

SR
378.05
05 c.2

EducatiOn Dit

ADELAIDE UNI STUDENT RAG
VOLUME 73 EDITION 6 05/04/05



On Dit

Volume 73 Edition 6 5.4.2005

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

Editors

Clementine Ford
Daniel Joyce
Danny Wills

ph: (08) 8303 5404

Advertising Manager

Melissa Fisher

ph: (08) 8303 5004

Printing

Cadillac

The Press Gang

Current Affairs

Nick Parkin & Alex Solomon-Bridge

Opinion

Nerissa Schwarz

Film

Sophie Plagakis & Lauren Young

Performing Arts

Benedict Coxon

Visual Arts

Leo Greenfield

Literature

Carly Norman

Music

Jennifer Soggee & Ben Vistoli

Local Music

Heather McGinn

This week's Vox Pop by:

Clementine Ford

About the front cover:

Learning made fearful in *A Clockwork Orange*

About the back cover:

A mysterious desk discovered in the bowels of the uni.

Wanna Write?

Come down to our friendly little office. We're down 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 or call us on 83035404.

Next Edition: After the hols

Deadline April 20

Published April 27

The Editors would like to thank:

Brendy, Alexis, Michael Borlotis, Dan V, Viktorb, Inga, Lettie, Melissa, Nerissa, Penelope, Bontron, Subu, Bonnie from Cadillac, Danny's dog Lucy (RIP) for being a loyal friend till the end, all the ace women in *The Vagina Monologues* for being so brill, quiet nights at home, HOLIDAYS!!, Copperpot Hommous for tasting supremely delicious, 80s movies revisited, humid rainy days and Clementine's wicked new bike. No thanks to Ed Dept NON EducatiOn Dit helpers. For shame.

Contents...

| | |
|--|----|
| Editorial | 3 |
| Letters | 4 |
| Terri Schiavo and the politics of life and death | 6 |
| Interview with Stephen Kenny | 8 |
| Critical literacy and SSABSA | 14 |
| VSU - not just a catchy acronym | 16 |
| Jiminy Cricket & Nerissa the Kisser | 18 |
| Vox Pop | 22 |
| The Beating: one man and a fistful of pain | 24 |
| Our Curious Cosmos | 26 |
| Consumer Watchdog: late night study snacks | 27 |
| Boony | 32 |
| Reviews | 30 |



I have a particular affinity to Corri Baker and her frustration. She wrote in the letters section this week about her unfortunately frequent contact with the vacantly wasteful. I had just finished reading her letter when I popped up to the library to check how many more days were left before I could borrow again. On the way back down I saw a guy with fashionable attitude rip a Hanson poster of the wall (pleasing thing) before throwing the litter onto the ground (annoying thing). Having to regularly walk past the Wills courtyard area after hours I'm keenly aware of the amount of rubbish that gets dumped by trendily blazé types and while I almost congratulated him for the initial act he really should have put it in the bin rather than leaving the crumpled remains of Hanson for the world to see.

As we're walking down the stairs.

"Hey, why just throw it on the ground?"

"What?"

"You just chucked the paper on the ground, the bins just over there"

"Have you got somethin' to say?"

"Yes. Why not just pick it up and chuck it in the bin?"

"You got something to say?"

"Obviously. Just pick the paper up."

"You don't wanna be testing me?"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

And he walks away.

And so speaking of inane and vacuous people (not including myself) On Dit introduces Vapid Conversation Taken Out of Context #1, appearing on page 12 appropriately next to an article on literacy. On Dit will be featuring one real life account university mundanity until we can no longer find anything to record. Another weekly member of On Dit is of course the cute comical adventures of Skulduggery which we hope you take in appropriately light hearted humour. You'll also find this week an instructional story about exam evasion which should come in handy next term and of course a coupla VSU articles to boot. Although VSU in many ways in would seem to be a non-issue for most students it's worth, particularly if you're a first year, to find out what to expect in the coming years as believe it or not, VSU will result in significant changes initially to life at uni and in the future probably to your education or at least your ability to have some control over it.

Oh and we're on holidays until the first week back, which will incidentally be the Multicultural Edition. So you might just have to take some time out to talk to all those exotic international students (or if you are one just hang out and wait I guess) and write to us over the holidays detailing your (mis)adventures.

Tschuss!

Daniel



Okay, so I had it all planned. This week I was going to write a three part piece about Terri Schiavo, the Pope and the Baxter Detention Centre Protests. The links of course would be tenuous, but manageable. Three varied deaths of the human condition - endurance, faith and passion. But as I sat staring numbly at the screen at five am this morning, all I could think about was a trio of amoebas I had the misfortune to share breathing space with on the weekend. Their behaviour was symptomatic of a wider epidemic that continues to skulk, slither and salivate its way through our society. To all the women out there, if you think equality reigns free, think again. We do not live in an equal society, we live with a bunch of braindead Neanderthals who time and time again appear shocked to meet women that aren't interested in putting up with their ignorant, maladjusted ways.

Think I'm being too harsh? Of course I know not all men are like this. For a while I lived under the glorious delusion that only a small portion of peabrained scheizermeizers still stalked the land. Alas, I have once again been forced into disappointment.

Meet the heroines of our story. On Friday night, my delightful friend Inga and I were taking a break from the neon glow of the On Dit basement. Playing gymnastics on the Barr Smith Lawns, we happily tumbled and turned and giggled like girls again in the abnormal Indian Summer heat.

As Inga emerged from a backband, three boys filed past.

Inga is Swedish, and I guess the sight of a Swedish girl on all fours *backwards* proved a little too much for them to handle. Because we're living in a man's

world, the trio attempted to enforce their sense of inherent entitlement immediately by not only requesting that 'blondie' do it again, but sidling up to our cosy twosome to resentfully turn it into a shitty fivesome.

I'm still not sure of their names. The three of them were too rude to introduce themselves, but for the purpose of this tale we'll refer to them as Jerk, Jerkier and Jerkest. Jerkest spoke first. "What are you girls doing at uni at this time of night eh?" Inga and I told him that we were taking a break from the paper. Jerk immediately began to yell at us how desperately *On Dit* needs a sports writer and so I tell him to bring some of his work in and we'll print it. Hey, whatever floats your boat right? But what should have been an easy exchange of information and satisfaction descended into primal displays of harassment and bullying as the Jerkatrons decided it wasn't acceptable that we didn't giggle and bray before them. At one point, Jerkier even commented that we were 'tough to crack'. Of course, the obvious progression when a girl isn't fawning over you is to beat your chest and shout her down just to prove what a strong and dominating aggressor you are. It's so boring.

After Inga and I had been dragged into a fight about how crap they thought *On Dit* was the couple of times they read it (and for the record, if you think it's crap, please tell us in a constructive way how we can make it better and we WILL listen), and after we'd directed them repeatedly to leave us alone, they Jerkatrons tired of their folly and toddled off. Luckily for their egos, they managed to insert a few more verbal assaults at us on the way although they did wait till they were at the river bridge before yelling, "Fucking sluts!" at us. Charmed, I'm sure.

So why am I writing about this in a media column? There can be no real closure to this scenario. The cretins were unwilling to listen to our opinions on Friday and will be so I imagine with the next group of rationally behaving women they meet. Herein lies the problem. We've been through first, second and post wave feminism and yet fundamentally we're still sitting in fucking whale bone corsets. It's bad enough that men feel they can label you a slut because of your sexual practice. When

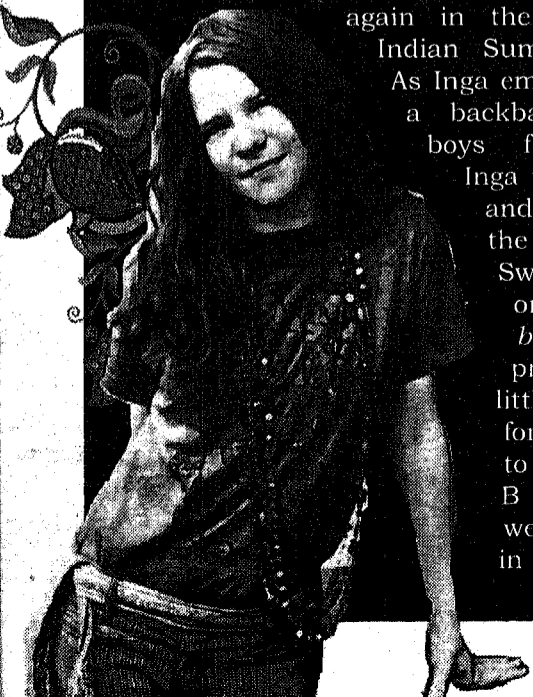
they start doing it because of your brains, the situation becomes unbearable. I'm sick to death of this fucking patronising bullshit that women have to deal with every day - if you have an opinion, you're a 'tough nut to crack'. If you get angry at a man because he touches your ass, 'he didn't want you anyway because you're a fat slut'. Old men sit outside Al Frescoes on Thursday nights and openly ogle and comment at young girls that walk past. Is this okay? Are you women happy with this?

The night after this incident, Inga and I were out with Lettie. Walking to our bikes on East Tce, Lettie was accosted by a mixed gender group of drunkards emerging from the ever classy PJ O'Brien's. Spying her 'Guitar Player' tee, one man told her she could 'play his guitar any time she wanted', then proceeded to stick his hand up the back of her skirt and grope her vagina. The entire incident took place in a matter of seconds before he stumbled off. Too shocked to react, the group had disappeared before she could gather her wits to even consider kicking him in the 'nads.

What happened to Lettie was sexual assault and it is NOT acceptable. The fact that this man was in a group of both male and female friends and in full view of two bouncers is indicative of his probably assumption that what he did was just a bit of 'harmless fun'. There's something terribly wrong in our society today and it worsens as people continue to insist it's not there.

Sexual harassment is a shitty, weak, cowardly thing to do and nobody deserves to experience it. Chicks, next you're out and a jerkatron starts harassing you because you won't stroke his ego for him, tell him to piss off and leave you to enjoy the band in peace. He'll probably call you a slut, but who cares right? I'd rather be called a slut for not taking shit than feel like one because I did. Guys, this isn't a personal attack. I know a lot of you are great, caring men let down by the rest of the slugs in your gender pool. Heck, I have a brother and a pop and they're okay. But not getting what you want doesn't give you the right to behave like an asshole.

Peace out.
Clementine.





On Dit 73.5

A Union For All

All of us in our present society who earn money or not, pay taxes directly or indirectly to the governments, State and Federal. With those taxes, the governments in their respective budgets, spend money on such things as (believe it or not) SERVICES!!!. Just because you may choose not use all the services provided, does not give you the right to chose to pay less tax. Just because your children go to a private school and you all have private health insurance, does not give you the right to cut a few thousand dollars off your tax you pay. Local councils also provide services to the community and all households and businesses are expected to pay rates.

This works exactly the same way within our Uni, where services are provided through the union fees you pay. If you decide not to use to any great extent, does not mean that you should not have to contribute to the costs, just in order to save 90 cents a day in union fees.

The Liberals (by name only) detest the word 'union' outside that of a wedding and in doing so fail to appreciate that this union is not an angry wharfie union disrupting their shipment of caviar. No, it is a student union of elected representatives, doing what they can, to improve uni life for all the students. I shudder to think of what uni life will be like under a voluntary student union (VSU) where only the more vital and cost efficient services will be able to be kept and many of the subsidies will disappear. What will the smaller, more unique or less popular clubs do for much of their revenue. What will happen to them? Membership prices will increase, leaving fewer members being able too or attracted to join the club. These clubs help bring a sense of identity and unity to the campus and provide the possibility to meet new people and make new contacts. This can be by joining a sports club like basketball, a political club like the Liberal Party club or even a social club such as the Mexican stereotype club. And finally, what will happen to On Dit, funded by union fees, and ironically where many VSU supporters have written too voice their concern? What hypocrites!

Sam Blackman

Stalker Mail

To my dearest Stephanie M., Queen of all things glam, peachy and fashion especially...

Oh where to start...? From the beginning of your *On Dit* career I have been a devoted reader, week in, week out. I am such an admirer that one day I may just feel incredibly compelled to stalk you (in a friendly non-creepy manner of course). Your fantastically witty, yet incredibly truthful fashion column is what gets me the stress filled uni life. I'm always eager to grab my fresh copy, hot off the press so I can immerse myself in a quality, light hearted read with plenty of much needed chuckles to go around. The 'Uni rag' is always the best partner to kick back with on the long train ride home, to block out all those filthy juvenile delinquents that clutter the carriages (I shudder at the thought of facing them alone... eep!)

I must say that during the summer break without my weekly fix of *On Dit* and the 'Steph-special', I found myself lost (and sometimes even rocking in the foetal position), constantly thinking, 'Oh my dog, what's hot?' and, 'what's not?' I was simply a stray puppy without your words of pure wisdom to guide me... the days were long, the nights oh so cold. Sigh.

At last, a new uni year has begun, and I felt it was time I spoke out, not just as an expression of my gratitude to you, but on behalf of all the others out there who love reading your grand 'ol column. I believe that all students, whether they know it or not, are in your debt, as you are our reliable source of what is actually

going on in the wonderful world of fashion and such other related topics as astrology. Yes, we were even fortunate enough to have been enlightened on the fascinating subject of star signs (can you take a random stab in the dark and guess what my star sign is, my Cancerian Goddess?) I'll admit that on the odd occasion I have been guilty of committing the odd fashion crime myself (hangs head in shame) but I am forever grateful to have been made aware of my imprudent mistake. So, to all my fellow Adelaide Uni goers out there, you should throw down your Von Dutch hats to her! She deserves it. Listen to what she has to say; take note! Because she truly is wise beyond her years and has the potential to turn our drab little town into a much prettier place for all, and wouldn't that be just dandy?

Stephanie, keep up your wonderfully colourful, hilariously beautiful pieces of work and please continue to throw your two cents worth into *On Dit* because they really are appreciated. Much thanks from the bottom of this fanatically beating heart that beats merely for you...

Secretly (and sexually) yours,
Anon.
xxx



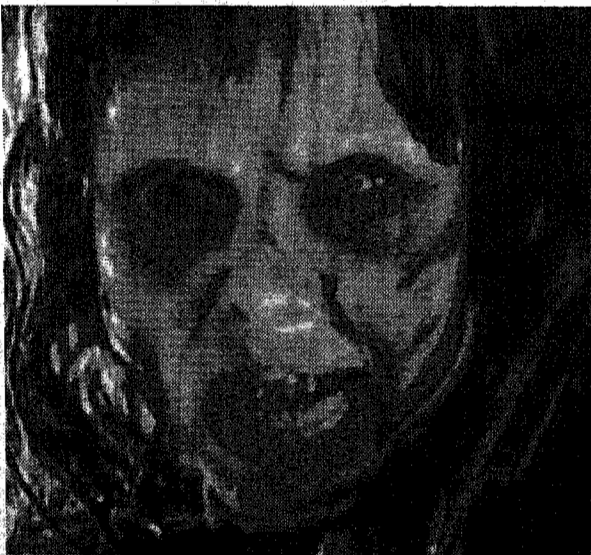
Miss, Represented

dear Eds,

Why do you keep printing unfortunate pictures of Melissa? I hear that she is a red hot mumba jumba and isn't being done justice by the photos you are printing of her.

Meanwhile when is the University going to fix the air conditioning in the Education Building? All the Grad Dip Ed students leave that building red faced and woozy and its not just because they have been swooning over the strangely attractive Dr. Robert Matthews.

peace out,
t. binkle



On Dit submits the above photograph of Melissa as evidence that t.binkie's suggestion she is a "red hot mumba jumba" is wholly unfounded.

Suffering From Consumption

Thank goodness for *On Dit*. Even if only a few totally ignorant people were to read and heed the important central messages in the Environmental Issue (15/03/05), it would be well worth the recycled paper it was printed on.

Every second weekend I work in a homewares store and every shift myself and the people I work with try our hardest to reduce the number of plastic bags we give out to customers. We have a sign on the counter that says, "Do you REALLY need a bag? We can work together to help our environment!" Cheesy I know but it seems to push the buttons of many otherwise indulgent, credit card laden customers.

The thing is, it doesn't work for everyone. You can guarantee that EVERY single shift I work, there are AT LEAST two people who buy a spatula or something and when I politely ask if they would like me to slip it into one of the five or so big glossy plastic bags they are holding from other stores, each with only one singlet in it, their completely selfish and ignorant response is.. "No, no I need another bag, I need to keep clothes and spatulas separate." And if this isn't rage inspiring enough, I had lunch in the cloisters the other day and watched a chick smoke two cigarettes in the space of five minutes and both went on to the ground, and she walked off. I thought universities were supposed to be full of relatively intelligent people?

Separate bags for clothes and utensils, cigarettes flicked on the ground... WHY?

Corri Baker

VSU Rhymes With Boo-Fucking-Hoo

Dear literate people,

Maybe I'm against the VSU, maybe I'm not. I mean it's a liberal party idea, so straight away I see dark days ahead. So if I got to vote on it, I would probably vote against a VSU. But make no mistake - as soon it comes into effect, there is no way in hell I'm paying my fees.

Let me explain... One evening at Woolies while filling shelves, I noticed a box of 40 seal tight sandwich bags that had been opened. It hadn't been deliberately opened, the glue just wasn't doing its job correctly. All the sandwich bags were still in good condition inside this slightly damaged box, so I decided to bring it to the front instead of discarding it as damaged stock. The next evening I noted it hadn't been sold. In fact a week later, it still hadn't been sold, whereas the ones behind were depleting at their usual rate. Nobody would buy the opened box! I gave a sigh and threw the fucking thing with the rest of the damaged stock, never to be seen again.

Point - nobody would buy the opened box of sandwich bags. They had a choice, and chose to go out of their way to buy one of the umpteen perfectly good ones behind it. Given a choice, students are going to ask what the V of VSU stands for and choose not to pay. And quite frankly, I'm not going to be the only sucker left blowing \$326.70 while everybody else is sipping martinis. I'll pay for what I use thanks.

James Angley

Taxing Argumnet

Dear Jara,

Your inferral that Student Services amount to 32 barbeques a year reeks of Dr. Nelson and the 'sausage roll' incident. Student Services are about so much more. Child care, counselling, legal advice and student representation are just a few of the services made possible by universal student unionism. Clubs, societies and activities are also funded by your services fee, without which university life and the campus culture, which make university such a unique experience, would simply not exist.

What so many of you individualistic fanatics choose not to recognise is that you are part of a community and as such you contribute to that community to the benefit of all. Often your taxes go toward facilities you may never use. Under your reasoning you should stop paying them. And if you don't like your fees being spent on painting 'stupid lefty slogans' then vote for Young Liberals in the student elections. The office-bearers who run campaigns, whichever end of the political spectrum they are from, were elected democratically. I hated troops being sent to Iraq. But we live in a democracy and the Howard government was re-elected, no matter how much I don't like it. That doesn't mean I refuse to pay my taxes.

If you do not use enough services to get back more than 10% of your services fee (which I seriously doubt), then that is your choice. You are choosing not to take advantage of the services available to you. VSU is not a choice. It will put many services out of reach for the

less wealthy students and severely restrict the range of services available at all.

Frankly, the 'user pays' ethos is selfish. And you, Jara, are selfish for adhering to it. Stop acting like a spoiled brat chucking a tanty because you have to share. Grow up and learn some compassion.

John Pezy
Councillor
Students' Association

Taking the 'Union' out of 'Union Fee'

Dear On Dit

May I provide a suggestion for the resolution of the VSU debate? How about a compulsory student services fee being retained for those things such as child care and legal aid that students may have cause to use during their university years, and this is kept strictly separate from political lobbying and campaigning that is conducted, allegedly on students' behalf, by the Union/SAUA? It's fair enough to have an apolitical organisation providing services to students (although the food in Mayo really is terrible), but why should students be forced to become members of political organizations, especially given the >90% non-participation in elections? It's unfair on thosenon-participants to say they're "apathetic" about something they're forced to join. (How come students who don't care for student politics are labelled "apathetic"? If you don't share my interest for Har Mar Superstar or "Little Britain" for instance, you have "different interests", you're not "apathetic".)

So keep student services, but keep it apolitical. I don't like the Iraq war either, for instance, but it's my prerogative to get off my arse and do something about it.

Dave

A Loss of Representation

The Vice-Chancellor in *The Advertiser* last Friday claimed that VSU would cut into teacher resources as universities would inevitably have to pick up the services which student unions could no longer fund. Furthermore, any benefits from voluntary unionism were "debatable". In the same breath he mentioned that student politics would not be funded by the University in the event of VSU.

Mainstreaming student services through the university will cause services deemed as 'non-essential' (such as student politics) to be cut. Obviously the University will not fund organisations and services that are antagonistic to its own interests. The Education and Welfare Officers who take action against lecturers and the University body in general would struggle to remain politically independent if they are to exist at all next year.

The fact remains that student interests are often contrary to those of the University. We want to pay less for our degrees, the Uni wants more funding; we want smaller tutes, the Uni wants to employ less tutors; we want lower TER entrance scores, the Uni wants more full-fee paying students (creating less TER places).

Student welfare will become more and more

like human resources is in the contemporary workplace- that is, localising conflict and having an overall therapeutic effect. The localised condition of the student will be ameliorated before his or her consciousness is able to transcend the situation and place it in the context of the broader interests of the student body.

History tells us that collective bodies which are represented by those with vested interests fail to deliver results (just look at the 'company unions' operating in Mexico). Therefore, mainstreaming the current Union services through the University is not the perfect answer to VSU.

Anonymous

"Sure, I'm a Bigot, But For the Left!"

Dear Editors,

Please allow me to congratulate you on allowing the publication of "Red, White and Poo" in On Dit (73.5). I can hardly recall reading a more prejudiced work of propaganda, with the possible exception of Nazi anti-Semitic materials.

This article, which attempts to classify an entire ethnic group (in this case Americans) as "hated," "despised," "aggressive," "stupid," and "arrogant," as well as innately vulgar and intellectually inferior, deserves recognition as an example of racism at its finest.

Regards,
Christy Di Frances

Down For The Cause

What a fine anti-VSU rally the Union had going this week. I mean, after that display, the Federal Government will have no choice but to reject this idea, even with the double majority that comes in to effect later this year. Yeah, and if you believe that, you might also think that you could make the politicians vote for pay cuts to their salaries.

Let's get a grip here Union. You will not be able to stop the government going ahead with this VSU idea. It is time that you do some real work to save your union for next year, and the years to come. Honestly, what the hell is shouting "No Union, No voices, No freedom, No way!" going to do for your cause, or more importantly, the students' cause?

Why not get down to work and organise events that could bolster the unions coffers, put into operation better services that students will pay for, reasons for us to join the union of our own free-will. I do not think that VSU will put an end to university life, perhaps the new union can organise events weekly that are used for fund-raising, so that services such as counselling and accommodation subsidies may be met.

So perhaps you lot could get your asses off the cloisters grass or seats, put your free coffees down, and put in some hard yards for the students you are supposed to providing services for, instead of whinging like a couple of kids who have had their favourite toy taken away by mommy.

Wilko

The Politics of Life and Death

For the past two weeks, our television screens have been awash with the image of Terri Schiavo; a frail, fragile woman, seemingly alive, but then again, visibly not quite so. Confined to her hospice bed, and unable to survive without an artificial feeding tube, her plight has come to symbolise the re-emerging debate over euthanasia and abortion, a debate sweeping much of the Western world.

Media commentators, politicians, religious leaders, as well as the public at large, have all used Ms. Schiavo's struggle as an impetus to express their own views on what constitutes life, death, and the unknown in between. In the process, political opinion, especially within the United States, has become even more polarised.

But how did Ms. Schiavo's plight generate so much unbridled public attention in the first place?

Millions of families each year are forced to go through the same heart-wrenching process of deciding the fate of a loved one, and it is normally well recognised to be a distinctly private affair; the media and politicians stay far away. Indeed, Ms. Schiavo's case had been in the judicial system for seven years before it came to be a public issue.

So what happened in the Schiavo case that it made garner so much attention?

The answer is that the issue became politicised. Or to be more correct, the issue became politicised, Republican-style.

And the political fallout to result is as extraordinary as it is concerning.

The political wrangling over Ms. Schiavo began just over two weeks ago, when a Florida court made a ruling in favour of her husband, Michael Schiavo. The court found that Mr. Schiavo was the best indicator of Ms. Schiavo's own wishes, and thus, in accordance with these, the court ordered that her feeding tube be removed.

This resulted in a desperate plea by Ms. Schiavo's family for some type of intervention. Her family have long maintained that Ms. Schiavo still exhibits signs of consciousness, and may still make a partial recovery. Aided by a large body of religious organisations, the family voiced its public plea to politicians, both state and federal, Republican and Democrat.

First to heed their call was the national arm of the Republican Party. In an extraordinary and unprecedented move, an emergency sitting of Congress was called to take place over the extended Easter holiday period. Only

emergencies of national significance have ever produced such a speedy reaction from Congress in the past.

