opinion against immigration by remaining wilfully unaware of accurate information about the 'children overboard'.

Even John Howard's most staunch opponents will admit in their more solemn moments that his is a genius at playing the game of politics. He's a brilliant manipulator and understands the way that people's minds function like few others. He's able to use peoples most base prejudices and compulsions to his own political ends. This talent, almost alone, is what has allowed him to maintain his throne for so long.

While it is a fair for the Australian public to maintain a certain anger towards Howard's most recent lie it seems odd that people allow it to continue.

It's no secret what so ever that Howard is dishonest and conniving - he's almost made it his defining character trait. Time after time he has deceived the public and time after time he is rewarded him with re-election.

It seems that Australians place a fairly low value on truth in their leaders and are willing to swap honesty for minor personal reward. Voters proved that they were willing to mortgage Governmental honesty for low interest rates (or so they thought), slightly lower taxes and a shiny new penny every new financial year.

It's a sad resolution but John Howard lies because the Australian people are either too lazy, too selfish or too apathetic to make him stop.

Danny Wills

## The Great Gonzo

A week ago Hunter S. Thompson shot himself. Sitting alone in his Xanadu-eque compound he spent the final lonely minutes of his life begging his wife to return home and help him finish his weekly column. On the other end of the phone all his wife heard was the click of a trigger, a loud muffled boom, and then silence.

Raoul Duke, the rambling philosopher of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. Thompson transcended mere physicality and danced a crazed drunken tango through the pages of his books. It's because of this, that his life was some kind of hyper existence, that it's impossible for him to ever die.

I remember first reading *Fear and Loathing* and being shocked by its crazy energy and jet black humour from the very first sentence. The novel rockets along with the velocity of a purple bullet, diverting occasionally to explore bizarre tangents before tearing itself back on course and screaming toward the next bizarre encounter.

Thompson was a writer of rare power with an amazing skill for composition and an unmatched energy. Every adjective was chosen with the precision of a surgeon and bore the power of a thousand atom bombs.

While *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* is almost certainly his masterpiece, his other major works - *Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72* and *Hell's Angels* - contain all the acerbic wit and energy of their more famous brother.

*On the Campaign Trail '72* began what would become a long and bitter war between Thompson and Richard Nixon. Thompson savaged him relentlessly throughout the book and in much of his later work calling him, among other things, "America's answer to the monstrous Mr. Hyde". In Thompson's famously unrepentant obituary for Nixon he called him "a swine of a man and a jabbering dupe of a president". He wrote that "Nixon was so crooked that he needed servants to

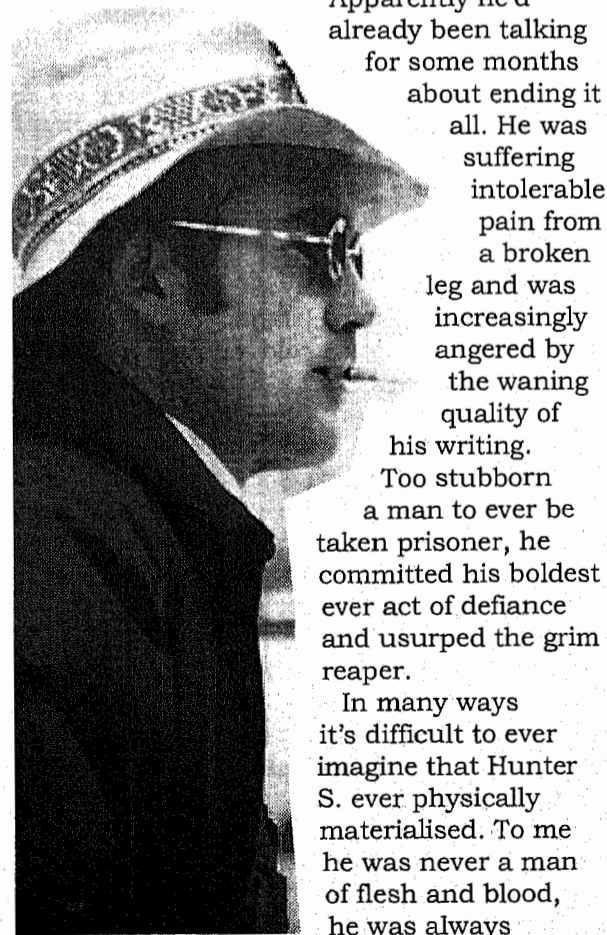
screw his pants on every morning. Even his funeral was illegal. He was queer in the deepest way. His body should have been burned in a trash bin."

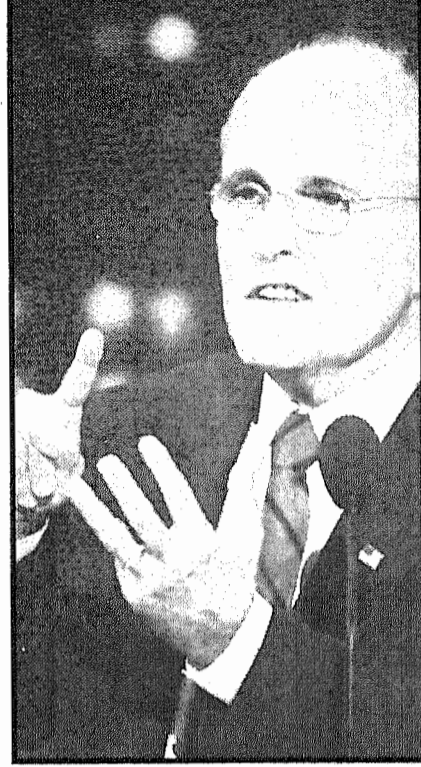
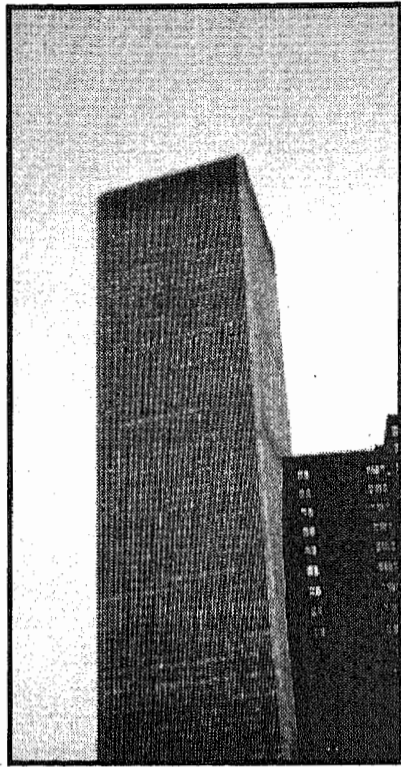
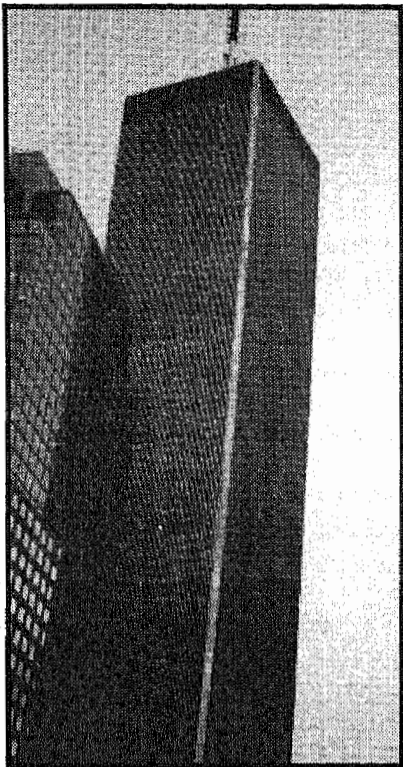
In this spirit of brutal honesty it has to be admitted that Thompson was in many ways a very tragic figure himself. He was a perverse Peter Pan, an adolescent who never grew out of his rebellious phase. The cornerstone of his patented Gonzo style is a complete disregard for journalistic objectivity and while this created some inspired moments of genius it also, at times, became an excuse for blatantly lies. Thompson occasionally went to ridiculous extremes, particularly in reference to Nixon, and produced some journalism that was less than perfect. It's also frequently ignored that Thompson's best writing was condensed to a relatively small period during the seventies. His output throughout the 80s and 90s was at best a facsimile of him in the 70s and worst a faint shadow. Hunter was something of a one trick horse and when the drunken, angry bit got old he went from being a mad genius to just plain mad.

Despite his flaws, or perhaps even because of them, Thompson was a great writer, if not a great man, and having known him has been an incredibly educational experience. He unlocked a world of unrestrained energy and fearless adventure where the only limits are self imposed. But by far the most valuable lesson that I learnt from Hunter S. is that all our existences are governed by an ever present and completely irrational and absurd logic.

In Hunter's world bats can descend out of nowhere while you're roaring through the middle of the Nevada desert, diners in a restaurant can spontaneously become raptors tearing each other to pieces and the world is only what we perceive it to be.

Danny Wills





## NEW YORK AND THE NATION: FOUR YEARS AFTER SEPTEMBER 11

“... New York has become a repository of the nation’s collective ambition ... [it is the nation’s] romantic vision of itself.”

Dallas Morning News

The Long Island Rail Road Company is going broke and I know why. At a freezing platform in Islip east of New York the Hispanic conductor tells me there isn’t another train for two hours. Dinner break apparently. This is how I become – in search of a warm room – a Dunkin Donuts customer in the concourse across from track one, 50 miles from New York.

By eight I am at Pennsylvania Station. I opt for a cab since the subway is crowded and I have three bags. Police officers chew cigarettes outside like cheap prawns, shielding their tails from the rain and spitting into the gutter. The cabbie takes the quickest, although he says, not most scenic route. Around me there are apartments the size of skyscrapers and skyscrapers the size of, well, something bigger than skyscrapers. My belt buckle is so cold I can’t put my hands in my lap. I think about this until 116th Street. Buildings are on the right, and the Hudson River is behind, flowing with rude health despite the weather. Columbia University – New York’s grip on the Ivy League – is somewhere up ahead. But for now at least, the neighbourhood, its restaurants, academics and oddballs are dark to me.

I have been to this city before. But, inside the UN building, away from the melting ice-creams of a seaport summer and, insulated against the smile of fake Rolex proprietors and industrious pickpockets, I saw little of New York. This time it will be different.

For Henry Miller New York was America. He wrote in *Black Spring* that “the United States doesn’t exist for me except as idea, or history, or literature.” At home in Brooklyn, he regarded anything outside of the island as a foreign country. Ironically, however, each New York neighbourhood has its own, often national, identity. The ethnic concerns of Little Italy, Spanish Harlem and Chinatown blend into the comfortable wealth of the upper west side, while the

grit and loneliness of Wall Street rivals the hubris of mid-town’s law firms and university clubs. At night the ambitions of Broadway and the avenues become clear. Altogether, the pace of life, the people, the cops, the subway, the political leanings of the city, even the beggars betray a unique spirit – somehow different from the rest of America. For that much at least Miller was right.

New York is New York. It does not need a country to sustain it since it is bigger than many countries. But, it remains sometimes passionately, othertimes mournfully part of, even the romantic vision of, America. When Bush took the presidency again New Yorkers wept in Times Square, while in Texas and other red states Republicans were satisfied. Then, New York did not want to be American. In an election that turned on issues which often affect New Yorkers more than other citizens (gay rights, terrorism and the state of the markets) it seemed city-liberals had to be saved from themselves by the Republican Mid-West. When I go for dinner on 95th Street a friend’s four year old asks me whether Australians have a President. ‘No’. I say and ask her about her president. She tells me they had an election but now ‘everybody has to pray’. For what? I ask her. ‘For another election.’ Her Mum says wryly.

More conservative, and perhaps more idealistic about American politics, I can hardly accept that Bush is the next Nixon. In a city whose people abhor the apparent inflexibility of conservatives, they turned to Republican Mayors Giuliani and Bloomberg to first, prosecute street crime and second, mend the city’s broken heart after September 11. Zero tolerance policing is still popular here, and if crime statistics are reliable, pretty effective. In the Subway water drips onto the track while people surge onto the 9 Train for downtown. Theodore Dreiser, writing in *The Colour of a Great City*, exposed a theme that recurs obsessively in the artistic, literary and political record of New York: contrast is its greatest attraction. Somehow, in the labyrinthine tunnels, riding towards stations across the

island, the densest of cities provides space for the non-conformist, the immigrant, the banker, the lawyer, the entrepreneur. They live in each other’s pockets. “The strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant” Dreiser said. And they are all here, it seems, on the 9 Train.

Inside the Lincoln Building it is quiet. Down a gold-railed stairway, past the guards is the subway, a sort of pipe filled up with people and noise and the smell of electric rails. If I open the door I can hear it. But I have only just escaped and do not want to go back to the excitement of the rush hour until at least this afternoon. My lower lip is numb from the cold so I ride the lift for a few minutes. I haven’t met my new employers but the firm’s general counsel meets me at the door. ‘Americans like Australians.’ He says generously. I return something complementary. It is not false. I have always liked Americans: confident, warm and idealistic they are hard to hate. But they are, at least when I am clumsily appraising my lunch, annoying. Ordering is impossible since my flattened vowels don’t register with anybody south of Morningside. ‘Speak up’

“it seemed  
city-liberals  
had to be  
saved from  
t h e m -  
selves by the  
Republican  
Mid-West”

they say. But this only adds noise and no understanding. Hungry enough to eat the arse out of a low flying duck I resort to pointing. It is fairly prehistoric but I have my food.

On Sunday I visit the north of Staten Island. It is, for the first time, cold enough to freeze the ground. Footprints cannot be erased: they are fixed in ice formations which may last for days. After two blocks I realize I am in a bad area. The glass on the street should have been a giveaway, the rubbish a sure sign, the graffiti

extra help. I get quickly out, watching for people as they watch my conservative shoes. I re-take the situation from the bus terminal. Soon on the S48 I am heading for Mariner’s Harbor. Outside it remains depressed: shops promise to accept food stamps while others promise nothing at all, boarded up, waiting for better times. There is only one good neighbourhood on this route and in it there are no good shops. I do not get off the bus, deciding instead to ride to the terminal and

take the ferry back to Manhattan. There must be better areas on the Island but bus 48 does not find them.

In lower Manhattan is the bankruptcy court, a convenient but discreet distance from Wall Street. It seems a reminder that there are failures here too. I admire the court's Victorian architecture.

Near Bowling Green Park, restored through the gift of a dead philanthropist, there are several newspaper stands: USA Today, The New York Times, African American, The New York Sun, The Village Voice.

Alexis De Tocqueville, the European political scientist thought all good societies grew from a community desire to bond in mutually beneficial groups, to educate and invigorate themselves by cultivating a free society through (inter alia) a free press. In 1839 he wrote, "Americans are forever forming associations.... These are not

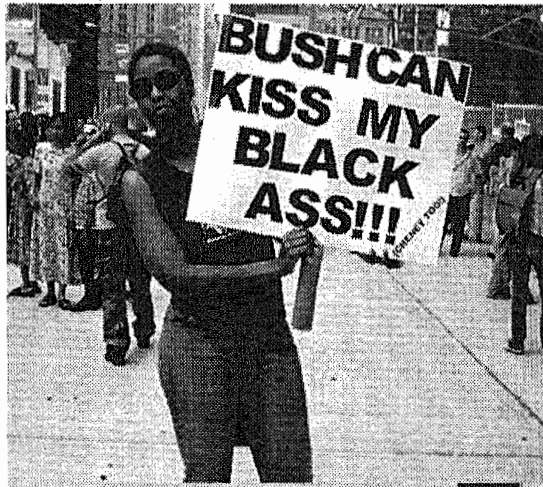
only commercial and industrial associations in which all take part, but others of a thousand different types: religious moral, serious, futile, very general and very limited, immensely large and very minute ... nothing, in my view, deserves more attention than the intellectual and moral associations in America." In countries where freedom is limited, the regimes of the old eastern block for instance, governments attempt (mostly through coercion) to absorb such activity and hence all but extinguish its existence. In Manhattan I can see doorways and offices for think tanks and pressure groups, newspapers and political parties, clubs and associations. They reveal the secret to America's prosperity and entrepreneurial spirit: by remaining curious, idealistic, self-educating, patriotic, adoring of the successful, worldly but oftentimes insular, by making a country of unified but self-reliant states, by allowing diversity America has allowed unimaginable invention, creativity, distinction. On the north of Staten Island, however, the poor are poor: welfare as we know it does not exist in America.

On Fifth Avenue a woman is having her haircut and speaking on her mobile phone. There is no time for anything: standing still on the street is impossible since the columns of people change like manic rubric cubes and cut off pathways to the subway or office. A few brave New Yorker's smoke, while the neurotic majority drink coffee on the go.

On Fox News at Nine, the station John Stewart satirically applauded for finally giving a voice to white male America, Mayor Bloomberg unveils the latest plans for a fresh tower on the September 11 site. Tall, plenty of

glass, angular and mounted with a radio tower several stories high, it looks like, well - a giant middle finger. This is New York's response to terrorism: build another, better tower. I admire the plan and am angry again at the attacks.

It is sardonic that the society Osama Bin Laden wants to spread across the world (a backward, inward looking, fundamentalist utopia) is the reverse of New York's open, multicultural (multi-religious), and largely wealthy sprawl. It was Walter Lippman who said that the great social adventure



Venting her political frustration in typically verbose New York style.

of America is no longer the conquest of the wilderness but the absorption of fifty different cultures. This observation is born out in the tolerant melting pot of New York, where mixed-race (and Muslim) children live without fear of prejudice. They are simply Americans. It is ironic, too, that the precision of the attacks was made possible by a Boeing 747, a device for touring the world, manufactured in Southern America and by a GPS system, made also by Americans.

But it is simply sad that the left misses the whole point of September 11. Wanting instead to blame America, they rally around Noam Chomsky rather than see the attacks for what they are: attacks on the very path to reason that created the liberal academy that supports them, which affords the free speech they enjoy, which allows for men and women to live as equals and for (largely) secular law making to run this, and other countries. Osama, of course, is no fan of free speech, of freedom of religion or of any of the enlightened practices now available to humans. He is no freedom fighter, no leader of the oppressed, no prophet of truth. He is simply a very bad class of terrorist. Societies which support him are sick: it is true that they are often also poor, governed by myopic religious fundamentalists and crippled by unemployment witness Saudi Arabia, 30%, Iran and Afghanistan, similar figures, and of course Syria, with

Well, why not? For one, the little bastards could be a great source of non-taxable income. Now I'm not suggesting sewing your wild oats in Elizabeth, there's nothing more depressing than having little Jayden calling you 'mummy's defacto'. Think instead of leafy eastern suburbs and social climbing. The plan's a simple one: find a well-to-do lady at Oakbank (old money preferred), convince her into believing that you are her soulmate and then let the wealth redistribution process begin. Just imagine never having to put food on the table and feeling safe in the knowledge that your child will receive the best of private schooling.

Dan J

victorb

20%). We might be tempted to call them failing states insofar as their people have no prospect of improving their lives. Al-Rashed, former editor of the Arab language daily Asharq Al Awsat and now news editor for Arab network Al Arabya, made the tragic but unavoidable conclusion after the Beslan school attack: "It is a certain fact that not all Muslims are terrorists, but it is equally certain, and exceptionally painful, that almost all terrorists are Muslim."

Whatever the factors behind the 11 September attacks, in New York at least, multi-religious living has proved possible even after the atrocity. For the West it is also possible and important to distinguish between Muslims and terrorists: on the other hand, like Al-Rashed, there remains no point in denying the fact that most

modern terrorists grow up in Muslim countries. Tough diplomatic choices have and are still being made about the problem. But for America, New York and the rest of the world, it is already a cliché to say that this issue isn't likely to go away. Things have changed. Getting close to prominent New York sites is sometimes difficult due to the security. Congregating near the toilets on domestic flights is already prohibited. Laws to ban photography on the subway are planned. At the end of the tarmac in Islip

I remember taxying past an armed fighter, the canopy open and engine running, waiting for any sign of trouble. Here in this city Americans are slowly coming to terms with the fact that - even years after the attacks - it is hard (perhaps not even possible) to recreate the degree of freedom that they enjoyed before 2001.

Midweek I visit galleries and museums: the Whitney has American photographs, The Museum of Modern Art has modern art, the Metropolitan has everything. But, as New York author Phillip Lopate confirms, "New York is simply too big - too lush, too integral to the texture of human life during the past two centuries for any one writer to tell its story." So I'm not going to try. You can buy a history book for that. As for my views - roughly assembled on subway trains, in lunch breaks and museums - they are fragmentary, partial, inchoate comments on a nation and its biggest city four years after September 11.

*DRC was working for a law firm in New York when he wrote this article.*

Tony Abbott Edition

Personally I despise all children. Illegitimate or otherwise I think they should be set to work in Nike factories or at least South African diamond mines. If Tony Abbott was a true Liberal and as worried as he should be about fiscal responsibility he would have sent his son off to work and not palmed him off to an orphanage. Shame Mr. Abbott, shame.

Yours Humbly,  
Ebenezer Scrooge

## Short Opinions

### On illegitimate children:

Children in general are a bad idea. They turn one into the element most destructive to the fabric of society - the parent. Fearful of pushers, peers, drugs, queers, cars, bars and boys they look to legislate against any activity out of life should it damage their oneshot at rendering immortal their previously pitiful lives.

The thought of becoming part of a family (in the Family First sense) is almost enough to scare me to Abbott's much preached but underused seldom used cure - abstinence.



It'd been known in political circles for quite a while that Tony Abbott had had a kid out of wedlock when he was experimenting with that "teenage promiscuity" he's so critical of these days (snigger all you want, at least there's one conservative polmie out there with some idea of what they're complaining about). Still, nobody was expecting he'd actually meet the brat, still less that he'd be working at Parliament House. For the ABC. And even his colleagues there call him "a bit of a hippie". As political irony goes, it's not quite as good as finding out Dick Cheney's daughter is lesbian, but it's the best us Aussies have seen in a while.

Nevertheless, it's a strange feeling for bitter Coalition-haters like most of us here at *On Dit*, finding out that the John Hunt, Howard Government's chief headkicker is actually a human being with human emotions. Even Kerry O'Brien managed to get through almost a whole interview with the man last week without taking a potshot... and hell, if the likes of Red Kerry can manage to make nice with the Mad Monk, surely we can fight down our cynical-bastard instincts for a little while and just be happy for 'em?