Tom Delay, the majority-leader in the House of Representatives, spearheaded the legislative moves to intervene in the Schiavo case. Describing the removal of Ms. Schiavo's feeding tube as an "act of medical terrorism", he presented a bill to Congress which would effectively remove Ms. Schiavo from the legal jurisdiction of Florida.

"One thing that God has brought to us is Terri Schiavo", Mr. Delay declared, "[so as] to help elevate the visibility of what is going on in America".

The majority of Congress concurred; and passed the bill later that night. President George W. Bush even cut short his family holiday in Texas to personally sign the bill; his signature being recorded a precisely 1:11am on Sunday evening.

Ms. Schiavo's family expressed gratitude for the legislation, and her sister Suzanne Vitadamo voiced hope that "that the federal courts will follow the will of Congress and save my sister's life".

However, when the case was brought to a federal court later that week, the presiding justices upheld the decisions of their Florida counterparts, and again ruled in favour of Ms. Schiavo's husband. A further appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court was declined.

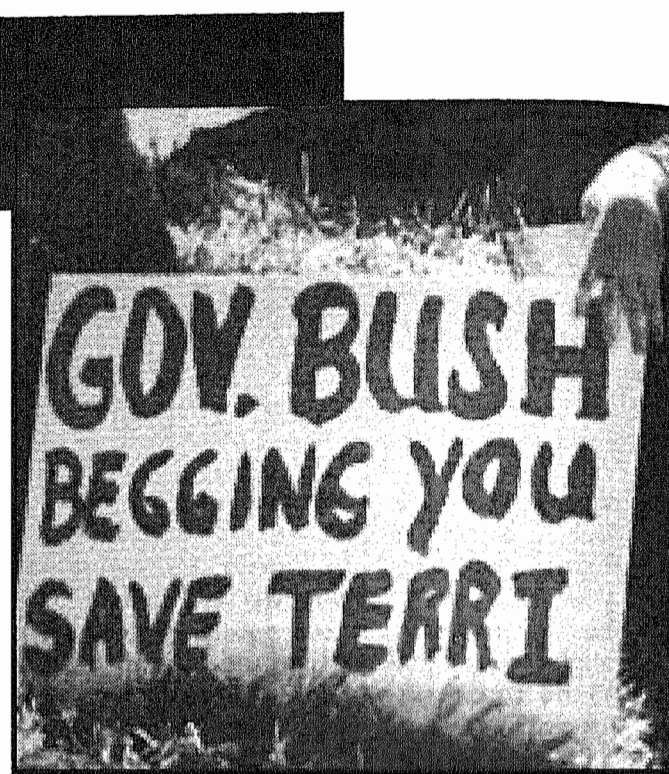
It appeared as if the legal avenues for Ms. Schiavo's family had finally been exhausted. However, in a further extraordinary political maneuver, the state Governor of Florida, Jeb Bush, announced that he would be personally intervening in the case. He declared that he would be passing emergency legislation giving himself the authority to reconnect Ms. Schiavo's feeding tube.

Announcing the legislation at a press conference, a solemn Mr. Bush confided that "we in government have a duty to protect the weak, disabled and vulnerable". He then left the podium to huddle with staff members and publicly pray for Ms. Schiavo's welfare.

However, a quick legal challenge by Mr. Schiavo halted this emergency law in its tracks. The Supreme Court of Florida declared the legislation to be unconstitutional.

Terri Schiavo is now expected to pass away within the next few days, if not the next few hours.

This spectacular series of events raises countless interesting and unsettling questions.



To begin with, it appears as if both pieces of legislation, each backed by their respective Bush sibling, demonstrate a severe disregard for the separation of powers, as well as the fundamental 'right to liberty' ascribed to all U.S. citizens.

However, perhaps the most interesting observation to be made from these events is the extent to which the conservative, religious right now holds control over the entire political affairs of the U.S.

Critics of the Schiavo debacle are quick to point out that over one third of Republican voters at last year's election were evangelical or born-again Christians. Many are thus arguing that the political wrangling of the past two weeks was purely motivated to appease this particular supporter base.

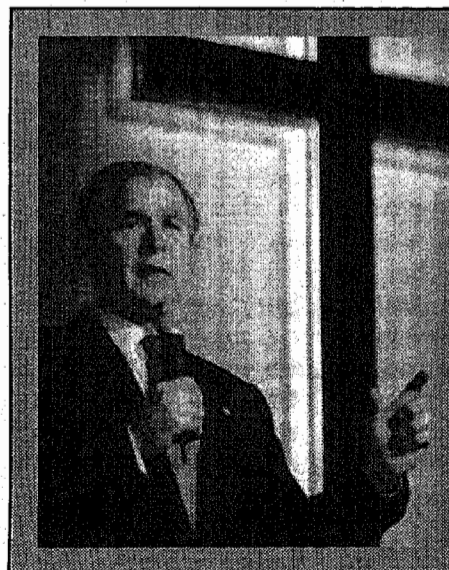
And there certainly appears to be much evidence to back this claim up. Just before Congress convened for its emergency session before the Easter break, a confidential memo was distributed to all Republican politicians. The memo, which was subsequently leaked, claimed that "the pro-life base will be excited that the Senate is debating this important issue... This is a great political issue... and this is a tough issue for the Democrats".

Further controversy also surrounds the timing of when the Schiavo bill was discussed. The topic that Congress had been debating before the start of the Easter break was a new budgetary proposal introduced by the Republican party. Included in this budget was a massive US\$20 billion cut to Medicaid, a health insurance program aimed to assist poor citizens.

Coincidentally, Medicaid just happens to be the same insurance program that has been partly funding Ms. Schiavo's hospice costs for years, as well as the hospice costs of many others like her. Moreover, the Republican who is spearheading these new budget cuts is none other than Tom Delay, the same politician who initiated the federal intervention in the Schiavo case.

As one would expect, opponents of the Bush administration have been having a field day with this kind of hypocrisy.

There are now murmurs within the American political landscape that the religious right might have taken this issue one step too far. Polls suggest that the majority of Americans overwhelmingly support Ms. Schiavo's right to end her suffering. One ABC poll recorded that 63% of respondents agreed with the removal of Ms. Schiavo's feeding tube, while



Did you know...?

In 1999, George W. Bush, in his capacity as Texas Governor, signed the *Advanced Directives Act*. This legally allows hospitals to pull the plug on patients, who are surviving on life support, when the family of the patient cannot afford to pay hospital bills and the patient is deemed to have no hope of recovery.

Funny, hey?



UNI PICKING UP THE TAB?

The Vice-Chancellor in *The Advertiser* last Friday claimed that VSU would cut into teacher resources as universities would inevitably have to pick up the services which student unions could no longer fund. Furthermore, any benefits from voluntary unionism were "debatable". In the same breath he mentioned that student politics would not be funded by the University in the event of VSU.

Incorporating student services into the university will cause services deemed as 'non-essential' (such as student politics) to be cut. Obviously the University will not fund organisations and services that are antagonistic to its own interests. The Education and Welfare Officers who take action against lecturers and the University body in general would struggle to remain politically independent if they are to exist at all next year.

The fact remains that student interests are often contrary to those of the University. We want to pay less for our degrees, the

Uni wants more funding; we want smaller tutes, the Uni wants to employ less tutors; we want lower TER entrance scores, the Uni wants more full-fee paying students (creating less TER places).

Student welfare will become more and more like human resources is in the contemporary workplace- that is, localising conflict and having an overall therapeutic effect. The localised condition of the student will be ameliorated before his or her consciousness is able to transcend the situation and place it in the context of the broader interests of the student body.

History tells us that collective bodies which are represented by those with vested interests fail to deliver results (just look at the 'company unions' operating in Mexico). Therefore, incorporating the current Union services into the University should not be seen as the perfect answer to VSU.

Alex Solomon-Bridge

70% of respondents utterly opposed Congress' intervention. America may be a deeply religious society, but this does not necessarily equate with a desire to follow the fundamentalist religious viewpoint on every issue.

As Rev. Barry Lynn, Executive Director of Americans United for Separation of Church and State, explains, "this is finally a time when the so-called Religious Right has overstepped the bounds of reason for most Americans in the middle of these issues, who have not decided that either side is completely correct".

Indeed, this issue has perhaps demonstrated more than any other how much political power the religious right holds in Washington, and how disproportionate this is when compared to the broader beliefs of the American population.

There are now predictions emerging that the Schiavo case could even result in a political backlash against the Bush administration. While the evangelical right is obviously pleased with the Republic stance over this issue, it would appear that more moderate Republican supporters, those who support economic conservatism but not necessarily social conservatism, are feeling increasingly alienated from the hardline religious stance that their party is taking.

In any event, the Schiavo case will continue to have serious repercussions long after Ms. Schiavo is eventually laid to rest. The debate over life and death will no doubt continue with added impetus, however perhaps now the politicising of these issues will no longer happen.

But then again, perhaps not.

Nick Parkin

Editor's Note - Terri Schiavo passed away in the early hours of Friday morning, Australian time.

Federal Minister for Immigration and local Adelaidian Senator Amanda Vanstone will be speaking at Adelaide University this Tuesday April 5. Invited by the Democratic Club, Senator Vanstone's visit will presumably follow the same predictable politicking format seen whereby her supporters voraciously gobble up each and every tidbit that spews forth while her opponents yell, strop and throw placards outside in a show of obscene futility. Ah, the glorious mediocrity of it all! We advise you attend Ms. Vanstone's little chat and try to display a healthy balance of decorum and razor sharp inquisitiveness. Let's try to alleviate the nation's opinion of university rabble hmm? Just because we like to tease, here's a little assortment of tidbits straight from the old nag's mouth...

There's been some speculation through the media, and I understand what speculation is all about and why it's there, but it's also very important that we all understand how cruel basically it is, bitterly cruel, to unfairly raise expectations of people who are now in detention.

What people are interested in and what's in the national interest aren't necessarily the same thing.



File photograph of Senators Vanstone and Worth in their short lived Danoz Direct venture.

I think your right to privacy is pretty much like parliamentary privilege. It's, sort of, in one sense not yours.

I hope that the protesters recognise that we're all just so lucky to live in a country where you can get out and yell at the Government and, you know, wave whatever flags you like and express whatever point of view you want, but they also recognise that peaceful protest is a better way and that un... violent protests and unlawful protest is just not acceptable.

And I encourage, especially young people involved in a protest at Baxter, to be very careful about the advice they get from their colleagues and to look after themselves by making sure that they don't get dragged into some illegal or unlawful activity against their better judgement.

I very rarely have personal protection from the Federal Police because I'm such a sweetie, you see, and I don't envisage needing it frankly.

Handwritten signature: Fred Parkin

Interview with Stephen Kenny

Russell Marks and Timothy Wetherell talk to the former lawyer for Guantanamo Bay "detainee" David Hicks

On a cold March afternoon over a coffee Stephen Kenny spoke of his rise from Student politics to suing President Bush in 2003.

RM: Can you tell us about your involvement in campus politics?

SK: Probably the first thing I joined was the Clubs & Societies Council because I joined a number of sporting clubs and activities, which were a lot of fun. From there I ended up on the Students' Association council, and I was also a law student rep on the University Council for a while. I was involved in quite a number of clubs and things around the Uni as well. Nick Xenophon at that stage was a Liberal Party supporter, and he got my vote [for editor of *On Dit*] only because it was actually the correct vote, I believe, at the time.

TW: You're pretty heavily involved with the Labor Party?

SK: No, not particularly heavily involved at all. Actually, I'm not involved in the Labor Party at all.

RM: At all?

SK: No.

TW: Formerly a member...

SK: I have been a member of the Labor Party, yes.

RM: You're well-known for your involvement in David Hicks' case. Can you let us know of some other cases you've been involved in?

SK: Probably the most high-profile one was the Hindmarsh Island Bridge case, which was a very significant Australian case, in that it was a real challenge to Aboriginal beliefs. From a media point of view, they hammered Aboriginal traditions, and really held them up to ridicule. And wrongfully so. A more thorough analysis in a later court case by Justice Von Doussa didn't find that the Ngarrindjeri women had fabricated the "Secret Women's Business" at all. There was this public perception that the Ngarrindjeri women were lying, whereas in fact, they weren't. And that was the later finding. There was no evidence that they were lying.

RM: John Howard talking on *Insiders* on Sunday morning, about the possible desecration of Australian "sacred sites" at Anzac Cove. Given that that seems to be a general sentiment around the community and the media at the moment, can you detect an amount of hypocrisy in the Prime Minister's words?

SK: Well that's right. There's a complete double standard. Firstly, we lost at Anzac Cove, and certainly the Turks won, and they were well-respected by the Australians who were there. While I certainly agree that that should be a site that should be protected from a heritage point of view, Howard certainly wasn't going out

on a limb on Hindmarsh Island, whereas to the Ngarrindjeri people, that was at least as important as Anzac Cove is to white Australians. To the Ngarrindjeri, Hindmarsh Island is a site of great significance, and there were people buried there. It was a real shame, not just because it wasn't protected, but that their beliefs were ridiculed so badly. That was quite wrong.

TW: Can you explain why you're no longer working for David Hicks?

SK: As I understand it, the American lawyers have chosen to take a different direction. My style of

confrontation wasn't the tack they wanted to take at this particular time; they wished to take a quieter tack. There's not much else I can tell you about it, honestly, because I don't know much else about it.

TW: Do you think David himself made that decision?

SK: I think, ultimately, David did, but obviously they talked to him about it and that's the decision he came to. I would have liked to have talked to David about it but it's a factor of locking somebody up in such an isolated place, that it's not easy to have access to him. I can't ring him up on the telephone and speak to him, and nor could he ring me. So he's more reliant on the American lawyers.

RM: Did you view your style of representation as particularly confrontational?

SK: The end we were trying to achieve was simply to highlight the injustice that he was suffering. That is, he's now been in Guantanamo Bay, in conditions that are not acceptable for any Australian citizen, and he's been there for three years. That's really what we were trying to highlight. Not to mention the fact that there's another 600 people also there, and in many ways, David is probably in a better position than most of them. The Brits eventually got their own lawyer almost a year after we saw David, but David was certainly the first one to see an independent lawyer. There are still literally hundreds of people down there who have literally never spoken to anybody outside US military authorities. At least David has someone to explain the wider circumstances and situation to him, and

he has some contact with his family. I don't know whether anybody else in Guantanamo Bay has ever had any contact with their family.

TW: Do you think the American lawyers betrayed you at all?

SK: In any of these cases there's often changes of style and tactics, and working with Americans, you'd always expect a certain amount of friendly fire.

TW: When you were interviewed by *PM* on the ABC, the way they reported it was like you were staggered

that you'd been sacked.

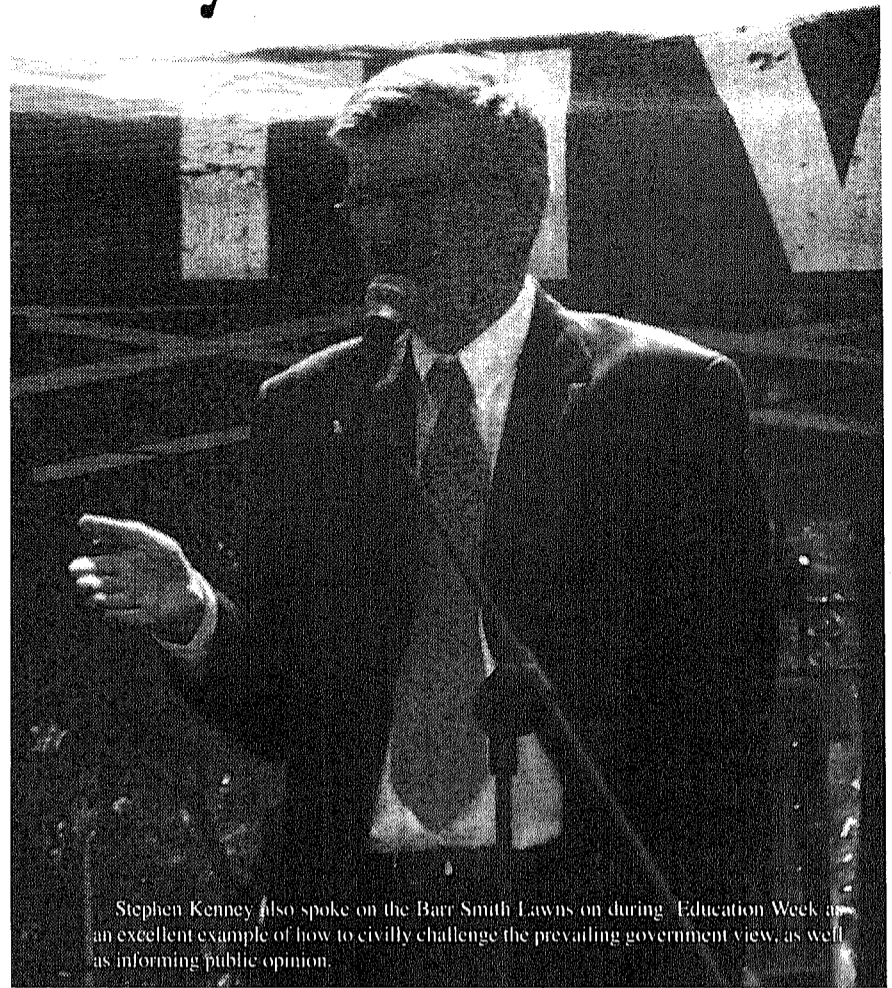
SK: Well I was. I was surprised. But that's what happens in these cases, so you move on.

TW: And you were handling other matters at the time?

SK: Yes, that's right. Most of the work I did for David wasn't paid, so I had to do other work to pay the bills! It took up a lot of time, so in a sense, it's better for a lot of my other clients that I'm now more available.

RM: In what capacity have you been retained by Terry and Bev?

SK: I continue to advise them about the matter and



Stephen Kenny also spoke on the Barr Smith Lawns on during Education Week as an excellent example of how to civilly challenge the prevailing government view, as well as informing public opinion.

what's happening. That still takes up a reasonable amount of time, particularly in terms of contact with the media, and talking to people about the case generally.

RM: Like us.

TW: You were almost on the television every night. Anyone who gave two hoots about it may have been forgiven for thinking it was the only case you were working on! People have even been saying that Terry [Hicks] had something to do with your sacking, though of course that's completely untrue.

SK: Terry and I had a very good working relationship, and we have a great deal of respect for each other, I think. I can't say enough about what he's done for his son. It's been a complete change of lifestyle for him. He'd never had any public involvement with anything before, and suddenly he's the main spokesperson for his son. He's done a tremendous job.

TW: Do you still speak with Major Mori?

SK: Yes.

TW: But he is mainly being instructed by the American civilian lawyers...

SK: Yeah. And they are looking at finding another Australian lawyer at some stage.

RM: What's your relationship with the Centre for Constitutional Rights?

SK: They were the people who I eventually found to assist us in this case. As soon as we started, I realised we'd have to take court action in the United States. And we had no money, so it was a question of finding someone who would work for free. I initially contacted a number of big law firms in Washington with a pro bono legal section because I appreciated it was going to be a major case. I had to find a group that had the funding to be able to take on the United States government and run a case in the United States Supreme Court. Which is exactly what happened. But ultimately, none of the big law firms in Washington wanted to touch it, because it was January 2002 and they were all far too busy. It took me a while to find the Centre for Constitutional Rights. I had to check them out to make sure they were the appropriate people to be doing this. They checked out very well and they've been exceptional, the amount of work they've done.

TW: You're one of the few people who has actually been inside Guantanamo Bay. What was your reaction to the camp?

"Would you like the President to have the power of life and death over your people or would you prefer something like the Geneva Convention to apply?"

SK: It's not a jail that Australians would ever want to build. It's essentially temporary accommodation: we're seeing now that the Americans are talking about moving people out of there, which they will need to do. The regimentation is extremely difficult. At one stage the Australian Federal Police told the family that he had a room of his own and was getting regular exercise!! It turned out he was in a place called Camp Echo, in solitary confinement, and his regular exercise was two 15-minute periods every week!! You know, it's just appalling. Just terrible. And completely in contravention of the Geneva Convention, which specifies the manner under which people should be held in such circumstances. Camp X-Ray was the first camp they built, to hold these people in the short term. It was basically a slab of cement with a tin roof over the top, with cyclone wire around the edge. It was quite appalling. There was no shelter in them. There were no toilets in them. They were given a bucket each, and they were for half the day actually sitting in the sun. It's a very hot place, very humid.

RM: Have you been surprised, as an Australian citizen, at the conduct of your own government, and of the American government?

SK: Shocked would be the word. I thought the intention of the Americans was to take them beyond the law. And that's crap, you know, you can't do that in a civilised society. You can't do that, because when you do, you essentially tell people that you can do whatever you like to them down there and no-one will ever touch you. That's exactly what the British who've been released have said, that they were told by the guards that they were beyond the law, that they could've been taken out of their cages at any time and shot. No-one even knew they were there. At that stage they had no contact with their families, with lawyers, with anybody else. They really believed that nobody knew where they were and what had happened to them. If they had been shot, nobody would have ever known. It's

just unbelievable. I actually thought, when we started this, that if we ran a proper campaign, and put pressure on the government, that eventually the Americans would either declare them to be Prisoners of War and treat them according to the Geneva Convention, or alternatively, if they had committed some criminal offence, they would be charged. Now, that didn't happen, and that's what really surprised me. And these things, when they happen so quickly, it takes a while to sort it all out. But I would have thought three months would have been sufficient time. I mean its not difficult, the Americans did it in the first Gulf War where they captured people and held them in accordance with the Geneva Convention and sorted them out. There is no reason why they couldn't have done it this time as well. But this time they thought they felt they could do whatever they liked because they were beyond the law. And for two and a half years the courts in the US supported that until we got to the Supreme Court.

TW Do you think there is division within the Australian Federal Government over this issue?

SK No, not at all. From what I have seen, the line the Attorney-General, the Foreign Minister and the Prime Minister have run has been to do as much as they can to bend over to appease the Americans. Australia is the only country from what I can gather that has not requested the return of their citizens.

RM You saw Judge Von Doussa's speech last Friday, and he was emphasizing the importance of critical education to think about who is writing a newspaper article, for instance and for what purpose he/she is writing that article, do you share his enthusiasm about critical education and do you think it is enough?

SK Well I think it is an important one of a number of things. Well the unfortunate thing about the media here in Australia is that about seventy percent of it is owned by an American News Corporation, particularly in Adelaide. And that is not a good thing,

because as we saw in the early days the Advertiser demonized him. They described Hicks as "Psycho in need of Holy War", which was in contrast to the Fairfax papers who had a better grasp of what the issues were and the real issues about how you want Australians treated in times of war when they get captured by the other side. I did this speech for a seminar at a University about asymmetrical warfare which included a woman from the Air Force and she wanted to know why I wasted my time on someone like Hicks and the answer was well you drop bombs from planes on other countries and there is a certain amount of collateral damage and some of those people don't make it home because they get shot down, and the question is, would you like the President to have the power of life and death over your people or would you prefer something like the Geneva Convention to apply?

Recorded 15 March 2005, King William St, Adelaide

Russell Marks and Timothy Wetherell



Sexuality Week
4th - 8th April

Monday
Launch of Pro-queer campaign
BBQ on the lawns at 12.30

Tuesday
3.30 Union Cinema - Everything I Always Wanted to Know About Sex But Was Afraid to Ask

Wednesday
Art and Sexuality Day

Thursday
Rainbow Picnic with stalls

Friday
Sexual Health Stall on Hughes Plaza

Friday Nighttime
Pimps and Prostitutes in the Unibar


The SAUA women's department presents...

May 4th, 5th & 6th
Little Theatre
University of Adelaide

Tickets
Students - \$5
General Public - \$10
Tickets available from SAUA reception

The vagina
by Eve Ensler

Monologues



WELL I GUESS I'LL JUST TAKE THE CUTTER THEN

The Liberal Concept Of Choice In Education

The Liberals have of course again taken up the gauntlet in their quest to increase the ability to choose and the variety of choices available to students and parents in the relation to education. At the moment it is most prominently in defense of VSU but around this time last year Howard put the word into his rhetoric rotation when defending the proportion of tax payer money given to private secondary schools. The debate at the time was excellently critiqued in "Problems With Education" (On Dit Edition 72.7) so I'll only briefly make an additional point with my next 500 words or so.

Howard justified the Proportion of money given to private schooling, approximately 4 billion dollars for just over 1 million private students and 2 billion dollars for over 2 million public students, (from "Problems With Education") with the statement that parents should be should supported whether they made the choice for public or private (because after all both are taxpayers) or that he was offering more parents the choice of sending their children to private schools (presumably they were previously unable to afford it otherwise the extra funding would have made no difference).

Of course you could just stop here and take his comments for what they probably were - a blatant attempt to steal away more payoffs for the upper ends of society or at least seeking to do the groundwork for the further privatisation of education under the cover of nobler causes. For those who think this may not be such a bad thing anyway (and who still have a skeric of social justice about them), know that in a sense private education only exists when public doesn't. Assuming that the only difference between most private and most public schools is quality and money then it stands that they tend to wipe each other out as they become more similar if both areas.