And then you look again... and you remem-

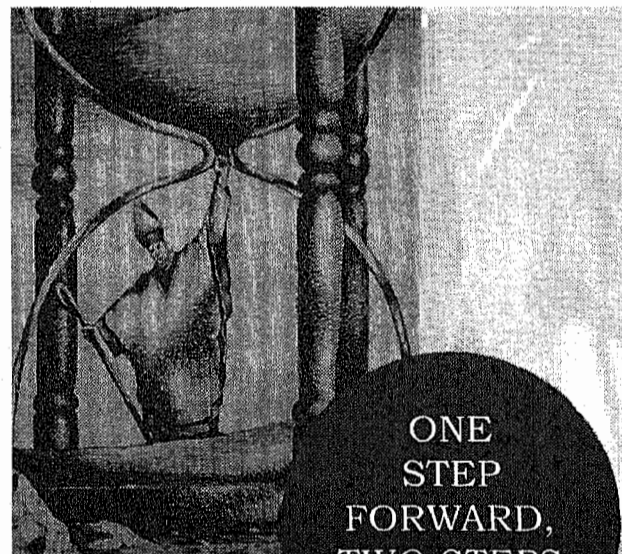
ber it was announced on the front page of the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, aka the *Howard Herald*. With the line about "thanks for having me, Dad," supposedly being the first thing out of the son's mouth. You remember Abbott's long-running anti-abortion crusade (except of course he's not suggesting it should be made illegal again... just yet). You remember that the Coward himself has been pumping up Abbott as his future replacement to stop the relatively moderate Peter Costello from getting too uppity. And you realise maybe being a cynical bastard wasn't such a bad idea after all.

It looks like us Aussies'll forgive a polmie virtually anything short of paedophilia or performing postnatal abortions if they spin it so as to make their deep and sincere regret abundantly clear, to attract our sympathy rather than our scorn. Of course, you can argue that this is fair enough, that most people do some pretty bloody stupid things at age eighteen-odd and it shouldn't reflect on their capabilities or responsibilities at age forty-odd. The point is that by getting his dirty laundry out the way now, Abbott can avoid any nasty surprises later on should he wind up in a position of

greater scrutiny. Say, Prime Minister. Mark Latham read his kids bedtime stories, Little Johnny apologised for those rude comments he made about Asian immigration, Peter Costello made noises about maybe we could treat the Aborigines a bit better than we have been after all. This was an opportunity, warmly embraced, for the Mad Monk to show his human side, as opposed to his usual Grand Inquisitor side, something that never hurts for someone who wants to be PM.

This isn't, of course, to suggest that Abbott's feelings for his son are anything but genuine and deep. But as anyone who was at the lecture he was, erm, *kind* enough to give here last year can tell you, his feelings against abortion are pretty bloody genuine too. The fact that somebody has human emotions doesn't prevent them from using them for political gain. Bastards are human too. (Though whether or not Philip Ruddock is a *live* human is of course a matter purely between him, his doctor, and God.)

Jiminy Krikkitt



By Mel Purcell

I was talking to a friend the other day and we came to the conclusion that the world is truly afraid of change - so much so that we fight for new reforms, pushing ahead, moving towards a progressive direction, and then we freak out, realize that change is scary and resume the place we were before, or at least, take a step back. Just as South Australian women fought and won the rights to legal abortion in 1969, we now find Australians thirty years later trying to limit those freedoms and turn back the clock. Parliamentary members meet at pro-life conferences with religious leaders, Health minister Tony Abbot wants to limit Medicare funding of abortions and restrict late-term abortions, and Howard, who hushed Abbot last year, is now allowing anti-abortion ideas to be discussed amongst MPs, leaving room for people to attack the progressive pro-choice reforms of the past generation. The Opposition leader, Kim Beazley, has announced that he is

pro-life too. Even a co-worker said to me that he had thought about it, and was beginning to consider the pro-life arguments of some of his labour-right comrades as he contemplated when a foetus was a 'child' and a 'life'. I was outraged, but mostly, I was distressed that those with the loudest voices against abortion were men - who continue to make laws about women's bodies when they will never experience pregnancy, abortion or childbirth themselves. It's easy to take the moral high ground when it is not your body that is being occupied for nine months, or your breasts that the baby suckles, or your life that must adapt to the arrival of a child.

Abortions occur in their largest numbers in the 20-28 year old age bracket, happening most commonly at an age when women are studying, getting into the workforce, moving out, travelling and experimenting with relationships - a time when women's freedom is fundamental for new, advancing experiences. When will Abbot ever experience what it is like to sacrifice his career because he cannot get appropriate childcare? When will he enrol in a uni-course only to drop out or study part-time because of the added stress of motherhood? When will his body ever get stretch-marked, or his vagina and perineum snipped so a baby's head can fit through after 22 hours of painful contractions? He will never know, and thus he should not struggle to reverse the freedoms that women have fought hard for, women who will and have experienced pregnancy, or at least know what effect an unwanted pregnancy would have on their own life. Women should be the people making laws that apply to their own bodies - it's no surprise that women's groups are furious at these regressive attacks.

At the moment, in South Australia, women have access to free, legal abortion with safe, clean instruments and experienced doctors. SA women have up-to-date and accurate information about pregnancy and abortion at their

fingertips, and access to trained counselling before and after the procedure. The current SA system is good, but it could be improved. Abortion is still a criminal issue rather than a health one, and the woman or the abortionist can be charged with "unlawful abortion". Furthermore, abortion is only lawful if it satisfies the grounds of 'maternal health' or 'foetal disability', and the final decision to terminate a pregnancy is left to the doctor, not the woman. Considering the need for improvement to the current system, it seems even more outrageous that MPs are considering limiting and taking a step backward from that imperfect model. Through cutting Medicare funding to abortion, Abbot hopes to limit or end the 'abortion epidemic' that plagues our great nation (70,000 abortions performed in Australia each year).

Making abortion cost up to \$600 will not stop women getting pregnant, desiring freedom or independence, or wanting to terminate an unwanted pregnancy. For those who cannot afford these high costs, Abortions will still happen but in more questionable places, with questionable abortionists, with questionable tools. And that's another thing that Abbot will never experience; he will never know the feeling that a woman who has just had a shoddy abortion may know, as she keels over in pain, slowly being poisoned to death by her gangrenous uterus. It's not the 1950s any more Toto, and Australian women know it. It's time for the lawmakers to hear what women actually require and to stop looking idealistically at the abortion issue. As humans we are all pro life, *for life*, but when a woman's human rights are in threat of being denied and choices regarding her own body are being made by someone else, then we have to protest against others trying to take away our freedom to choose by making impersonal decisions that affect us personally and deeply. Change can be frightening, but the consequences of society shifting backwards are terrifying.



**Known Fact #427: John Howard is a filthy liar.**

Police used a trusted surgeon, Federal Parliament and media as a weapon against an independent political opponent to steal his policies and hide the facts.

Their plan called for a trusted surgical husband-and-wife team to perform five botched operations upon Ms Alison Buckley, the wife and advocate of marijuana activist Stephen Dimitriou.

Doctors Mark Doyle and Isolde Hertess were part of a program of attrition to force Mr Dimitriou and his family out of north Queensland and out of the elections.

Ms Buckley was lured through five consecutive operations from March 1996 to November 1997, supposedly to repair past damage to the bridge of her nose.

She claims a world-renowned re-constructive surgeon, Dr Isolde Hertess trapped her "up a one way street" medically, financially and legally. Dr Hertess, try as she might, has been unable to prevent this matter from appearing before the Brisbane Supreme Court.

Even in the Med school it doesn't happen where any one surgeon, let alone two world-class surgeons, could get it so wrong five separate times. Deliberate malpractice is the only way this could have occurred.

In the Federal Election of March 1996 Stephen Dimitriou proposed the Adelaide to Darwin railway line, a multi billion dollar trade route that links us with Asia and the rest of the world. This idea lay dormant for a century until Mr. Dimitriou researched, resurrected and promoted the plan, later to be stolen by John Howard and the credit given to the Liberals.

Similarly in the 1998 Federal Election the coast guard idea of Mr. Dimitriou was lifted for Kim Beazley in his 2001 Election, which he "lost" due to the fraudulent "children overboard affair" tactic.

Ms Buckley is finally approaching trial after nine years, despite, she claims, "the many attempts" on her life and the way in which her lawyers were "bribed to abandon" her "unlosable" case.

Thompson Hannan Lawyers created a situation of mistrust, then filed to drop Ms Buckley on the grounds that they (the lawyers themselves) could not be trusted. The law firm shut down shortly after. This was done immediately after a full disclosure was made in 2001. A process which Ms Buckley, unrepresented, has been forced to repeat in 2004.

Even though full disclosure has taken place, Flower and Hart, lawyers for the defendant, ever pursuing a delaying device, have sought an order for an "independent" plastic surgeon and psychiatrist to examine Ms Buckley in Brisbane, on March 7 and 8.

Ms Buckley has always asserted it is not a cosmetic issue, although she has been cosmetically damaged. A plastic surgeon is not needed to support or dispute her claim that she cannot breathe through her nose.

Furthermore if a psychiatrist would declare Ms Buckley mentally disturbed which she obviously is not, it would be of no defence as standard operational procedure should not be performed on the mentally ill.

The doctors are at fault here, yet the court system always favouring the suit, tie and title have "confused" themselves by putting the plaintiff at the will of the defendant. Meanwhile, an Ear Nose and Throat specialist has already assessed the outcome of the operations, granting Ms Buckley a disability support pension because of the inability to breathe through her nose which affects her health and general well being. The defendants have not included an

ENT specialist in this ordered medical examination, blatantly avoiding the question at hand and further delaying with an irrelevant order.

The defendant's lawyers created a deadlock by choosing the rare doctors who would not allow Ms Buckley her requested witness. However, Justice Holmes did order travel and accommodation expenses for the plaintiff's husband to accompany her to Brisbane. Mr. Dimitriou is disappointed and anxious as this is the first time he has been specifically excluded from attending his wife's medical consultations.

The lawyers for the defendant have been following Ms Buckley around, contacting her doctors and dentists before she attends appointments. At a prior court hearing, Justice Muir directed Flower and Hart to stop contacting them, but they have not and continue to stalk Ms Buckley through the medical and dental professions.

Ms Buckley fears for her safety in the medical arena. She believes the same attention was given to Ms Elsie Jarmyn, a story that has been buried with her and her claim. Elsie Jarmyn accused the Governor General of rape, yet two weeks before her long struggle to go to court, she, conveniently for Dr Hollingworth, "committed suicide".

Ms Buckley does not believe it was a case of suicide but murder and is fearful that the same treatment has been assigned to her as she travels to Brisbane. She is not afraid of any examinations, but only afraid that the truth will not surface.

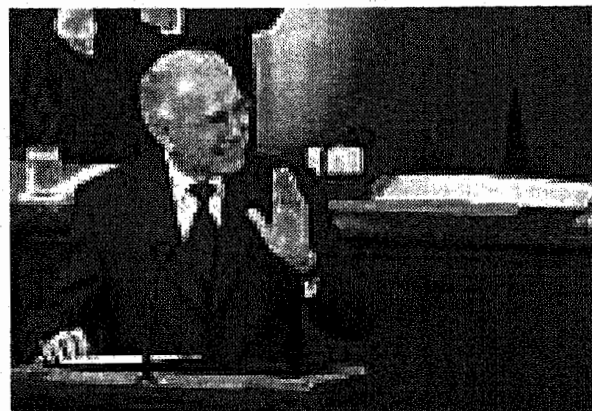
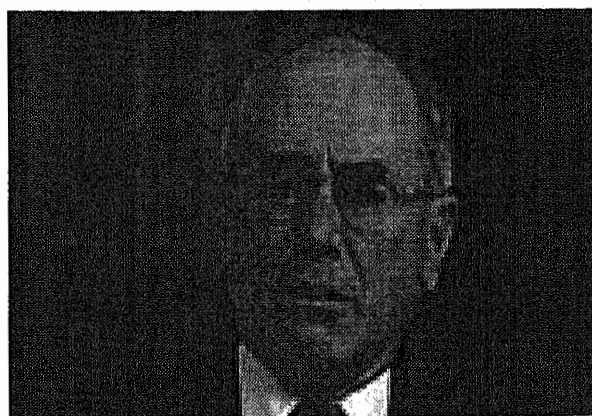
At the hearing of February 18 2005 Justice Holmes paraphrased Ms Rosengren (lawyer for Flower and Hart), saying, the (alleged) conspiracy "...relates to your husband not you..." (Ms Buckley) To which Ms Buckley replied "to get my husband out of the area they had to hurt me". She reasons that after five operations she needed to seek safe medical treatment outside Queensland.

To cover the conspiracy, police have used the help of media and Parliament. Ms Buckley tried to air her complaints on Melbourne radio, and got as far as telling her story live to thousands on Derryn Hinch's program, but the phone call was cut off immediately after mentioning John Howard and the stolen Adelaide to Darwin Railway policy. That afternoon Senator Heffernan turned himself into a clown, making false claims about Justice Kirby and the "comm car" diverting attention from Ms Buckley's accusations, made hours before.

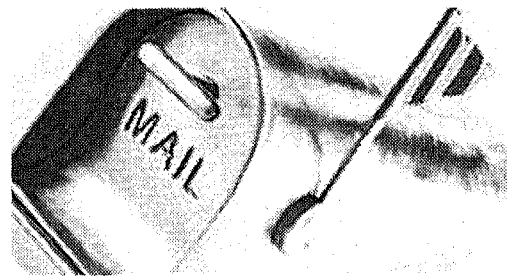
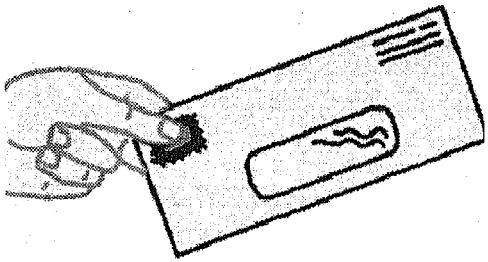
After performing the operations, Isolde Hertess lied that Ms Buckley had no referral and that the records had not shown one. Indeed upon examination of the hospital records it was shown that there was no record of Ms Buckley having a referral. However, she still has a signed copy of the original referral in her possession and submitted in disclosure, peculiarly written by Dr Welsh, wife of Inspector Welsh of the Mareeba CIB. In the communication between Dr Welsh and Dr Hertess the referral has been pulled from the record in an attempt to remove evidence that links Police. This is also an attempt to pervert the course of justice.

The next working day after the order was issued the defendant made an offer to Ms Buckley, labeling it "without prejudice" and not to be brought up in court. This is yet another telling sign that the defendant is guilty and cannot overcome the plaintiff's evidence. Ms Buckley did not reply to the offer. She is determined that the truth be known and has been diligent in her pursuit of justice.

**Sebastian Humphreys**



# Letters



## On Dit edition 73.1



Got something to  
mouth off about?

Has Adelaide Uni let you  
down? Find Canberra  
annoying? Is On Dit shitting  
you? Do you hear voices  
telling you to burn things?

Send us a letter at  
ondit@adelaide.edu.au  
to make your voice/  
pen/keyboard heard!

## Ethical Dilemma

Dear Sir/Madam,

19 November 2004 was what you might call a bad honesty day for the human race. That day we stepped right back into the jungle and into the gutter. That was the day the United Nations rejected a treaty proposed by Costa Rica and the U.S. for a global ban on all forms of human cloning.

Daniel Perry, speaking for "The Coalition for the Advancement of Medical Research", was pleased: "You can ban 'reproductive' cloning," said he, "and still allow 'therapeutic' cloning within ethical guidelines" (CNS News, 19/11/2004), Which happens to be a lie.

Clones harvested to enable 'therapy' are genetically human beings in their own right.

'Reproduction' has already occurred. To kill them is homicide (if homicide means killing a human being) no matter how much tinsel we decorate it with.

The 'reproductive/therapeutic' distinction isn't a valid distinction - it's an artifice designed to confuse the ignorant.

Yours Sincerely,  
**Arnold Jago**

*While I understand Jago's distain for the 'harvesting' of human beings for replacement organs the issue at hand is something significantly different.*

*Jago seems to be suggesting that the UN is approving a situation where completely formed human being clones are used as 'parts' for ill people who are 'legitimately' born. The reality is that in allowing "therapeutic cloning" the UN is only really allowing for the cloning of cells and, at the most macro extreme, organs.*

*The UN's decision means that nations will be able to pursue the development of stem cell research (which has the potential capacity to cure paraplegia and other neurological disabilities such as alzheimers and epilepsy) as well as clone skin to treat burn victims and functional human tissue which will remove the need for painful research to be conducted on animals.*

*The 'genetic humanity' of cloned tissue is occasionally raised by extremists as an issue of some moral importance but, with any serious consideration, is easily dismissable. The status of 'human' is not reached through mere virtue of possessing a set of human chromosomes but rather demands a series of other traits including self consiousness, emotion and mental autonomy. A portion of cloned skin or a stem cell displays none of these.*

*The global community has already firmly confirmed its outrage at any plans to clone entire human beings and this latest development marks no significant departure from this position.*

Respectfully,  
**Eds**

## Save the Trees

Dearest Eds,

Just wanted to remind people that the time is coming when we all begin to print out lecture notes/assignments, and photocopy endlessly, and that quite a lot of this takes place on campus. What irrelevant tripe, you say; we already knew that!

BUT - as we embark upon this massive paper consumption exercise, i'd like to ask that we all sit back a moment and think about persuading our various departments, our union computer labs, our co-habitators and the like that recycled paper IS an option. Use of environmentally friendly office paper, be it partially made of waste paper, or entirely made of cane sugar processing waste, in most cases does not compromise the quality of your print-out and even if it did, if we all use it, what's the difference?!?

On the plus side however, it does close the loop of the recycling in which most of us have already begun to participate, (recycling old office paper, newspapers and milk cartons) and, it reduces landfill, and usage of new materials.

Around the place I've seen the odd paper recycling drop off, and in the library a haphazardly functioning recycled paper photocopier which I personally use whenever possible. But the opportunities to be clean and green are few and far between. Let's back up our lovely environmental rep Milijana (and my trusty yr 4 buddy) and keep on asking for & using recycled paper, at home and around campus. And if that is all it takes,(and perhaps naively, I believe that is all it should take) then why aren't we asking?

Cheers,  
**Edith Pedler**

## Damn Feral Lefties!

Dear Eds,

Amusing how the Lefties controlling the SAUA and the Union go to pains to protest against large corporations but accept their support when it suits them. I'm speaking namely about the ANZ and National banks as well as the Coca-Cola tent.

What a bunch of hypocrites! They won't be getting my money under VSU.

Kindest Regards,  
**A Cynical 2nd-year**

**Editorial Edition le deux**

Greetings again fine rabble! First item in this little editorial must be an apology of the highest degree for *On Dit* being so awfully late last week. A new system of digital printing caused all of our fonts to break in transit and we spent a manic extra week fixing all of the technical errors we were neither trained or born to understand. This week you'll notice there are two editions - what luck! As of next week, editions will resume being released on Tuesday afternoons, deadlines on Wednesday.

A new year begins and another Orientation has come to pass. One week of solid drinking and risqué behaviour before you pack up your bags and head off to school for the real purpose of university - getting an education. Bah, humbug. Before we're forced once again into the autistic Hoffmanesque robotic box of learning, let us just reflect one last time on the Orientation that was 2005.

**O'Camp:** Almost 200 people descended upon the dreamy sands of Normanville to frolic in the surf and pash on into the night with many a different partner. Staying once again at the affectionately coined Camp Dysentery, directors Georgia Phillips, Guy Wogan-Provo and the indefatigable and incomparable Joe Hynes led roaring crowds through the messy and inebriated pre-initiation-to-uni initiation. Ass hickies, cum shots and spanking abounded but by all accounts, everyone made lifelong friends and all that other kind of sentimental schlock. O'Camp is where it's at, especially if you're on an all protein diet it would seem.

**O'Week:** What a success! Continuing the edgy and preemptive design of keeping the Clubs Association out of everybody's way in

the Hughes Plaza, the Barr Smith lawns were turned into a frenzy of booze, boat races and milk vomit. Rocking out to the tunes of Student Radio, students were treated to a veritable Bassett's Allsorts of entertainment. Most notable was the Wrestling Extravaganza that took place on Wednesday afternoon. Man, how do those guys do it? Word has it that one of the wrestlers has suffered ten concussions already and you only need eight to get permanent brain damage. Hardcore. The wrestling did however highlight the still rampant undercurrent of homophobia amongst people who should really know better. When shouts of "Johnny's a wanker!" turned tentatively, and then riotously, to "Johnny's a poofter", it was disheartening to realise that all an outwardly intelligent crowd needs to reveal their inner bigotry is a forum that houses competition, violence and men in leather shorts. We remind all of the bigots out there that 1 in 10 people are gay, and if 9 of your friends are fierce heterosexuals, then it must be you. We further remind you that hate is a disease, not homosexuality, and we'd rather be poofers than hatemongers.

**O'Ball:** What can we say? Andrew Potter is a saucy genius. From humble beginnings, Potter emerged into an almighty beast of epic proportions. By 9:30pm, O'Ball had sold out and was still turning people away by the beginning of headliner Eskimo Joe's act. No further floral verses are needed to describe Potter, Dave Gilbert and Sarah Busitil's phenomenal effort with O'Ball - it was badass.

**O'Guide:** Controversial to the end, O'Guide struggled to be realised this year. Under the helm of a volatile editor and in the hands of a conservative union, the first edition of the guide placed the SAUA in a somewhat awkward position.

After last week's editorial, *On Dit* feels that

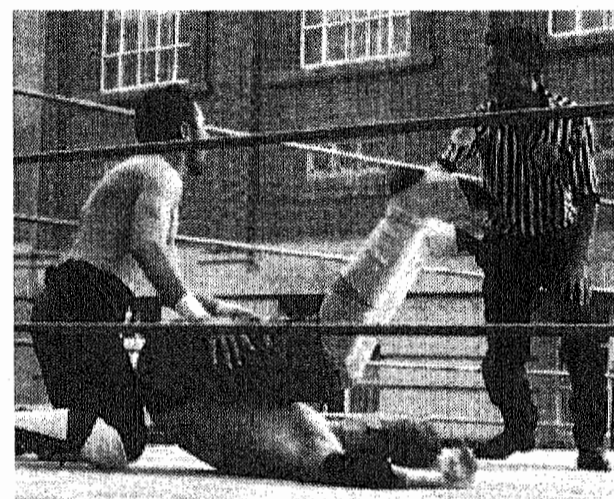
it has said its piece in regards to O' Guide. Unless there are unforeseen developments in the future the O' Guide issue now seems completely moot. Orientation is over and the guide is yesterday's news. Should you desire further details, we recommend contacting SAUA President David Pearson or O'Guide editor Big Fat Whitcombe.

So there you have it - Orientation 2005 is dead and buried. At the closing of this week, we have but three questions that have perplexed us thus far:

- 1) Why would anyone voluntarily drink four litres of milk with the purpose of projectile vomiting it straight back up?
- 2) Has anyone ever actually been caught between the moon and New York City?
- 3) How is it right that a handsome beast like Potter is single?

Life is a mystery.  
Peace out.

Eds



Thursday - March 1

# Student Radio

EVERY  
MONDAY  
TUESDAY  
SATURDAY

## 101.5fm

are you listening?