If public education increased in quality and gained prestige but stayed the same

price, Howard would have his parents suddenly charging to enrol in public, not a favourable trend for this government. So in many ways it makes no sense for a government addicted to privatisation to bother investing in public education. Meanwhile as private entities gain more funding they're able to drop prices (or raise quality) allowing a growing wedge slip between their gates. In the process Howard increases the number of parents in the private education sector and therefore the number of people encouraged to vote for him and his policies. Clever, eh?

However if you're unfortunate enough to be left in the public sector (and I say unfortunate because children *never* deserve their parents wealth) then in a trend, by now probably quite noticeable even to a child, you're left to watch a trail of money flow over the fence.

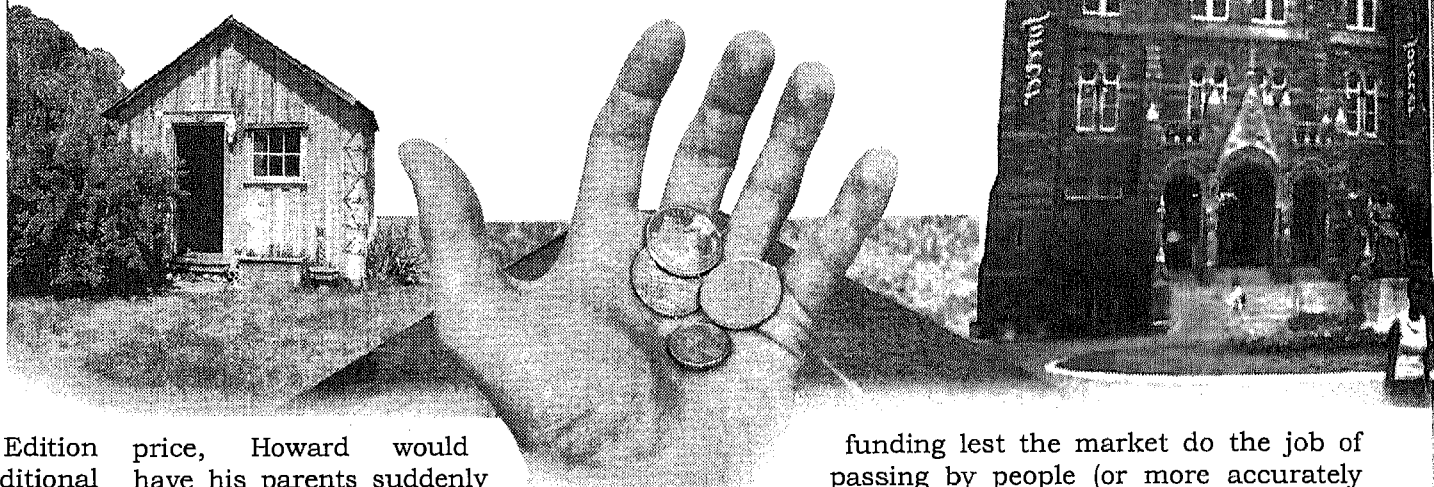
"But of course there's more children able to enrol in higher quality education than ever!". Well, how very utilitarian of you. So while the options in cease for some, perhaps even most the choices decrease for others. Granted that governing is always about playing the averages a bit, but taken to its logical conclusion the religion of privatisation seems to run counter to the value and equity of opportunity that one would think is central to the Liberal belief system. Even if the people were entirely weened onto private education there will always need to be a certain amount of public

funding lest the market do the job of passing by people (or more accurately their bare wallets) and leaving swaths of the population under-educated and I guess under productive.

Anyway, the real point about the word 'choice'. It doesn't really apply when it comes to markets. The Liberals are keen to point to a 'demand' for private or public education, which somehow indicates that their proportion of funding is correct. It is really just people responding to the demand curve, attempting to buy the most of, or best of, whichever product they can. It like saying there's a demand for Homebrand toilet paper. People buy it, but only cause they have to. If the government really wants to promote choice it would provide different styles of schooling and fund them equally, that might include Montesauri, vocational, perhaps even Christian or Islamic rather than claiming that parents and soon university students are 'choosing' with their pocket change.

With the barely opaque intentions of the government centred around increasing up front fees and full fee paying places as well as a fourth private university in the works for S.A. don't assume the future will always be as comfortable for university students as it has been. You (at least those of you who don't assume you deserve your parents wealth) may soon find someone else's choice will be squeezing you out of an education.

Dan J



EVENTS GUIDE

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

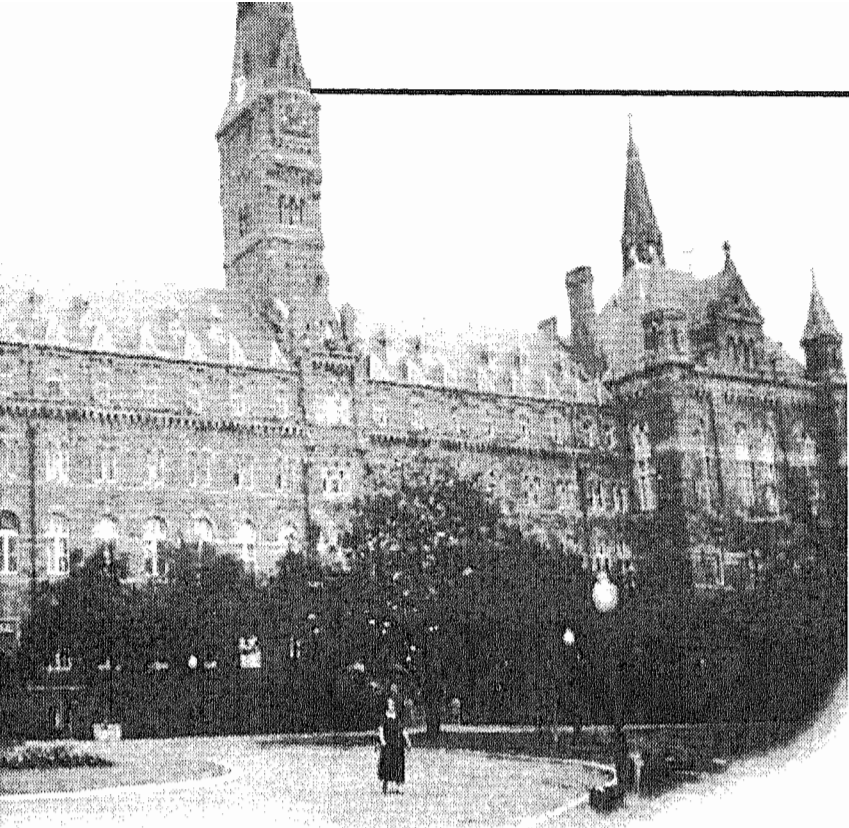
- | | | |
|------------------------|---|-------------------|
| April 4 th | Future DJ entries open - Available from Union Information | UniBar |
| April 4 th | Sailing Club 'Meet & Greet' - 5pm | Barr Smith Lawns |
| April 4 to 8 | Sexuality Week | Cinema |
| April 6 th | 'Zatoichi' Movie - OSA | Barr Smith Lawns |
| April 7 th | Hirst & Greene (ex-Midnight Oil) | Cinema |
| April 7 th | 'Night of the Hunter' Movie- Film Society | Hughes Plaza |
| April 8 th | Uni Health Promotion Day | Cinema |
| April 8 th | Video Games Club meetings | UniBar |
| April 9 th | Evermore | UniBar |
| April 14 th | Wolfmother | UniBar |
| April 23 rd | From Autumn to Ashes/I killed the Prom Queen | UniBar |
| April 27 th | Bike Tuning | Barr Smith Lawns |
| April 28 th | MAKE SOME NOISE FESTIVAL!! (TBC) | BS Lawns & UniBar |
| April 29 th | Video Games Club meetings | Cinema |
| April 30 th | PORNLAND farewell show | UniBar |

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

PROSH

Coming May 11 - 13... the tradition continues and on it's 100th anniversary we're aiming for a HUGE event! Start preparing your prank ideas now, and get in touch with Matt Walton in the SAUA to get involved! 8303 3901

COMING SOON:
the BRING BACK THE MUSIC campaign begins, with FrequentSeahorse performing in Rumours Cafe on May 5th, and 3 bands in the UniBar on May 3rd!
All FREE for your enjoyment!



GET A TRADE

On Monday 7 March, *The Australian* reported that John Howard was encouraging youth to leave school and get a trade. Relying on his infallible observational powers, rather than any formal inquiries, our PM concluded that tradespeople were "greatly better off than many others". There are a few things that I feel I have to say.

Let me start by saying I agree that not everyone is suited to tertiary education. I think many people are capable of succeeding in tertiary study, but there are going to be some who are not. There will be some people who are not ready to continue their studies immediately after high school. There will be some who have no interest in tertiary study, but do have an interest in an apprenticeship. I think that's fine, and that the diversity of skills and interests helps create a vibrant society. I'm also aware that there is a bit of a labour shortage in certain trades, and one that is serious enough to warrant a migration program to boost the supply of skilled workers (it must be serious - we all know about the government's standard immigration policies).

However, the main concern about Johnny's statement is the active encouragement to leave school in year 10. While some people may not be particularly academically minded, and may prefer the career path of a trade, they surely benefit from completing high school. For one thing, we need citizens who have a broad education. It is both the right and responsibility of every citizen to analyse and criticise governments and their policies - to evaluate them, to understand their implications for themselves and for society at large. Such critical thinking is a skill that everyone is capable of acquiring, but only really develops in the later years of high school. Yet it is a vital skill in strengthening the fabric of our society. It allows people to think for themselves and to think more clearly about the issues that affect them. As such, we should be encouraging people to seek out the education to which they are entitled.

A second point in favour of finishing year 12 is that people in year 10 are typically unsure

of what they want for themselves. I know I was. Thinking back to the days of middle high school, I realise I had very little idea about anything much (maybe that was just me...). I actually knew a couple of people who left school around year 10 to undertake an apprenticeship. At the time, they were probably encouraged to persist with school, so they were probably quite sure that they didn't want to. One guy earned \$200 a week, which we all thought was fantastic. He was set to get \$450 a week once he finished, and what more could anyone want? Sure it was long days and hard labour, but still - \$200 a week! We were young and naïve, and maybe the minimum wage has crept up slightly since, but it highlights

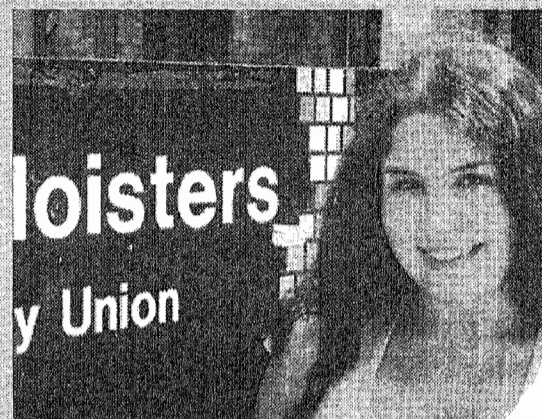
how little idea we had about a lot of things. Another guy dropped out just before the end of year 10. He was actually quite a good student, but he hated school (fairly common at that age). I actually bumped into him a few years later and found he was completing school at a senior college, and really regretted the years that he had lost. I know these are just anecdotal cases, and I don't want to undermine the trade professions themselves, but surely everyone should be encouraged to finish year 12, if only to give them a few more options and let them choose their path when they are a little more mature.

A broader concern I have with this story is that I expect Johnny is directing his comments towards students from public schools in particular. At the very least, I can't imagine parents who fork out large sums for their child to attend a private school would be altogether happy with the thought of their beloved offspring throwing it all in to get a trade. I also think that given the government's other policy agendas, such as creating a two-tiered university entrance system (HECS-based places and upfront fees), should be considered in conjunction with this new position. It all seems geared towards reinstating a class-based society, where children of tradespeople are less likely to pursue higher education than children of the educated. This is probably true already, and perhaps I am reading too much into it here, but I think this statement of Mr Howard's should be considered in conjunction with other policies and reforms made by the government.

A final point, and a concern of a completely different nature, is that on the previous working day (Friday 4 March), the cover story of the *Australian* was a feature on a 22 year-old tradesman who had reached the top tax bracket. Although I can appreciate that the skills shortage is a federal issue of concern at the moment, the story was an interesting take on apprenticeships. Perhaps I am being cynical, or even paranoid here, but I wonder if this story had any influence over the PM's comments; or more disturbingly, if the federal government had any influence over the cover story of *The Australian*. At any rate, I was reminded about the power and influence the media has over people's perceptions and opinions. To relate this back to an earlier point, the media has even more power over people if they are untrained in the skill of critical thinking, and that is why we all need a high school education.

Paul

THE STATE OF THE UNION



Strategic Planning. Before being inducted into the lifestyle of the Cloisters, daily Rumours food and virtual solitary confinement to the Lady Symon Building, this wasn't a term I was familiar with or particularly interested by.

These days, I am obsessed with Strategic Planning. Mainly because this year, it will be more important than ever and will define how we will be able to provide you with services, advocacy and representation after the implementation of Voluntary Student Unionism.

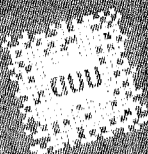
In Edition 3, I wrote an article about the current direction that we are taking the AUU in and how we are responding to legislative threats. These aims will be at the core of my work for the AUU this year and at the core of the precedent I want to set for the ultimate strategic direction of the AUU after 2005. What will services and representation look like after VSU? How can we secure non-student services fee based revenue to put back into those services?

In April, the AUU will be conducting a three-day Strategic Planning session that will endeavour to get every single stakeholder and part of the AUU into one place so that we can examine the organisation as a whole and from there, plan for a productive and successful future that will best benefit all members. We need general University of Adelaide students to be a part of this, so if you are interested or would like more details, please contact me on auupresident@adelaide.edu.au or 83036945 or at my office on Level 3 of the Lady Symon Building. You can apply through the AUU Employment database.

Part of the importance of student involvement is finding out what AUU members actually want from the AUU. For this same reason, our recent market research has also been integral to our planning for what you need and want now and in the future. Thank you to those of you that completed the questionnaire that will give us the fully compiled information.

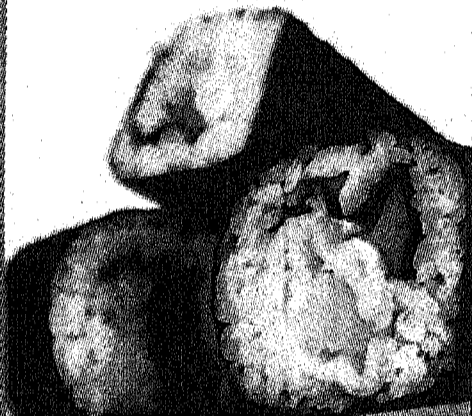
Jennifer Turner
President
Adelaide University Union

Adelaide University Union



The Adelaide University Union (AUU) serving students for almost 110 years, creating campus culture, an integral part of the overall University experience!

AUU employs over 200 staff, including regional areas, nearly half of which are students of The University of Adelaide.



This employment opportunity presents valuable, hands on experience in a supportive and encouraging environment, whilst providing students with an income to financially support them throughout their University life.

Commercial Operations are NOT subsidised by the Student Services Fee and provides food and beverage outlets across the three campuses of North Terrace, Waite and Roseworthy, which encompasses eight Cafes, three UniBars and UniBooks outlets.

Commercial Operations return profits to the students via upgrades to facilities, implementation of new services, support for the essential services and discounted textbooks via the UniBooks outlets.

VSU impacts on these services, and means a USER PAYS SYSTEM would be adopted

Using just 1 of these >> services per month could leave you with an average annual bill of approximately **...\$720**

By paying your one off Student Service Fee, you can use any of the free and subsidised services as often as you like.

In the event of outsourcing commercial operations, external contractors would NOT return profits to student services.

THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE REALLY PAYING FOR!

USER PAYS PRICE LIST

- Welfare - \$60 per hour*
- Legal - \$1 per MINUTE*
- Academic Advocacy - \$60 per hour*
- Childcare - \$40 extra p/week #
- Gym Membership - \$30 extra p/week #

Total Bill.....\$720

*Based on James Cook University research 2004
Based on current commercial costs

AUU PRICE LIST

- Welfare - \$0 ..Anytime
- Computer Access - \$0 ..Anytime
- Employment - \$0 ..Anytime
- Legal - \$0 ..Anytime
- Academic Advocacy - \$0 ..Anytime
- 24hr Insurance - \$0 ..Anytime

SUBSIDISED SERVICES

- Childcare
- Gym Membership
- Commercial Services
- Food & Beverage Outlets
- Union Card Discounts
- Unibooks
- And much more...

Student Service Fee
- \$326.70
(one off yearly fee)

www.union.adelaide.edu.au

THE POLITICS OF EDUCATION

At present society is increasingly faced with a consumerised world where the user pays mentality is becoming an instilled ideology. In order to survive, educational institutions such as the University of Adelaide have become increasingly market driven with focus shifting from an academic background to that of a corporation. The idea that university should be about a complete experience of both education and campus culture has been bulldozed to make way for degree factories, where dollars not quality take preference. It is not the quality of the education we receive, rather it is the person behind the university marketing program who can make our degrees appear better than everyone else's. Students are no longer minds to be educated but are instead wallets to be emptied.

In 1972 the Gough Whitlam Government introduced major changes to education. Before 1972 education was restricted to the rich and elite, and unless you could afford to pay large sums for your education, you were prohibited from gaining tertiary qualifications. The University of Adelaide's Vice-Chancellor during the 1960s was in fact rumoured to have said to the commencing first year class each year that unless a student was wealthy, they had no right to access education. This sentiment of keeping the uneducated and unwealthy in their 'place' by preventing them from accessing education was reflected in the government and university policies of the time.

In an ALP policy speech of 1972, Whitlam stated: Education is the key to equality of opportunity. Sure, we can have education on the cheap, but our children will be paying for it the rest of their lives... We believe that a student's merit rather than a parent's wealth should decide who should benefit... Education should be the great instrument for the promotion of equality.

This concept of equality and accessibility of education was a legacy of the Whitlam Government and his free education system lasted until 1987. Whilst there is division amongst educational activists as to the benefits of free education, no one disagrees with the sentiments expressed in 1972. Education benefits society as a whole so it makes sense for society to invest into our education system. After all, it is education that creates doctors, nurses, teachers, engineers and architects - all professions with which society benefits from those people having a quality education. Education is the key to equality, to overcoming poverty and to ensuring that we as a society are competitive on a global scale.

Since the 1980's onward there has been a trend within governments and universities to move back to the user-pays system of education, where access to university has moved away from an individual's academic merit to an individual's buying power. The Education Minister of the Hawke Government, John Dawkins, was central in this reversal of ideology regarding education. Under Dawkins the first "Higher Education Administrative Charge" was introduced as an up-front fee of \$250 in 1987.

In 1988 The Higher Education Funding Act, which is the legislative framework for HECS managed to make its way through both houses of parliament. There was a uniform fee for degrees no matter what subject a student was studying.

1997 the Howard Government and the Education Minister Dr David Kemp introduced Differential HECS- a framework still used today. Its affect - three different 'bands' of HECS, which differ depending on what degree a student is studying (band 1 being the lowest and band 3 being the highest). Band 1 includes degrees such as Nursing and Teaching, band 2 includes Architecture and Chemical Engineering, and Band 3 includes Medicine and Law. The fault with Differential HECS is that it is based on estimated earnings not actual earnings. Many people who study Law for example will never grace the courts, instead choosing to teach legal studies in High Schools. They will never see that estimated pay package of a lawyer.

In 1998 the University of Adelaide introduced up-front full-fee paying places for undergraduate students. This move allowed students who could afford to pay for their education but were slightly under qualified academically to enrol in a course on an up-front fee paying basis. When talks began in

1997 about up-front full-fee places (which cost thousands of dollars each) the Students' Association of the time were heavily opposed to it. The Students' Association President of 1997, Amrita Dasvarma stated in a media release:

Students and Academics have continuously raised grave concerns with the access and equity issues arising from the up-front fees proposal which is the thin edge of the wedge towards a user-pays system of higher education... The Vice-Chancellor has declared that she is against fees and is only introducing them to replace funding which the Coalition have taken away.

The move to up-front full-fees raised many concerns for Students about equity and academic credibility of the University of Adelaide on a whole. There is no doubt that by allowing a less academic student circumvent the entrance procedures for this university the administrators were allowing the academic rigour of the institution to be cut down. By allowing a wealthy student to take the place of a gifted student the University forgot their moral and social responsibilities and lowered the standards that this University prides itself on.

In 2001 we saw the introduction of PELS- the Post-Graduate Education Loans Scheme. This saw the introduction of full fee paying places for Post-Graduate Study. At the time Student Organisations around the country were heavily opposed this scheme as it yet again fosters marginalisation and inequity by restricting opportunities for those from low SES backgrounds to continue their university education.

Although the cost to students rose significantly after 1996, the National Tertiary Education Industry Union found that:

Between 1996 and 2003 (in 2003 dollars), students paid on average \$2,137 more toward the cost of a Government subsidised place than they did in 1996, and universities received \$1740 less per student in 2003 than they did in 1996. Therefore in terms of government subsidised university places it is true to say that students are paying more while universities are receiving less.

In late 2003 the Howard Government continued its attacks on Tertiary Education with Education Minister Brendan Nelson's Backing Australia's Future. Amongst a raft of changes affecting students, this Legislation has allowed universities to increase students' HECS by 25% for degrees commenced from 2005. HECS has been absorbed into what is now called the Higher Education Help Program and is now known as HECS-Help for both continuing and new students in 2005. Students now have a seven-year time limit for completing degrees before the government ceases to fund their HECS-Help places, after which they must pay full up-front fees. The number of up-front full-fee paying students that universities are allowed to have has been increased to 30% of undergraduate students. The former PELS system has also been engulfed by these changes. Under the new system undergraduate full-fee paying and Post-Graduate students can apply for a \$50000 loan from the government (FEE-Help), however this barely covers the costs of most courses and students are then forced to find commercial loans to complete their education. These courses also attract a higher level of interest than a HECS-Help place.

The University of Adelaide took the opportunity to increase HECS by 25% in the Mid-Semester break of 2004. This process had minimal student input. The University Administration went to great lengths to pretend they welcomed student contributions, but simultaneously did everything they could to stop students from participation in the decision. They held the meeting out of term time; they changed the location of the meeting with no notice, and then prevented student access to the meeting when the usual practise is that any general student can attend.

What Students' of the University of Adelaide need to monitor is where this extra 25% income is being spent. It needs

to be spent on better facilities for students, lowering staff student ratios and improving the standard of learning. It should not be spent on marketing campaigns.

The architect of HECS, Bruce Chapman argued at the time that HECS was introduced that:

If you charge up-front fees, poor students will not get in. They will not be able to borrow without a guarantor or without assets, and the reason they will not be able to borrow is that banks will not give them loans where essentially there is no saleable collateral. We do not have slavery. You might like to introduce slavery and you would solve that problem. But in the absence of slavery, banks will not lend because you cannot lend what it is if you default on a loan. It is not like a house. The bank is annoyed if you default on a mortgage, but it can always sell the house so there is a transaction cost. But they cannot sell human capital.

Even today, due to this factor many potential students choose not to partake in tertiary studies. Compounded with the 25% HECS increase Australia is left with the result of falling demand for university places. This year the demand for university places dropped across the nation, with applications down by 3782 in Queensland, 2458 in NSW-ACT, 2130 in Western Australia, 1,873 in Victoria, 1080 in South Australia, 577 in Tasmania and 223 in the Northern Territory.

As a society we need to have universal access to education to ensure that our hospitals, schools, public service and infrastructure development is staffed by academic leaders who have been granted the best possible education. Not merely the education that is affordable to them.

Jessica Cronin

Education Vice President
Students' Association of the University of Adelaide

1. Hastings, G. 'Expansion Without Equity', National Union of Students, 2002.
2. Harrison, P. 'A short anthology of HECS and Fees', Students' Association of the University of Adelaide, 2000
3. Media Release, 'Mary O'Kane Reneges on Promise... Up Front Fee to be Introduced!', Students' Association of the University of Adelaide, 1997
4. Media Release, 'Angry students hit out at Adelaide Uni up-front fee plan', National Union of Students, 13th June 1997
5. National Tertiary Education Industry Union, 'Students Pay (Even) More. Universities Get (Even) Less. An Analysis' 7.5 4 Briefing Paper
6. Maiden, S. 'Drop in demand for unis', 5th Feb 2005

The 3Rs, Crit Lit, and Values in Schools

By Russel Marks

With the vast majority of the State's children now completing Year 12, it is perhaps worthwhile to note that the first government high school was only opened during the first decade of the twentieth century. It's not all that long ago. Phil Cormack notes that this 'was a period when there was much debate and discussion about what to do with the older child who was staying on at primary school beyond the Class IV compulsory standard or who was leaving school once they turned 13 to go into work in a changing employment landscape'.¹ "Free" state primary schooling had itself only been established since 1875.

The Senior Secondary Assessment Board of South Australia (SSABSA) is the State Government authority responsible for writing and overseeing curriculum for Year 11 and 12 students. As the majority of readers will be aware, Years 11 and 12 – the "post-compulsory" years of school education – are together known as SACE, or the South Australian Certificate of Education.

In recent years, SSABSA has attempted to introduce the concept of "critical literacy" into all South Australian secondary schools through revised curriculum statements (once called "syllabuses"). The new SACE Literacy Strategy, due for implementation on the first day of Voluntary Student Unionism in Australian Universities (1 January 2006), expressly defines "literacy

as "the ability to understand, analyse, critically respond to, and create spoken, written, and visual communications, and use information communication technologies, in different contexts". The South Australian Curriculum Standards and Accountability (SACSA) Framework's definition echoes SSABSA's.

This definition of 'literacy' is contentious, perhaps even controversial, to the extent that it is far narrower than the 'traditional' view of literacy, as merely the ability to read and write. It is doubtful whether 'critical literacy' was ever unimportant; now, at least as much as in any other period in history, the ability to be critical of information and opinions is of vital significance – and not just for students going on to commence a Bachelor of Arts and then look for a career in academia.

Indeed, as Australian society is thrust further into the confusion of the Information Age, the ability to identify the interests and agendas of authors and organizations is invaluable. Some, such as Ian McAllister of ANU, argue that such an ability assists individuals to become more active members of society. McAllister uses the phrase "politically knowledgable",² which doesn't just mean knowledgable about the current makeup of the Cabinet and who the deputy Opposition leader is. The study of 'politics' is, at its broadest, the study of power



Here's what the kids had to say about critical literacy

relationships between and among members of a society.

Without critical literacy skills, individuals are sponges, passively accepting all information to which they are exposed. The ability to recognise interests, agendas and biases empowers individuals, in that it contributes to their status as stakeholders in society. For instance, the ability to infer just what is going on when the Premier mouths off against 'paedophiles and mass murderers', or when the Prime Minister declares triumphantly that 'we will decide who comes to this country and the circumstances in which they will come', empowers individuals, enhances their citizenship standing, and, at the risk of sounding trite, improves our democracy. According to the authors of a 1966 text entitled *Voting*, "the democratic citizen is expected to be well informed about political affairs".³

To provide an example of critical literacy in the 'real world', a friend of mine, who was intending to vote Greens in both Houses at last October's federal election, began paying attention to the scare campaign organised by John Howard's Liberals, and propagated by commercial talkback radio and Channels 7 and 9. Having reached a stage at which she had changed her mind for the reasons outlined by Howard & Co, she stopped, contacted the Australian Greens, accessed wider media, and realigned herself to her original intentions. Undoubtedly her BA in History had provided enough insulation against the propaganda. We wonder about how to overcome the power of propaganda, and this anecdote provides a perfect example of the much greater power of the ability to analyse one's world critically.

SSABSA's concern for the state of our civic culture is expressed in its 2004-05 Mission Statement: "to provide a SACE for all students that is personally enriching and prepares students

for lifelong learning and active citizenship in a local and global environment". On this point, it finds an ally in the federal Minister for Education, Science and Training (MEST), Dr Brendan Nelson. On his Department's *Discovering Democracy* website, Nelson declares that "our democracy depends on informed participation"...⁴ the irony being, perhaps, that 'informed citizens' tend not to align themselves with present narrow-conservative 'Liberal' [sic] values! And if that statement seems contentious and invites debate, well, then, great! – debate is essentially what critical literacy is attempting to achieve. (Surely anything's better than first-year Commerce and Engineering students walking past the Barr Smith Lawns the day after VSU legislation was introduced into Federal Parliament, not knowing anything about student unionism, and declaring that 'protesting is not my thing'. And while I'm ranting, if anybody is willing to argue that requiring students to pay \$163.35 in redistributive services fees every semester is more onerous and less equitable than requiring students to pay full, up-front university fees worth thousands of dollars, as Dr Nelson suggests, then please – I want to read your argument in the Letters page.)

The problem with introducing "new" values (such as 'critical literacy') to an established education system is that the system and its agents will invariably be resistant to change. The system, whose chief influences remain the Industrial Revolution (the production of heterogeneous products) and Victorian Puritanism and blind obedience, does not lend itself well to ideas like inquiry, scepticism, empowerment (of students) and resistance. Hand-in-hand with 'critical literacy' goes a curriculum statement that is less authoritarian than a traditional, dot-point 'Thou Shalt Know' list of what will be in the end-of-year exam. However,

CRITICAL LITERACY ON THE LAWNES

Vapid Conversations Taken Out of Context #1

In the interest of exposing the increasing vacuousness of students at this university, *On Dit* will present a series of the most vapid conversations overheard on campus.

These are real conversations, transcribed as close to verbatim as possible. To kick off the series, here's a short but mind-numbing tête-à-tête about everyday gender politics (names changed to protect the innocent):

"Jack and Paul are being mean to me for, like, no reason."

"As if. Those guys, like, can't be mean."

"Yeh-huh. They were totally being mean... I think it was because I said Paul looked like a girl."

"That might be it."

"I mean, he was holding his bag like this."

"So?"

"You just, like, don't do that."

For shame, people. Your life is more than one long episode of *Seinfeld*. Until conversations start turning to the land of subjects that will affect the world we are about to inherit, *On Dit* hereby reserves the right to print your banal private conversations for all to see.

for teachers, the vast majority of whom have been educated and trained in a draconian system that privileged memory-based learning by rote, encountering a curriculum statement that is less descriptive, more flexible and aims to empower the students, the particular classroom and the teacher, can be daunting.

SSABSA's 2003 evaluation of SACE Media subjects uncovered teachers' concerns on this precise issue. While "[a]ll of the teachers at the forum agreed on the importance of retaining the flexibility of the Curriculum Statement so that teachers have control over the emphasis that they place on the practical and analytical components of the course", they nevertheless "explained that the Curriculum Statement lacks clarity and precision" and "there is little useful guidance on how to develop a program or assessment plan".¹ This sounds like those teachers were presented with a statement from SSABSA, which they felt they had to agree with, but then had their own reservations they wanted to express. And this form of criticism from teachers is certainly not restricted to the Media subjects.

Indeed, the gulf between SSABSA and SACSA statements, which can be determined in a board meeting, and the values and practices of teachers 'in the field', may be widening. The SACSA Framework wants to "develop learners who recognise that their own lives and lifestyles are inseparable from wider systems", and "who are active in shaping local and global communities". In explaining these statements, the Framework suggests that "this means...learners... understanding...what is needed for sustainable social and physical environments" and "acting to benefit their communities". While I agree wholeheartedly with these statements, it must be recognised that there are entire industries out there (mining and oil, for instance) that would disagree with ideas surrounding sustainability, and many 'conservatives' who would deny that they live in an 'interdependent' world. To me, these views appear irrational, but the difficulties associated with attempting to 'impose' a cultural shift from above must be recognised, particularly when many of those employed as teachers (or 'learning facilitators') may fundamentally disagree with the imposed values.

Raymond Gaita recently published a criticism of current government culture,⁵ to which Paul Kelly, Editor-at-Large of Murdoch's broadsheet *The Australian*, has responded.⁶ Gaita accused governments – and in particular John Howard's – of being 'mendacious', to which Kelly replied that Howard's lies and half-

truths can be excused, because he's essentially governed the country well, and anyway, lying is part of politics. Kelly argued that the majority of Australians appreciated the nuances of political goings on, and that those in academia and quality media didn't fully understand the situation. This, to me, seems like Kelly has it arse up. My uncle, who votes Liberal, wants to know why, when he purchases land, he can't exploit it for all it's worth. My friend, who votes Liberal, hasn't ever heard of Baxter. My aunt, who votes Liberal, gets all her information from Bob Francis. My friend, who votes Labor, voted for Chris Gallus (former Liberal Member for Hindmarsh) in the 2001 election because "the Lower House doesn't really count". If people really were critically engaging in Australian society, why would they read *The Advertiser*, watch *Border Patrol* and read Di Morrissey?

The values SSABSA is attempting to implement are, in my view, admirable. They would enable teachers to adapt curriculum to the specific circumstances of their own classrooms, and empower students, not just by giving them ownership over their own learning, but by awakening in them a skepticism and an interest in civics that could only benefit society as a whole. Sadly, that very idea – that we are all part of an interdependent world – seems to have been labelled "socialist" (and hence rejected) in this era of rampant corporatism and managerialism, in which we blindly follow the short-term dictates of economy and profit, ignoring the fact that it is an ideology that is destroying our health and wellbeing. Perhaps "interdependence" and "critical literacy" are the 'values' the Prime Minister was talking about during last year's Election campaign...

(Footnotes)

¹ SSABSA, 'A report on the evaluation of Stage 1 Media Studies and Stage 2 Media Production and Analysis', October 2003, at 5.

(Endnotes)

¹ Cormack, 'Schooling adolescence: The student subject of post-primary education in early twentieth century South Australia', paper presented at the Australian Association for Research 2001 Conference, 2-6 December 2001, Fremantle. It is worth noting that Cormack was then stationed at the Centre for Literacy, Policy and Learning Cultures at the UniSA campus on Holbrooks Road, Underdale, which is now in the process of being transmogrified into a riverside housing estate, thanks to a ridiculous course of events 27 years after Dunstan opened Adelaide's first western suburbs University campus.

² Ian McAllister (1998) 'Civic education and political knowledge in Australia', 33(1) *Aust J Poli Sci* 7.

³ BR Berelson, PF Lazarsfeld, and WN McPhee, *Voting* (Chicago: U of C, 1966) at 308.

⁴ <http://www.curriculum.edu.au/democracy/index.htm>

⁵ Raimond Gaita (2004) 'Breach of trust: Truth, morality and politics', 16 *Quarterly Essay* 1.

⁶ Paul Kelly (2005) 'Breach of trust: Correspondence', 17 *Quarterly Essay* 86.



THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE AUSTRALIA

Advertisement

STUDENT BODY HAS UNI'S SUPPORT

The University of Adelaide and the Adelaide University Union (AUU) today re-affirmed the role and importance of student organisations to the overall educational experience at the University. This joint statement comes in the wake of proposed legislation that will make student union payments voluntary.

Professor James McWha, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Adelaide, said the University and the AUU have a strong working relationship in providing services to students.

"This has been practically demonstrated over the past few years with the following initiatives which may be threatened under the proposed Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU): Sports Hub facility established on campus; 24 hour computer suite in the Union Building; Thebarton sports training venue and Student Accident Insurance," he said.

"There are a number of opportunities for further synergies between the University and the AUU. These include consolidation of staffing for student services at remote campuses, establishment of a gym at Roseworthy and the provision of facilities and catering for external conferences.

"The University will continue to support the student body by minimising any negative impacts of the proposed legislation," Professor Mc Wha said.

Professor McWha said that there has been considerable strategic planning between the AUU and University.

"The University and AUU have commissioned research to determine the extent of student opinions with respect to services offered by both organisations.

"The AUU has been successfully reviewing its operations and structure over the last past three years, with a view to focusing on the core services offered, before VSU was even a threat. The University is also reviewing the core services it offers to students," he said.

Professor McWha said the University aims to ensure that it is regarded as the University of choice for students.

"A distinguishing mark of the University of Adelaide is the campus culture and it is this culture and the provision of services to students that has been achieved through a partnership between the University and the AUU," he said.

The University also acknowledges the contribution made by the AUU to the student experience. Founded in 1885, it is a separately incorporated body, which is enshrined in the University of Adelaide Act 1971.

Currently a number of the student services on campus are provided by the AUU. These include the provision of food outlets, meeting rooms, stationery and textbooks, a childcare subsidy for students in need, legal services, employment services and welfare services.

Also, the AUU supports a number of affiliated bodies, who deal with postgraduate students, international students, students on remote campuses, and other activities including many sporting clubs. They also provide students with advocacy and political representation provided by the Students Association.

AUU General Manager, Ms Carmel Noon, said its commercial operations are not subsidised by the Student Services Fee and provides food and beverage outlets across the three campuses of North Terrace, Waite and Roseworthy.

"Our operation returns profits to the students via upgrades to facilities, implementation of new services, and discounted textbooks via the UniBooks outlets," she said.

AUU President, Ms Jennifer Turner said the AUU has been extremely proactive since late 2004 on the issue of VSU.

"We formed a VSU Steering Committee with the University of Adelaide in order to co-operate with the University and have a communication link to the Vice-Chancellor on the issue of VSU. We have been preparing ourselves so that students are not disadvantaged if the legislation is implemented," she said.



The wind is changing in the VSU debate, and it's about time. We all knew it was coming, the government had said so. Ever since the government knew that they would have absolute power come July 1st they have been talking about re-introducing so called 'Voluntary Student Unionism'. What surprised many of us in the student movement was how early it came and how extreme it was.

On the 16th of March the government introduced the worst possible legislation that we could have thought of. Not only was it full blown VSU, nor as many of us had hoped the more sane version of Voluntary Student Representation, it was VSU and then some. The legislation was essentially the same as it has been every other time they've attempted to introduce it, but this time it had a punishment clause. In exchange for universities trying to collect a fee or even trying to fund services that are needed by students, they would be fined, heavily for doing so.

In the weeks after this, basically every major stakeholder in the Universities has spoken out against VSU. National Student Organisations of all kinds, such as the Australian University Sports Organisation, and The National Union of Students. Staff Unions, such as the Australian Education Union and the National Tertiary Education Union. University bodies such as the Australian Vice Chancellors Committee, and the GO8. Political parties such as the Greens, Democrats, Labor, and even One Nation. The only group that has been supporting this is the Federal Coalition government and in the last few weeks, the first cracks have begun to appear there too.

National Party Senator-elect Barnaby Joyce, the Senator that will give the Coalition a majority in the senate, last week predicted that the governments contentious plan to ban Universal Student Unionism will be changed. This is great news, and it comes at the same time as the University has very publicly acknowledged its support for the various student organizations here at Adelaide. The University and the Vice-Chancellor should be applauded for their courage. So too should the few Coalition Senators and MP's that have voiced their concern at the total lack of thought that has been put into this legislation, and what the real implications will be.

So what are the real implications of ending Universal Student Unionism? Well, I can tell you that it is about a lot more than just sausage rolls. It is about the survival of student services and student organizations that have existed for over 100 years. Even through Brendan Nelson has reduced VSU to a simple comparison of sausage rolls prices, and how the free market can supposedly provide them cheaper, there is a lot more to it. In fact, the irony is that under VSU sausage rolls will actually be more

expensive at Adelaide University as we will have to raise the prices to cover costs.

The reality is that if the levy that is currently charged to all students fairly is abolished, what will happen is that many of the services and organizations which operate now will cease to exist, or will be radically changed. It's simple, if you have roughly 14,000 students at Adelaide Uni and you give them the option of paying for the services that almost all of them will use at one point or another, we would be lucky if 10% of them joined. You simply can't pay for the maintenance of the assets and facilities that we currently have, which run into the tens of millions if only 1400 people are paying. It will

bring about an end to many of the services that we provide, it will force us to charge way more for any of the services that do survive and it will be incredibly unfair to the people who do pay.

What the government fails to realise is that we are a community. When you come to university you become part of a community that has certain needs. We are like a local council and the student union is like a local government. We charge a levy to all members of this community so that certain services can be provided to that community. Employment services, sporting fields, personal accident insurance, 24 hour computer rooms, academic advocacy, representation and campus culture. You may not use all of these services, or even agree that some of them should be provided. But just like government, you pay your taxes irrespective of whether you use all of the services that the government provides. To use the local government analogy, just because you own a car does not mean that you shouldn't have pay your rates because you object to it being spent to build bus shelters? You pay your taxes even if you don't use every service provided by government. The same should be true of the university community, and almost everyone agrees with this principle. No one wants to pay taxes but for civilisations sake we pay them. No one wants to pay their student services fee, but for the sake of universities not becoming cold, and harsh degree factories we need to pay them, and ensure they are payed by all universally.

The introduction of VSU will be devastating for student organizations and for the quality of education that we all receive. It is important now more than ever for students to voice their opposition to this, and to promote the truth about VSU whenever they can. We all need to get behind the campaign that the Student Association is running against VSU. As we have seen in the last week, our ability to change

VSU. Bad for Me. Bad for You.

Any of you who were down on the lawns last Thursday (17 March, happy St Pat's!) would have noticed something was going on. There was a rally to protest against the inevitable VSU legislation that will cripple our beloved Union and student associations. I'm sure that you all have at least the faintest idea about what VSU issue I don't want to harp on that stuff in particular, but I wanted to bring up another reason why our current Liberal government might want to bring in such destructive policy.

For a long time the 'left' of politics has made up the student activist movement and have actively campaigned and lobbied the government on various issues and to varying degrees of success. Most recent were the anti-war rallies (admittedly, not entirely made up of students but there were a lot of us there), anti HECS campaigns and less notably the fight against the removal of the ETSS (Education Textbook Subsidy Scheme). But in the past student run protests have been very influential in changing policy and implementing social change for anything from aboriginal rights to education, social welfare, nuclear warfare and conscription (in the Vietnam days).

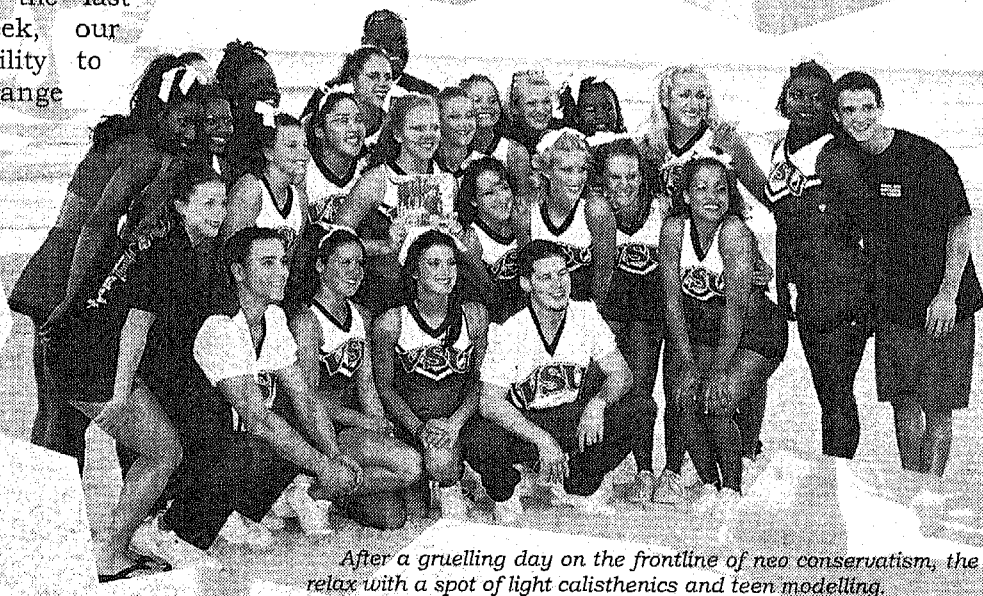
What I'm trying to point out is students have a voice and that voice is normally 'left'. As a Liberal who wouldn't want to shut us up. VSU legislation will shut down student run organisations all over the country; as a result it will silence a voice that for decades has been heard with volume and clarity. It would be a shame for Australian society to lose this voice when it has been so influential in the past.

If you walked down to Parliament House on Thursday, or eat in the Union catering outlets, or use the computer suite, or just give a damn about campus culture come down to the SAUA (Students Association) in the Lady Symon building which is in the Cloisters and ask anyone in there . . . "Why are Student Organisations more important than the price of a sausage roll?"

James Byrne

this legislation is there, it will be changed there is no doubt about that. I fundamentally believe that the extent to which this legislation will be watered down is limited only by our ability to run a strong and effective campaign. The Student's Association needs you to get involved in this campaign, for student representation at the University of Adelaide will not exist in 2006 unless the legislation is changed.

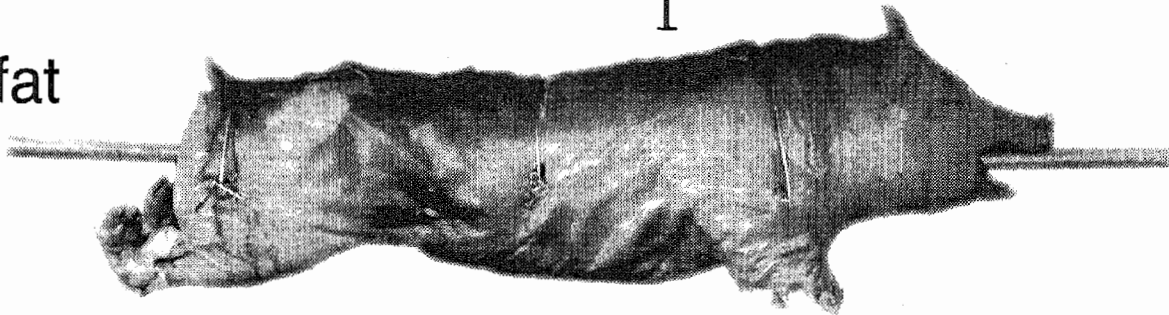
By David Pearson - SAUA President.



After a gruelling day on the frontline of neo conservatism, the VSU squad liked to relax with a spot of light calisthenics and teen modelling.

VSU: like Liposuction for Thin People

On Dit cuts through the fat of the Unionism Debate



THE (NOW PURELY ACADEMIC) ARGUMENT

The initially very powerful argument for Voluntary Student Unionism is that anything that forces one to be involved (financially and by association) to any particular organisation runs contrary to the ideals of individual freedom of association (or non-association) that are fundamental to our small 'l' liberal society. Particularly appalling is that we are compelled to subsidise activities and organizations that may be the antithesis of our personal beliefs or preferences.

For my part I couldn't care less if the football club existed or not, seeming to be an entirely private pursuit to which there is no reason why those who participate should not pay, as they would with any other suburban club. For the same reason I vehemently opposed Union catering (until it started breaking even) for offering subsidised food to lasy bastards who just couldn't be bothered making a sandwich in the morning. While for every part of the Union I'd prefer not to fund there are an equal number that I do benefit from or participate in. However this is not true for all students, particularly those who are socially inept or cliquy.

Immediately though, it's possible to find a great many instances in broader society where we are compelled to act against our free will: seat belts, compulsory voting, funding of the major political parties' election campaigns (something that does not occur with Union elections) to name a few. While more than a few Liberals would advocate scraping the contentious idea of compulsory voting, the funding of political parties is crucial to maintaining the integrity and accessibility of our democratic system. If we value democracy as much as the successful proliferation of patriotic rhetoric suggests then we also whole heartedly commit ourselves to maintenance of it, which requires taxation of various kinds.

The most used argument in retaining compulsory student fees is the idea that they are a kind of tax for services provided and one can't avoid paying taxes in the real world so why should we shirk paying a university tax that goes towards services for students in hardship or those with mitigating circumstances (eg. student loans, legal service, childcare etc). If you can honestly say that you'd prefer to take your good fortune and run rather than helping those less fortunate (one of the main functions of society) then perhaps you should be able to avoid contributing, having already admitted to being one so wretched and callous that you are perhaps fit for the state of nature that exists outside the bonds of society.

Anyway, while the Liberal party is of course in favour of minimal taxation there is no way of eliminating tax all together, particularly if the government wishes to have any number of the toy soldiers it is so fond of at the moment. At any rate, the current Liberal government, despite all its ideology, seems to have no problem accumulating other people's money in practice.

The more appropriate argument against abolishing student unionism is in part to do with the reason why taxation in general is compulsory - an issue called the free rider problem. Self explanatory enough. Of course the vast majority of people will try to avoid paying their student services fee as they do with income tax and GST (though the latter often involves

explicit stealing unless you have an accountant), indeed industries have been built around the practice. The problem is not that the person is not supporting a certain service because they don't use it but more importantly that they reap the advantages that are forged by those that do pay.

For instance, I spent some time working at Holdens where Unionism is voluntary. Out of the thousands of workers at the plant only six were not members of the Union. There's a pretty good reason for it (apart from the very burly Union boss) being that the union participates in enterprise bargaining and wins pay rises for all employees. Those who don't pay their Union fee would simply be leeching off of the rest of the work force and would have a very difficult time looking anyone else in the eye. The only possible reason for not joining would be if the pay rises and other benefits were not above the cost of membership. The point is, not only is it unfair that some should pay for advantages that are enjoyed by all but that pretty soon enough people believe that they can receive the same service and avoid paying, that the service quickly falls down. While some of the services offered by the Union could easily be justified as user pays, a few of the most important are enjoyed by the student body in general.

SO WHAT WOULD I PAY FOR?

Whilst each particular club may seem irrelevant to you the fact that, because the Union's infrastructure is available as a nexus, a myriad of different groups and a multitude of related events, there exists a definite vibrancy that just isn't felt at say, the City West UniSA campus. It is something that a few may pay for to participate but almost everyone has the opportunity to enjoy in a broader sense. The fact that I can walk past the foyer of the uni bar and get a glimpse of a dozen or so people frenetically hopping about table tennis tables as if in training for some obscure Australasian Games is worth something to me. That once a year the Society for Creative Anachronism will joust on the lawns in full armour or that I can without commitment fraternise with the German Club and pretend speak to the language in my mashed grammar is something I would pay for. \$300? Not likely, but we'll get to that later.