Saturday - March 5

Monday - March 7

LOCAL MUSIC PRESENTS  
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AFTERMATH**

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with da boyz

The Plus Connector  
with Benji  
Time Machine

**Danism**  
with Dan J & Dan V

Smileless, Mindless  
acts of Radio

**Rebourne**  
with Reagan & Phil

**Top Gun  
The Musical**  
with Dan & Adam

**Can I play with  
Madness?**  
with Bree & Andy

**Vincent &  
Gumpch**  
with Benji & Dan

**Aerosoul  
Urban**  
with Lazy B, Max D,  
Mark C & David J

**Microns with  
Safety Pins**

**The Nack**  
with Catherine, Rachel &  
Andrew

W E A R E

A L L M A D E

O F S T A R S

(and don't you forget it)



**I X** modern life. artlife. Only in today's po-mo society can spirituality be marketed and re-packaged so efficiently to masses of Dolly-toting teens fresh out of year 9. It seems as though the 'new age' in particular is subjected to sporadic moments en vogue. One minute every John Butler-type worth their \$100 Birkenstocks is hanging Ba-Shua mirrors in the yin quadrangle of their flats, and then the next thing you know, Feng Shui goes out with high-heeled thongs. Astrology is the most widely accepted and prevalent form of the occult. Unfortunately, those creepy Kerri-Anne Kennerley types have added to its string of horribly uncool stigmas (B-grade celebrities seeking clarity through the stars, fire/water/earth/air element candles...bleugh). NW magazine aside, I stand by the fact that astrology is incredibly relevant and genuinely meaningful within the fabric of mainstream culture. And if you disagree with this, you're most probably either a Capricorn or Taurus.

If grown men and women can become seduced with blatantly selling their souls to brand culture, I'm sure perusing the merits of Astrology shouldn't be too extraneous an exercise. Basically, when you say "I'm a Libra", you're referring to the fact that at the moment of your birth, the sun was in relation to the constellation of Libra. Everyone's chart is comprised of all the planets and each represents a particular part of your personality. If you're Venus is in Leo, then you're good in bed,

Mars in Sagittarius, you can stand a good fight, etc. If you're still a bit iffy about paying to get a chart done by some roguish interloper-type, go to [www.astro.com](http://www.astro.com) and the computer will do it for you free of charge. The way I figure, if the moon is powerful enough to control the tides, why shouldn't the heavenly bodies exert some sort of influence on our personalities? That and everyone seems to forget the one great secret of being a consummate astrology devotee: when you know someone's chart and what it signifies, manipulation becomes as easy as pie. Read on and learn.

Astrology has some great advantages that can turn even the most socially awkward cheeseball into a charismatic powerhouse. Think of it this way: asking someone about their star sign not only signifies that you'd like to know them better on a spiritual basis, but it also gives you the social upper hand. No need to indulge in humdrum conversation...let the judging begin, almost straightaway. Example 1: X is this cute girl with red ballet flats who you wouldn't mind taking home to meet your mother. After careful prodding, you discover that X is a Pisces. If you'd done your reading, you'd have known that Pisceans are creative, sensitive dreamers, and thus you could wank on about art and the spectrum of human emotion for as long as you wanted and be a contender for future husband. However, without this prior knowledge, you'd have discussed the merits of a good Boxing match and been none the wiser.

Relishing Adelaide's nightlife is made astonishingly more amusing if you ask for everyone's sign, then match-make the Capricorns with the Virgos etc. Throughout my travels, I've made the astute discovery that the Crown and Anchor is most frequented by Scorpios and Pisceans, whilst that bastion of post-teen jock-ular (hal) debauchery The Exchange is an Aquarian zone only. The way the universe operates is truly a marvellous thing.

However, astrology ain't all shits and giggles. Possessing an intimate knowledge of personality traits gives you the rather biblical choice of using your powers for good or evil, like Anakin Skywalker's whole 'Do I use my Jedi capabilities designed merely for defence to massacre hoards of Sand people, thus avenging the death of my mother?' debacle (but frankly, who cares, as we all know that new Star Wars struggles immensely). As well as tending to someone's strengths through knowledge of their sun sign, it's just as easy (and tempting) to exploit their weaknesses. Never tease a Leo about their appearance, or face the fiery consequences. Constant criticism to a sensitive Cancerian will leave them to mope about in their shells forever. If you have mortal enemies, forget looting their front yard with foodstuffs, it's time to get mystic on their ass. But users beware, because astrology sits rather well with that other metaphysical trend du jour karma. When your crafty enemies decide to spend an afternoon perusing the New Age section in Borders, just try and out-run the

omnipotent wrath of the universe. Just you try.

Most people are quick to relegate astrology as a mere product of po-mo wank associated with uni students and the like. And with good reason. But as a slightly cynical Libran comrade pointed out, the problem with all life predictions is that you must still live and strive in order for them to come true. Astrology isn't a means to an end; it's a method of transcending the banality of the everyday life, a mere tool in understanding and cherishing all that's come into creation in this pesky existence of ours. I don't believe that we'll ever pre-determine the future or understand our lives...if anything, astrology is a great way to pass the time with a certain brand of uncool curiosity, make your best pal chuckle and make your secret crush blush. If you let the fandangle idea about Neptune being in retrograde dampen your spirit, you've well and truly lost the true meaning of it all. Because at the end of the day, we're all hopelessly compatible with each other and every sign is deliciously mesmerizing in its own way. Maybe with the exception of Capricorn. Practical bastards.

**Stephanie Mountzouris**  
(Sun in Cancer, Aries Rising,  
Moon in Pisces)

**Aries:** Usually the competitive dickhead at the party who double dips and makes a pass at your Mum. 'Nuff said.

**Taurus:** Too stubborn for your own good, and who really cares if your crockery is Wedgewood or Royal Albert anyway?

**Gemini:** "sigh" Irrevocably inconsistent, selfish and strangely all obsessed with smallgoods.

**Cancer:** Get it straight NOW Cancerian: you are always alone and nobody will ever truly love you.

**LEO:** Still playing with your hair? Turn that mirror away, you filthy narcissist. Roar.

**Virgo:** Stop criticising others to make up for your own indulgent self-analysis.

**Libra:** When addicted to the luxuries and creature comforts of life, indecision and laziness inevitably result.

**Scorpio:** Whoa, cut down on the venom, stop being possessive and sex ain't all that interesting. And dude, what's with all the secrets?

**Sagittarius:** You're a feisty little one, but you'll soon learn some respect. Attention ain't that hard to come by.

**Capricorn:** Gimme a P.R.A.C.T.I.C.A.L.B.A.S.T.A.R.D

**Aquarius:** An emotionally distant Aquarian...yawn. Try empathy on for a change.

**Pisces:** Mr/Miss False Delusion. Dreams ain't gonna materialise anytime soon, kiddo. Stop yer crying.

# Is it a bird? Is it a plane? NO! It's super average sperm!!!

"Internal fertilisation means the female is always playing at home."

For centuries females were thought to contribute nothing to offspring, they were merely a "passive vessel" to supply inert incubation apparatus. In the eighteenth century it was finally 'discovered' that females actually provided genetic material to their offspring. However, Western science still fails to acknowledge the importance of women, and more specifically of their genitalia, in reproduction.

Scientists tend to think of themselves as objective viewers and discoverers of 'the truth', and thus fail to recognise the influence of contemporary ideology on their findings. Early anatomists, including Vesalius and Galen, thought of the vagina as merely an inverted penis which had not 'fallen' from the body. This form of thinking of a woman as an inferior man can be traced back to Aristotle, who viewed heat as the precious and superior factor which determined one's gender. Galen, in *On the Usefulness of the Parts*, went on to argue that women possessed less heat than men, and that this defect caused their genitalia to remain inside their bodies, inferior to the placement of male genitalia. And so a long history of women being considered as less perfect, and constantly compared to men, ensued.

It has only been in the past thirty to forty years, when women have been able to enter the fields of science and medicine, that different perceptions of the female body have been widely recognised, and that female bodies in fact play a large part in fertilisation and the generation of offspring.

When people think of fertilisation, they usually envisage images of valiant sperm struggling heroically to reach their goal. However, such imagery is deeply fallacious, and again is

a product of man's ego, and the gendered nature in which fertilisation has been viewed. Ejaculate can contain hundreds of thousands of sperm, however on average only between two and twenty actually reach the site of the ova. The sperm are not the ones with power – "the contest is between one large complex, dynamic female and masses of miniscule delicate sperm." Indeed, in order to reach the ova, sperm must negotiate the internal passageways of the female and overcome the "chemical and physical death-trap" of female genitalia. The female is not a passive vessel, but rather more a "hot blooded sperm-sorting machine".

Another factor which suggests the importance of female genitalia in the fertilisation process is that sperm are never deposited directly onto the female's eggs. Surely if the female was simply a passive incubator this would be the case. However in humans the average distance from entrance to eggs is fifteen to twenty centimetres. In one species of beetle the length of her twisted duct system can measure twenty times the length of her body. In this way it seems obvious that the female genitalia are not a simple conduit for sperm at all, rather more of an internal labyrinth.

The hostile environment of the vagina itself is the first challenge for sperm. This is the first stage at which the female body begins its long selection process of the ideal cells for fertilisation. Phagocytic cells released after ejaculation are literally a natural form of spermicide which devours sperm. If sperm survive that,

the lengthy maze of the twisting internal duct system begins. The engineering of this internal labyrinth makes sense when viewed as a design to "selectively transport some sperm and not others." The female nervous system is the main manoeuvrer of sperm in the initial stages, where the vaginal muscles can tug and pull sperm in the direction of the female's choosing – either towards the egg, or away from it. Sperm mobility is triggered by fluids which are only present further up the reproductive tract from the vagina. Absorption and secretion of vaginal and cervical fluids can assist the passage of sperm, or can accumulate and coagulate effectively smothering sperm. Currents are also created within the female, either upstream to the egg or downstream to flush the sperm away, through the rhythmic beating of fine ciliary hairs that line the internal duct system working in conjunction with fluids and muscles.

The final challenge for the remaining sperm is that of the ovum itself. This stage is usually described as the moment when the

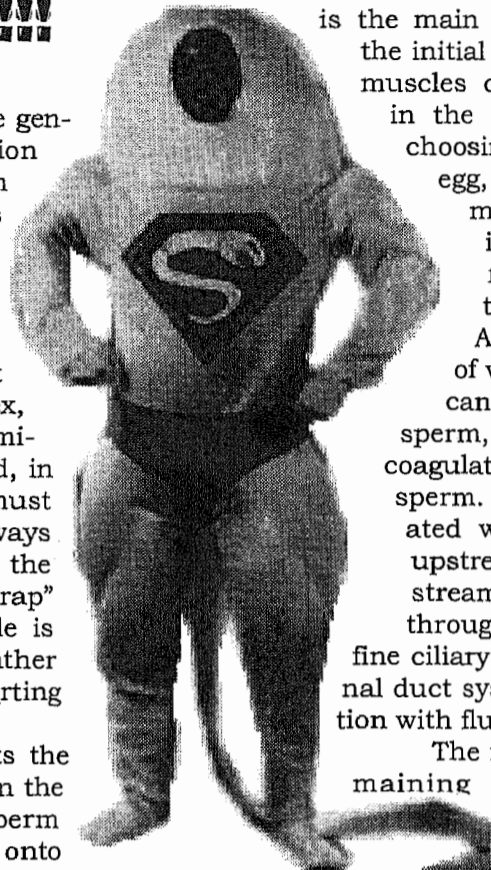
sperm penetrates the egg, when a more accurate description would be that of the egg swallowing the sperm. The egg is much more active than the sperm at the point of fusion, as the egg responds to the sperm once in its vicinity and pulls it in, "embraced, enveloped and then engulfed by (the) enormous egg". (On average, the ovum is eighty thousand times bigger than the sperm). Sperm are reliant on the interior of the egg to unravel its nucleus and reactivate its DNA. While sperm cells contain only one set of chromosomes, egg cells contain a double set and the female must thus retain one set and reject the other for fusion, which provides yet another way for the female to actively determine the genetic makeup of offspring.

When we thus consider the importance the female body in terms of fertilisation, it seems misogynistic to think that fertilisation can take place without these important stages. The female does not simply choose her favourite sperm, the selective process of fertilisation allows for damaged, old, malformed or less competent sperm to be filtered out and thus avoided. Successful reproduction is a product of effective screening, sorting and selecting sperm. A petri dish in a laboratory cannot do these things. Herein lies the warning against in vitro fertilisation (IVF), which takes place outside the body, and thus independently of female genitalia. It seems so unlikely that fertilisation in that manner could produce the combination of cells so desired by the female form. How can we consider the terms on which this act takes place as irrelevant?

**Delta J. Wilde**

*Blackledge, Catherine. (2004). The Story of V: Opening Pandora's Box. Phoenix.*

**Fancy yourself a bit of a writer? Got something to say and sick of telling the old folks down at the markets? Scribble your dribble into the pages of *On Dit* and watch the glory roll on by! Email Nerissa on [opinion@yahoo.com.au](mailto:opinion@yahoo.com.au) and feel the catharthis grip you by the neck...**

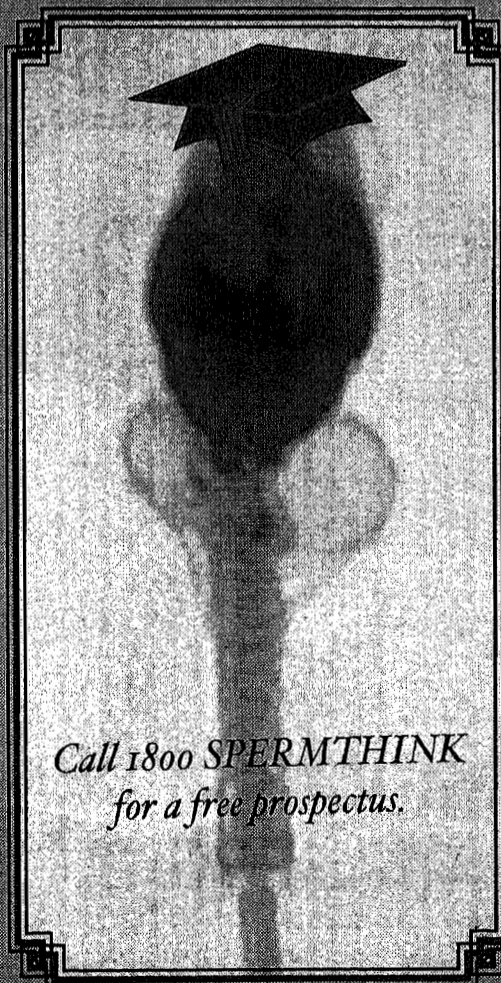


TONY ABBOTT'S

## SCHOOL for SPERM

*If you're tired of endlessly aborting unwanted children, then perhaps it's time to enrol your boys in the only school that will train them to make the right decision for you. The world needs responsible sperm, and proper responsibility can only be taught in a prohibitively expensive private school.*

**REMEMBER, MEN DON'T  
INPREGNATE PEOPLE -  
SPERM DO.**

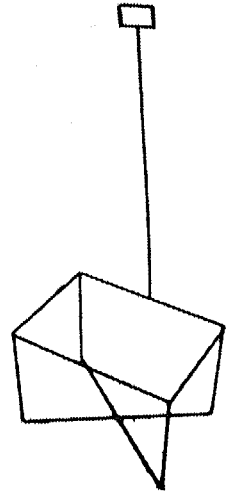


*Call 1800 SPERMTHINK  
for a free prospectus.*

# Things to do with

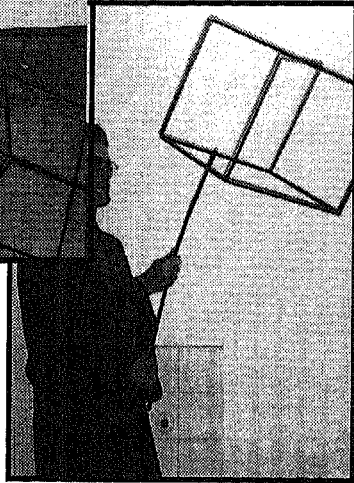
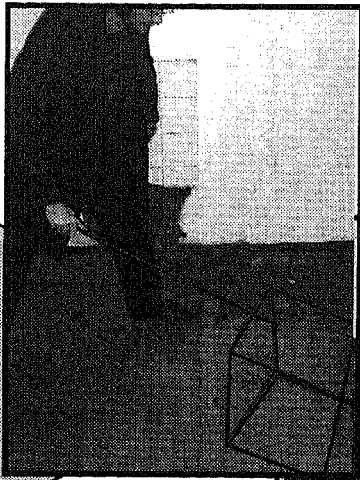
# Inanimate Objects! no. 1

On Stan and Dan's regular inspection of the university's gigantic waste bins they stumbled across this seemingly useless gem. Most likely a shopping basket holder, they gave it a new lease of life! Who would of thought feeding off of the fat of beurocracy could be so much fun.



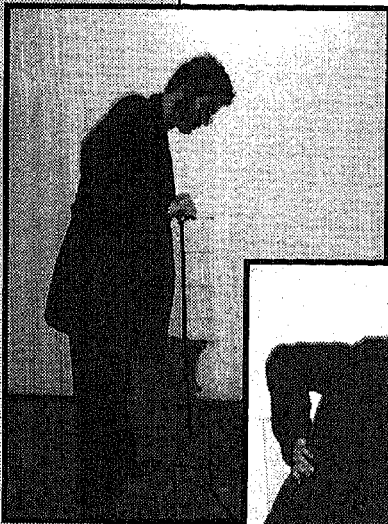
### Exercise machine

Try hoovering it along the carpet (exercising both the arms and wrists) or simply shake vigorously in the air until you can feel the strange resonant momentum vibrating those pounds away.



### Automatic spanking machine

This is fairly self explanatory. Have your partner assume the position while you bend the arm of the device back in such away that it springs back onto their expectant posterior, effectively spanking them repeatedly.



### Mental and physical crutch

Perhaps the most obvious use for this thing is psychological. Instead of relying on the distraction of beer and cigarettes to get you through awkward social situations the mere contemplation of the absurdity of this strange three dimensional object is enough to unleash all the lateral thought you need while simultaneously keeping the fingers busy. The bendy top bit of the thing is also just rigid enough to help support the weight of a small person, making it ideal for the elderly and infirm. If and when it does give out, the painful consequences are guaranteed to amuse the whole family.

### Place saving device

Ever find yourself needing to pee while you're waiting in line at the bank? Or perhaps the bank is about to close while you're standing in line to pee. That shit just makes me so fucking mad. Fret not. Because this simple wire contraption allows you to literally be in two places at once. Simply place it in your spot in the queue and trot off to where ever you need to be. For added effect, attach a sign that says **STEP OFF MOTHER FUCKER** or something to that effect.

### Posture correction tool

Worn correctly, this thing provides far more protection than the most expensive girdles and back braces on the market. Its sturdy wire frame will have your shoulders back in no time flat. Particularly effective on small children and the mentally retarded.



### Mobile advertising system

Why not escape the rat race and become a self-employed walking billboard? Local businesses will love the idea of you going about your daily business incased in a wire contraption that suspends their snappy corporate logo high above your handsome mug. Providing added incentive to prospective advertisers is the sheer humiliating spectacle of it all. What larks!



**Send On Dit photos of your very own inanimate object or bring one down to the office for us to play with\*.**

\*Does not include throwing rocks through our windows.

## Self Improvement really is Masturbation

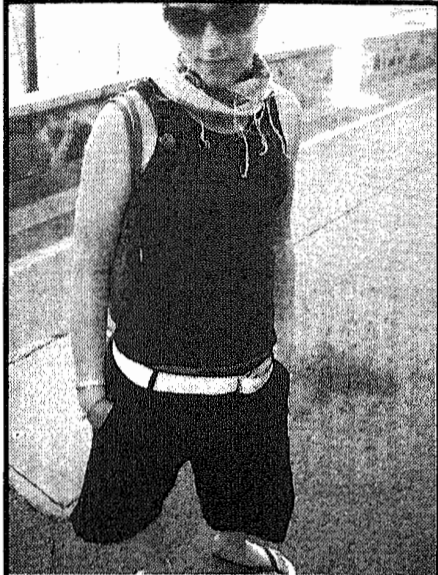
Get thin fast!

Each wad contains 12 calories. Why run when you can just jerk off! Put simply ejection is the newest and most painless form of liposuction. Now you can simply wank your way to firm flat abs!! Because of its compatability with broadband internet it's also perfect for those most at risk of weight gain.

"Marrying Jennifer has done wonders for my masturbatory health regime"

-Brad Pitt

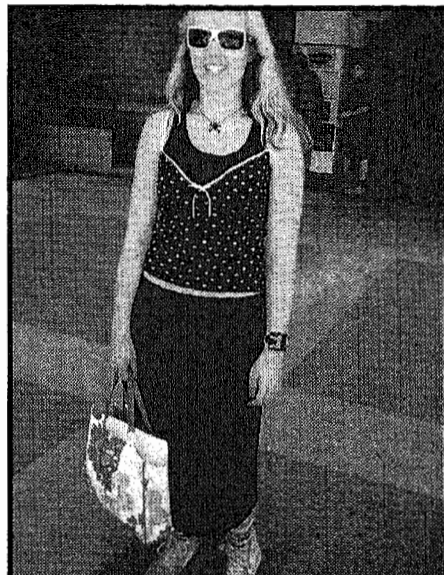
# Chic Happens



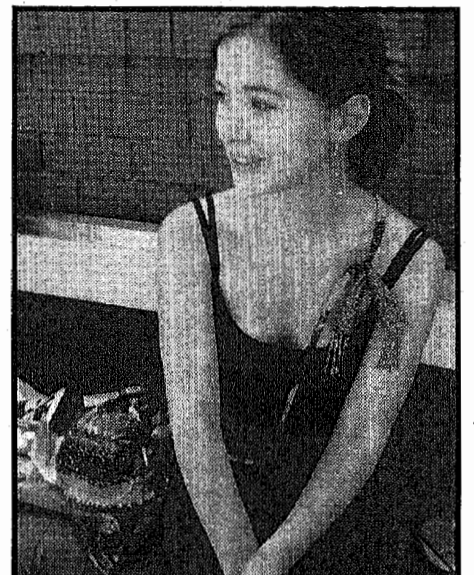
Gorgeousness and gorgeosity made flesh. \*sigh\*



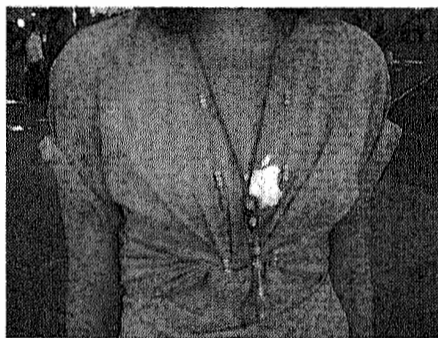
Never underestimate the power of Surrealism on your student wardrobe.



Supercute advertisement for post-teen romps in the sunshine. Love the pink and black theme.



Thoughtful librarian pose meets saucy boho wench. Note the magnificence of the bag.



Corporate giants are here to stay so do your part and sell your soul to advertising. Barbie pen included.



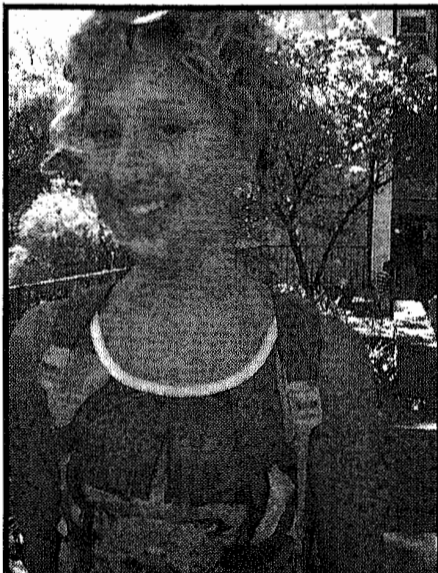
Leopard print has been highjacked by the culturally sensitive this summer, but this pimpin' traveller reminds us of the lost art of taxidermy.



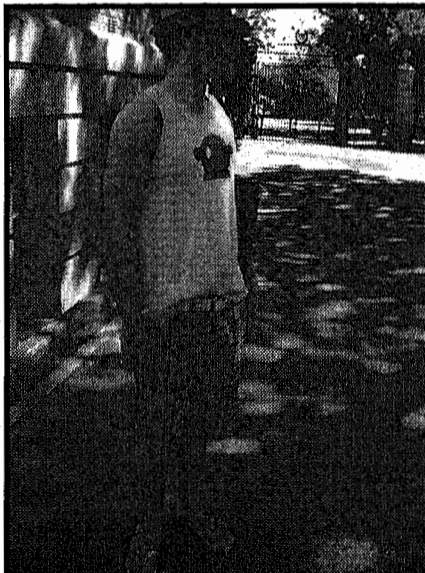
German exchange student chic, Betcha there's an unquenchable fire beneath those shorts...



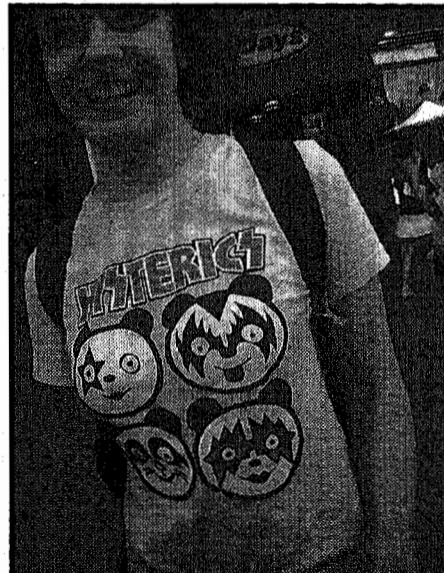
Colour is always refreshing, if not a reminder that we are born and will ultimately perish horribly, horribly alone.



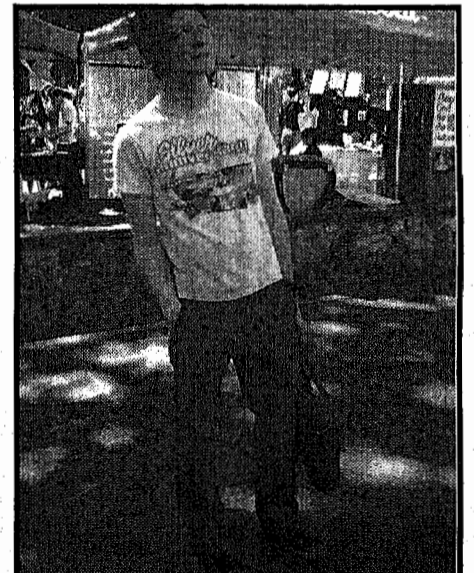
I pronounce thee officially queen Sheeba, reigning empress of street style. Love heart earrings? Genius to rival that of DaVinci.



Pretending life is a Milan catwalk makes all the difference to one's confidence.



Any reference to KISS is always a hit. Vi Vala Cock-rock!

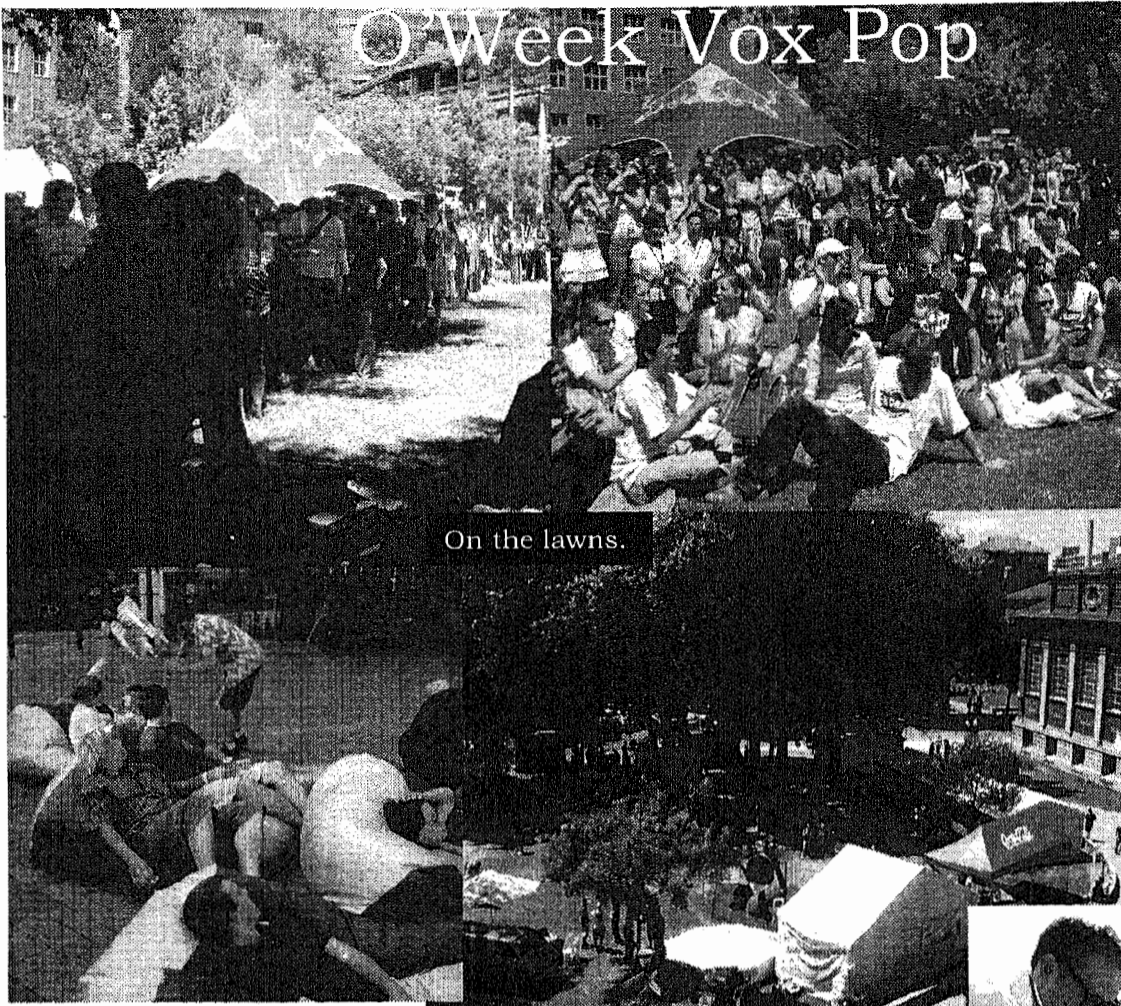


Dream boy dream boy, proud and true. Dream boy dream boy, I love you.

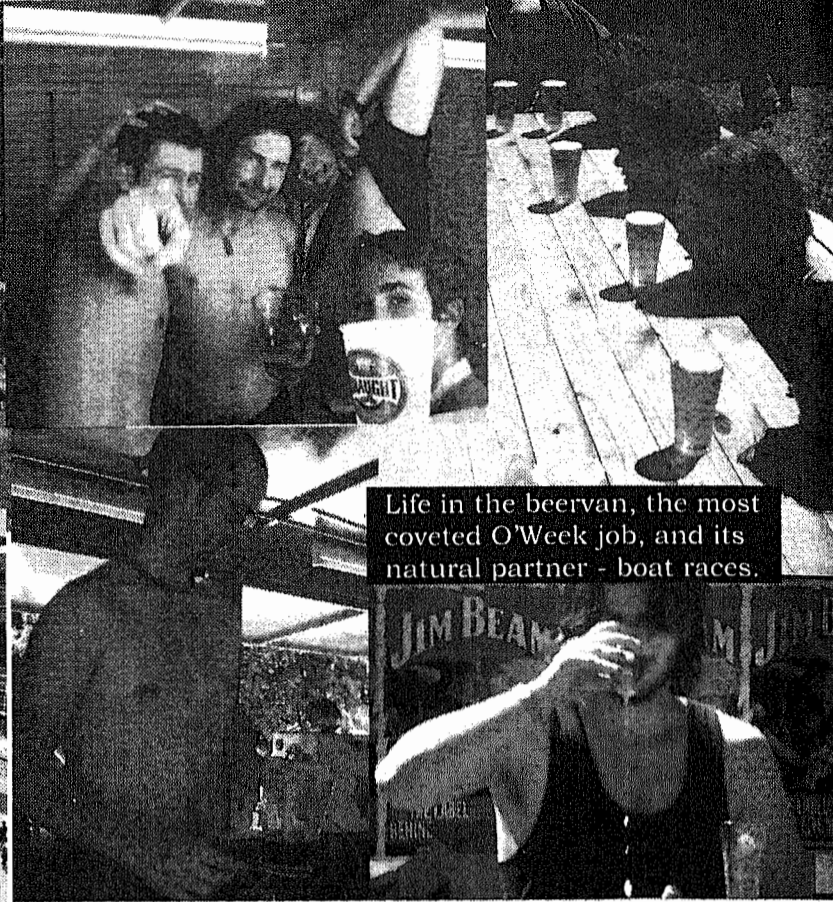


Brought to you by Leo G and Stephanie

O'Week Vox Pop



On the lawns.



Life in the beervan, the most coveted O'Week job, and its natural partner - boat races.

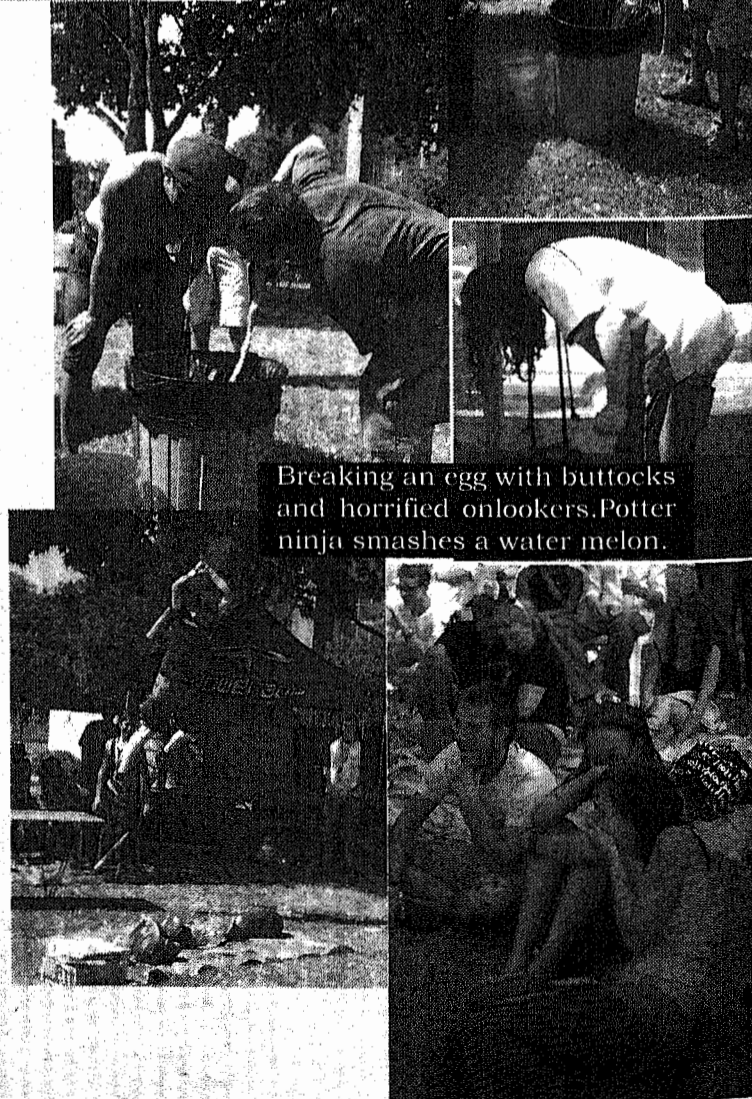


White Fear with doctor on hand.



...the week that was.

By Tuesday morning On Dit finally emerged blearily eyed from the dungeon only to be assaulted by the sweet scent of half curdled milk. It was of course the premier event - white fear and another pleasantly inebriated O'Week was in full swing. Disappointingly white fear no longer requires that the contestants must retain all of the milk to win, so that while a constant trickle of regurgitated fluid is maintain (pictured right) we don't get the spectacle of explosion. The newest and most ridiculous O'Week event was perhaps Musical Chairs Goon of Fortune. With 6 bags of goon, a hills hoist and the hilarity of musical chairs, the permutations are endless. The young finance student who had the misfortune of winning was required to finish of the bag. Post consumption, he took it upon himself to finish of the clothesline, with predicable results. On Tuesday afternoon a professional wrestling ring somehow materialised outside Union Hall against the backdrop of the old Barr Smith library wing. Comical and acrobatic the lycra covered performances were awe inspiring. It seems they were a bit to thrilling for the wild-eyed, rabid jerks who were so obsessed with the queer overtones of men in tights, hurling homophobic abuse at the performers so that own pathetically simple perception of masculinity goes unchallenged. Its strange to watch such a thing, and have more respect and empathy for the wrestlers than the barely sentient meatheads that made up the student audience surrounding them. Thursday night I found myself standing in the middle of a thronging cloisters with four cans of beer in my arms and absolutely nothing to do, as seems to be the point of Skullduggery. In many ways the cramped, sweat drenched mania was my idea of hell... but with copious amounts of free alcohol and the trampled herb garden imparting a strong scent of rosemary to brighten the otherwise unpleasantly pungent air. Looking around I see a polo shirted boy sporting a mow-hawk vomit on the girl next him. She keeps on dancin', I guess unable to tell amongst dripping bodies. Just before the cloisters turns in a scene from Event Horizon the music stops leavin everyone scrambling to become a part of the debauched pashfest that has ensued. The final highlight was left for Saturday night's O'Ball but you can read more about that on page 30...



Breaking an egg with buttocks and horrified onlookers. Potter ninja smashes a water melon.



Some O'Week celebs, from bottom Sara B, Dairy Brothers, Shit Cow, Mexican Stereotype and O'Co Andrew Potter.

And more alcohol, this time with skuldug, popeye cruises and goon o'

Andrew (the He-man borfing in the bin)

1. No, not at all.
2. I'm boring man...well, besides vomiting all over the bar last Thursday night, onto the staff. Yeah.
3. The fact that he's a legend in himself is enough glory.
4. Definitely. Oh man that's gross, I didn't know it even existed. Cool.

Dan Murphy, the man not the liquor store.

1. Yes. Skullduggery. They take boat racing far too seriously. That and they gave us \$1000 to make naked girls dance on stage.
2. Yeep just saw that. Blue milk.
3. Some private time alone together.
4. Seeing as VSU is coming in, no.

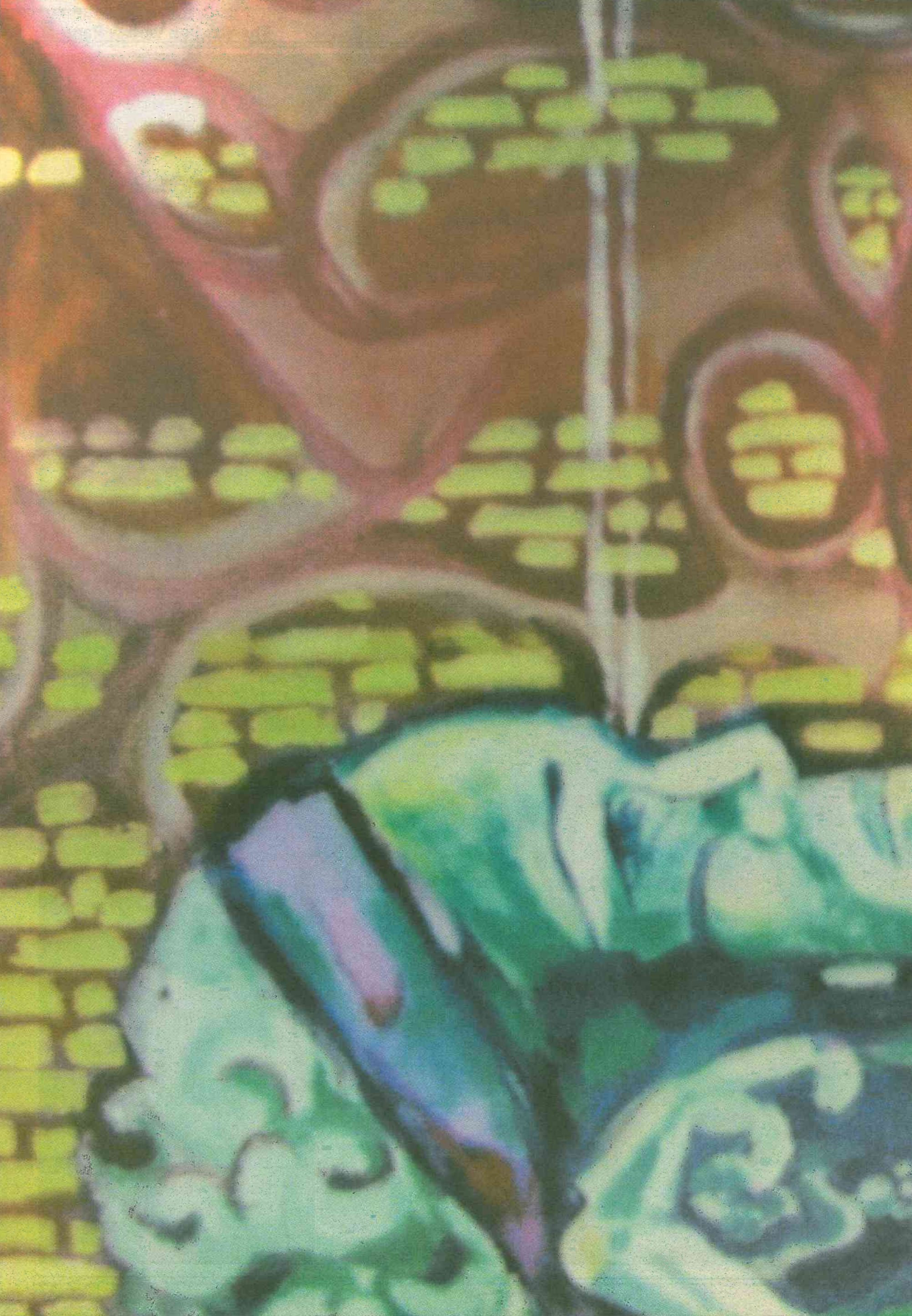
Aaron (dude who could cut it as the sixth member of The Strokes)

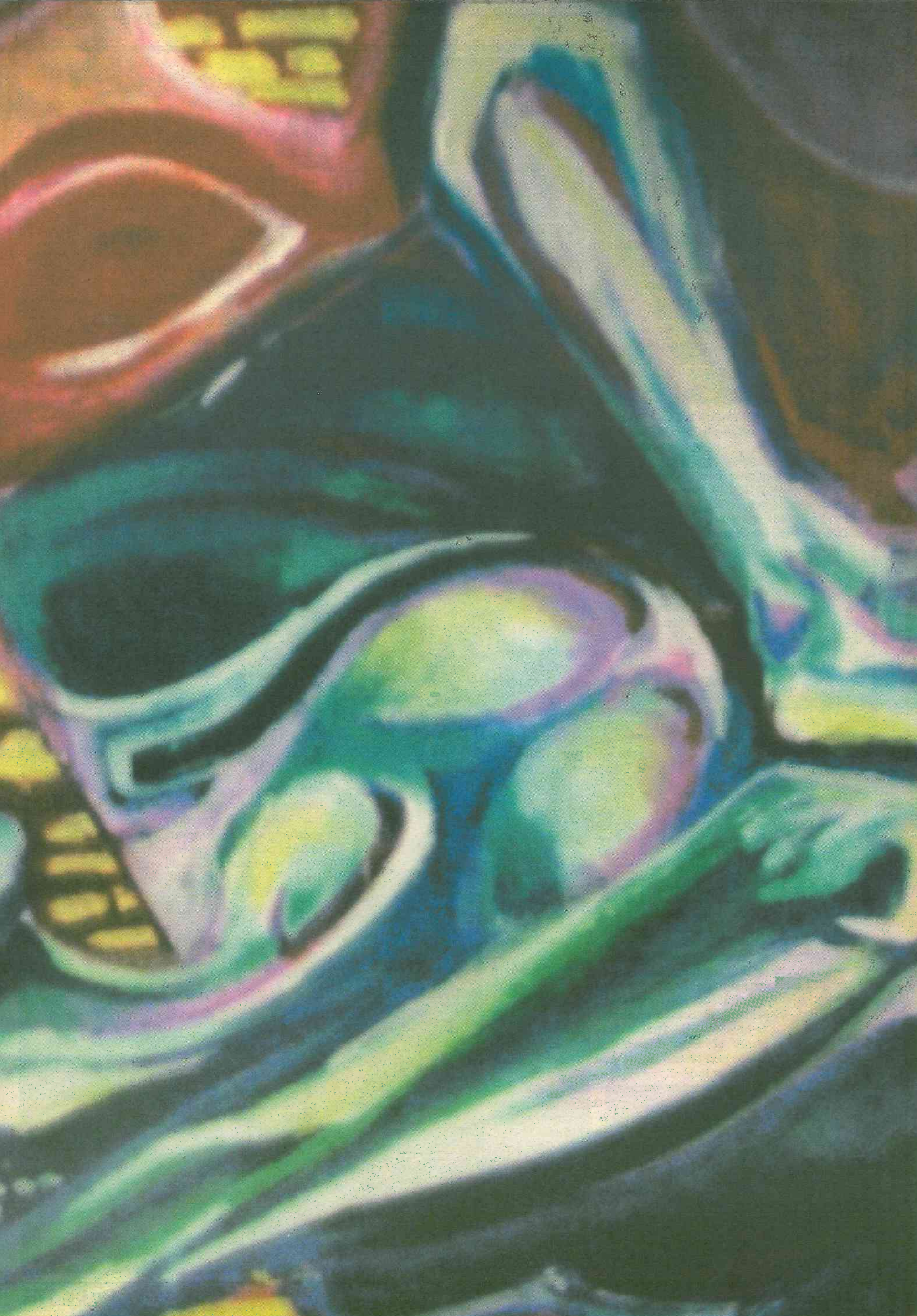
1. Not far enough I'd say. I'm an engineering student, do you really expect me to be creative?
2. Pole dancing naked at O Camp
3. Buy him a drink & see if I could give him a good spanking
4. I actually wouldn't mind watching people do that.