Union catering seemed to be irrelevant at first, why not just privatise it and not have to worry?

As long as it is well managed it seems to make no loss and therefore offers a unique opportunity. For almost no cost it is one of the bonuses of Union membership that you have enough access to influence how that outlet is run and if you take just a little time you can help tailor it to be more responsive to your desires. It is as if you pay five dollars each year to be able to tell Coles to stock your favourite products or increase opening hours (or reduce packaging if you're an environmentalist) in a situation where you are not drowned out by millions of other consumers or out weighed financially by other stockholders. Such an opportunity is rarely available in the commercial world and is something I would pay something for.

The most important function of the Union

however - the union part of the union - is representation 'against' the university and is most vulnerable to the VSU for some of the reasons stated above. The crux of student representation for me at least, has always been at the office of the EWO's (Education and Welfare Officers). They are student reps in the most traditional sense and one of the forms of non-political (in as much as their job can be) representation. Handling all manner of grievances and needy students, I cannot stress how valuable these people are. On so many occasions myself and any number of my friends have seen the EWO's 'go into bat' for them, swinging the invaluable experience kept up in their wise old heads. Chris Gent for instance has worked for Centrelink and has the kind of inside information that can get you through the organisation's sticky labyrinth.

They are also the very kind of 'service' that simply cannot be funded by the University. So while Brendon Nelson has sensibly threatened to fine universities if they do not maintain student services given their extra HECS revenue, University money tends to muzzle such a service, defeating its intended purpose. Under VSU it's a service I would pay a great deal for, perhaps a sixth of my current Union fee and while it could work as a user pays system, and one would be pretty foolish not to take out such an insurance, there will inevitably be those who risk it. The nature of the service is unlikely to withstand erratic funding.

The second kind of representation is similar to that which I experienced at Holdens and involves an elected student rep lobbying the university on a variety of issues that the vast majority of student would consider to be to their advantage. For instance reducing tute sizes, lowering fees or increasing quality, reforming archaic syllabuses, incorporating course readers into HECS etc. It is only political in so far as commenting in regards government activities which affect these kind of student concerns. Provided information and communication is kept open between this kind of student rep and the student body in general there's no reason why a good deal of unity of opinion can't be assumed over various issues. Something that is extremely difficult to obtain on issues like the environment, sexuality etc. Despite the fact that these services are not (party) political they are ineffective if funded by the uni and effectively destroyed by VSU. The government push for complete VSU is an indication not only of their (sometimes underhand) hostility towards Labour dominated student politics but also there much more general attack on the ability of groups of people to influence businesses or organisations that they are almost unavoidably a part of.

Daniel Joyce

Well now that the boring stuff's outta the way you're gonna have to wait till next edition before we carve up the hog, and slash and burn the Union, figuratively speaking. Deciding which bits are the good fat, and which are just clogging the arteries.

STRANGER THAN FACTION...

jiminy krikkitt



Criticism of John Hunt the Coward has been all over the place these past few years, as it should be: he is Prime Minister, after all. But it's something of a first to see it on the front page of *The Australian*. Specifically, last Thursday's issue, under the headline "PM bucks world with tax hikes".

Apparently, we're paying too much in tax. More exactly, while the percentage of income going on all the strange and wonderful species of tariffs, tithes and tolls added together is about the same here as in New Zealand, in Britain and the USA (around 20% for the average dual-income-with-woman-underpaid couple) Oz is the only country where that figure is more than what people were paying nine years ago. You know, when they voted out Paul Keating for not being able to handle the economy properly. Ah, the faintly rancid smell of irony.

The Coward is on the record as saying he doesn't mind being criticised, as long as it's from the Right: "It keeps me honest," he says. No, that wasn't a typo. Honest John Howard (named in the same great Aussie spirit which calls short people Lofty, priests God-botherers and Delta Goodrem talented) said he was honest and his nose didn't grow an inch, nor did he burst into flame, nor did the universe cease to exist in sheer disbelief. How people can believe there is a loving, merciful God out there when shit like this goes on is beyond the comprehension of this columnist. But I digress: it's not just journos who are complaining. Granted, it looks like most of the wet wing of the Liberal Party quit in disgust to write bitter rants for crikey.com.au, but most of the female MPs and quite a few of the male ones left over were happy to remind Abbott, Boswell and Co.'s anti-abortion crusaders of the value of leaving well alone, and at least a few of their colleagues find themselves inexplicably unable to control their nasty hacking coughs

whenever stories like the aforementioned one on tax in *The Australian* come up.

Of course, Coward and Costello have a simple answer to the tax attacks: blame it all on the state governments. Not least because (a) they have all those lovely takings from the GST, given to the states but collected by the feds, and (b) they're all safely in the hands of the ALP, and will be for the foreseeable future as the state opposition parties suck harder and harder. (If you can't even beat Geoff bloody Gallop, it doesn't matter whether you try to build a canal to Broome or recruit a whole fuckin' premiership's worth of champion footballers, you're beyond help). Of course, the federal Labor Party isn't looking much better. So the Coward Cabinet's reaction is to, wherever possible, take the responsibilities of state governments (health and education, mostly) into the Federal sphere. This is going against one of the last policy pillars of the Liberal Party - federalism - that its founders back in 1945 would have recognised; in fact, the last government to be so bent on building up power in Canberra at the expense of the states was that of a certain E.G. Whitlam.

So what does all this prove? Well, jack shit really. The most plausible rumour for getting rid of the Rodent anytime soon that I've heard is the one about him getting nominated for President of the World Trade Organisation (hey, it worked for the Kiwis) and leaving Abbott and Costello to squabble it out; that is, the Rodent goes up and out rather than down. But it's still good to see there's still so much criticism coming. It shows that Howard's position isn't quite as impregnable as it might look... which, granted, is rather like saying that Prince Charles isn't quite as unattractive as he seems at first glance, but hey, it's nice to have some hope that the light at the end of the tunnel isn't the oncoming Abbott Express.

Human pride and the shallow comfort of religion



Humans are an odd species.

Perhaps this is not a particularly original or enlightening statement, but it seems to me a relevant one.

Humans are obviously unique in many ways. One element that separates us from other species is our tendency towards faith and religion (which no doubt spawns from our incessant desire to comprehend our surroundings). But central to the belief systems of nearly all religions seems to be that humans lie in the centre of the universe, that the world is just an instrument for our exploitation, that it is provided and created for us alone. This is obvious, but need it be so?

The reality is... humans are utterly obsessed with themselves, which no doubt stems from our acute awareness of ourselves, our lives, futures and ends. But why is it, as such an intelligent species, we find it so hard to comprehend the reality of our insignificance?

The simple answer perhaps, is that we don't want to. It seems that we are utterly petrified of accepting the truth, that each of us is but a drop in the massive ocean of space and time. Human beings want to be remembered, to leave behind a legacy.

This is why religion is such an attractive concept. It is a powerful force. We see this everywhere: Paradise community church ads, Mel Gibson movies, anti-abortion protests, terrorists. Faith is contenting and assuring and comfortable. More than anything it is certain. Amidst all change and fear and insecurity, religion prevails as a definite force (something

that people can rely on to give them strength when all else fails).

But this alone is not the only attraction of religion. Immortality, a salient element of many religions is an intensely reassuring concept to believe in. But this seems to me, merely a convenient illusion. Knowing that we'll live forever excuses us from living today. It assures us that we'll all exist in the afterlife, that we'll meet one another again and finish what was started.

Undoubtedly faith is far-reaching, it's life changing. But blind faith is surely just a commitment to ignorance.

And yes, ignorance may well be bliss. But surely there are greater things that we can aspire to.

Rejecting religion appears to have such frightening consequences that this alone seems to be an argument against it. When we accept that humans are not special or removed from the basic processes of the environment and the fight for survival, there seem to be some scary implications. Social Darwinism seems a natural consequence.

But why should it be? Just because humans, and indeed our alleged hierarchal superiority, are the product of evolution does not mean that evolution is good or right or justifiable. It certainly does not justify action to achieve it. If the atrocities of the Nazi era have taught us anything this should certainly be it.

Why is it so incomprehensible that people might act good for good's sake itself? Indeed it seems an intense hypocrisy that the Right is so vocal about religion and morality, and yet

it is the Left (which is implicitly atheist) that believes more strongly in providing support for the less able. Indeed, the less controlled market model supported by the Right strongly resembles the type of survivalist, strong over weak society that Darwinian thought would propose.

The most wonderful element of the Left is the desire to help others and work towards a common good with no reward other than the end itself. This is a wonderful trait, and seems to me so much more admirable than doing good for fear of punishment or in pursuit of reward from some divine power.

Holding on to God and faith in the afterlife may be comforting, but in doing so we stand to lose so much more. When we accept that we are mere mortals, subject to the constraints and realities of all other animals, we are free to exist, without restrictive religious doctrine, to struggle towards our own standards of morality. We are also free to strive for good for good's sake alone and live our lives appreciating every single breath of life that we are lucky enough to have.

And on this note I would like to end with what Richard Dawkins says of giving up faith:

You stand to lose comforting delusions: you can no longer suck at the pacifier of faith and immortality. To set against that risk you stand to gain 'growth and happiness', the joy of knowing that you have grown up, faced up to what existence means; to the fact that it is temporary and all the more precious for it.

by Nerissa Schwarz

A Think-tank on Water Issues in the Adelaide Metropolitan Area and the Adelaide Hills

Two major hurdles in the plight for a sustainable future are raising awareness and broadening community education. Trapped between two major water sources, Adelaide residents have always been spoilt in relation to the supply and consumption of our State's most valuable resource. Whether the water is from the River Murray or the Adelaide Hills, most Adelaidians don't know and with their wet lips, showered bodies, and green lawns, have never had to care. "Times" however, are changing. Resources are thinning. And it is now or never for South Australians to develop a water conscious attitude and take an interest in the issue of water resources. As Adelaide 'Thinker in Residence' Peter Cullen noted, "There is a warm complacency among Adelaidians that they will just take more water from the Murray," or from "wasteful rice growers upstream . . . Just why 'wasteful' rice growers should destroy their community to support a 'wasteful' city is not quite so clear." (2004: 2)

In addition to awareness is the issue of community education. By taking an interest, South Australians have to know where and how our water is being consumed. If residents are aware that 40 - 55 percent of household water is used on the garden then perhaps they will be more conscious of when and how they water. If residents are aware of how much water they consume each day, and the options available to reduce this consumption, perhaps they will be more water conscious when buying a new washing machine, toilet, shower-head or sprinkler system. Awareness and education lie at the foundation of water issues in South Australia and local councils and governments need to intensify community education programs to propel a psychological shift towards water-minded living.

Residents need to be made aware of possible water-reduction schemes that can be activated in their area. They need to be kept up-to-date with developments in the field of water management, so they are aware of what systems would be efficient or inefficient in their district. For many residents, rainwater tanks are believed to be the only option for domestic water harvesting, and many will welcome the Rann Government's compulsory rainwater tank legislation that applies to all new houses from 2006, believing that Adelaide Metropolitan area is now 'doing its bit' towards saving the Murray. What many residents may not know is when brought down to value for money, which most schemes regarding 'a sustainable future' are, rainwater tanks are far less efficient than popular belief. For an approximate \$2000 outlay, residents can install their tank, interconnect it with mains water and save around 10% on their annual water bill. Many residents would be surprised to find this equates to a measly \$30 saving each year, meaning that in a period just shy of 7 decades the tank will have paid for itself, and residents can put that \$30 straight into their hip pocket! Of course this calculation does not incorporate costs of inflation and regular maintenance that will no doubt make the investment a little more modest than it appears above and perhaps it will be our children, or maybe grandchildren that decide to pull down the old rusty rainwater tank, for a minor cost, so it can be replaced with the latest and more efficient domestic water harvesting system recently put on the market.

Cynicism aside, the unfortunate truth is that

due to inconsistent rainfall in South Australia, rainwater tanks are not as efficient as they can be in NSW or Victoria, and will not play as big a role in developing sustainable water schemes. Rainwater tank rebates in parts of New South Wales, such as the Illawarra and Blue Mountains, are an efficient solution because the high rainfall means a water saving of almost 40 percent. Additionally, although a 10 percent water-use reduction in all new homes is a positive start, it only targets a small group of residents, and the question remains what more can be done by city-dwellers? If taking responsibility for our own water supply is the central theme, why should homebuilders be the only ones footing the bill?

Perhaps a monetary contribution to help local councils develop stormwater reuse schemes, or to install wastewater systems for local schools that have a much higher potential to save the freshwater they currently consume. In some areas it would be necessary to start with the basics and these contributions could go towards hiring water management experts that can create plans for the community's future and ensure that water efficiency is maximised.

A local council area in the east of Adelaide has adopted a stormwater tank scheme for homebuilders, which regulates the compulsory installation of 2kL tanks to capture and slow stormwater flow to the street and reduce the chance of flooding. This appears to be a golden opportunity to introduce a reuse scheme, and with the simple attachment of a tap on each tank, captured stormwater could be used on gardens or for other outdoor use. Understandably, the council has concerns regarding captured water not being used during winter, increasing rather than decreasing the chance of floods. The council banned the possibility of residents attaching taps to the tanks, inturn snubbing a grand opportunity for creative water management and innovative thinking. As the average household only needs a 1 kilolitre storage tank to maximise rainwater tank efficiency (because of S.A.'s inconsistent rainfall), the Council could easily regulate the interconnection of these tanks with the mains water supply, minimising flood-potential and maximising water efficiency. In addition, the hurdle of possible mains water contamination due to poor interconnection has already been tackled because the installation process is regulated and in many cases inspected.

These observations are in no way intended to spark scrutiny of councils and community groups that are taking an active role in water issues. The point is merely that in order to tackle water issues effectively, a psychological shift towards water-conscious living and planning must occur and in some cases we need the help of water management experts. This shift begins in institutions such as local councils and community groups that spark interest, raise questions, and establish standards within a district.

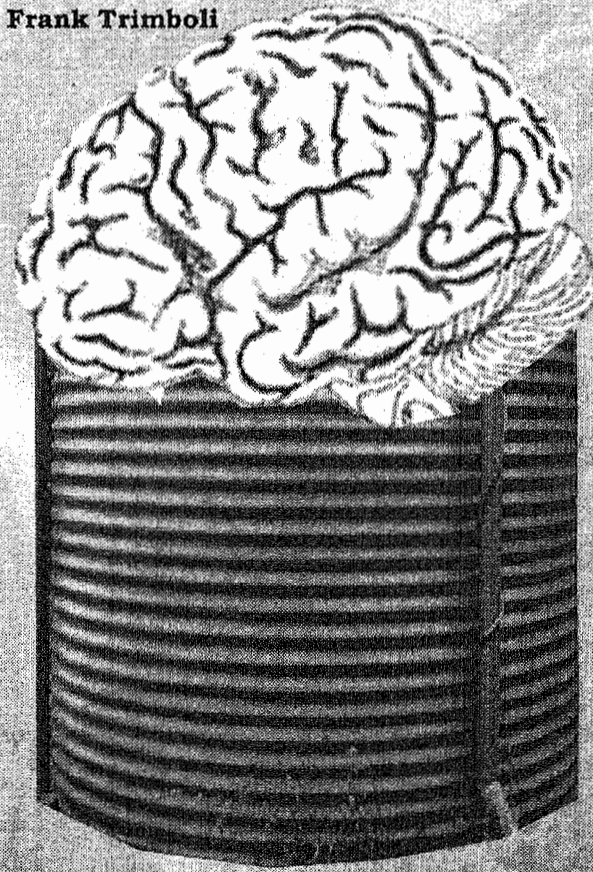
What may assist this 'psychological shift' is an increase in water prices. At the moment Adelaidians can pay as little as \$0.44 per kilolitre for water, and although no one welcomes an increase to basic human necessities, if water continues to be sold at bargain-basement prices, it will continue to be consumed accordingly. Perhaps the relatively low monetary savings from rainwater tanks has more to do with an undervalued product rather

than the high outlay of the tank itself. After all, if SA Water doubled their prices, we'd pay off those rainwater tanks twice as quick!

Secondly, if Adelaide Metropolitan area does succeed in reducing water consumption over the next 10 years, will this decrease the supply burden on the shoulders of the Adelaide Hills or is it more likely to minimise our reliance on the River Murray? There is much uncertainty regarding solutions to our River Murray problem, and until more is known our state government will surely protect the Adelaide Hills as the only alternative water source. This will most likely mean a hold on development, and a close look at current water management systems. No industries in the Adelaide Hills are in water shortage, and more water could merely provide development opportunities that will most likely be put on hold. It is also important to note that over the past 10 years there has been a dramatic increase in the Hills viticulture industry, as well as massive growth in residential and semi-rural development. This has adversely impacted on the environment, and on water supply & quality, and consideration must be given as to whether further development in this area will have long-term benefits for industry or residency. Ultimately, any reduced reliance on the River is a positive result for the Adelaide Hills and minimises the likelihood of more pressure being placed on their catchments. It may not result in more water and agricultural development in the short-term, but it may result in the stabilising of the status quo.

Also, as suggested by Peter Cullen in his discussion piece, *Making Waves: Water challenges for Adelaide in the 21st Century* (2004), there is an opportunity for the Adelaide Hills to show real leadership in this time of need. Not only does Australia have potential waterwars between neighbouring states, Adelaide has potential waterwars between local upstream and downstream communities. It is a shame that so much pressure has been placed on so few in regards to the State's water supply, but with access to field-leading experts and young creative minds, the Adelaide Hills has the potential to play a pivotal role in our water issues that revolve around their district. This expectation should not come from city-dwellers down below, but should come from both Hills residents and local councils alike.

Frank Trimboli



A thinking tank



Another week another development on the VSU front. See my article on the progress of VSU so far this year elsewhere in this edition. For now here are the latest bits of info I need to share.

Have You Used our Services? Have you at any time used any of the services of the Students Association, the Employment Service, the Education and Welfare Officers, the Studio, or the vast

range of other services provided by the AUV and its affiliates? Well the media are always contacting us about VSU and wanting to do personal stories about students who have used these services. If you would be willing to share your stories about how these services have helped you please contact me at the e-mail address below.

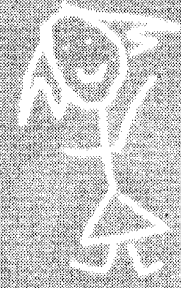
Grievances/Ideas: Have you been ripped off in paying for academic transcripts, are you sick of paying upwards of \$45 dollars for course readers, do the printers not print double sided? These are the type of grievances that many students have around the uni, and are what the Students Association is here to do something about. If you have any ideas of things that you think the University needs to do, improve or change, please contact me at the e-mail address below.

Make Some Noise: The 'Make Some Noise' festival that we will be holding the first Thursday back after the mid semester holidays is coming along well. We held an organising day last Friday to start planning for this. Thankyou to all the people who have contacted me about this, please come

into the SAUA when you have time and help promote this. We have flyers that need distributing, posters and stickers to put up and banners to paint. We need more general students to help us organise this. Please see one of the Staff members in the SAUA or come and speak to me. This is going to be one of the main events this year in which the Students Association can promote what the Student Organisations do, and what the impact of VSU really will be.

Have a good Break. And please... don't be afraid to get involved, your Students' Association needs you more now than ever.

Cheers David Pearson david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au



Cunt Minge Poonani Twat Hoo-Hoo Frange Vag - whatever you call it, it's hot and it's coming. Tickets for The Vagina Monologues are officially for sale for performances on the 4-6th May in the Little Theatre.

Not only will TVM provide women students with an opportunity to build and create something empowering and healing, this production has the power to engage, challenge and bring public awareness to positive and negative conceptions of vaginas and women's sexuality as well as inform the community about the violence that women encounter around the world. Tickets cost \$5 for students, \$10 for the general public and can be purchased from the Student's Association (SAUA) reception. All profits from the performance will be donated towards organisations that deal with women and violence, so let's make this big - bring your friends, your dad, your nan - everyone can benefit.

The women's room is aching for some loving touches. Anyone who has visited the basement level of the Lady Symon Building would know the women's room provides a quiet, comfortable and nurturing environment for women students on campus. But since the space is seeing a lot more action than by-gone years, it's calling for a few new additions. Raid your cupboards, ask your mum - we need old sheets, pillowcases and blankets for the bedroom, as well as towels and soap for the bathroom area. If you have anything you would be willing to donate to increase the comfort and usefulness of the room, please contact me at melissa.purcell@adelaide.edu.au. x



If you still want to be a director for Prosh 2005, it may not be too late! People in bunny suits humping each other in Rundle Mall, celebrity kidnappings and all kinds of tomfoolery await for the lucky few to be selected as directors. Even if you just want to be a helper, email me at matthew.walton@adelaide.edu.au so we can get you suited up.

I'd like to thank everyone who signed up to the SAUA footy tipping competition as well as apologise for its late start. Check your emails, everything should be ready to go now. For those of you who would like to belatedly join, you still can. Even if you win just one week's worth of tipping, you stand to win a six-pack of beer! Thereby getting back over double the value of the five bucks you initially put in.

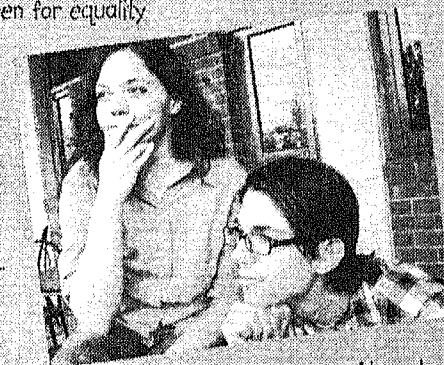
Just a reminder, if you haven't used up your drinks vouchers in your diary already this is your last week! Friday is going to be well and truly packed, so getting rid of a few on Thursday might be a good idea.

Lastly, we're inviting all students to come down to the SAUA this week to ring up Liberal MP's electoral offices free of charge. It's so you can let them know your opinions on VSU. Feel free to speak to the Liberal staffers for as long as you like. After all, listening to their constituents is far more important than pumping out the Liberal propaganda that they'd be doing otherwise.

Cheers,

Matthew

Matt is dreamy!



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

User Pays Mentality - A Selfish View!

This week is On Dit's Education Issue so as the Education Vice President I thought it only fitting to write about an issue plaguing our very own Education Institute - The University of Adelaide. This is Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU) or what I like to call Anti Student Organisation Legislation (ASOL).

In Friday's Advertiser, Uni revolt - union ban bad for students, Dr Brendan Nelson commented that many people arguing against ASOL seem to "ignore the fact that many of these kids come from struggling families." In fact Dr Nelson, students from Low SES backgrounds would struggle to access University at all, if not for the services provided by Student Unions through Student Levies. Services such as counselling,

Currently The University of Adelaide receives all its paper for computing units, faculties, and offices from Paperlink, who create and distribute virgin office paper. This means that the paper in our computing units, in our offices and the paper used by our faculties is not recycled paper. It is paper made from old growth forests, paper made from an unsustainable and unfair practice. Recently there has been a movement by the Flinders University Environment Action Group (FEAG) to stop the use of virgin office paper and to switch to a company (Evoive) which can supply all three universities in South Australia with 100% recycled paper. You may not think it will do much, but by supplying Evoive Office paper as the default paper choice, it will contribute to the protection of our High Conservation Value and Old Growth forests, water catchments and endangered flora and fauna for future generations. It would also save about 375,000 sheets of virgin office paper over the next 5 years. In resources this equates to as much as 683 trees, 160 cubic metres of landfill, 160 tonnes CO₂, 100 barrels of oil and 1.3 million litres of water that would be saved by Flinders University alone every year. If all three Universities were to switch to recycled paper it would mean that 2049 trees, 480 cubic metres of landfill, 480 tonnes of CO₂, 300 barrels of oil and 3.9 million litres of water would be saved per year. Supplying recycled paper across the three Universities could save up to 40 million sheets of virgin office paper per year having enormous and immediate environmental benefits for Australia's natural resources. Currently there is a petition circulating in regards to this switch, if you would like to show your support please come into the SAUA and sign the petition. If you want to help in the campaign for recycled paper email me at million@adelaide.edu.au. It would be great to hear from those who are interested. As students and consumers in this world it is our duty to take responsibility for the resources we use so liberally.

legal advice, student loans and insurance would be out of reach for these students if they had to be accessed privately.

Now before you conservatives out there begin to argue - well then those people can pay their Student Levies if they chose to but others shouldn't have to - the services would not survive without the Student Levies so there would be no option.

You will find that people who are campaigning for Universal Student Unionism are certainly thinking about students from struggling backgrounds. It is rather ironic that Nelson makes these comments considering that it was him that pushed for the increase in HEGS by 25%, along with the increase in full-fee paying places. It seems to me that it is Dr Brendan Nelson who has no regard for "these kids".