Sam, Tsering and Denitza (Pleasantly mediocre threesome)

1. S: That milk skulling thing went too far.  
T: It hasn't gone too far. As long as people are willing to do it, it's fine.  
D: If someone died, that would be enough
2. S: At Schoolies I had 3 beer bongs in a row...  
T: No, not really  
D: I'm sure I have but I don't remember
3. S: I'd buy him a beer but I'd drink it myself  
T: Don't know...a hug?  
D: Instead of O week, I'd have an O month (um, nothing to do with question)
1. S: That would be pretty funny  
T: That would be going too far  
D: That would be cool

Johnny Erratic, Will Power and Havoc.







Oh, What  
Fun It Is!

**Tosca**  
Opera Australia  
Opera Theatre, Sydney Opera House  
January 26-March 21

When an opera ends in the most unhappy way possible, one might not expect it to be a 'fun night out'. However, Opera Australia's production of *Tosca* produces exactly that, with its traditional staging and oh-how-appropriately-over-the-top performances.

Peter Coleman-Wright spends much of his time on stage practising his evil stare, which is as menacing as any. People who are a little put off by this can simply close their eyes and listen to his warm baritone. His dark tone made him a convincing Baron Scarpia.

However, it is Cheryl Barker who is very much the star of the show. Her head voice was particularly impressive, although her chest voice sometimes sounded a little forced. This became a positive at the more dramatic moments, as it added a heart-wrenching quality to her performance. One felt that Barker relished the opportunity to make her Australian role debut in what some consider to be the ultimate soprano role, especially in light of the fact that her husband was playing opposite her as Scarpia!

Dennis O'Neill completed the trio of major principals, looking as much an Italian tenor as he sounded. This is not an easy role, with plenty of vocal stretch (particularly at the upper end of the range) and O'Neill put in a fine effort indeed.

The irresistible casting, combined with the large, striking sets and authentic costumes, brought out the best in this evergreen opera. Puccini's fine score and the drama of the work, which are inextricably linked, were both brought to the fore. This was a credit to conductor Richard Hickox in his first opera since joining the company as Music Director and to the outstanding performers in the lead roles.

**Benedict Coxon**

# A Star Is Born

**Carmen**  
Opera Australia  
Opera Theatre, Sydney Opera House  
February 7-March 30

Everyone knows the tunes. But how many people have seen Bizet's *Carmen* performed on stage in its entirety? The likely answer of 'very few' makes sense of why companies like Opera Australia choose to perform this popular favourite.

And when Opera Australia secures a rising star like Andrea Baker to sing the title role, it certainly becomes worthwhile staging a season of the *opéra comique*. Indeed, Andrea Baker was the standout of the opening night performance. The young mezzo-soprano put her all into her portrayal of the fiery gypsy, as indicated when she burst into tears during her curtain call. She was as venomous in spitting out her insults as she was tender in the love scenes, and her physical presence was always strong.

The way in which Baker captured the drama of the work was also reflected in Lindy Hume's 1995 production. There is a rawness and simplicity about the sets that lends itself to both underlining the stage action and to letting the singers dominate. Wonderfully adaptable, the large 'walls on wheels', allow for striking visual imagery. There were also interesting directorial touches such as Carmen rather violently putting out a cigarette on stage during the famous overture.

Aside from Baker's wonderful *Carmen*, New Zealander Teddy Tahu Rhodes drew an enthusiastic response from the audience as a very smooth Escamillo. Tenor Julian Gavin was more than up to his role of Don Jose, and none of the minor principals disappointed.

What may have disappointed was the work itself. While the Australian Ballet and Opera Orchestra under Alexander Poljanichko admirably brought the famous melodies to life, audience-members new to *Carmen* may have been disappointed by what is perhaps an overrated opera. However, it was a wise choice to showcase the wonderful Andrea Baker, for whom one feels things will only get bigger and better.

**Benedict Coxon**



# Don't Ask Me To Explain It

**The Love for Three Oranges**  
**Opera Australia**  
**Opera Theatre, Sydney Opera House**  
**January 18-February 12**

Undoubtedly the most interesting of the five operas that Opera Australia is presenting during its summer season at the Sydney Opera House, Prokofiev's *The Love for Three Oranges* is about as zany an opera as one will find. Not only is the plot entirely ridiculous, but the score, written by Prokofiev early in his career, is effervescent, even if it isn't the sort of thing that provides much for the opera-goer to whistle on the way home (save for the famous March, to which Richard Hickox and the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra gave a nice, bouncy quality).

All of this calls for a zany production – and director Francesca Zambello delivers. Singers dressed up as fuzzy oranges, giant plastic oranges out of which they can appear... Don't worry, it's supposed to be weird. This is a visually spectacular production, with bright colours dominating and some very striking props and sets being employed. There were also some wonderful comic touches, such as the wheelchair-bound trombonist who is pushed on to the stage while blowing his trombone to oblivion and who then, upon putting down his instrument, grabs an oxygen mask and sinks into his seat. The only negative that could be pointed to was the sizeable proportion of jokes that fell flat. Often they seemed out of place on the operatic stage: a 'nudge-nudge, wink-wink' moment loses much of its effect when the action is slowed down because it has been set to music.

Perhaps the performers have a little more fun than the audience does. The many different chorus groups get to ham things up as much (sometimes more) than the principals do, and seem to have a great time on stage. This makes their 'super-camp' performances very enjoyable, and the same can be said of the many principal singers. John MacMaster was hilarious in the first act as the sickly prince, Bruce Martin sounded wonderfully regal as the King of Clubs and William Ferguson made a particularly sprightly Truffaldino.

The evil conspirators Clarissa and Leander, played by Deborah Humble and Teddy Tahu Rhodes respectively, deserved the laughs that they garnered. The oranges, Wendy Dawn Thompson, Ali McGregor and Sally-Anne Russell were on stage all-too-briefly and Catherine Carby and Elizabeth Whitehouse made the most of their bitchy roles. In fact, no member of the cast disappointed.

If you can abandon yourself to the nonsense, this production offers you an enjoyable couple of hours. Try not to read the surtitles – the libretto is an English translation, and reading things before you hear them will only spoil the jokes. Although some of the humour doesn't quite hit the mark, there is a lot of fun in other aspects of the production and the individual performances are exceptional. It might be wise to start planning a trip to Melbourne.

***The Love for Three Oranges* will receive another season this year, this time at the State Theatre, Arts Centre, Melbourne, from April 26-May 14. Concession tickets start at \$70 and are available from Ticketmaster7 and from Opera Australia.**

**Benedict Coxon**



# old favourite Returns With Young Cast

**Così fan tutte**  
**Opera Australia**  
**Opera Theatre, Sydney Opera House**  
**January 3-27**

Opera Australia's 2005 season opened with Göran Järvefelt and Carl Friedrich Oberle's 14-year-old production of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* ('All women are like that'). The Opera Theatre was packed on opening night, and the audience wasn't disappointed with the young cast's performance.

The Järvefelt production doesn't seem dated, despite its traditional setting. The combination of simplicity and style is great, because the singers – especially young singers trying to break into the scene – are able to show their ability. This point was demonstrated perfectly by the addition of Henry Choo to the cast, playing Ferrando, a last-minute replacement for an indisposed Jaewoo Kim. The young tenor's singing and stage presence were both exemplary.

The other cast members included Antoinette Halloran as Despina, Leanne Kenneally as Fiordiligi, Wendy Dawn Thompson as Dorabella, Joshua Bloom as Guglielmo and veteran baritone John Pringle as Don Alphonso. All singers excelled, putting their all into their characters and performances. A special mention must go to Kenneally, whose character must undergo the most ridiculous change of heart. My personal favourite was Halloran's delightful Despina, who maintained her bouncy, mischievous aura from start to finish and sang beautifully. Bloom and Pringle also provided very solid performances.

The small, yet ornately-costumed, chorus made a big sound, and the climaxes were done superbly. Conductor Alexander Briger set the scene with a brisk overture – although the acoustic of the orchestra pit rather deadened the effect. The only slight hiccup came towards the end of the finale to the first act, when the singers could hardly keep up with Briger's breakneck tempo.

This performance was thoroughly enjoyable and funny, with hilarious stage antics combined with good singing and playing. It's not new, but this production is still worth performing and definitely worth going to see.

**Edward Joyner**  
*Fiordiligi and Dorabella*





## PICASSO'S MINOTAUR

A magnificent work by the legendary artist Pablo Picasso has made its way to the Art Gallery of South Australia. Entitled *Minotaur caressing a sleeping woman* (1933, France, dry point on paper) this print passionately delves into the complexity of masculinity and what it means to be a male.

To Picasso (1881 – 1973), the bull was a symbol of great pride and virility. Picasso was Spanish and for him the cultural attachment to this creature and traditional bull fighting was ever present in his mind.

Here a male human and a bull have morphed together to form the mythological beast, the Minotaur. Picasso was famous for his revolutionary ideas on art and was fundamentally influential to the development of Cubism. But in this work, Picasso shows his affection for a Neo-Classic mode of expression perfect for the legend of the Minotaur. In mythology the Minotaur was hidden in a labyrinth by King Minos of Crete. Set as a vicious trap, the Minotaur was a raging and violent monster that could vanquish any who crossed his path.

But here the beast is caught in a moment of pure intimacy, off guard and vulnerable. The brilliance of Picasso's ideologies and techniques are found in this stylish black and white work. From scratchy lines, to intense detail the internal struggles of man and masculinity are brought forward and exposed.

*Minotaur caressing a sleeping woman* is a vibrant work that expresses ideas on masculinity, both in technique and subject matter. Rough marks from Picasso's hand

weave together to create a gentle and intricate piece pressed into pristine white paper.

The bold character of the masculine physique is captured through Picasso's dramatic lines and ferocious sketching. This beast is showing extreme tenderness, yet he has not lost his physical strength and virility. Such power and compassion are at work in this piece.

Today in society's ongoing 'masculinity crisis' such a work is still relevant. Men are always trying to prove themselves and their masculinity. Men must be 'masculine' or face ridicule and oppression. But what really is deemed masculine?

Society allows for only a narrow view of masculinity and continually warns a man about giving in to his emotions, labelling attributes such as tenderness, compassion and vulnerability as uniquely feminine. Men are continually trying to redefine themselves and often prove or hide their sexuality. But here Picasso's beast has nothing to hide. This man is showing his deepest desires and emotions and yet he has lost nothing of his 'masculinity'. This is expressed through his powerful physique of rippling muscles and broad shoulders. His inner emotions are brilliantly captured in his tender eyes that are all consumed by the beauty before him.

The woman of his desire is asleep so the Minotaur is free to show his true feelings. Men are often like bulls in a paddock, desperate to show their strength and control, fighting not to show their sensitive side. They dare not be peaceful or express appreciation for beauty unless it is aggressive and domineering. Once

again Picasso comments on the binding effects of a socially constructed view of masculinity.

While addressing problems with what society deems 'masculine', Picasso also demonstrates in this marvellous work the contrasting elements of man. Not only do males fight to prove themselves in society as masculine and oppressive, they are also fighting with the inner beast. Men often have the head of a bull and the body of a man. The mind can be both animal and human at the same time, intellect and sensibility can fall by the wayside to animal instincts and sexual drive. *Minotaur caressing a sleeping woman* shows that men are not simply always gruff beasts; Picasso explains that masculinity is often more than raw aggression and pride. Masculinity can also encompass tenderness, compassion and complexity.

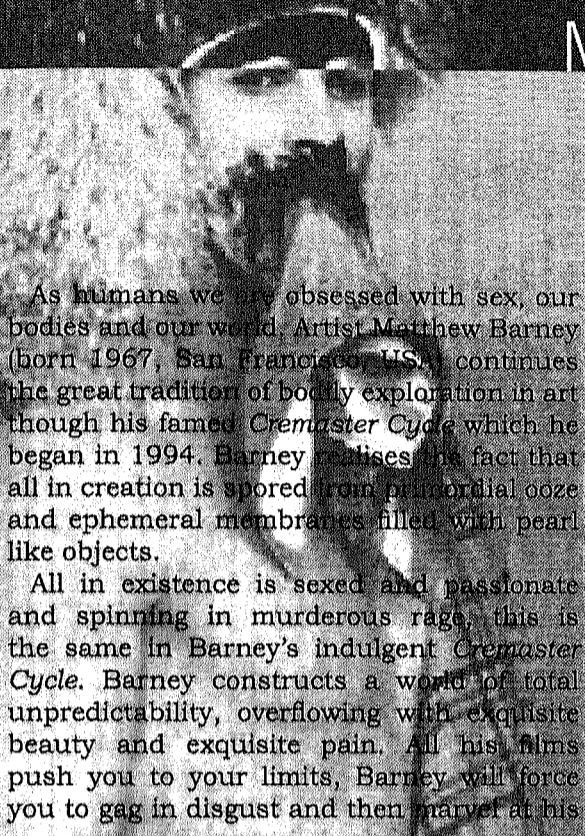
Looking at such a highly regarded artist as Picasso, you can see how and why his art is so important and potent. This work is not simply an illustration of a mythical legend but an enlightened commentary on the psyche of males. Today this work shows us that society's 'masculinity crisis' is by no means a new development. Picasso captures in an elegant fashion the internal and social struggle of masculinity that we still face.

*Minotaur caressing a sleeping woman* is now part of the permanent collection at the Art Gallery of South Australia and can be viewed in Gallery 16. This major piece has recently been acquired through the Roy and Marjory Edwards Bequest.

Leo Greenfield

# ter Cycle

## Matthew Barney's assault on modern masculinity



As humans we are obsessed with sex, our bodies and our world. Artist Matthew Barney (born 1967, San Francisco, USA) continues the great tradition of bodily exploration in art through his famed *Cremaster Cycle* which he began in 1994. Barney realises the fact that all in creation is spored from primordial ooze and ephemeral membranes filled with pearl like objects. All in existence is sexed and passionate and spinning in murderous rage, this is the same in Barney's indulgent *Cremaster Cycle*. Barney constructs a world of total unpredictability, overflowing with exquisite beauty and exquisite pain. All his films push you to your limits, Barney will force you to gag in disgust and then marvel at his

wondrous creations. The elegance of *Cremaster 5* is such a refreshing end to this debauched and lengthy cycle, it is so sumptuous that it makes you rethink the vacuous surrealism of the other four elements.

Film is now a mode of sculpture, where artists with the power, money and connections can play to their own imagination, weaving worlds to please their own perverse inner audience. Barney is exactly this, an artist whose internal universe is spilling over and flowing out his ears onto the world of cinematic art.

Women with clear glass legs, corpse-like horses racing, agonising torture, giants, deformed mermaids, opera, car races, sex and death are all present in Barney's acclaimed yet tedious *Cremaster Cycle*. Hailed to be an experimental visionary, Barney actually employs the usual modes of entertainment; sex, violence and more sex.

When you first enter the world of the *Cremaster* it is filled with beauty and excess, then in a flash Barney will expose you to the

chilling and the grotesque. The flicker of an image may seem at first intriguing, but then it tickles you mind and aggravates your brain.

The Cycle is a journey deep into the psyche of man and masculinity. Each piece in the Cycle presents a problem, a struggle and the endless endeavours Barney moves though to try and solve these problems. As a viewer of these films it is unclear whether the arrogant Barney is making a wider analysis on society and its faults or tackling his own internal struggles. From whichever view point, the Cycle is a controversial piece and through the chaotic madness questions and comments on society do appear.

Barney often plays the central character in his films (and seems to flash his backside in every one) that race from timeless European realms to New York's Chrysler Building and Guggenheim. The title of this assault on masculinity; *Cremaster*, is inspired by the muscle of the spermatic cord in males' reproductive organs. From start to finish this work is closely associated with all that is sexual.

Throughout the Cycle there is continued referencing to sexual organs and fluids. At first random, the appearance of seminal slime alludes to our origins and reaches a climax in *Cremaster 4*. Here Barney burrows through the earth to find the very construct of our world is a catacomb of this substance. Suggesting that our society is both obsessed with sex and male dominated.

The problems of 'socially constructed masculinity' are highlighted in his films by reference to secret men's organisations such as the Freemasons, corporate giants, violence, unbearable torture and the ceremony of beer.

Black humour weaves its way around male clichés as Barney dramatically tears them apart. Control and construction also symbolise the overwhelming command masculinity has on society. In *Cremaster 3*, an anorexic woman digs herself up from the earth only to be recaptured by a band of men who throw her back to the violent world she has emerged from. *Cremaster 2* shows how men turn to violence to reinvigorate their masculinity, when a man commits a horrific murder apparently due to the tiny size of his genitals.

The extensive use of costumes and makeup creates a populace of bizarre creatures for Barney's universe. These beings look like mutant humans, often Barney focuses on mutating and deforming the genitals. This again draws attention to masculinity and sexuality. Imagining other sexes realises our own physicality and asks us to look at ourselves differently, while suggesting that indeed gender is a social construct.

Only Matthew Barney can give true meaning to his films, but it is safe to say that this indulgent escapade is the work of a vibrant imagination. I can see him in his own world, seeing things inside his own mind and being filled with joy, freedom and excitement. Barney's films are explorations of his exploration, diving always into relevant subject matter, the body, sex and sexuality.

Leo Greenfield



# Her heart fell on the floor and smashed into a million pieces when nobody was looking...

**Magic realism (or magical realism)** is a literary genre in which magical elements appear in an otherwise realist setting. It is most often associated with the Latin American literary boom of the twentieth century, marked by the publication of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* by Gabriel García Márquez in 1967, which is considered the seminal magical realist text. Magical realism has been viewed at different times as a specific historical-geographical literary movement and as a style that can be located in a large variety of novels, poetry, painting, and even film.

## Common aspects of magical realist novels

The following elements are found in many magical realist novels, but not all are found in each novel and many are found in novels that fall under other genres.

Contains a magical element

The magical element may be intuitive but is never explained

Characters accept rather than question the logic of the magical element

Exhibits a richness of sensory details

Distorts time so that it is cyclical or so that it appears absent. Another technique is to collapse time in order to create a setting in which the present repeats or resembles the past.

Inverts cause and effect, for instance a character may suffer before a tragedy occurs

Incorporates legend or folklore

Presents events from multiple perspectives, such as that of belief and disbelief or the colonizer's and the colonized's

May be an overt rebellion against a totalitarian government or sm

May be set in or arise from an area of cultural mixing

Uses a mirroring of either past and present, astral and physical planes, or of characters

## Relation to other genres and movements

As a literary style, magical realism often overlaps or is confused with other genres and movements.

**Postmodernism** & **Magic realism** is often considered, as a genre, a subcategory of postmodern fiction due to its challenge to hegemony and its use of techniques similar to those of other postmodernist texts, such as the distortion of time.

**Surrealism** & Many early magical realists such as Alejo Carpentier and Miguel Angel Asturias studied with the surrealists, and surrealism, as an international movement, influenced many aspects of Latin American art. Surrealists, however, try to discover and portray that which is above or superior to the "real" through the use of techniques such as automatic writing, hypnosis, and dreaming. Magical realists, on the other hand, portray the real world itself as having marvelous aspects inherent in it.

**Fantasy and Science fiction** - Fantasy and science fiction novels portray an alternate world with its own set of rules and characteristics or experiment with our world by suggesting how a new technology or political system might affect our society. Magical realism, however, portrays a reality that someone believes in, once believed in, or could believe in.

## History

The term magic realism was first used by the German art critic Franz Roh to describe the unusual realism of primarily American painters such as Ivan Albright, Paul Cadmus, George Tooker and other artists during the 1920s, under whom traditional realism became subtly infused with overtones of the surreal and fantastical. The term grew popular in the 20th century with the rise of such authors as Mikhail Bulgakov, Ernst Jünger, and many Latin American writers, most notably Jorge Luis Borges, Gabriel García Márquez, and

Isabel Allende. Today, magical realism is used especially when referring to Latin American literature; it was first applied to such literature by the critic Arturo Uslar-Pietri, but only came in vogue after Nobel prize winner Miguel Angel Asturias defined his novels as fitting into the style.

CN

## Magical realist authors include

Isabel Allende

Jorge Luis Borges

Alejo Carpentier

Ana Castillo

Julio Cortázar

William Faulkner

Carlos Fuentes

Günter Grass

Alice Hoffman

Gabriel García Márquez

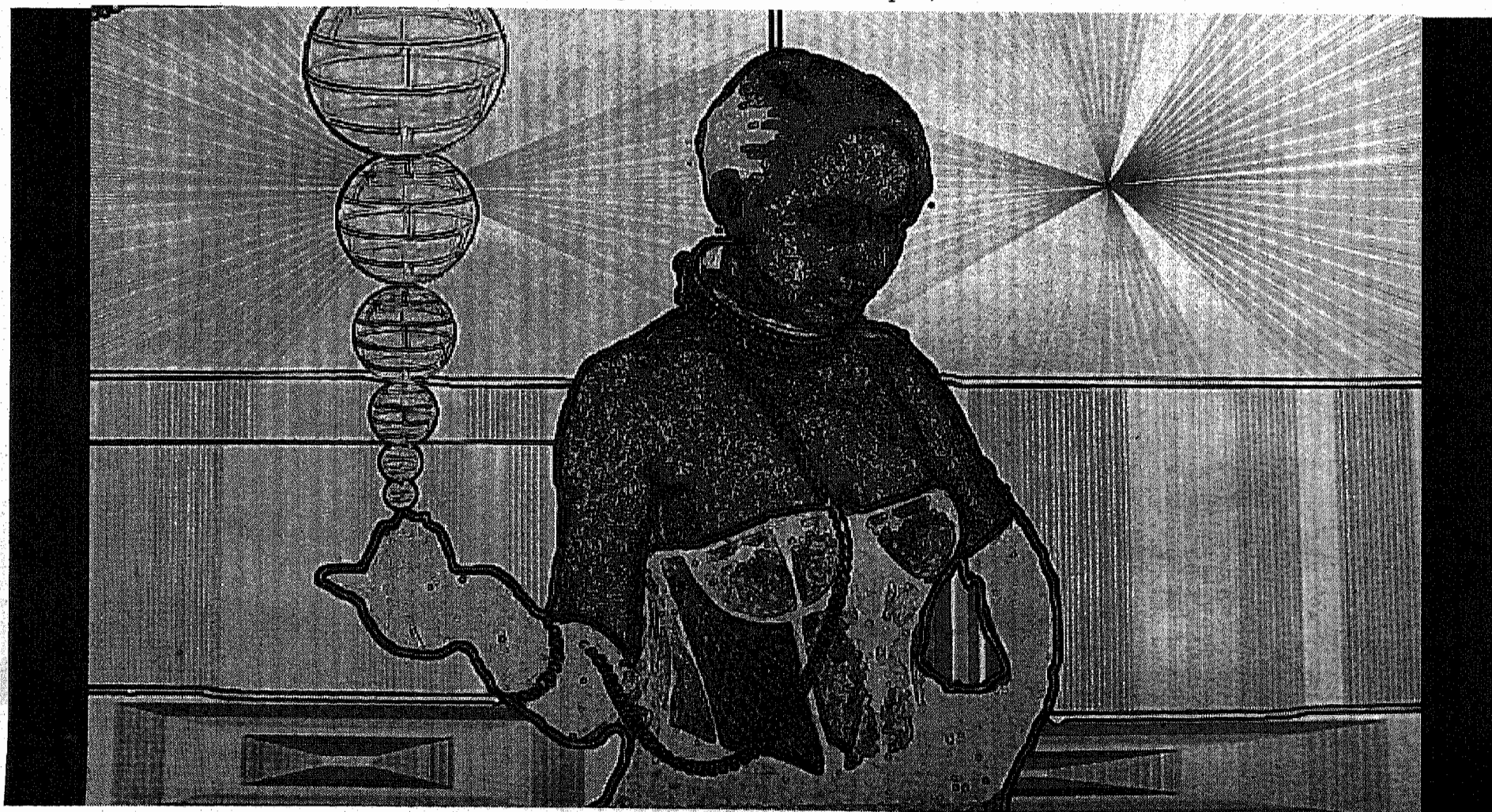
Haruki Murakami

João Guimarães Rosa

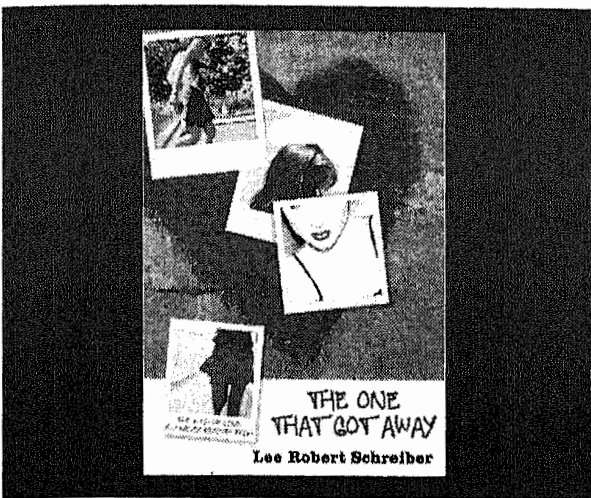
Salman Rushdie

Graham Swift

D.M. Thomas







**The One That Got Away**  
Lee Robert Schreiber  
Random House.

'Have you ever Googled an ex?' asks the blurb of this unusual work of non-fiction, in which Schreiber relates the true events following his decision to email his first girlfriend, twenty-five years after they broke up.