Nelson also states, "people should be encouraged to join sports or cultural organisations in a university campus, but not forced to join them." If Nelson truly believes this ideological stance then why does the Government use taxpayers' money to fund the National Institute of Circus Arts (\$600,000 p.a.) or Australian Soccer (\$3 million)? I am sure many of use don't use these services, but they benefit the



VSU is needed

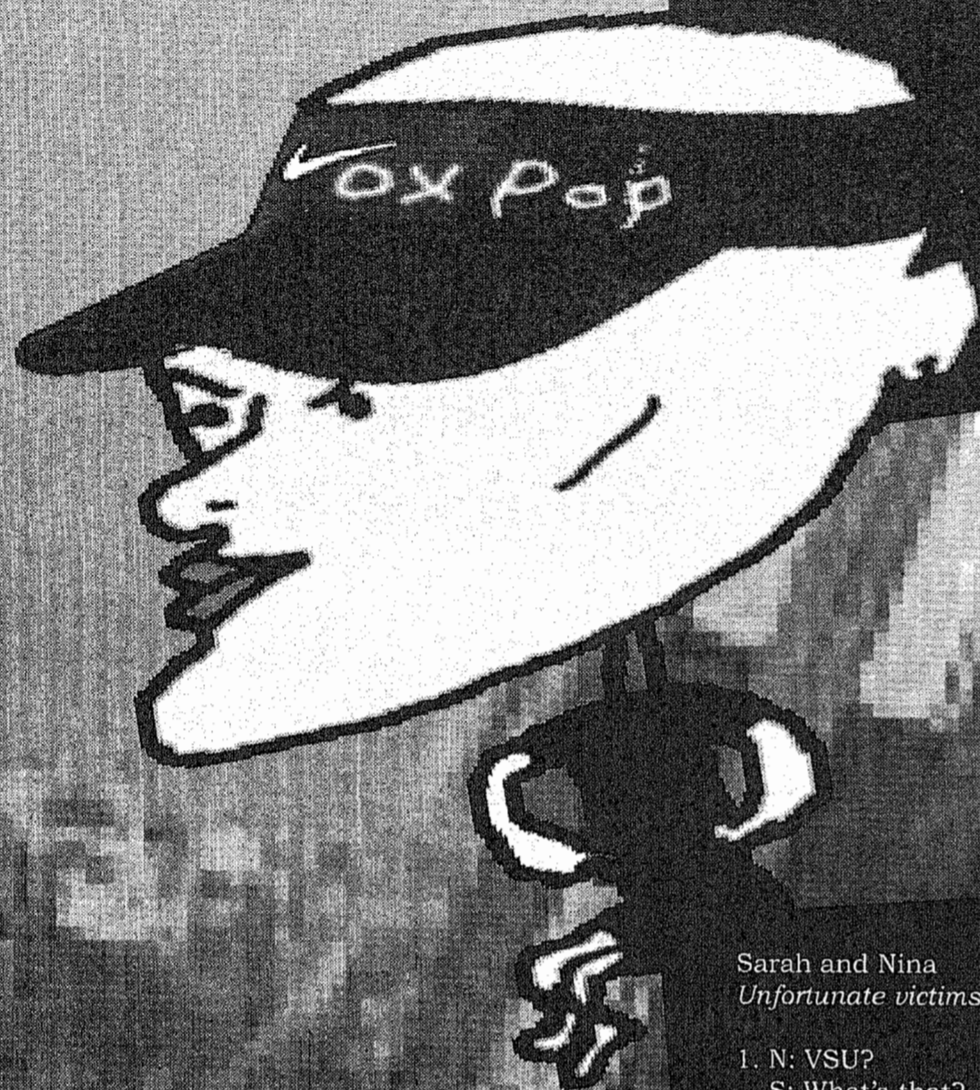


wider community and Australian Culture. This is exactly the same with Compulsory Student Levies - people may not use all of the services, but

they benefit the wider University community. Nelson your user pays mentality just doesn't hold up.

Jess Cronin Education Vice President 8303 5406 jessica.cronin@adelaide.edu.au

P.S. Amanda Vanstone will be speaking at 1pm Tuesday (5th April) in the Rennie Lecture Theatre - Come along and voice your opinion to her during question time. For more details contact Marion or Lily in the SAUA on the above number.



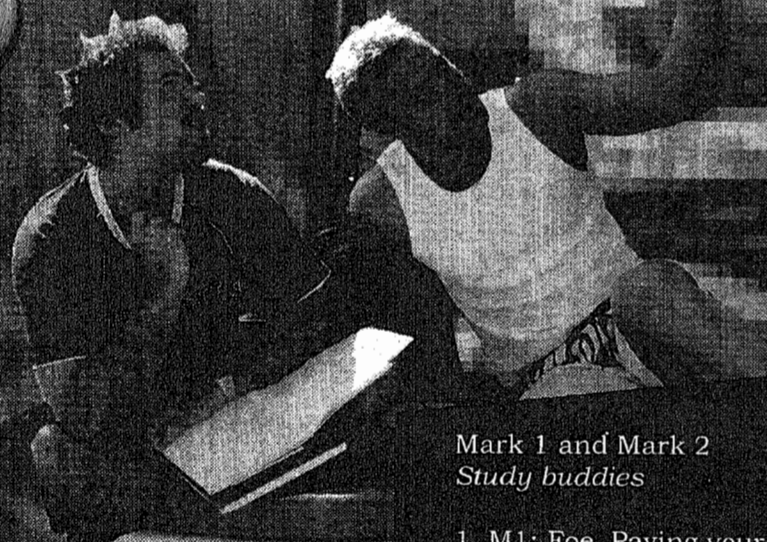
questions:

1. VSU - Friend or foe?
2. What service do you most dislike funding?
3. Has education become less about learning and more about packaging?
4. Are you angry that Pepsi will be sponsoring the Bari Smith Library next year?



Sarah and Nina
Unfortunate victims of the 25% HECS hike

1. N: VSU?
S: What's that?
After an explanation they both nod in recognition.
N: It's a bad thing.
S: Yeah, I agree. I haven't paid yet but it's bad.
2. N: I don't really know much about it so I can't say.
S: Me neither, but I don't really want to pay for clubs.
N: No, me neither. Clubs suck.
3. N: Definitely more about packaging. I feel like we have to constantly worry about getting a job and I'd like to focus more on learning.
S: Yeah, it seems like it's a race to get out of here which is frustrating.
4. N: I didn't even know about that! That's really weird. The funding would be good but it's still weird.
S: Totally bad.



Mark 1 and Mark 2
Study buddies

1. M1: Foe. Paying your fee is about being part of a community.
M2: I say friend. Why should non users have to pay?
2. M1: Most of the services are done well.
M2: It seems to me that most of the time, the services are relevant. It's the SAUA functions I object to paying for. The real problem with VSU is how it will affect minority groups like mothers, external students and mature agers. You can't dilenate fees to those who use them, and under VSU these people will miss out.
3. M2: I don't have a basis for comparison so I can't really say.
M1: I'd say so. There's no community spirit anymore.
M2: More spirit than Mawson Lakes though.
M1: That's true, but then, it's not hard either.
4. M1: Pepsi? *Partial Credit!*
M2: I didn't even know that.
M1: It's good for education because in *Captain Planet* the American guy was after the hot Russian chick which proves the Cold War was over.



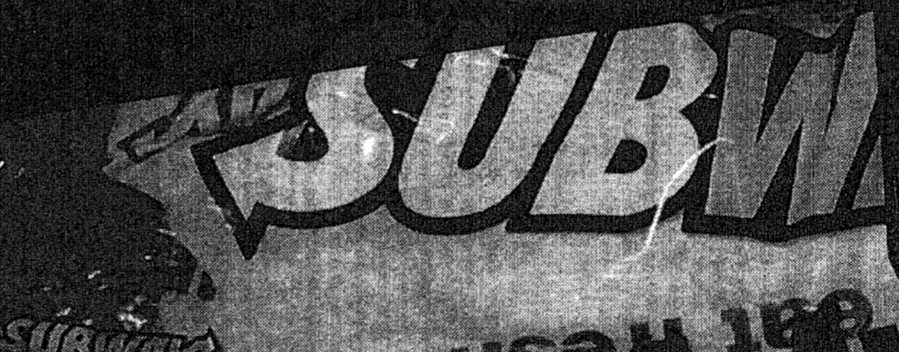
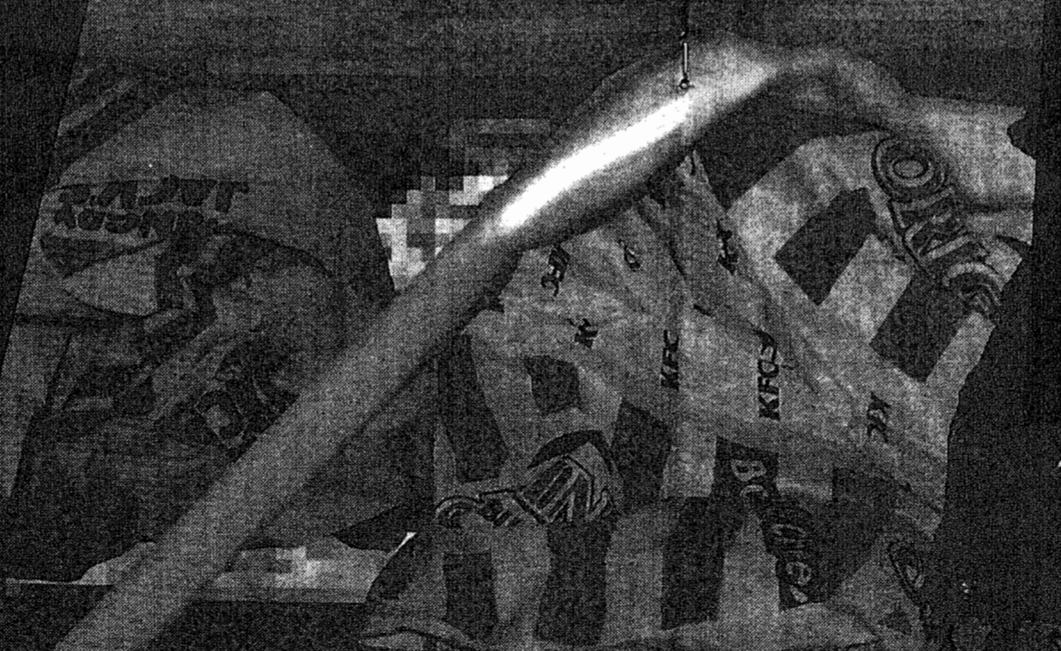
Mika and Helena
Too shy to sit together

1. M: Foe.
H: What's that? Is that when fees are compulsory? Oh, voluntary. It's a foe.
2. H: Encouraging mindless alcoholism. That annoys me.
M: The political clubs and other similar useless ones.
H: Yeah, the Christian clubs should all merge into one.
3. H: I agree with that. It sucks.
M: Yeah, it's bad because the education level has dropped.
H: They're trying to sell it. It's unfair that people can buy their way into a degree rather than having to work for it.
4. M: It depends. If the library is improved rather than subjected to mindless advertising it would be good.
H: As long as it remains sponsored and not privatised it wouldn't be so bad.



Sophie and Carl
Hiding in a dirty chip packet

1. S: Foe, although I'm more bothered by the sneakiness of the government in the situation.
C: Foe.
2. S: I hate the SAUA Lounge. They've completely ruined Unirecords' atmosphere. I hate going in there now. The food services on campus are also quite appalling, although Rumours is okay. I'd like to know how much of our fees go towards private union activities.
C: Prosh. I never like it. They don't spend money it? Doesn't matter, I still don't like it. They're spending \$5000 on it this year. In that case, I hate it. I support unionism on principle but that union has to be representative and not just a large incestuous club.
3. C: Yes and no. Sometimes the fact that degrees are bought by others means extra funds are available to allow other students access to that same course.
S: I fell like we're getting compounded by these conformist ideas but at the same timethere's an issue of us being active in this packaging rather than subject to it. This is a part of our lives we need to enjoy but it **seems like** it's a race to the end.
4. S: On principle that's totally corrupt but it can work. At the end of the day, if students benefit that's all that matters.
C: As long as we don't have to drink it that's okay.



The Feat

(Or, The Art of Avoiding Exams)

I don't even remember how I met Chekov, but it was probably through his association with the infamously shady Blake Wadlow and/or Daly St gentlemen. Needless to say, I got along well enough with Chekov in those early days of our acquaintance to suggest to him the preposterous idea of getting himself beaten up in order to escape the impending doom of his looming exams.

I was walking up the Barr Smith steps one fine afternoon when I encountered him, very stressed and excitable. He looked more dishevelled than normal, and proceeded to tell me all about his desperate plans to gain a supplementary exam for a particularly foreboding subject that he was terrified of failing. He was trying to give himself food poisoning with some four day old rice he had left on his bedroom window sill like an bacterial baked pie. Chekov - the industrious go-getter - had tried everything from licking Mens room faucets to eating ice cream cones dipped in the warm, soupy Torrens River. He had seriously considered leaving a ripe snapper in the summer sun - anything to get him the heck out of his final quantum physics exam. Previously exam misadventures had left him with an irregular heart beat after consuming several cartons of energy drink syrup.

Varicchio, one of the members of my temporary Daly St abode, was less than impressed with this hastily conceived plan, and apart from a more general concern for his digestive health, was doubtful whether this scheme would actually work within the required time frame. So without even thinking about it for more than a moment, he postulated another, in my mind, more effective option: "Why don't you walk down Hindley Street and walk up to the biggest "Man's man" that you can find and start a fight with him? Call his wife an ugly slut or something, or accuse him of latent homosexuality, anything to get him fired up. He'll give you a few hits, you get a bruise or two, then you tell the uni you got mugged the night before the exam and you're too distracted and shaken to sit the exam."

"I could just hang out by the Torrens tonight in my short shorts."

"You want some bruising not brain damage",

reasoned Dan J who had added himself to our Barr Smith circle congregation.

Varicchio came to his senses. "True, true. It needs to be done with care, by people who care about you... Why don't we just pound you for a while?"

"Wait about. *You* could all beat me up! Would you do that for me?"

I can assure you, dear reader, that I didn't really want to hurt the lad, but rather help him get out of a fix. He was a clever guy after all and really didn't need a Fail on his transcript. After a little more jestful fantasising about the possibilities, off I went thinking no more of it until I bumped into my housemates some hours later.

Chekov had apparently taken to this new exam-avoiding plan with a feverish zeal, and recruited other helpers for that night's proposed beating. With word spreading like wild fire of the night's event there was no backing out.

Daly Street was ideal for this sort of activity. At night, it was about as isolated as a home could be. In my darker moments, while my housemates smashed potatoes down the deserted street with golf clubs, or smoked hash and launched themselves like spidemen at wire fences, I liked to think that Daly Street resembled Hunter Thompson's notoriously mad compound. No neighbours save for a printing press, a construction site and a sprawling nest of Catholic schoolboys - this was the perfect venue for violent stupidity.

We would meet at 9pm. Dan J would bring his boxing gloves and a basketball. I would supply the cheep claret. Chekov is a good-natured, overworked Eastern European undergraduate, jittery at the best of times. Was it wise for us to fill his head with cask wine and the real prospect of disfigurement? According to Chekov, it was the only option, and by nightfall, we were too drunk to disagree.

There was no doubt that this was an insane and irresponsible plan, even by the standards of Daly Street. A paranoid Italian metal head. A sleep-deprived factory worker questioning the value of human life. A testosterone-crazed weightlifter and a tightly-wound newspaper editor with

Varrichio was actually working that night; so whilst peddling noodles to North Adelaide's richest and laziest residents, he received a call from Dan J, "Dude, come on and get here quickly. Chekov's here and Blake's already started to beat the hell out of him!"

"Don't start without me!" V said, half not wanting to miss out, but mainly worried that things would get out of hand if he wasn't there to keep an eye on Wadlow.

What was worse, Stanley had discovered too late that his mother would be sleeping on the couch in the next room. Bad craziness.



All you need is goon, German porn, boxing gloves and the following instructions and you'll be sitting sups all the way to graduation day!

She was visiting for a couple of days from out of town, and there was no way to shield her from the violent spectacle. We restricted proceedings to the secondary lounge room at the rear of the house, muted the pornography and hid the remote from Wadlow. Chekov, his Ukranian accent thick with the cheap wine, wasn't impressed. "You fiend! You can't beat me up while your mother's in the next room! She'll call the fucking cops!" Having done our best to reassure him we sent Stanley in to avert motherly instinct before it put a premature end to proceedings.

"It's very important for Chekov's degree ma."

"But what's that sound?" (The soft thuds of preliminary softening were passing through the flimsy chipboard door.)

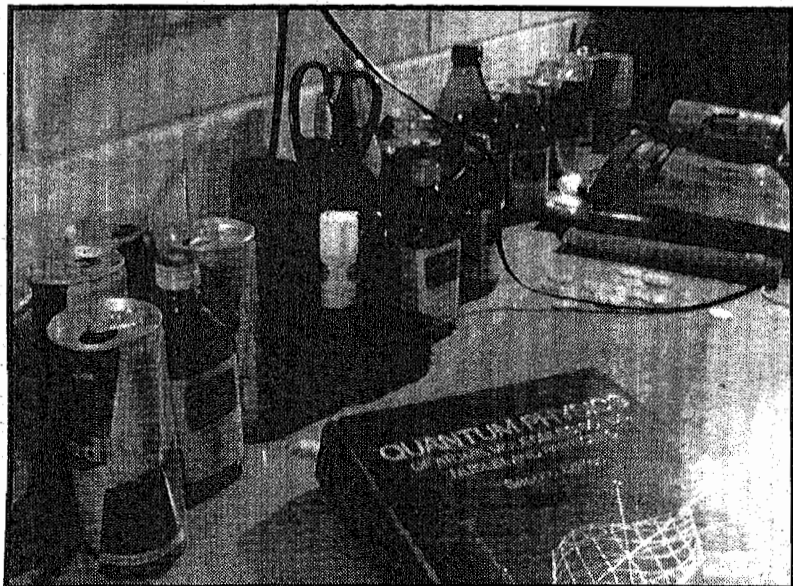
"It's just a study aid", as he ushered her and her glass of anaesthetising brandy into his bedroom.

Chekov: "It's weird but I can't thank you boys enough for doing this. Ahiii, aahh... yeah that was my temple and it's still sore, but no, trust me, I really need it. Now hit me here dude, seriously, the flesh around my right eye, tenderised so I can't see out of it. Wadlow, stop being a pussy and do it, just pretend I screwed your girlfriend or something. What? Yeah, that's what your mum said." *Crack.* "Aahh motherfucker! Blake that fucking hurt! I said soft tissue damage you moron, not a fucking concussion."

"See even the Germans think you've gone too far." Referring to our European bedsitters who were filing out of the backyard in disgust.

"Hey Stanley, more wine! Ok, a few more and then we'll take a porn break, and we can all jerk off together, no gay stuff, just to pass the time, ha ha ha". *You know, I reckon there's a good Simpsons reference for every situation, and now's where the Pulp Fiction take off applies. As soon as Varricchio gets here, the party will begin. I guess it's also a bit like Fight Club except I'm not hitting back. And trust me, whenever Wadlow's doing the punching I'd fully like to. But I know he's doing it out of... crack!* "Aaaah, aah, motherfuck! Ha ha, I wasn't ready for it! Yeah I suppose it's better when it's an unexpected blow cos that way I don't flinch as much. Be heaps careful not to hit me right in the eye. Right, Stan, you're up next, maybe you and Dan Joyce can both do it..."

As *Varicchio* finally sped into the driveway, the car lights illuminated a wild eyed Chekov, drunk, drooling, and, as we discovered later, suffering from the early stages of concussion.



Before you judge us, know that at least we saved Chekov from his stimulant fuelled quantum hell.

The beating had already begun in earnest, and our boy had sustained a number of heavy blows to the head albeit initially cushioned by the gloves.

"Hey Dan VI! You Fucking Italian bastard; your mother sucks cocks in hell" or some such nonsense; trying to rile him up enough to join the others and give him a punch to the head. Instead it had the opposite effect; moved by the fact that he'd try some lame schoolboy taunt to get him angry enough to hit him. It's actually quite hard to hit someone in the face when you have no good reason to, which Varicchio found strangely reassuring given the circumstances.

Dan J was smiling quite surreally at the whole situation, bringing me up to speed with the night's events while Chekov resumed swigging cheap and nasty goon straight from the cask, getting himself further inebriated and insulated from the coming blows.

Wadlow was the main culprit, sadistically swinging full bore into Chekov's cheek whenever he was looking the other way. He would flinch and cower from the punches otherwise, rendering them painful but not very effective.

Our main concern was that we would beat Chekov up and possibly harm him seriously, but without getting the visual effect needed to make this plan work. We decided that hard slaps to the face rather than fists to the head were the best policy; as they were more likely to give his face that red, raw quality we were after.

The poor fool was gibbering - half in Ukranian - about how no marks were showing, and that something had to be done about his lips. It was around this time that Varricchio had the best idea of the evening. He picked up the basketball.

"Okay, dude, close your eyes - keep em shut - now just fucking pout, man, pout like Mick Jagger." Before Chekov had a chance to open his eyes or flinch, Varricchio launched the ball at his lips, producing a mashing sort of *spletch* sound, not unlike wet, raw meat being thrown against a rough surface. Chekov was heartened by the sound of tissue rupturing in his lips.

"Again!"

Platch.

"Again!"

Platch.

"Again!"

Platch, platch, spletch.

On the fifth bounce, specks of Chekov's blood were visible on its surface. Wadlow became excited. "Dude. Let me try - gimme the ball..."

"No!" In unison, and after several minutes the ball was safely wrestled out of Wadlow's

hands.

From then on, we got quite creative in our bashing approach, looking at Chekov much like a sculptor would stroke his chin and muse over a mass of unmoulded clay. We experimented with the angles of the blow, aiming to get a perfectly clipped strike that would open the skin just enough for there to be no doubt that he had copped some hits and needed sympathy and rest and not a three hour exam.

"Wait, if you were really being mugged you would have bruises all over your body not just around your head." mused Dan, sensibly directing the mutilation. "Lift up your shirt, Chekov."

From the backyard, the beating moved into the kitchen. The atmosphere was loud, electric and intense; everyone was talking and yelling animatedly over the top of one another, with Chekov constantly thanking us, the way drunkards do, for helping him get out this terrifying exam. "Thanks guys, you guys are such good friends. Thanks heaps for doing this to me." Crack!! Smack!! Again, the punches from Blake when he wasn't looking.

After his face was getting nicely reddened, the lump above his eye impressive, and his lips were swollen, we cooled off; a job well done. Chekov was stumbling around, checking himself in the mirror.

"I don't look bad enough, I need more!" He was actually pretty fucked up by this point; the bruise above his eye was swelling to egg-like proportions. "Are you kidding?" exclaimed Dan. "You look like your mother had sex with a cane toad dude! You're going to look so fucked up tomorrow morning."

But Chekhov was delirious, and could not be convinced. He implored us all for more punishment. "Stan, seriously, they won't believe me. Could you hit me some more? Please Stan..." Dan and I were against any more beating taking place; we sure as hell didn't want to put him in hospital and Chekov's face was mashed up pretty bad. His sweet talking obviously worked however, for during a lull in the activity, the two slipped away unseen and soon dull thuds and wet slapping sounds were emanating from the bathroom. Chekov emerged ever more pulverised and incoherent with a triumphant smile on his face. "Aha! Hey you guys, I got Stan to hit me five more times!" Remember, we were entirely unaware that the concussion was driving his mania.

Finally we managed to get him to sit still for a moment and ponder our next move. What better way to unwind from some male bonding and drunken, senseless violence than with

some hardcore German porno. Somewhere in between the moans, Chekov became quite paranoid and distressed. He started freaking out about the gravity of the situation and the elaborate story he would have to stick to in order to convince family, friends and the all important uni authorities that he was mugged and beaten. "I'll just tell my Dad that these guys I know started saying shit and then we had an argument, but my car was stolen and ..." picking up the phone.

"No!" five hands slamming the phone back down on the receiver. If Chekov couldn't keep his shit together, we might all just get into some serious trouble; we did after all, just assault him. Admittedly, the poor boy was in no state to think coherently, and we had to pile on top of him to prevent him from making any incriminating phone calls. After much stern talking to and reassurances, one mental breakdown and a paranoid pacing Italian clinging to his baseball bat for good luck, it was agreed that Blake would drive him home, he would sneak and in the morning after the wreak of alcohol had subsided he would tell his sleeping folks that he was mugged by two anonymous (and obviously impolite) guys as he walked from uni late at night but that there was "really no need for a police report Mum and Dad, besides what good would that do anyway?"