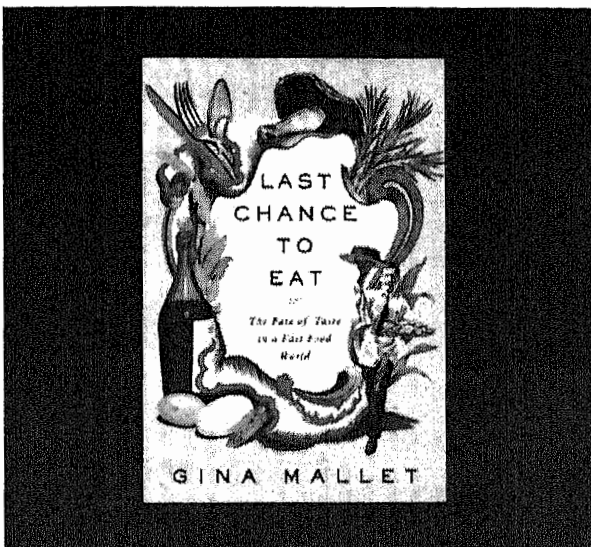
After several failed relationships and unable to get over the memory of his first and greatest love, Schreiber emailed 'Sarah' and they re-established contact. The tumultuous consequences are related by Schreiber in a tone that attempts to be flippant but continuously falls into self-conscious analysis. To be fair, the author recognises he's doing this and doesn't pass off his sentimentality as anything but.

Reading this book feels like a fusion of watching an episode of *Neighbours* and being a fly on the wall during a mid-life crisis-stricken forty-something's therapy session. I

did enjoy the story but it was a little bit like getting stuck talking to someone at a party who shares every detail about where they're at in their personal journey: 'So I broke up with Susan because I think we really had some trust issues, which really stems from the fact that my father was a very difficult man... but now with Audrey I think I've really got a chance at, you know, *happiness*...'

But despite what I might think of Schreiber's style, the fact that he actually did something we've all thought about doing and dismissed as insane makes for a fascinating premise. The fact that a) Schreiber is a reasonably entertaining writer and b) as humans we're inherently nosy about other people's lives makes this book a pretty good read.

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**Last Chance to Eat**  
Gina Mallet  
Random House.

There's an increasingly mainstream movement against fast food and back to a love of real food: an appreciation of taste, culinary talent and the simple therapeutic value of preparing and eating a fine meal. There's even an official Slow Food Movement that promotes regional produce, organic food and empowerment of local farmers and sellers of food.

Gina Mallet is the latest voice of this philosophy, and she's written a beautiful book which asks the question 'where has all the good food gone?' Unlike modern docu-books like *Fast Food Nation*, this title isn't crammed with information and statistics about every food crime committed globally by major corporations. Instead, Mallet has focused on five key foods threatened by the modern world: eggs, raw milk, beef, fish and organic non-hybrid vegetables. The style is anecdotal rather than infomercial, as Mallet pauses to remember the tastes and fragrances of her

childhood, going off on long but absorbing tangents about the people, the places and the memories she associates with her epicurean history.

There are some hard facts, statistics and political explanations for certain changes to the way we eat; Mallet has definitely done her research and supports her remarks with firm evidence, and I really appreciated the basic education in agricultural commerce and politics that the book carries. But the focus is on the food with recipes included to extend the experience beyond the literary.

Mallet is a great writer and storyteller, and her subject matter is of increasing importance in a world where the power of the consumers will shape the agriculture of the future. Read this book until your mouth waters, and remind yourself of the glory of real food.

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## Procrustean:

NEAR ELEUSIS, in Attica, there lurked a bandit named Damastes, called Procrustes, or "The Stretcher." He had an iron bed on which travelers who fell into his hands were compelled to spend the night.

His humor was to stretch the ones who were too short until they died, or, if they were too tall, to cut off as much of their limbs as would make them short enough. Therefore, to be procrustean is to be ruthlessly inflexible. A particularly excellent way to criticise authority without being obvious.



"Ah Mr Forsythe, I am in awe of your capacity for procrustean management!"

## Foreign Language

### 101:

#### Lurvetastic lines

**¿cuánto para el sexo por favor? SPANISH**

How much for sex please?

**Lavoro nella fabbrica di amore. ITALIAN**

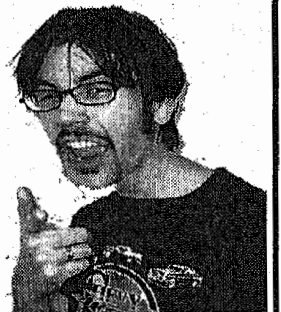
I work in the factory of love.

**Jaj heter Sven/Inga. SWEDISH**

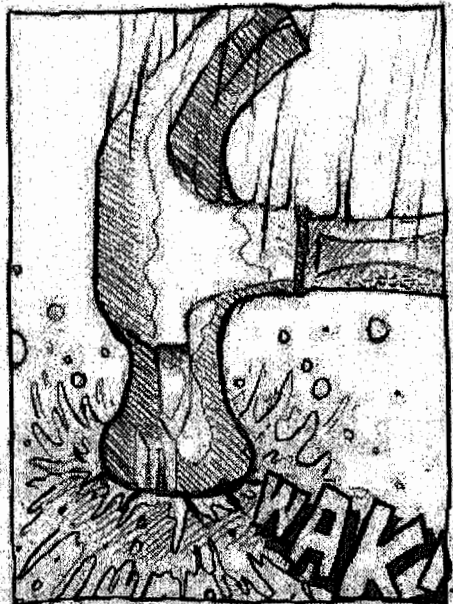
I am Sven/Inga.

**Konnen wer heimgehen und fich une kanninchen. GERMAN**

Let's go home and fuck like rabbits.



## Skulduggery by oz



## On-Campus Gig Guide

Feb 21 - 25 <sup>th</sup>	Orientation Week	Barr Smith Lawns	SAUA
Feb 21 - 23 <sup>th</sup>	Clubs O'Week	Hughes Plaza	Clubs
Feb 21 <sup>st</sup>	Comedy Night	UniBar	SAUA
Feb 22 <sup>nd</sup>	O'Hop	UniBar	SAUA
Feb 23 <sup>rd</sup>	Cinema on the Lawns	Barr Smith Lawns	UAC
Feb 24 <sup>th</sup>	Skullduggery	Cloisters	Med Students/ SAUA
Feb 25 <sup>th</sup>	Quiz Night	Union House	SAUA
Feb 26 <sup>th</sup>	O'Ball	Cloisters/UniBar	SAUA
Feb 28 <sup>th</sup>	Cinema - "Zoolander"	Union Cinema	UAC
March 7 <sup>th</sup>	Bike Tuning	Barr Smith Lawns	SAUA
March 10 <sup>th</sup>	Pizza Eating Comp & Band	Barr Smith Lawns	OSA/UAC
March 11 <sup>th</sup>	Shave for a CURE day	Barr Smith Lawns	UAC
March 14 <sup>th</sup>	Cinema screenings x 2	Union Cinema	UAC
March 14 - 18 <sup>th</sup>	Environment Week	Barr Smith Lawns	SAUA

Coming soon, the Union Activities Committee (UAC) are putting together a Creative Arts Network called U-CAN. Merging artists, musicians, craftsmen... and bringing culture back onto campus.

Also look out for the "Bring Back the Music" campaign putting live tunes back in our catering outlets. Email [activities@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:activities@adelaide.edu.au) if you have a band and want to get involved. We're particularly seeking acoustic performers and people with sound engineering skills.

email [activities@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:activities@adelaide.edu.au)  
for more info

## Food and Beverage Services

**Welcome back** on campus from the F&B staff – we're looking forward to providing you with daily sustenance (as well as caffeine and beer) to get through that study! So what's **NEW?**



**Rumours Café** (level 6 of Union House) has a brand new fantastically delicious menu including more vegetarian and healthy choice options. This time of year is just perfect on the balcony overlooking the Torrens (??pictured above). Open from 8am to 8pm Monday to Friday.

**Mayo Café** (ground floor of Union House) **COMING SOON**, a made-to-order sandwich bar so you can

grab a freshly made sandwich or roll with your choice of fillings! And we have also introduced a salads-to-go option, with fresh delicious salads packed to grab and go. Try one today with your favourite dressing!

**Union Bookshop Café** – our latest greatest venue is located on the ground floor of the George Murray Building. Specializing in fresh fruit blends and squeezed juices, great coffee and yummy light meals, this is the ideal location to catch up with friends or do some study upstairs in the new Study Lounge. Unirecords can also be found here for that CD you've been wanting!

**UniBar** (level 6 of Union House) has undergone some upgrades! Go up and check out the new carpet, lighting and seating while enjoying an ice cold beverage.

And for students at **WAITE CAMPUS.....**

Lirra Lirra Café & Bar also has a new menu for 2005 and has re-introduced their daily specials. See the menu boards for details. Don't forget Happy Hour on Friday from 3 to 7pm with great drink prices and an assortment of complimentary nibbles around 5.30pm!

And of course **ROSEWORTHY CAMPUS....**

You'll find good country cooking here with hot meals, pies, pasties, sandwiches, confectionary, and a wide range of drinks. The Tavern can be found next to the Student Lounge and Union office and is open Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights from 8pm to close. Enjoy the jukebox and pool table while relaxing with a beer and friends. Check the Daily Specials board for Happy Hours specials.

Please note: Your student Services Fee does not subsidize AUU Commercial Operations

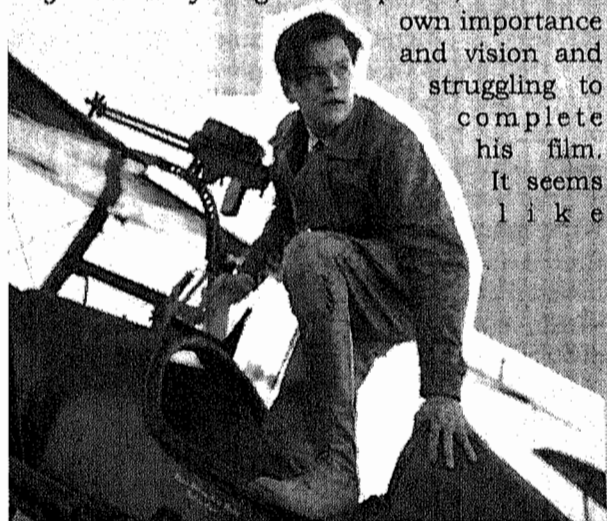
[www.union.adelaide.edu.au](http://www.union.adelaide.edu.au)

# The Aviator

**Director:** Martin Scorsese (*Goodfellas*)  
**Starring:** Leonardo DiCaprio (*Titanic*) & Cate Blanchett (*Elizabeth*)

Martin Scorsese is almost undoubtedly the greatest filmmaker still making movies on a regular basis. With a resume that includes such unarguable classics as *Taxi Driver*, *Raging Bull* and countless other wonderful pictures he is unchallenged by any of his contemporaries. Despite his wonderful track record doubts about Scorsese's artistry are always called into play after even his most minor lapses. After the disappointment of 2002's *Gangs of New York* (one prominent critic went so far as to label it an "abortion") many observers were suggesting that perhaps Scorsese had burned too bright for too long. *The Aviator* dispels any such myths.

Scorsese comes to the biopic for the second time after *Raging Bull* and this time chooses Hollywood mogul, aviation pioneer, playboy and raging paranoid Howard Hughes (Leonardo DiCaprio) as his subject. Hughes shot to fortune in his twenties via the rather mundane path of redesigning the shape of drill bits, making them more effective and cheaper to build. He shot to fame after his foray into the movie business, producing a string of successful pictures and directing his own aviation epic, *Hell's Angels*. We first meet Hughes during the period of his filming *Hell's Angels*. He's a young



upstart, full of his own importance and vision and struggling to complete his film. It seems like

nothing is ever enough for Hughes, either there's not enough planes, or they're too slow, or too small. When he finally seems to have finished the movie he sees 1927's *The Jazz Singer* starring Al Jolson and decides that *Hell's Angels* needs to be entirely re-shot for sound. The eventual film proves a huge success and Hughes is vindicated. After conquering Hollywood he dives headlong into the aviation business and leads TWA airlines in a battle against all competitors. Hughes then begins to undertake larger and larger projects, building larger and larger planes until it all becomes too much to handle and cracks begin to show. A serious phobia of germs (which had been a latent issue for much of his life) surfaces and reduces him to a poor shadow of himself. His loving partner Katherine Hepburn (Cate Blanchett) does all she can to help Hughes fight his demons but he ultimately proves too stubborn to be saved and their break-up becomes a tabloid scandal. Senator Ralph Brewster seizes upon this opportunity to publicly vilify Hughes only to be met with stubborn resistance.

*The Aviator* has been spoken about as being the film that may finally deliver Martin Scorsese the Oscar he has been denied for his entire career. Hands down, without a doubt, he deserves it for this picture. Scorsese, more than any other filmmaker, works to bridge the gap between the pictures of the past and the pictures of the future. He's a tireless promoter, preserver and avid fan of film history. He's produced two fine documentaries – *A Personal Journey Through American Movies* and *My Voyage to Italy* – to promote his formative influences and the cinema of the past. Here in *The Aviator* he manages to pull techniques from all his influences to make a movie of rare vitality. Scorsese's like a carpenter with an infinite number of tools, some big, some small, some standard, some odd and unique but each especially formed to fit its function. He dives into his kitbag and produces the perfect instrument for each circumstance. He utilises discontinuity brilliantly for Hughes' 'cracking up' scenes, wonderful brisk editing rhythms for disorientation, huge graceful, sweeping shots to emphasise the splendor of the flying scenes and adds a magnificent texture to the romantic scenes between Hughes and Hepburn. His pictures have a sheer energy and

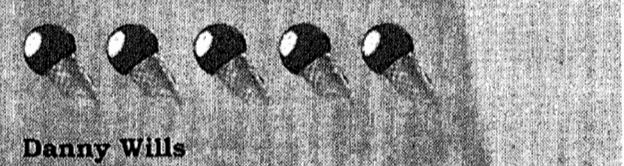
passion that is almost unmatched.

In the lead role DiCaprio is given a tough task. Hughes is almost a Charlie Kane type figure – ambitious, brilliant, charming but also dark, sinister, perverse and ultimately decrepit and broken. DiCaprio handles Hughes gently, refusing to descend into parody, lending him an endearing charm but also keeping him at arm's length, giving him room to display the bugs in Hughes' demeanour. Blanchett is competent as Hepburn and truly does master the voice but, at times, gives a little too much. She seems to almost forget that she's playing Katherine Hepburn the woman, rather than the Katherine Hepburn from pictures like *Bringing Up Baby* and *The Philadelphia Story*. That Hepburn was almost completely manic, very theatrical and, ultimately, quite unreal.

There are a few moments in *The Aviator* that, like Blanchett's performance are a little too much. The picture is framed with a childhood experience of Hughes' which is a bit cheap and there are a few other small errors in John Logan's script that prevent this from being a flawless picture. It is none the less, without doubt, a masterpiece.

Legendary 40s and 50s American studio director Sam Fuller has famously said that cinema is "a battle ground. Love, hate, action, violence, death, in one word – emotion". Every frame of Scorsese's cinema is forged from Fuller's philosophy, every frame of his pictures explodes with rage, romance, anxiety, fear, guilt and all of the emotions in between.

Scorsese is the boldest, bravest filmmaker in the America, if not the world. He goes for things that few other directors would dare. Occasionally this can let him down and he is swallowed up by his own ambition, but here in *The Aviator*, as in many other pictures of his before, his courage pays off and we are given a rare film of power, energy and life. We've been given a film that is at once a roller coaster of emotions and a technical *tour de force*, that is both a soft kiss and a hand grenade, it's a picture that gives us a brief, tantalizing glimpse at the seemingly infinite heights of emotion that cinema can reach.



Danny Wills

# Ladies in Lavender

**Director:** Charles Dance  
**Starring:** Judi Dench (*Shakespeare in Love*), Maggie Smith (*Harry Potter* series), Daniel Brühl (*Goodbye, Lenin!*)

The great Dames of English cinema, Maggie Smith and Judi Dench, unite as sisters, Janet and Ursula in *Ladies in Lavender* directed by Charles Dance.

It is 1936 in Cornwall, England. The main concern for these spinsters is at what time tea will be served, the weather and their memories. Their seaside cottage gives onto a glorious ocean view. One morning after a storm a young man's body is washed up. They nurse him back to health with giant cups of tea in pretty cups and saucers and form a bond despite a language barrier.

It is very much character driven with contemplative slow takes of everyday moments, for example pouring tea, that reflect the inner thoughts of the characters.

The young man's name is Andreas Marowski (*Goodbye, Lenin!* Daniel Brühl). He is a

prodigal violin player from Krakow, Poland on his way to New York. It is this talent that what will eventually lead him away from the sisters, but not without leaving a sweet melody behind him.

Both sisters see in him a man from their youth but you have to pick up on subtleties



in their emotions to figure out the type of relationship they both mourn. Ursula's (Dench) emotions surface more readily and exuberantly than Janet's (Smith) pragmatic and stoic ones. Rather like the two sisters, Helen and Margaret, in E.M. Forster's novel *Howard's End*, their differences conjure up

arguments but the bond of sisterhood is one that can never be broken.

Maggie Smith has one of the best British stiff upper lips on screen and again delivers the hardened lines that made her the most fun in Altman's *Gosford Park*.

However, it is odd that Janet seems to be in her 70s in 1936 and mourns a young lover killed in the First World War. A photograph of the young man sits on her bedside table. It's hardly likely that a middle-aged Janet had a fashionable toy-boy during World War One. This movie wouldn't even look sideways at such an idea. Perhaps it was meant to be the Boer War?

*Ladies in Lavender* is adapted from a short story by William J. Lock and has been stylized to feel as if the first and last scenes are like the opening and closing lines of text. It is lovely to watch and even though it depends so much for atmosphere on the standard quaintness only found in small British villages it is an endearing film.



Helene Sobolewski

# Bubba Ho-Tep

**Director:** Don Coscarelli (*Phantasm* series)  
**Starring:** Bruce Campbell (*The Living Dead* trilogy), Ossie Davis (*Do the Right Thing*)

What would Elvis be doing if he was alive today? Well, contrary to popular belief instead of clawing at the inside of his coffin he'd be living a quiet, lifeless life in a small nursing home. And if watching him team up with JFK to battle a cowboy mummy named Bubba Ho-Tep sounds like a great movie to you, odds are you won't be disappointed.

After years of stardom Elvis feels like all the fun has gone out of his work and switches places with a small town Elvis impersonator when his inaugural career comes to an end not through drugs but by falling off the stage and hurting his hip. He now waits out the rest of his days in an East Texas nursing home, losing his dignity, preparing to die and not too happy about any of it. The only person who believes his story is a fellow resident who happens to be JFK, despite the fact that he is black. Together the two come to realise (as you do) that the deaths of their friends are not necessarily caused by old age but by a cursed mummy eating their souls, destroying any chance of the afterlife.


The film is well-shot with decent special effects and is easy to follow, although Elvis' first encounter with Bubba Ho-Tep is a bit headache-inducing. The movie becomes a bit sentimental, giving 'life lessons' and raising issues about what life is like for those who have nothing to do but wait to die, and the lack of dignity and respect we afford the elderly, this is a comedy, and a lot of its laughs come at their expense. Bruce Campbell does an absolutely believable and in-depth Elvis who you can still laugh at.



Jo B.

**REVIEWER PROFILE**

Brian O'Neill



**Fave film:** *Pleasantville*, *Cinema Paradiso*  
**Most Hated:** *Saw*  
**Fave Genre:** Drama, Foreign (particularly Italian, Arthouse)  
**Fave Actor:** Naomi Watts, Frances McDormand, Justin Theroux  
**Random Fact:** On average, 13 people are killed by vending machines each year. Seriously.

# Spanglish

**Director/Writer:** James L. Brooks (*As Good as it Gets*, *Broadcast News*)  
**Starring:** Adam Sandler (*Happy Gilmore*), Teá Leoni (*Bad Boys*), Paz Vega (*Talk to Her*), Cloris Leachman (*Bad Santa*)

*As Good As It Gets* was a charming, canny film about three slightly eccentric people learning to accept each others' foibles and to understand each other. It worked because despite the characters' oddities, they were still believable as people. *Spanglish*, which shares the same director (Brooks), again centres on the idea of people overcoming their differences and finding friendship, but the barriers are this time greater than differing attitudes. Flor (Vega) has travelled from Mexico with her daughter, Cristina (Shelbie Bruce), and eventually finds herself working for a family headed by John Clasky (Sandler), an esteemed chef, and his insecure, histrionic wife Deborah (Leoni). The two families must overcome the fact that Flor speaks little English as well as their different views on life and their different attitudes to family, so that they can learn and grow and gain some new perspectives on life.

*Spanglish* draws on this cultural and language barrier to provide plenty of chuckles, particularly earlier in the film, when moments such as Deborah's inability to pronounce Flor's name properly both amuse and endear the audience to these characters. The film appears to become lost, however, straying from the cultural comedy and dallying more in the extremities of some of its characters. Even as we laugh at such moments as the hysterical sex scene between Deborah and John, or at the drinking habits of Deborah's mother Evelyn (Leachman), the direction of the film becomes unclear and such characters come off as caricatured. The film does delve into some more interesting cultural differences, such as the parenting problems the two families face: Flor worries that Cristina is losing sight of her ethnic background, while Deborah struggles to tactfully approach the body image issues of her daughter Bernice (Sarah Steele).



Brian O'Neill

# Hotel Rwanda

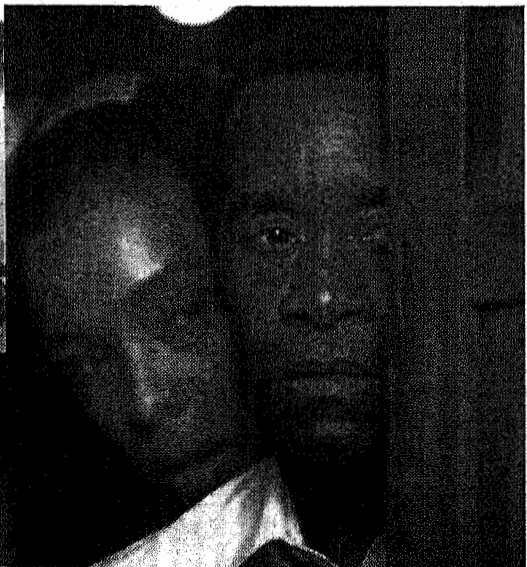
**Director:** Terry George (*Some Mother's Son*)  
**Starring:** Don Cheadle (*Traffic*), Sophie Okonedo (*Dirty Pretty Things*), Nick Nolte (*Blue Chips*)

Biopics are turning out to be a success with the Oscars this year, with *The Aviator*, *Ray* and *Hotel Rwanda* dominating in particular. Fortunately, all of the above films are also good enough to warrant wanting to know more about the people the films represent, *Hotel Rwanda* included. In this account of the genocidal conflict between Rwandan tribes in 1994, Paul Rusesabagina (Cheadle) is the manager of an upmarket hotel in Rwanda, home to wealthy patrons from elsewhere in the world. When the Hutu tribe that constitutes the largest part of the Rwandan population begin killing members of the smaller Tutsi tribe, Paul, his wife Tatiana (Okonedo) and his children take refuge in the resort. Other countries begin sending help to move their own people out of the country, leaving Paul to rely on his cunning and his available connections to protect himself and the people left behind - eventually leading him to house over 1,200 political refugees.

I was a bit young when these attacks took place over a decade ago, so I never knew much about it. The point the film earnestly tries to make is that people older than myself, including most of the Western world, did not truly *want* to learn about it. Jack (Joaquin Phoenix), a journalist covering the problems in the area notes that, "if people see this footage, they'll say 'God, that's terrible,' and they'll go on eating their dinners." This is a sobering point which the film uses to effectively shame a large portion of its audience - and rightly so. What hampers the film slightly is the sense that it is trying a tad too hard to tug every heartstring by drawing heavily on the dramas within Paul's family (one subplot involves an aid worker trying to rescue two of Paul's nieces; another centres on a group of Tutsi orphans who arrive at the hotel to find themselves left in the rain by a rescue plane). Yet the aim of the film - to depict from an emotional angle the enormous loss of lives that occurred - will hopefully be enough to draw attention to what was previously a wrongly overlooked travesty.



Brian O'Neill



# Bride and Prejudice

**Director/Writer:** Gurinder Chadha (*Bend It Like Beckham*)

**Starring:** Aishwarya Rai (Bollywood megastar), Martin Henderson (*The Ring*, *Torque* - but don't hold it against him)

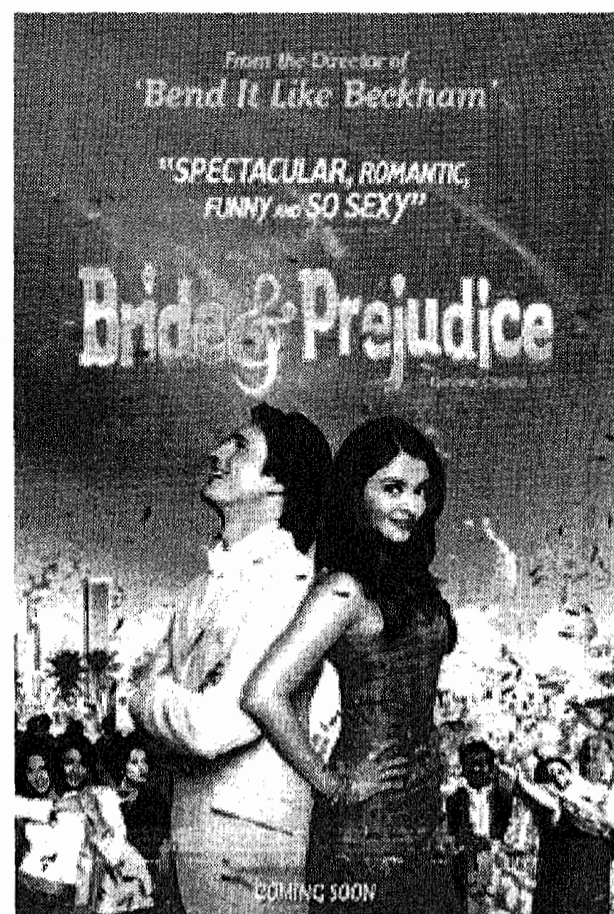
"Any guy with big bucks must be shopping for a wife," declares Lalita (Rai's version of Elizabeth Bennet), and with this take on arguably the most famous opening line in literature begins Gurinder Chadha's east-meets-and-clashes-horribly-with-west version of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*. For those of you who know the book, you know the storyline: two rich guys come to a 'country' town and get a little intrigued by two sisters from a middle-class family. One couple get along quite nicely, the other piss each other off a lot, she (Lalita) really gets the wrong impression of him (Will Darcy) and it takes a 2 hour film/346-page book/6 hour long BBC series to sort it all out and be happy in the end. Great stuff. And it really works in this setting. Similarities scream out at you, but it's an enjoyable ride nonetheless. The Bollywood version is fun,

vibrant and colourful, with a fairly clever take on the storyline and excellent characters that, for me, were the real clinchers.

For those of you who love Mrs Bennet and Mr Collins as much as I do, be assured that Mrs Backshi and Mr Kholi are fantastic. Dare I say Mrs Backshi is *worse* than Mrs Bennet! Martin Henderson is gorgeous, though his character's a bit flat compared to the others. The women too are beautiful - when you have Miss World and Miss India acting side-by-side, what more can the men ask for? True to Bollywood films, one thing you won't see is kissing. So if you're expecting hot pash'n'sex scenes, this ain't the film for you. It's a tad frustrating, but it makes the long looks, the hugging and the frolicking-when-wet moments more meaningful. I should mention that the audience really interacted with this film. I've never experienced anything quite like it: people laughing in anticipation of the kitschy (dare I say cheesy?) musical numbers, jiggling to the great music, cringing at the characters. It's light fluff, and we all loved it.



Soph



# CULT BLAST FROM THE PAST: SIXTEEN CANDLES

**Director/Writer:** John Hughes (*The Breakfast Club*)

**Starring:** Molly Ringwald (*Pretty In Pink*), Michael Schoeffling (*Mermaids*), Anthony Michael Hall (*Weird Science*).

If someone asked me what movie I had seen the most in my lifetime, it would be a close tie between *The Goonies* and this gem - *Sixteen Candles*. I don't know if it's because the film is just that fantastic or because I could totally relate to the awkward pain of growing up. John Hughes manages to capture onscreen. I'm gonna go with both. *Sixteen Candles* is one of those 80's teen flicks that transcends the '80's teen flick' bubble (others are *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* and *The Breakfast Club* - another Hughes institution) and actually has some substance among the over-sprayed hair and T&A jokes.



For those of you out of the loop (shame on you!), let me give you a little run down: Samantha Baker (Ringwald) wakes up on her 16th birthday ready for some big changes, including "an improvemental state that would show on my face". Instead what she gets is an entire family so wrapped up in her sister's wedding that they've, like, totally forgotten her big day! As if?! To make matters worse the biggest geek at school (Hall, his character actually credited as "The Geek") is following her around like a puppy dog and the love of her life Jake Ryan (the lush Schoeffling - whatever happened to that doll face?) doesn't even know she exists...or does he? Ooooh, got you just a little intrigued?

Of course the film has a plethora of awful stereotypes, as many of the time did, like the ambiguously Asian exchange student Long Duk Dong (no, really) and The Geek's even geekier friends (one of which is a very baby-faced John Cusack) who love computers and female extra-terrestrials. However, the film is so much fun that these silly characters simply engage you to the story even more. From the family scenes to the high school party scene,

'Sixteen Candles' has the M.O. of a typical teen flick but with one little extra special thing - it was one of the first! You get to see where so many other teeny-bop films got their entire plot, but in it's exquisitely pristine form. How many movies can offer you that?

This is the film that made Ringwald the "every girl" of the 80's - brace-face girls wanted to be her best friend and pimple-plagued boys wanted her to live next door. When she nervously bites her lip or freaks out when the boy she likes looks at her, well, I'm sure the chickies will agree - we've all been there!

*Sixteen Candles* is a classic, and I'm inciting all of you out there (girls and boys - don't be shy) to get your most flannel PJ's, the saltiest popcorn and some overly feathered pillows and make a night of this movie. Go on, you know you want to!



Lucky L.



QUOTH THE RAVEN:

"What's the point of living if you don't have a dick?"

If you know what film this quote is from, let us know! Email [onditfilm@hotmail.com](mailto:onditfilm@hotmail.com) and something special may happen to you! OOH GOODY!

## REVIEWER PROFILE

Lucky L.



**Fave Filmmakers:** P.T. Anderson, Charlie Kaufman, Sophia Coppola, Cameron Crowe, most Coen bros. & Farrelly bros.

**Most Hated:** *The Klumps*, *In & Out*

**Worst Genre:** Epic blockbusters, Sci-fi, Julia Roberts.

**Fave Actor:** Philip Seymour Hoffman, Bill Murray, John Cusack, Lili Taylor, Jena Malone.

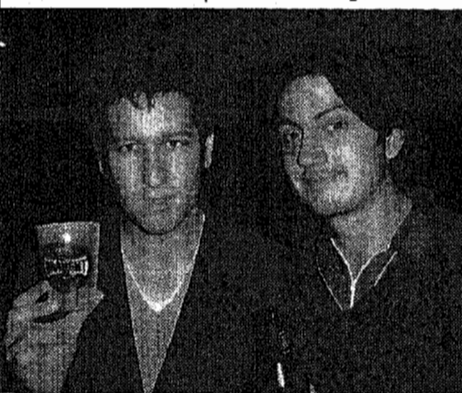
**Random Fact:** In the credits for *Teen Wolf* an extra's fly is undone.

# O'Ball

At 3:30pm with a bottle of rum, a shoe full of ganja and, after explaining that this O'Ball review was to done in Hunteresque style, a fair portion of Gerling's rider, Ben Vistoli is armed to get the real goss backstage at O'Ball, with Music Sub-Ed Jenn to clean up any litigious evidence. Cut to 10pm and Ben is witnessed backstage, gesticulating wildly at nothing in particular until some hapless band member or groupie provides a focus for his stoned mania. At the drink riders he orders a glass of liquor, slaps it from the O'Helpers hand and with a slur demands, "Pour me another one" before disappearing midway through Eskimo Joe's set. Below is the interviews conducted between 3:30 and 10. After waking up in the gutter, either in Croyden or just outside University, sporting sore ribs and an empty wallet the police dragged him out of his vomit and removed him from society's view. GonzO'Ball is the email we received 10am Sunday morning from Ben, relating his post-O'Ball adventures.

**Cav from Eskimo Joe**

Have you ever worn that sweater?  
 "Well yes about eight years ago maybe."  
 So it is a gay euphemism then?  
 "No, we're not they clever."  
 'No' hey? But on another record you say that you're a liar.  
 "That's true I am a liar."  
 So how do you back that shit up?  
 "I guess I can't."  
 Maybe the key changes on GIRL make up for that.  
 "The key changes [he chuckles]. Well I guess that's what we'd like to be known for."  
 Any back stage stories from the ARIA awards, anything on Delta?  
 "Our keyboardist pretended to walk into her so he could accidentally touch her. There was an after party for the artists in this little room. She was in there for a little while and ran out. I walked out and she was having a hardcore D and M on the phone."



**Geek from Evermore**

That single that you have umm...  
 "Ride on blah blah blah", it's on the O.C isn't it?  
 "Yeah it's funny, we didn't think much of it at the time. I was watching the final Big Brother eviction when it was played in an ad. Within a couple of weeks or so we were the 'O.C band'. Now we're getting a lot of fifteen year-olds in our audience."  
 Don't you agree that Seth Cohen [alerno boy from the O.C] is the most hottest man on the planet?  
 Just say yes.  
 "I've seen more posters of him inside girls lockers, offices. Any girl between the age of 16 and 25 seems to have his picture so he must be. He's not really my sexual preference."  
 No me either.  
 "I think he's cool, he's like the cool geek. I like that. It's obviously like the new man, and considering that I'm an incredible geek myself it makes me feel a lot better."  
 They do give him good lines don't they?  
 "Yeah, and they also have good music. They're going to have Modest Mouse on it who are my favourite band at the moment."



**Lead guy from Gerling**

Did you ever go to uni?  
 "Yeah in Sydney but I never went to class. I just studied German for three weeks."  
 Ahh, Ich bin der neue Gott, den mien Bett in den flammen [I am the new God my bed is in flames]  
 "Yal" [O'Ball Director Buzzitil wrecks interview by asking Gerling to sign her tits]  
 "So that's why they call you Buzzi hey?"  
 So what are you doing at the moment?  
 "We're doing some demos for the next record, it's a bit more up beat, if we can get anymore up beat."  
 [Buzzi returns: "did you want to sign them too...oh you already did. I forget who signs them."]  
 "You're a very sexy woman Buzzi." Isn't she? [Buzzi fucks off]



**The Panda Band**

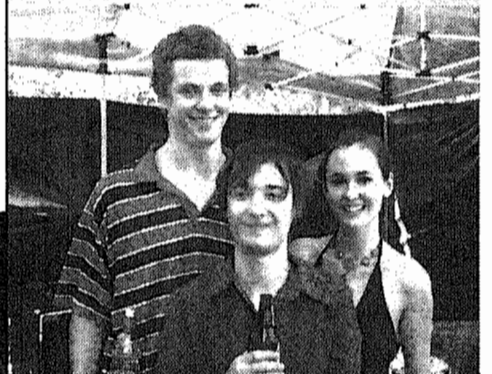
You're playing at the South by SouthWest festival?  
 "Yes we're incredibly excited. Vanilla Ice and Billy Idol are playing."  
 Will you be attending the Robert Plant conference, I hear he's talking about falsetto?  
 "No he's actually talking about how to keep your hair moisturised while rocking. It's very upsetting that Delta has pulled out though. I was hoping to meet her, talk shop, talk about tennis maybe."  
 Yeah she tends to pull out of a lot of things, neighbours, Poo

**Lead guy from Mirrorline**

Have you been to university?  
 "I'm going to Flinders to do a B.A"  
 Have you ever slept with a lecturer?  
 "Electra? Oh a Lecturer. I thought you said Electra, like from the movie...what's her name? Jennifer Garner. No I haven't slept with a lecturer, no I've been in a relationship for a while."  
 Is she a teacher of any sort, maybe a teacher of love, sodomy?  
 "No I'm a teacher of love"

**Bass player from Mirrorline**

Have you ever slept with a lecturer?  
 "Not yet, I've got my eye on one this year"  
 Who is he?  
 "HE! Are you quick to judge?"  
 No they're just more easy. So what are you studying and how will it help your career?  
 "International studies and Economics. I'll be able to negotiate good deals overseas."



**Potter from the O'Ball 6**

Congratulations Potter, how do you feel about O'Ball and the whole week?  
 "It's been a crazy wild ride a lot of hard work [it worked! It happened!] it's all coming together [you the man] it's been so much fun."  
 You did it Potter, you fucking did it!!! Tell us about that?  
 "Most successful orientation of all time derker derker derker jihad derker!"  
 What's next...Wembley?  
 "Let's just fucking party."  
 Potter you deserve everything in the world.  
 "I'd like to thank everyone that helped me, it's been fucking tops, you know I love ya, Lets just fucking party man."  
 And your parents?  
 "Yeah Mum, Dad, my sisters, everybody. This is like some kind of Oscars speech but I don't fucking care cause we sold out O'Ball!"

**Bass player from Gerling**

Did you ever have a crush on a teacher?

"I remember when I was in Canada I had a connection with my French teacher, I always did really bad but for some reason they shuffled me through."

Have you ever met Mishca Barron from the O.C?

"I don't really like that show." Why aren't you guys on the soundtrack?

"I don't know [come on man!]"

What star sign are you, are you a Scorpio?

"I'm an Aquarian"

Do you follow astrology?

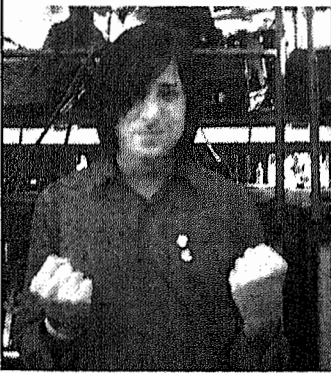
"No, my girlfriend does though. She looks to the stars to find out why I am like I am."

I fucking hate interviews!

"So do I."

Is this the worst interview you've had?

"It's coming close."



**Leaton from The Hot Lies**

Have you ever slept with a lecturer?

"No."

Have you been to uni, and what were you studying?

"No...TAFE. I was doing woodwork."

There were ladies in the course that weren't too bad."

Wow, were they aesthetically pleasing?

"What?"

You know hot, fuckable, rootable...

"Is this all about sex?"

Yeah pretty much...whatever the 17 year-olds want to read.

So how does woodwork help with your music?

"It doesn't but I had to have something to fall back on."

So would Alby Turner be an influence?

"umm...could be but not really."

Anything you want to say?

"Yeah we're recording in June, another E.P. and touring as much as we can."

**Pete from the Hot Lies**

Have you studied after school?

"No."

Have slept with a teacher at school?

"I wanted to"

Who was she?

"She was my Italian teacher in year seven."

What was it that attracted you to her?

"She was pretty young, blonde hair, wore tight skirts, all the kids would drop pens on the ground in the hope that she'd bend over and pick them up."

**Lead singer from The Cops**

Did you ever go to uni?

"I did Arts. I wandered around the university for ages and then I realised that uni had nothing to do with music."

Did you ever have any issues with a lecturer?

"I had one lecturer who wouldn't fucking shut up about Shirley from Garbage, a metaphysics teacher I think." What's happening with The Cops?

"We're going on tour for a month and a half, everywhere from Ballarat to Mildura."

Isn't Mildura the Orange County of Australia, I hear they have lots of Oranges.

"No it's not, it's actually the Gold Coast."

Would you come back to do O'ball again?

"Yeah it's been great, awesome. What happens, do people get trashed?"



gONZO'Ball

arms, deadly weapon, arament,-ture, panoplyh, amunition; powder, cotto :Rogat's theasaurus

thankyou...We'll, last nighth 2was a tributwe ti Hunter S thmpcson in the best fashion I could concockt, and you know

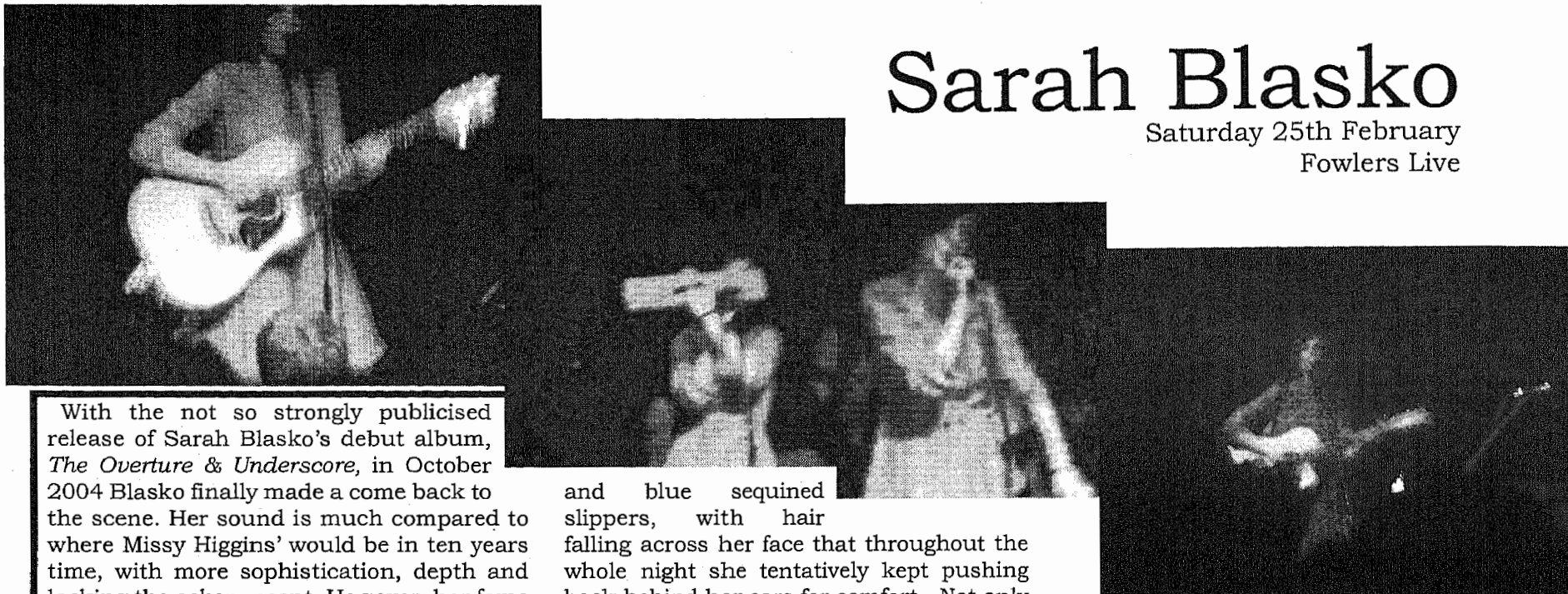
what, I thought it wouldn't wurk ou t to great, d burt here it is , . So I 'm watchinfg Grerling, nd te next thing I know is, I wakre up on the side of a road some where, really close t my houdse, but surrounded by cops, unfortunately not the XCops from

the O'bnall, nbut thqanky you Mike for the reqassurance and ther litters to muy Mum, you're steela, in lue of phoneticllyay speaking terms of which a donkey has no arms and the law can't keep him down bring on michael franti and a bg peace rally letys blow up every-thing, how did i get into my house, i thini my bag is still at unni, bag, thievery, robbewrey, lstriociny, direption, abstraction, get this appropriation, rsape , kidnapping, hold-up, , wheer is the cottonell for my soul, in a blanket of bullet shells and abstracted devices, so anyway I woke up on the side of a road, and there o greet me were some police. I thought they may've been peaple from the theatre guild dressed up as cops, but alas they were definitely the fuckls in blue, so need-lewss to say, i wokre up, spme where on the roadside in the wee hourss of an o'ball , full stop..... gonzo you are my laundry in haiti nder from likeness conspiracies and gersey of localo swimmingf pool market version walking past the shops smells like manure, am radio, i love terrance malick, enter a stage coach , what where when, Hunter??? do do dodo do dooo , Hunter had a cat that would solveall te mysteries, its soo early, , the polic-nay the fucks drove me home -nay somehow= I thnk I was rewally patronising, asshole, goannasmobile phone destroyed, in parts; pieces, where's the uni paper dictophone? needless to fag, uni digital camera, fuck knows and who cares, not i, maybe laving and her tumultuous episodes of men upon men in the southern hemispheres of morality , face burning up on re-entry, \$9.95 in Canada, Celine i wrote you books, feet scolding, in jocks and last nights jumper, so yeh O'ball was good...i think, well gerling wass were i think i don' sardines on pizza, nor pinapple, who was the faggot to put the word apple in pineapple, apples are beautiful: he is a working tits weilding a flacid rapia, jenn, what happened, Dan what did you put inmy taburnacle: jesus!~!! @ hotmail .com, forget the grammer, thois is how it is , Post-shit is the neu de force; and this is post shit, no more sunday afternoons, looking forward to sanity once agaro , congugations of gonzo in the lourve, i'seen the only mind of my generton lost amonngst the lettuce in the fields of green and the ailse of wits, escoar; and the right weeklt, tony abbot sucked my 54 foot cock last night and he also loves the su8pewrjesus; sarah you make me sick bottle of rum on the rider in five hey.. didn't need it some how the gates of dawn had there sluty eyes upon my tangeniers boys are nice in the sun if you know where it shines, like bats in alcatraz, blow me abraham and your sons too, for i am ben the son of yor right hand now lets get cracking you biblical fuk stain Gonzo oohhh Gonzo, WHY!!!!?????? are dreams are nothing with/out you, arghh, let me make love to your corpse you ass wipe of a beautiful wooden structre, pray tell the beast in the abbey that his toast is warm and golden; on both sides, stan is gorgeous but not in that way: he's got a pumpkin and some mash potato from wellington/queenstown/aukland, and where is the truth? btw, i went in search of the olde porque yo coul not find the got, in any sense of the profoundly insane here's a slice of crumpet, she's reasonably nice: once you&\*(get to know 'er, wink, and the colored girls go do di doo di doo do di doo doo , , how good are galahs, you make m sick rex jory, vomiting all over the sound desk, tatoed mutha fucka, bring on the rukas: the policelove it, and you know, i think i was on torrens rd, nothing is as abstract as the colest distance between two falafells, and fuck you and you're failure to assimilate: i donm't care how inappropriate: shut your fucking mouths, minds and video tape, there will be no credits, no closing curtain, this is the end my only friends, and if you can't handle that then go listen to three feet high and rising, i slept in my shoes. control S

2005

# Sarah Blasko

Saturday 25th February  
Fowlers Live



With the not so strongly publicised release of Sarah Blasko's debut album, *The Overture & Underscore*, in October 2004 Blasko finally made a come back to the scene. Her sound is much compared to where Missy Higgins' would be in ten years time, with more sophistication, depth and lacking the ocker accent. However, her fame has developed, not from the repetitious playing of "Scar", but from word of mouth, securing her a strong audience for her national tour.