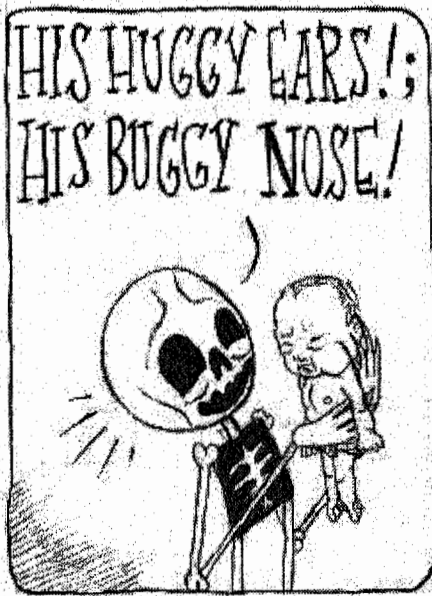
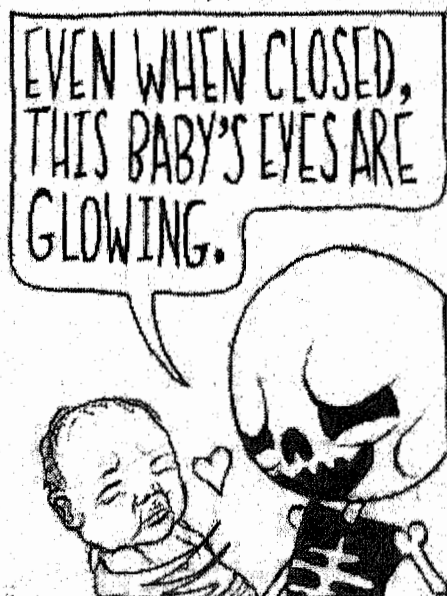
Chekov was briefly admitted to hospital the following day. He was granted a supplementary exam and passed with a credit.

Written by those incriminated therein.

The bulk of this article is true. On Dit however does not recommend injuring yourself in order to qualify for a supplementary exam. If your doctor won't give you a prescription after you've explained your intention to get beaten up, simply remind them of their Hippocratic oath to prevent physical harm... think about it.



skulduggery by oz



Our Curious Cosmos

N is for Nickel-Iron Core: The Inner Planets

One of the most obvious physical features which differentiate the planets in our solar system is their size. The inner planets are small, rocky, dense, while the outer planets are large, gaseous and (in some instances!) would float on water! This week our journey through space takes us past the first four planets past the Sun: Mercury, Venus, Earth and Mars.

The Winged Messenger

The first planet we encounter is Mercury, a tiny world scorched by the Sun, bathed in the most intense and extreme kinds of solar radiation. Situated at only 47 million km away from the centre of the Solar System, it whips around its orbital path in a mere 88 days, almost a quarter of the time it takes Earth to circle the Sun. Compared to the other Inner Planets, Mercury has many strange characteristics. Its surface is among the most battered and scarred of all the planets, having been subject to one of the most brutal barrages of meteoric impacts during the Solar System's early history. One of the most massive impact scars, a crater named Caloris, is the single largest crater of its kind known. The body which created it struck Mercury with such force that it left a series of concentric shock rings on the other side of the planet, over 4000 km away!

Mercury also experiences no seasons, as it's axis of rotation (the axis about which it rotates) is nearly perpendicular to the plane of its orbit around the Sun: this means that if a portion of Mercury's surface receives a given amount of light in one part of the year, it will receive the same amount at any other time. This phenomenon combined with the extraordinary length of the Mercurial day (59 Earth days) means that the day side of the planet bakes at an incredible 427 degrees Celsius, and the night side freezes at a chilly -184 degrees Celsius.

Mercury has only ever been visited by a single space probe, Mariner 10, in 1974. Currently another mission, MESSENGER, is on its way to Mercury and will hopefully uncover even more mysteries about this intriguing little world.



Bringer of Peace

Once thought to be a world full of lush vegetation, Venus has since proven itself to be anything but the green and tranquil paradise it was once imagined to be. In terms of size and composition (Venus is only several hundred km smaller than the Earth, and lies only 108 million km from the Sun), the world named after the Roman Goddess of Love

is in many ways the complete antithesis of our own world. The pearly white clouds which give Venus its bright appearance are predominantly composed of deadly sulphur dioxide, which is not only extremely deadly under normal circumstances, but is also present in quantities great enough to produce an atmospheric pressure 90 times that of Earth. The surface temperature, which is caused by this incredibly dense atmosphere allowing a runaway Greenhouse Effect to set in, measures 457 degrees Celsius.

Not only is this very hot, it's actually the hottest surface temperature of any planet in the Solar System, and is high enough to melt lead, tin and sulphur. The hellish conditions on the surface prevent most things we're familiar with from existing, including any form of water. In fact, any water which was ever present on Venus was broken down long ago, and has escaped into space as hydrogen, or has been incorporated into other chemicals as oxygen. The surface itself would indeed seem like Hell if any human were able to survive on it long enough to look around. Massive volcanoes surrounded by lava flooded plains, mountains with metallic tellurium for snow peaks, and bizarre geological features (pancake-shaped domes caused by lava welling up from beneath the surface, pushing the ground above) barely touch on the strangeness of the landscape.

As you would expect of a bizarre place like Venus, it too has an abundance of mysterious features. One of the most remarkable, and one which has not as yet been properly explained, is the fact that the entire surface of the planet Venus seems to be only about 500 million years old. This, coupled with the seeming lack of tectonic activity, and the fact that the planet is over 4 billion years old, raises many questions which hopefully will be answered some day.

Little Blue Dot

Leaving the beautiful, yet deadly pearl of Venus, the next planet we come upon is our own sapphire and emerald orb, Earth. Though many people do not think of it as a planet, given that we either take for granted many of its astronomical features (or just don't notice them!), the Earth is very much a member of the family of planets in our Solar System.

Orbiting the Sun at a distance of 150 million miles, the Earth takes 365.25 days to complete its orbit. The length of our day is actually 23 hours 56 minutes long, *not* 24 hours as most people think (this is actually not entirely true, as there are two definitions of what a 'day' is. A sidereal day is 23 hours 56 minutes, but a solar day is 24 hours.

It's your job to find out why they're different!). Unlike Mercury (and several other planets), Earth does have seasons, due to our rotational axis being tilted by 23.5 degrees to the Plane of the Ecliptic (the Plane of the Ecliptic is the plane defined by the orbit of the Earth around the Sun). It's interesting to note that it is this tilt, coupled with the way that different hemispheres of Earth face the Sun at different times of the year, that gives us our seasons and *not* the distance that the Earth is from the Sun throughout the year (the difference in the maximum and minimum distance the Earth travels from the Sun is only about 3%, certainly not large enough to cause the dramatic changes in season we experience).

One of the most obvious and also most hidden ways that tells us that Earth really is a member of the Solar System can be found in the form of meteoric impacts. Though we don't readily see many of them in every day life, they actually exist in their thousands. We only need look at the moon to realise that our region of space has in the past been subject to dramatically intense periods of bombardment. The reason we don't see any huge craters on Earth is due to two factors: erosion and plate tectonics. Many of the craters that existed in the early history of our planet have long since been carried under the surface by the movement of the tectonic plates, or have been rubbed away by the action of wind and water. If we look however, many are still to be found. Wolf Creek Crater, the second largest visible meteoric crater in the World, is in Australia.

Many other details, much more than I could write about here, exist regarding the Earth's relationship to the rest of the Universe, but I'll leave their discovery up to you... at least for now.

Bringer of War

The last of the inner planets, and the only one of them to lie further out from the Sun than Earth, is Mars. Long associated with war and death due to its fiery red hue, Mars provided 20th century astronomers with a hard battle to win if they were to discover its secrets. Easily the most frequently visited planet (at least by our space probes and landers), more has been discovered by Mars since the 1960's than was known about it in the entire history of Humanity up to that point. Like Venus, Mars was once upon a time thought to be home to mysterious, unknown life forms, perhaps friendly, perhaps malevolent. In the last years of the 19th century, astronomers such as Giovanni Schiaparelli and Percival Lowell fuelled this misconception with their discovery of 'canals' on Mars. These canals were thought to support a dying civilization, but we now know that any life forms which may have existed on Mars would have died billions of years ago.

The Red Planet lies 228 million km from the Sun, and has a year nearly doubled that of Earth. The Martian day is surprisingly similar to our own, being 24 hours 29 minutes and 22 seconds long. Mars also has seasons, its axial tilt of 25 degrees also being very similar to ours. The surface temperature rarely rises

above the freezing point of water, which means that any water which does exist on Mars lies frozen in its frigid topsoil, or regolith (regolith is a generic name given to the soil-like material covering the surface of astronomical bodies such as Mars or the Moon). Though it has an atmosphere, composed of predominantly carbon dioxide, it is 1000 times less dense than that of Earth, which would make it very hard to breathe, let alone survive, on the surface. Gravity is very low too, only 1/6th what we experience. You would certainly have quite a spring in your step if you took a morning stroll on Mars.

Mars also has two moons, the only other planet in the inner solar system to possess such bodies. Phobos and Deimos, discovered in 1877, are likely captured asteroids and are no larger than a few dozen kilometres across. As yet there have been no successful missions to explore these two small satellites, though several Russian missions tried (and failed) in the last century.

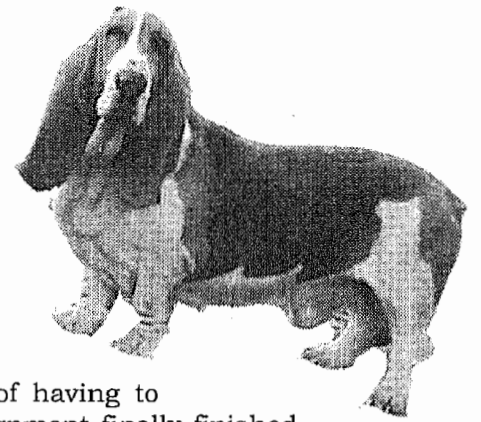
The amount of detail which could be written about even one of the Inner Planets could (and has) fill entire books, but sadly there is not room enough here for more than a brief taste of what each world is like. One final word however on the fate of these ancient spheres. It is likely, in several billion years, that the Sun will run out of hydrogen fuel, and begin to die. One of the consequences of this will be that the fading star will turn from familiar yellow to blood red, and expand to fill nearly the entire orbit of Mars. While the exact details are not yet known, and the precise distance to which the Sun will expand is only a rough estimate (though a very educated one!), one thing that is for sure is that none of the planets discussed above will be the same. Mercury will be swallowed whole, and disappear forever. Such will likely also be the fate of Venus. If the Sun does grow to reach Mars, the Earth too will disappear. Mars *may* escape, but if so, only barely. Earth too, may remain to orbit the dead corpse of the Sun when it finally burns its last fuel, but if it does it will be a charred ghost of what it once was, its surface having been roasted of all detail, and most certainly cleansed of any life which may still tenaciously be here 5 billion years hence.

But all of this remains in the very, very, very distant future. For now then, let us hope that the knowledge of what is to come will help us appreciate Earth and its wonderful ability to give and sustain life, for generations to come.

Wade Shiell

If you have any feedback, questions, or would like any further information on the topics discussed here, email wade.shiell@student.adelaide.edu.au

Consumer Watchdog



If you've ever done even one university subject, you'll be familiar with the mental anguish of having to pull an all nighter to get that three day overdue assignment finally finished. If you're lucky, you live with your parents and hence have a well stocked fridge to keep you company in the dark hours when you begin to question why you ever wanted to go to school in the first place. For the plebs out there, don't fret. You need not survive on late night Maggi noodles forever (in fact, preferably never again. Them's nasty stuff.) Consumer Watchdog Dr Boss has compiled a list of all our favourite late night snacks for your personal enjoyment. Gosh it's gross to be us.



Sweet Chilli Damper

Somehow in between Australian Pizza House and the On Dit office, this stuff morphs into solid gold. Loaded with sugar and fats to help your push through the barrier of incoherency that descends at about 5am, it's also a great uniter of people. Few things will make a burnt out philosophy major jump up quicker than the news of a late night pizza run and if nothing else, this sudden burst of activity will increase circulation and keep you awake hunched over your texts for another quarter of an hour. As a bonus, any leftovers become that most beloved of breakfasts: cold pizza. Something about the congealed cheese, dyed a sickly pale red by the sweet chilli sauce, holds an unnatural sway over my mind when I'm distracted by the rays of the rising sun.

7/10

Riceflour-Based Packaging Foam

Resorting to these tiny morsels as treats is truly a measure of desperation. Tasting like slightly musty ricecakes, they disintegrate immediately upon reaction with saliva because they are composed mostly of air. If you squint and look at them out of the side of your eyes, though, you can almost fool yourself into thinking that they're a new type of pale deformed twisties. Because there is inevitably a plentiful supply of them, they are very easy to eat distractedly, sometimes by the handful, but the fact that they are fat- and nutrient-free should assuage any feelings of guilt over the occasional binge. A wrd to the wise, though- they have a tendency to expand once they reach the stomach, so overindulgence can have rather unfortunate consequences. Luckily, years of consumption of this unconventional snack has resulted in no noticeable adverse effects on test subjects.

2/10



Dare Coffee Shots/ 3 year old Black Stallion Energy Drinks

For some unknown reason, there seems to be an abundant supply of these two beverages around campus at the moment. The coffee shots, though smaller, can be harder to stomach in large quantities; there's something about canned milk products that can withstand temperatures a human wouldn't survive that's just not natural. Nevertheless, there are measures that must be taken sometimes, and the immediate pick me up is worth braving the taste of ice coffee gone off for. The Black Stallions are a different kettle of fish- seemingly intended to be consumed within a few months of production, the lining of the cans has been slowly eaten away by the liquid inside and the suspended aluminium particles now give it an extra kick. Sure the result tastes like paint stripper, but have you ever tried to go to sleep after drinking a half pint of turps? Not recommended as an accompaniment to smoking, which sadly rules them out for the majority of late night studiers.

4/10

Carrots

For something a little more healthy, the satisfying crunch of a nice fresh carrot is hard to beat and as a bonus, if you buy them in bulk for 88c a kilo, you've got fodder for an entire night. Perfect for late night studying because of their eyesight-enhancing properties, they will also keep your companions from falling asleep if chewed loudly enough. If they're organic, all the better.

6/10

Consumer Watchdogging can be a tough job, but if you reckon you've got the beans to make a go of it, drop in and show us what your made of. We're currently seeking watchdogs on cliches, first dates, and 4am filler articles.





TOO RIGHT

WHY BE POLITICALLY CORRECT WHEN YOU CAN BE RIGHT?



Retaking Texas

The Airport gleams with American efficiency. The toilets flush themselves. The floor reflects the ceiling lights. Soldier's wives – hair pinned down sternly – wait at the concourse gates. Troops on home leave from Iraq come here often since Houston – home to more than five million Americans – is also a defence epicentre and host to the American space project.

Texas isn't altogether alien. After all, I'm from Western Australia. In the glass-faced towers here, a sheen of southern heat rippling in the exhaust fumes, I can see Saint Georges Terrace, Perth. The similarities extend a little further.

It seems all mineral rich economies share an optimistic outlook on their future, a devil-may-care enjoyment of the good life while they drill the ore belts for more dollars. Here gold means oil and Enron, one of America's largest companies, collapsed without bruising the local

economy. Things are good. People have jobs.

The jobs are in petrochemicals. To the south of the city – through Hispanic suburbs – the smog of refining plants congeals under the cloud cover and drifts towards the Gulf of Mexico. Its brown and thin – like looking through tinted windows. "This is the beast", a Texan tells me, "You're looking right at it." He means the forty miles of industry along the Houston Channel. At a rail crossing, a Union Pacific train hauls products from Haliburton to other sunbelt states in the West.

I drive past Texaco Oil, Shell and Lyon-Dell. The side of the holding tanks – big white containers like the stomach of pelicans – are used for company promotion. Texaco is "training the workers of tomorrow," while Lyon Dell is sponsoring the "Junior Achiever Awards."

At the mouth of the channel there is a beer joint filling with workers from the day shift. Through the windows you can watch barges sail down the channel, across a short spit in the gulf, and then up the Mississippi deep into Louisiana. The state border is eighty five miles to the east – across marshland and power lines that feed Houston's industrial base. While Cleveland Ohio is idle – and the towns that made American steel through the mid east are rusting – Houston is operating at capacity. Cheap labour from across the border is helping, as is the availability of land and power. The air is often sulphurous.

So much for the move towards sustainability. I suspect that if I raised the topic my life expectancy might shorten. Since I have student-class travel insurance I resolve not to mention it. There is no coverage for 'death by angry Texan entrepreneur.' I have checked the policy. Really, the pollution is bad but not that bad. The light is good but not that good. But I am certain that the people are happy. Employment is high. The city crime rate has fallen. The *Houston Chronicle*, a paper to rival the *Adelaide Advertiser* for journalistic irrelevance, helpfully reports that police shootings have reached a twenty-five year low.

When I first visited America some years ago I sympathised with writer Jan Morris. Everything wrong with the country could be summed up by bad quality jam at the worst American diners: artificial, slobbery of texture and unavoidable. Much older and more cynical, I can at last see the nuances here. It is the most successful melting pot in the world. It's also a mostly open, happy, tolerant and wealthy society. Nobody, least of all Australians, like boasters but you've got to give it to these people. The problem with America is that it has no problem telling outsiders it's the best place in the known universe. The problem most people have with America is that this is mostly true. Everybody hates a know-it-all who is mostly right. When I see anti-American protests I am reminded of Indian graffiti after the Clinton Presidential visit: under the fanatics bold type "Yankee Go Home" somebody had written "and take me with you." It seems the American Dream is still a powerful influence on Delhi's middle class and others like it.

In downtown Houston, away from the channel's chemical footprint, galleries and churches compete with modern skyscrapers. Most were built during the oil boom when Houstonians were generous and parties in River Oaks would rival those in New York. At the Museum of

Fine Art on Fannin Street, Cézannes and Monets are displayed in rooms with brass doors. Near the entrance to the gallery is a stone wall with all the names of donors, listing Houston's art conscious elite.

On Wednesday I leave for Austin. The Texas legislative chamber – in the style of Washington's Capitol but, rudely taller, is on the eastern side of the city. A bronze horse and confederate soldier reminds the North that, outnumbered two-to-one, the patriots of the Texan Republic held off New England for years while on Hickory Street Viva-Bush stickers are on the back of three cars. The war might be long over but at least their boy is in the White House.

Soon after in the Hill Country, I am setting off fireworks and threatening to burn down the state since it hasn't rained here for a week. Roman candles (with a grenade launcher effect that would make the mujahadeen proud) and MK 40 rockets rain burning sections of cardboard. This kind of fun is banned in Australia because it kills people. So are automatic weapons. I have just had dinner with a working-class family (by no means poor since their construction business is always in business), who own fourteen guns. They are astonished at how difficult it is to get guns in Australia. "But what do you do when you want to eat?" Richard asks me in a strong drawl. His son has shot eight deer this year alone and all have been preserved for eating. I tell them both that we kill our meat in the slaughterhouse. "Guns don't kill people, people kill people." He repeats the National Rifle Association line. I observe that it's the people who have the guns but go shooting myself the next day.

The country in Kerrville is mostly open woodland. Cedar trees cover native Texan grass and limestone ridges often hide pools of deep water. At Turtle Creek I see several large perch. If only I had that gun. At night I try fishing with honey-ham. They suck it off the hook since freshwater fish are always cautious. I settle for watching them instead. Soon I will be in New York and fish are on the menu there, although occasionally there are stories of confused Louisiana crocks in the city plumbing. These stories of course, are far-fetched and fanciful. Even if they were true, New York is so frozen when I arrive that cold-blooded animals should be dead.

DRC was high tailing it through TX while working in NYC.

CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS FOR AN INTERVIEW STUDY ON EXPERIENCES TAKING ANTI-DEPRESSANT MEDICATION

We are seeking volunteers to participate in a research project concerned with your thoughts and experiences regarding taking anti-depressant medications, referred to as SSRIs (Selective Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitors). The SSRIs are sold under brand names that include Cipramil, Prozac, Zoloft, Efexor, Luvox, Zyban and Aropax.

We would like to interview people between the ages of 17 and 21 years, who are currently taking an SSRI, or have taken such medication within the last twelve months.

This study aims to learn about what you think about taking SSRIs, through in-depth interviewing. Thus, this is a qualitative study. It is expected that interviews will last for about one hour. You may elect to be interviewed at the Royal Adelaide Hospital, or over the telephone.

The interviewer is Dr Anna Chur-Hansen, a Senior Lecturer from the University of Adelaide Department of Psychiatry. She is conducting the study, in collaboration with Dr Deborah Zion, from the Centre for Human Bioethics at Monash University.

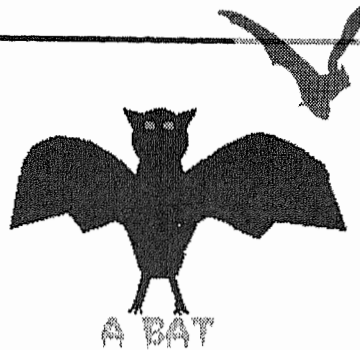
The interview will be fairly open-ended, and you will be invited to express your views about and experiences of taking SSRIs.

The University of Adelaide Human Ethics Committee has approved the study. Strict confidentiality is assured, and you are free to withdraw your participation at any time.

If you would like to express interest in participating in this study, or if you have any questions in relation to this project, please contact the investigator, Dr Anna Chur-Hansen, Department of Psychiatry, Royal Adelaide Hospital. My telephone number is **8222-5785** (work) or I can be emailed on anna.churhansen@adelaide.edu.au.

*Please note that if you are a student in the Faculty of Health Sciences Dr Chur-Hansen may be your teacher either currently or in the future. Thus, Health Sciences students should consider carefully whether they wish to participate in this study.

On Dit Chats with Bats



Owen Eszeki (Bit By Bats resident vocalist, axeman, and occasional thereminist) is a pleasant, relaxed fellow. For a man whose band is on the eve of their second release being released on Mushroom, with an Australian tour baying in the mist and a very impressive "oh I've played with them" list, he is a little too impassive. When people have risen to high statures in the music industry, we like to see them as totally devout band geeks, entirely immersed in the scene so that their networking has bought them valuable Triple J time.

However, Owen moved to Melbourne because he has a job as a cartographer for Lonely Planet, as well as the whole record deal thing. Almost Monkees-esque, the rest of the band followed (only two of the three live together, however) and have only been doing better since.

Bit By Bats are (quite unintentionally) a band of severe contradictions. They recorded a high-rotation radio album on their 10th rehearsal together. Their upcoming release sporadically has the harmonics and production

values of early 80's U2 albums, yet according to Owen his lyrics are simply written to accompany the music and are meaningless. After this I quizzed Owen about his influences and favourite bands and got a perplexing answer. Although the band states bands such as Sonic Youth and Pere Ubu (art-post-punk legends) as influences, Bit By Bats remain a minimal, even 'nice' sounding band. Owen explains that this is because you never hear Pere Ubu at discos, you hear Franz Ferdinand or Kylie. So they want to find the medium between what they listen to at home, and what they hear when they are out. I guess its kind of like selling out to the world of eclecticism; you're still cutting edge, but to more people.

And that's what they achieve with *Lets Go Romeo*. Recorded with cool Aussie music icons Dean Turner (Magic Dirt) and Lindsay Gravina (Birthday Party recorded) at Birdland Studios, it is slick and fun. See them launch it with Brisbane band The Grates on Friday the 15th at The Jade Monkey.

Jimmy Trash

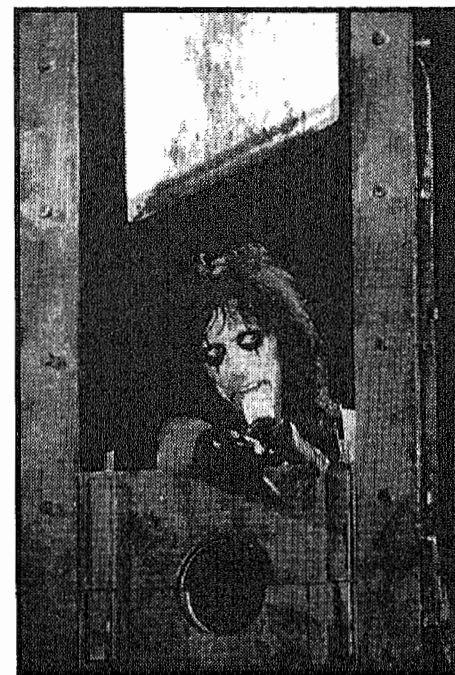
Celebrity Beheaded

The other day, I, a humble student and Myer employee, saw one of my favourite artists while on my lunch break. She was descending the escalators, which were facing the handbags department where my workmate, Jade, and I were making conjectures over the longevity of leather handbags, when we caught each other's eyes. It was not until she reached the ground floor and was making her way out of the store that I realized who she was. Incredulous, I turned to Jade and said, 'I think I just saw...' Just as excited as I was, Jade proposed that we set chase to see if it really was her. Now we could have pretended to have never recognized her, and impressed her with our nonchalance. But we didn't. Instead, there we were, like shameless schoolgirl Hanson fans, weaving around the cosmetics counters and the stampede of frenzied Saturday shoppers (who were evidently suffering from post Easter-Friday and anticipatory Easter Sunday and Easter Monday withdrawal symptoms), to catch another glimpse of the object of our reverence. I must admit, it was thrilling. I was giddy.