Supporting Blasko at Fowler's Live were The Little Ice Age and Zero Kelvins. The Little Ice Age were beautiful, a perfect lulling interlude, leaning to Blasko's sound, and astonishingly able to create an amazing intrigue and presence by not attempting to create a stage presence as such. Their clique seemed at one amongst themselves, almost unaware of the audience, and that tranquillity transferred well to the crowd. However, as Zero Kelvins came on there was a greater lack of interest; quite an inappropriate adage to the night many felt.

As Blasko took to the stage, she wore a bright red dress (which she's very pleased about having bought for \$6 at an OpShop)

and blue sequined slippers, with hair falling across her face that throughout the whole night she tentatively kept pushing back behind her ears for comfort. Not only does she look like a little school girl, but she has that childlike awe and excitedness. So immediately she was the centre of attention, and she clinched the audience with her heart felt rendition of "Falling Down".

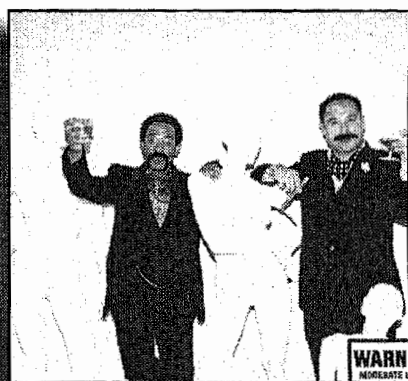
The set went through all her songs, with favourites such as "Perfect Now", "All Coming Back", "Beautiful Secrets", and culminating with "don't u eva". Peppered amongst the performance, her big eyes and robotic/detached movements, were true smiles which highlighted the integrity of the entire experience, despite the sometimes mocking quirky movements. Also noticeable was her dislike of singing into a mike on a stand, especially when she played the guitar as well as sung. Despite not being a spot on performance for tuning, nor the tightness of her backing band, it took nothing away, making it even more of a unique experience

to linger in the audience's memory.

Before the last song they played with some vocal samples from "don't u eva" whilst they set up, a perfect diversion as it floated from one side of the room and around again. And in spite of her voice being somewhat stretched into another performance, she still managed to soar with a beauty and intuitiveness that added a dreamy otherworld element to her striking music.

As the encore ensued, "Long Time", the secret track on the album was the only song left for her to sing. She looked much more comfortable with a guitar in her hand as she sang, and her intensity was tipped with a smile to bring it back down to earth. After silencing the crowd with one sung word, the applause afterwards went on.

Jenn



Handsome Boy Modelling School  
*White People*  
**Elektra**

The second release from hip-hop act HBMS is a little hit and miss to be honest. The duo of Paul Huston and Dan Nakamura, better known for their work with Gorillaz and Gravediggaz, has seen them pen a bunch of songs that are so different from one to the next. Throughout, you're never really sure what their sound or direction is supposed to be. Adding to the ambiguity are the many featured artists, who likewise range in style from De La Soul to Mike Patton, Cat Power, Jack Johnson, RZA, and The Mars Volta.

It's definitely not an album that you'd want to listen to from start to finish. However what does come across is the variety and that there may be one or two songs you'll like. For me it's 'I've

Been Thinking', featuring the vocals of Cat Power: It's fucking sexy. Wistfully singing in soft tones over slow beats and late night jazz licks, you literally hear the smoke roll off her tongue. The opening track 'If It Wasn't For You', featuring De La Soul, harks back to the childlike samples and colour of their album *Three Feet High and Rising*. An ode to the child and reflections on their own times as one, De la Soul rhyme a warm tale of happiness and their own memories of the good old times. How unlike them! But most of it just shits me. Jack Johnson is at best awful anyway, on this he's ultra cringe-worthy. Mike Patton's contribution may seem to be taking the piss but simply pisses you off. But the worst is Chester Bennigton from Linkin Park. Once again another shit-house artist in his own right, his appearance can be likened to the combination of vomit and Febreze.

The other notable features on the album come via comic relief. Several skits from Guido Sarducci and Tim Meadows are at first reasonably amusing but quickly become tiresome and immature; especially the last track that surprisingly fails to parody a day in the life of a model. However Guido's ramble about having so many shoes may be a good way kill time in Borders.



Various Artists  
*Verve/Remixed*  
A Universal Music Company

Take a whole bunch of jazzy songs and remix them with a contemporary dance sound. Initially this may sound like a sacrilegious mutilation of the work of great jazz artists, such as Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald, Nina Simone and Sarah Vaughan, but I held my quick judgement until I had heard it.

'How Long Has This Been Going On?', although retaining a fairly unaltered vocal line, ends up sounding vaguely reminiscent of Womak And Womak's track, 'Teardrops'. 'See-Line Woman', originally by Nina Simone, is dragged out for way too long with nothing obviously interesting about it, but the following rendition of 'Summertime' rectifies the mistake there. UFO create a

sound that's true to itself, yet fresh and different; quite well mixed, it incorporates chordal strings in a well seated riff that beautifully highlights Sarah Vaughan's syncopated interpretation of the George Gershwin classic. "Strange Fruit" is also notable in its twisted sound, and the 'funkie mix' of 'Hare Krishna' originally by Tony Scott, now spliced by King Britt also draws the attention in.

Basically the CD is a very mixed bunch of tracks, some almost rewriting the songs, and others attempting or pulling off a successful remix. Despite removing in essence aspects of the songs that were essential to their beings as a whole, many of them are reformed with a house sound that's funky and still retains some of the jazz elements. If you are great fan of the originals, then be careful as it may offend your sensibilities, if not it's a fairly solid collection for anyone.

Jenn

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all yours!  
These CDs could have  
been yours.

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**womadelaide**  
SOUNDS OF THE PLANET 2005

MARCH 4-6  
Botanic Park ADELAIDE

## The Audreys do

### WOMAD...

With wistful harmonies and songs that swing from the foot-stomping to the mournful in an instant, The Audreys are a beguiling melange of 'fallen angel' vocals and fascinating toy store and stringed instrumentation'.

The Audreys are Taasha Coates, vocalist, melodica, harmonica, glockenspiel, and baby accordion. Mike Green, fiddle, mandolin, and harmonies. Tristan Goodall, National reso-phonic guitar, acoustic guitar, banjo. Cameron Goodall, banjo, 12-string acoustic guitar, harmonies, banjolin, mandocello. Together they have created a unique sound that sets them apart from other local artists.

The Audreys have only been together since June of 2004 and are already celebrating huge successes. SAMI (South Australian Music Industry) awarded them 'Most Popular Australian Act'. Australia Day saw them come in at number two on Three D Radio's Top 100+1 with their *Live to Air October 2004* recording. In November they played at the Fuse Festival and excitingly they will be hitting the stage at WOMAD on Friday March 4th.

Tristan 'Hat-boy' Goodall, donated some time to chat about what's to come and where

they've been.....

**The Audreys often play with punk and rock artists in Adelaide. Do you think that the presence of folk bands opens up the audience to different genres? Is this deliberate?**

No it isn't deliberate. We do like to play with like-sounding artists though.

**Often when people are asked what style of music they like, their response is, 'everything except country'. Do you think that The Audreys will change this?**

I hope so. There are also so many different styles of country that folk artists are inspired by and acknowledge; Johnny Cash and Hank Williams. Our attraction is to the old time instrumentation, the mandolin and the banjo. Exploring song writing as a craft and using dark lyrics.

**My favourite track from the EP is the passionate 'Nothin' Wrong'. Who wrote the song and what is it about?**

It's a defence about choosing to follow your artistic pursuits.

**A very clichéd question but why are you called The Audreys?**

There are a lot of different stories around, but Hank Williams' wife was Audrey. Plus we're all Audrey Hepburn fans, but no, it's the wife of Hank Williams.

**So how did The Audreys come to be?**

Taasha and I were playing covers of our



favourite songs in Melbourne. We wrote and performed the music for *The House of Names* (a short film starring Kim Gyngell and Samuel Johnson). While we were playing at a wine festival we were rained in. During the storm we ended up jamming with some bluegrass artists who made some suggestions that influenced the songs that we were playing. Cam (Tristan's brother) picked up the mandocello and banjo and we moved back to Adelaide where Mikey the fiddle player joined.

**You've had such huge success after such a short period. Are you surprised or have these been goals that you have worked towards?**

We've planned and worked hard towards this. We anticipated that it would happen in twelve months so it's been better than we expected.

**What can we expect from The Audreys in 2005?**

We have an EP that will be available at WOMAD. We are also recording our debut album in Melbourne with producer Shane O'Mara at Yikesville in May. Shane is also a roots based artist and has produced artists such as Tim Rogers, Paul Kelly and Stephen Cummings. The album will be launched in Adelaide in August.

**Who are you looking forward to seeing at WOMAD?**

Jim Moray an artist from England who plays Old English folk songs and samples himself live and loops it.

**Who are your favourite local artists?**

The Yearlings and Problem Pony.

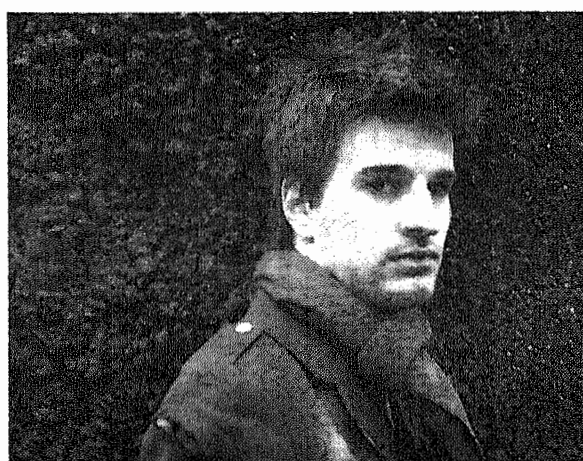
**Would you rather play at the inauguration dinner of George W. Bush; the birthday Party of John Howard or The wedding of Bec Cartwright and Lleyton Hewitt....given the consequences and all the publicity you'll receive? And no, you cannot tell anybody it's a joke.**

George W's because we could get away with huge slabs of irony. We could subtly take the piss. We have actually done a verse and chorus for the Fake Film Festival along with the Ramonettes to Bruce Springsteen's *Born in the USA*, renamed *Bored in the USA*, mainly having a dig at American foreign policy.

**The Audreys will be on Stage 6 at WOMADelaide, Friday 4th at 6:20pm. Their five track EP is a limited edition so be sure to get yourself one!**

If WOMAD isn't doable, you can see them at FAD Bar on Wednesdays from 8pm throughout March. Visit [www.theaudreys.com.au](http://www.theaudreys.com.au) for a full gig guide.

Anna



### Five minutes with Jim Moray...

Folk musicians don't evoke images of hardcore rockers but rather sweet placid types that lounge around city gardens and in the airwaves of Sunday afternoon living rooms. 22 year old Jim Moray doesn't necessarily deny this stereotype, but he goes a long way to defining it otherwise. After an adolescence spent rebelling in punk rock bands, Moray has begun to explore the influences of his childhood and has released an experimental album comprised of old English folk songs. *Sweet England* showcases the enormity of Moray's talent, with the British prodigy taking on the entirety of the album's production. "I wanted to do something that was more my project. Bands can be overly democratic and never get anywhere." While Moray performs live with a supporting band, he prefers to construct recordings himself because the success or failure of his work ultimately falls to him.

Performing this weekend at Womadelaide, Moray stresses that he doesn't want to be boxed into a strictly folk mould. "Traditional songs speak to me, but they're not the be all

and end all of my life. I think I'll do music for a long time but folk is no more important to me than other things I like." He explains that he was raised on folk music but has only recently through his work begun to appreciate the complexity of it as a musical genre. In my interview with Moray, I tell him how much I like the beautiful 'Lord Bateman'. "It's the best story," he says. "It's an epic like Ben Hur, a marvelous romance told in fifteen verses." The motivation for Moray is to make music he likes that isn't out there. "I am aware that people my age today have a shorter attention span, so the trick is to make the music more bite sized while still retaining the depth of the original song."

When asked about his influences, Moray says that his favourite singer full stop is folk musician June Tabor. He describes her as "jaw droppingly amazing". We discuss the fear of meeting one's idols and he details meeting Tabor for the first time. "We were at an awards ceremony. I was nervous about meeting her, because you never want to imagine your heroes as real people. As it turns out, we're going to work together on a track on my next album."

Seemingly unpretentious and softly spoken, Moray's charm lies in his open and experimental attitude to music. With an amazing range of instrumental ability, Moray defies the stereotype of the arrogant musician preferring to view music as a mutual form of communication. "Live performances are a participatory thing. While records tend to function more as a one sided conversation, live performances hopefully exist as a dialogue between people."

Jim Moray performs this weekend at Womadelaide.

Somerset

**Lime and Lemon Thai Café**  
**89 Gouger Street Adelaide**  
**Mains \$12-20**

Gouger Street is always an enjoyable place to spend a Friday night, and the social element involved in a meal there is one of the more enjoyable aspects of any such evening. While it's tough to get an outdoor table anywhere, the doors at the Lime and Lemon open right up to create a pleasant atmosphere inside that is very conducive to conversation. As a result, there were a number of groups who were quite loud on this particular evening and we had some trouble getting the attention of the waiting staff during the night, but with a few friendly reminders we were able to get everything we needed. Being a Friday night, there was a considerable wait on the food, and when the entrees arrived we were more than ready to eat. The menu mixes standard fare with a number of more exotic options, most of which are vaguely Asian themed rather than strictly Thai cuisine. While the entrees like Pandan Chicken and Char-Grilled Quail were very nicely presented, they didn't have a great amount of flavour and were overpriced considering their small size. The mains, on the other hand, were ample- "satisfilling", as Potter happily proclaimed at the end of our meal. For the main course, the menu allows you to mix and match from a selection of meats and sauces which made for some tough decisions but in the end Coconut Mango Chicken won out. First, the good news; the meal was nice, the dominating flavour of coconut pleasant if unspectacular but unfortunately there was no secondary flavour, even the chunks of mango failing to add significantly to the sauce and as a result the sweetness was overpowering, more suited to a dessert than a main meal. Because it was done well, I thought it was worth trying again for the next course so I happily ordered the Sticky Rice with Custard and was rewarded with one of the most pleasant desserts I have enjoyed in some time. Served with a deliciously sweet coconut cream, it was an excellent way to end the meal, and left me feeling far more full than is healthy, simply because it was impossible to leave any of it on the plate. After a hectic week of Orientation, a meal at the Lime and Lemon was a pleasant way to wind down and while the more adventurous dishes fell down because they were unable to deliver a rounded, complex flavour, all of the basics were done well and with mains starting at \$12, are well priced.

5/10

**Fancy a feast? Want to review some food? Pop into the office and chew the fat with Alexis and Ben. Mmm.**

**Lime and Lemon**  
**Gouger Street**

A balmy, tropical night set the scene for our venture into Thai cuisine provided by the very cosy Lemon and Lime Thai Café. A view of the Chinatown arch took my attention while surveying the menu. The décor resembled a more orange-like environs more than lemon or lime, which was a nice contrast to what the preconceptions of the restaurant title installed in my mind prior to attending the venue.

Dining with the now god-like orientation coordinator Andrew Potter on the eve of his big day, we decided to treat ourself to a three-course meal. The entrees were priced at around 7 or \$8, the mains 12-\$18 and all the deserts were \$6, so your looking at spending over \$30 if you include drinks, which is a more suitable price for special occasions.

The Pandan chicken (entrée) was very well presented indeed, garnished with cucumber, grated carrot and cabbage. A bowl of sweet chilli complemented the chicken. The dish, although very minimalist and not hard to emulate something similar in the home kitchen, was very pleasing as an appetiser, but perhaps a bit overpriced for the quantity of food. However, the size of the main compensated for this, which was a stir-fry, consisting of ver tender duck with red Spanish onion, baby corn, fresh melt-in-your mouth mushrooms, and not to mention cashews. A generously sized dish is what you can expect from the Lemon and Lime, and it proved an enjoyable challenge to finish the dish. The only minor quivvel I have about the dish was the fact that it might have been just a tad too sweet.

The meal was brought to a very satisfying conclusion with a selection from several excellent desert dishes, this being homemade coconut icecream, sprinkled with chocolate and dolloped with cream containing whipped egg whites. Most restaurants I've been to don't put much effort into a highly enjoyable desert like this, which I think is a shame and a bit of a mistake as the desert concludes your dining experience and bears heavily on the opinionion you form when walking out. Overall a very enjoyable experience.

4/5

**VOUCHER!**

*Lime & Lemon Thai Cafe*

**15% Discount for food only**  
**Not valid on Friday and Saturday or lunch specials**

**Valid until August 31**

# Adelaide University Film Society



## Term 1 Programme:

Week 1 (03/03):

**Duck Soup** (1933) + Die Abenteuer des Prinzen Achmed (1926) + short: Alf, Bill & Fred (1968)

Week 2 (10/03):

**Akira** (1988) + short: Duck Dodgers in the 24<sup>th</sup> Century (1953)

Week 3 (17/03):

**Picnic At Hanging Rock** (1975) + short: All About Weightlessness: The Astronaut's Dilemma (1955)

Week 4 (24/03):

**Peeping Tom** (1960) + short: Alice Cans The Cannibals (1925)

Week 5 (31/03):

**Il Bacio Di Tosca** (1964) + short: Betty Boop and Grampy (1935)

Week 6 (07/04):

**Night of the Hunter** (1955) + short: Caveman Inki (1950)



Love Films? Join the Adelaide Uni Film Society and see FREE films every Thursday of term for FREE - For the ENTIRE YEAR!! \$8 at the O' week table in Hughes Plaza. Weekly door prizes! Regular freebies & preview offers!

Unless otherwise specified, all films are screened in the Union Cinema,

Level 5 of the Union Building, at 7 p.m. on Thursday evenings during term;.

If you'd like to be involved in the society a little more closely, check us out on [www.aufs.org](http://www.aufs.org) (see the committee page) and rock up to the AGM offering yourself!

AGM

1.00pm Monday 14th of March 2005  
Margaret Murray Room  
Union Building

Tuesday 8<sup>th</sup> March is *International Women's Day*, a day that promises to be inspiring and empowering for women as women around the world meet in an expression of solidarity, acknowledging that we still have a long way to go in attaining equality and justice for women worldwide. To celebrate the day, the SAUA women's dept. and sexuality dept. will be holding a FREE continental breakfast on the Barr Smith Lawns from 9-11am, Tues 8<sup>th</sup> March. Come down, grab a piece of toast and chill out on the couches.

On Saturday 12<sup>th</sup> March, there will be a big IWD march and festival leaving from Victoria Sq at 10:30am. Come and hear guest speakers, Deb McCulloch and Laura Butterworth, and then take part in a march to the Barr Smith Lawns involving women from all areas of the community. A festival will be held from 12-3pm on the lawns; there will be info stalls, food and produce and a speaker's corner.

To get involved in the IWD breakfast call women's officer, Mel, or female sexuality officer, Lavinia, on 8303 5406.

To find out more about free IWD activities around town, call 1800 188 158 or visit [www.wis.sa.gov.au](http://www.wis.sa.gov.au)

## Adelaide Uni Stein Club (THE Beer Appreciation Club)

are having their AGM on Friday 11th March at 2pm on the Maths lawns. (immediately following the AUMaSS BBQ)

Come and have a say in how your club is run!

All positions available, nominations to [stein.club@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:stein.club@adelaide.edu.au)



## AUMaSS is having a BBQ!

Friday 11th March @ 12 noon to 2pm  
Free to all Members!  
Cheap drinks!  
On the Maths Building Lawns

Got something to sell? Got an event coming up that you want to let everyone know about?

Email us at [ondit@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:ondit@adelaide.edu.au) before the Wednesday of each week and we'll ensure your classified gets a nice, warm, cosy place on our inside back page.

## Drafting board for sale.

Condition is as new.

Price \$100 o.n.o.

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