How disappointed I was when we finally caught up with her at the entrance of the Myer Centre. I had to call her *full* name out twice, *twice*, before she actually turned around. When I told her that I was about to see her perform tonight, she just looked at me, clearly nonplussed. Then when I asked her if she minded if Jade took a photo of us, she said she was running late for a sound check and continued to walk in the direction in which she was walking before we stopped her. Still possessed, I called out, 'That's OK, I'll see you tonight!'

Now it is we, the public, who elevate celebrities to untouchable status and then expect to be able to touch them. I know this. So how do I explain the disappointment, the hurt I still felt, when I was snubbed?

Was it that I felt she owed a duty to me, a fan who has bought her first EP, album, and two concert tickets, to be friendly? Have I bought the right to expect a photo, or at least a smile, from her? Moreover, could it be argued that once an individual becomes famous, they surrender their privacy and become public property? Surely not. It is so easy to forget that celebrities, like you and me, have a right to their own personal space, to say 'No' sometimes. They too have their own internal lives. How could I have known what was going on inside her head at that moment in time?



Was it the public's compulsion to infiltrate the lives of its favourite celebrities? Has the ubiquitous alienation of consumer culture led, ironically, to a need for us to connect with the so-called icons of cool that make us feel estranged and inadequate in the first place? We cling onto the sentiments of other people's songs as though they were our own. Are celebrities our last and most logical source of comfort in this wicked collagen world?

Or, was it that I just wanted more time to let her know how much I respected her?

That evening, I was intent on securing a spot right at the very front of the stage so that she could see me just standing there, giving her daggers, the whole night, and recognize me as the fan whose heart she broke earlier that day. However, I got there a bit late, and had to be content with the idea of giving her daggers from behind a gigantic speaker at the right hand corner of the stage.

She came on stage, said 'Hello,' and was genuinely overwhelmed to see how many people had come out to see her (the concert was sold-out). And there on stage, as she delivered her songs in such a heartfelt manner, and joked casually in between, her beauty and vulnerability were translucent. I saw a young woman who was so bloody talented, who was so deserving of her success, and yet was still so humble and self-effacing. She made mistakes, smiled, and said the words 'toilet' and 'crapper.' She could not be any more endearing. And in my little corner in front of the stage, I hated myself for behaving the way I did earlier that day, for not treating her the way she deserves to be treated-like any other normal human being.

By Thi Thy Nguyen
aka Sexual Chocolate

{ Enigma™ }

LEISURE LOUNGE & BAR

APRIL

FRI 8 POPPIN' MOMMAS, BACKSEAT ROMEOS,
STANDARD UNION, SLINGSHOT 9PM \$7

SAT 9 BETCHADUPA, EVEREST, NONE THE WISER 9PM \$10

SUN 10 STRIKE ANYWHERE, SOMMERSET, REALIST FEW,
THE RIP 7PM ALL AGES \$20

THU 14 LINE OF DEPARTURE, FLAGFALL, FACILITY, THE OPEN SEASON 8PM \$6

FRI 15 EMBODIMENT 12.14, IN NAME AND BLOOD,
A SECRET DEATH, THE NEW MUTINY 9PM \$10

SAT 16 END OF FASHION, FAKER, DAUGHTERBOY JAO 9PM \$12

SUN 17 IRRELEVANT, WENDY ICON,
LIABILITY OF MY OWN 7.30PM ALL AGES \$10

FRI 22 ALARUM, OMNIUM, IMMINENT PSYCHOSIS,
THE JONESTOWN SYNDICATE 9PM \$10

THU 28 BLUELINE MEDIC, TED LEO, LINE OF DEPARTURE 8.30PM \$15

FRI 29 THE WAR ROOM (1ST BIRTHDAY PARTY) FEATURING:
TRUTH CORRODED, SHALLOW GRAVE, DOUBLE DRAGON,
SYNTHESIST, THE NEW MUTINY 8PM \$10

SAT 30 NECROMANCY PRESENT: PHANTASM BALL II
(THE NEVERDEAD FETISH) 10PM \$10



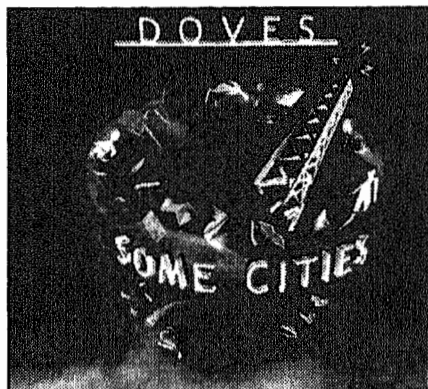
FREE INTERNET ACCESS WWW.ENIGMABAR.COM.AU
173 HINDLEY ST WEST (CITY).PH/FAX 82122313



Daft Punk
Human After All
EMI

seem to be as popular as it was five years ago, it's a welcome, uncompromising antidote to the uninspired mush generally known as *Push The Button* that was released a few months ago. Best track: "The Brainwasher". Listen and weep.

the electric monk



Doves
Some Cities
EMI

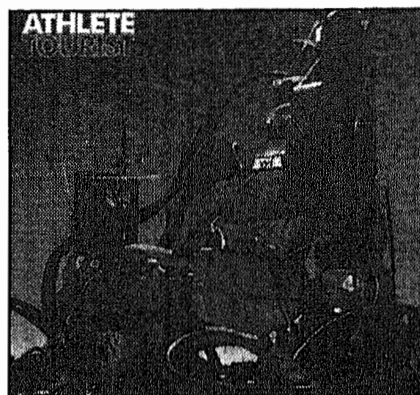
Doves are a tricky band to review. Very tricky. Not least because they've somehow managed to release three albums which are all almost-absolutely-brilliant-but-not-quite, and each for an entirely different reason. Personally I tend to adhere to the school of thought which says *Lost Souls* was long on songs but short on texture, and *The Last Broadcast* the other way round. Somehow *Some Cities* seems to round out the field, being an album of good/very good songs swathed in 'echoey strings and, lyrically, an overall attitude of loss and introversion, fairly well disguised by a guitar sound that generally sounds, well... happy. If this sounds odd then, well, it is. But for all that it's an oddness that works, mostly because these guys are good enough to pull it off.

If anything, *Some Cities* is notably more introverted than previous Doves albums. Maybe it's the indefinable lack of symphonic grandeur and epic-ness that we've come to expect from Jimi & co, or maybe it's the generally uplifting guitar sound, at the expense of that dark beauty that made tracks like "Here It Comes" and "Friday's Dust" so memorable. Whatever it is, *Some Cities* sounds like the musings of a lonely wanderer happy to be home but saddened at the extent to which his city has changed, and not for the better. I can't describe it any better than to say that the songs are smaller, sweeter, and every bit as accomplished as you'd expect, and tend to grow on you if you give them enough space.

Whether or not you're going to like it is purely a matter of preference - if you like Doves because they remind you of Pulp and Coldplay (in a good way), you'll like it straight away. If you like Doves because they remind you of Elbow and Radiohead you may

be in for a few listens before you dig it. If you just like Doves, well, you've probably bought it already anyway. Personally I can't help but think that if they could somehow take the songs from *Lost Souls*, the beauty and atmospherics from *The Last Broadcast* and the wistful echoiness of *Some Cities*, and stick them through a Korg, they might just come up with a genuine masterpiece. Doves' *OK Computer?* Perhaps that's what the world is waiting for.

the electronic monk



Athlete
Tourist
EMI Music

Fitting somewhere into the British alternative rock scene, along with (yes I'm going to say it) Coldplay and Keane, with slight influences from the likes of Blur and the electronic sounds of The Flaming Lips also, Athlete have enjoyed a rapid rise to popularity in the UK since the release of their second LP, *Tourist*. A few spins of the album later, and I was able to see why, though it took a while for the music to sink in before I was able to appreciate it. A consistently enjoyable album, with a diverse mix of tracks that prevents the feeling of hearing the same song over and over, *Tourist* builds upon the success of Athlete's first release *Vehicles & Animals*. The first single taken from the album, *Wires*, is probably the most powerful song on the album, on both a musical and emotional level, while 'If I Found Out' displays Athlete's ability to create cruisy yet infectiously melodic pop rock, driven by piano and guitars. 'Chances', the album's opener, is another highlight with piano and string arrangements dancing beautifully between each other amongst Pott's gentle vocals. *Tourist* closes with the dreamy 'I Love', completing the album experience with its blend of acoustic guitar and Flaming Lips-esque ethereal background sounds. Overall, although *Tourist* doesn't break much new ground musically, it's a suitable soundtrack to a road trip away, and I'll certainly be listening to it as I head down the coast for this Easter weekend.

Dave G



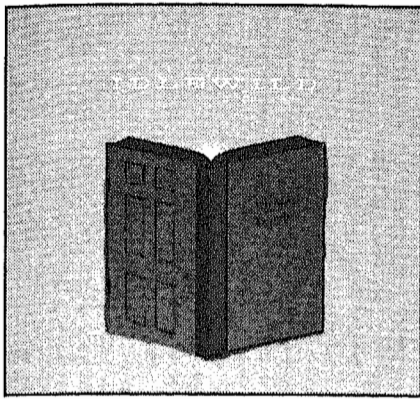
Little Birdy
BigBigLove
Virgin

Yes, well, I've always thought that it would be rather pointless reviewing this CD, since most people have undoubtedly already made up their minds as to whether or not they like Little Birdy. Most of the time this tends to hinge on whether you find Katy Steele sublimely talented or just plain bloody annoying, and nothing I say or write is going to change that in the slightest.

While I acknowledge the irritation factor to be potentially very high in this case, for some unknown (possibly ungodly) reason, Katy Steele simply doesn't bother me. Furthermore, *BigBigLove* is actually a bit of a winner. Some of the melodies in particular are very beautiful ("Tonight's The Night", "Relapse"), and thankfully the guitar sound hasn't been radio-friendly-ised (ie watered down) too much, leaving room for a bit of muscle here and there ("Excited", "Andy Warhol"). Whilst I admit I'm a sucker for vocal/guitar layering, in this case it really does enhance the feel of the record, and thankfully the band are tight without degenerating into a horrible, cliché-ridden parody of textbook guitar licks and meaningless feedback, which can be awfully easy with this type of music.

Of course it's fairly friendly pop/rock - the kind that Perth bands seem to be particularly good at churning out these days - and the overall sound is as perfectly sweet and beautifully packaged as a box of mixed chocolates, however, if a general lack of adventurousness in a record doesn't necessarily bother you, this album will probably please you quite a bit. A bit more experimentation in the future is definitely required to prevent these guys turning into No Doubt, but it's a beautifully accomplished debut with only the occasional duff space filler. Give it a spin. If she doesn't drive you crazy.

danger mouse



Idlewild
Warnings/ Promises
EMI

Finally, the new album from that other Scottish band... and it's an odd one. Not quirky odd - I just don't know what to make of it, that's all. On the one hand it's easily their most accomplished album, displaying a depth of feeling and musical sensibility noticeably absent (or just underdeveloped) on their previous albums. On the other hand, it's an album that suffers from some chronic attacks of musical blandness in places. *Warnings/ Promises* marks the completion of Idlewild's move away from the punk sound that made them famous, but whether or not it's a good move remains to be seen.

In many ways *Warnings/ Promises* feels like a transitional album. The majority of songs are acoustic-based and owe a lot more to the REM school of pop than anything else. In fact, this album is extremely REMish, and I can't believe I never noticed how much Idlewild's lead singer Roddy Woomble sounds like Michael Stipe - the resemblance is uncanny. Maybe it's the newfound pop sensibility in their songwriting that makes it more noticeable. After all, you could never imagine Stipe singing "Roseability" or any number of tracks off Idlewild's previous albums, but he'd fit like a glove on this one.

The biggest problem I have with *Warnings/ Promises* is that it's almost unbearably polite. The guitars are polite, the drums are polite, the vocals are polite, and each song ends quite neatly before going on to the next one. It's all very clean and polished and... bland. Well, mostly. The last third of the album is the exception, being genuinely brilliant. The songs are gorgeous, the instrumentation intricate, and Roddy finally gets

a chance to show off his vocal talents, which are substantial. The songwriting takes an upward turn, being noticeably more sophisticated, detailed, and less simplistic than earlier parts of the album.

I always thought Idlewild had a true classic in them somewhere. This album isn't it, but at least parts of it show they still have what it takes. Who knows, with their newfound acoustic direction, there could still be an *Automatic For The People* lurking beneath the surface. At any rate, their change in direction is more successful than, say, the Chili Peppers'. But that's another story.

the electric monk



The Chemical Brothers
Push the Button
Virgin

The Chemical Brothers are a legacy in their own right. Always at the cutting edge of digital music, the Brothers pioneered the big beat style as the Dust Brothers, before name clashes forced them to become the Chemical Brothers. Since the name change, they have released album after album of high quality music. "Push the Button" does not fail to disappoint.

The album begins with the current single, "Galvanise", a typical Brother's party track in the vein of "Block Rocking Bears" and "Hey Boy, Hey Girl". But as the album progresses it becomes evident this is not a typical Brother's collection. Influences from other style and artists shine through, keeping the album fresh from start to finish. The track "Believe" draws obvious influences from Breaks Idol, The Prodigy. The strong bassline in the track backed by the obnoxious singing, of a man shrieking, "I need you to believe", in a British accent. Surprisingly, it works, creating a strong (but eccentric) track.

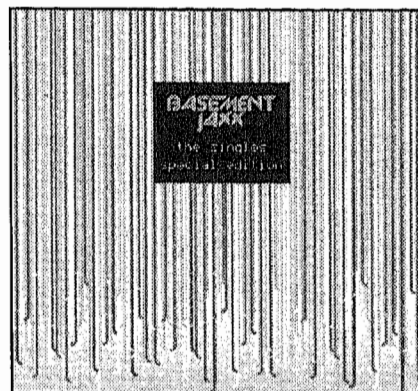
Partway through the album, I was surprised to find a cry of "Left Right" ringing through my headphones, there in the middle of *Push the Button*, is a glowingly obvious hip hop track. The backing is fantastic under the smooth (yet uninspired) rhymes of the MC. The final song on the album is the ambient "Surface to Air". It creates a relaxing end to a fairly high energy album.

One glowing emission from *Push the Button* is the lack of a song in

the Vein of Orange Wedge or My Elastic Eye. The strong distorted bass and snare fuelled indulgence on which there was at least one on all their previous albums.

It is fantastic to see the Chemical Brothers still being original after so many years at the forefront of electronic music. *Push the Button* is no *Come With Us*, but still a great album.

Tristan Reimann

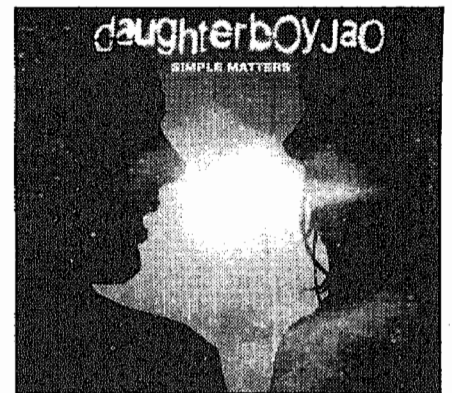


Basement Jaxx
The Singles
XL Recordings

It's not a greatest hits compilation. Honest. Or at any rate, that's what these guys want you to believe. Convenient then, that this "singles collection" happens to contain all their... hits. Really, I don't mean to be cynical, but I'm at a loss to see the point of this release, or indeed why this album is worth buying, unless you're too lazy/broke/disorganised to buy their previous albums. As a collection of singles it lacks, of course, any coherent structure or personality, and the majority of tracks simply stop before the next one starts, including a few such as "Rendez-Vu" which, annoyingly, fades out after four minutes, cutting off the last two minutes of the song.

If anything I suppose this album is aimed at people who have been to a Jaxx gig and want some kind of memento of the event. Fair enough, since this album contains most of the tracks that form the backbone of their live set, constituting a fairly even split between their three albums "Rooty", "Kish Kash", and "Remedy". Only thing is, if you've actually been to a Jaxx gig you'll know how brilliant they are and how piss-weak this collection of songs is in comparison. I really think if they wanted to appeal to their casual fans, a live album would have been a better idea, and much more interesting to listen to. That aside, the songs kick ass, there are two newies ("Oh My Gosh" and "U Don't Know Me"), and I suppose the entire thing works perfectly well as a Saturday night party album. Hmmm. Try again, guys. Let's hope your label made you release this, coz I hate to think you came up with such a lame idea yourselves.

the electric monk



Daughterboy Jao
Simple Matters
Virgin Music

If The White Stripes are your scene, then Daughterboy Jao, consisting of Oliver Jao Smith and Emma Forrest, will be likely to appeal to you also. With guitar, drums and vocals stripped back to the point of rawness, their music seems to be drawn from the very same vein as that of The White Stripes or The Strokes, although Smith's vocals aren't quite as distinctive as those of the formidable Jack White. Still, Daughterboy Jao are a tight duo and *Simple Matters* is an enjoyable record that will have you tapping your toes and nodding your head to the beat in no time.

The opening track "One Last Time" sets a fast pace, with Smith's frantic sounding vocals setting the beat alongside the guitars. The title track "Simple Matters" is also tremendously catchy, starting off softly, and then building momentum as it draws to its end. "Thrills" bears a definite resemblance to the rawer music of The White Stripes or The Electronic Soft Parade, with the same 'on the edge of insanity' qualities of The Vines' earlier work. The style and pace of these songs, however, isn't representative of all songs on the album.

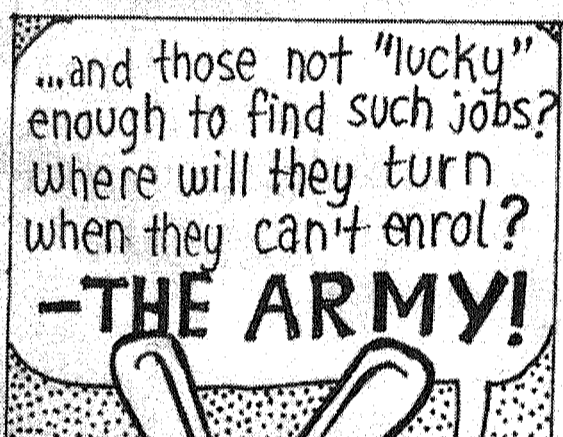
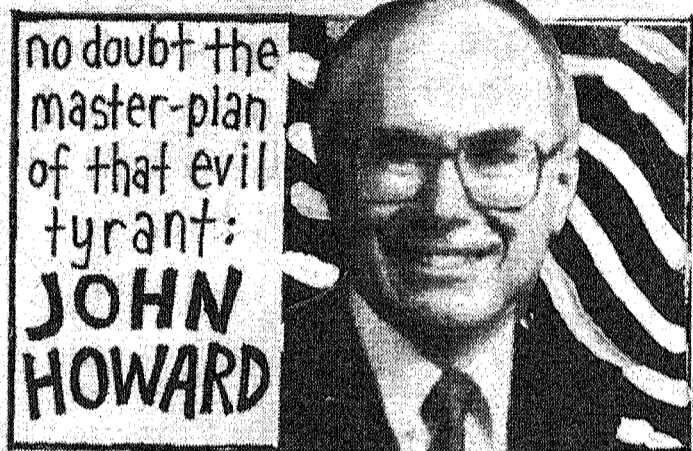
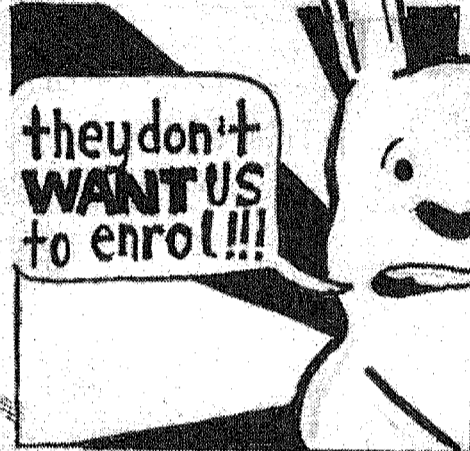
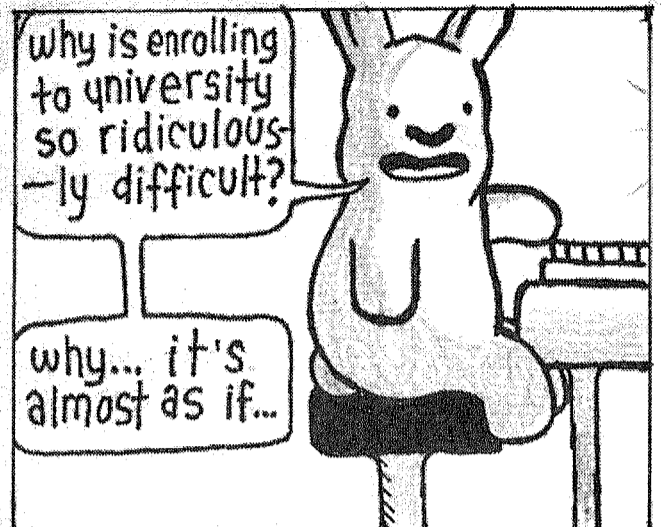
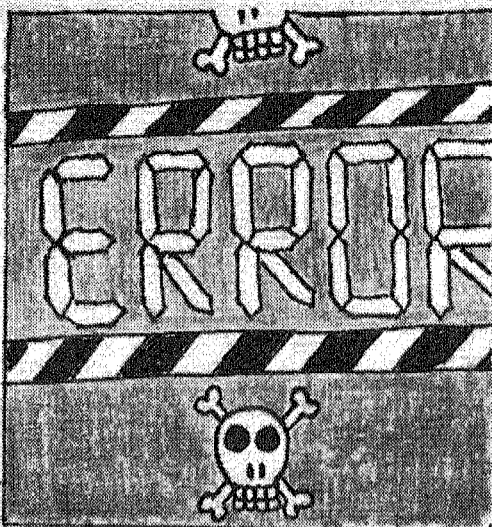
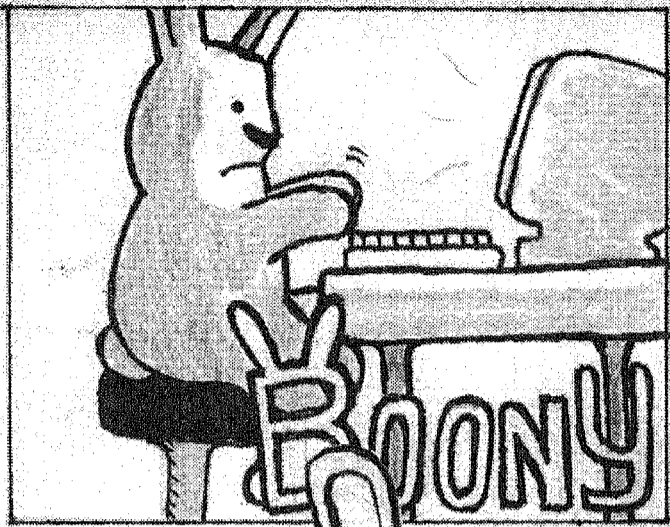
"Where Do We Go From Here", for instance, sounds almost like a lullaby, with gentle vocals and soft harmonys replacing the raw edged nature of the previous tracks. The eerie "Now You Will Sleep" is much softer also, made even more so by Emma Forrest's contribution to the vocals, almost whisper quiet amongst the smooth strumming of the guitar. Overall, *Simple Matters* is a consistent album offering a diverse collection of songs, which, as with most good music, seem to grow on you in time. Though, hopefully with future releases Daughterboy Jao will be able to move out from under the shadow of other groups of musical likeness and truly develop their own sound.

Dave G

GIVEAWAYS!

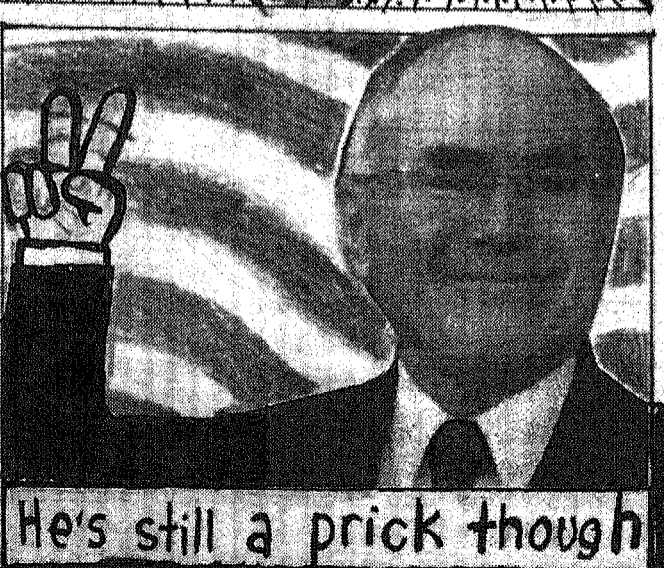
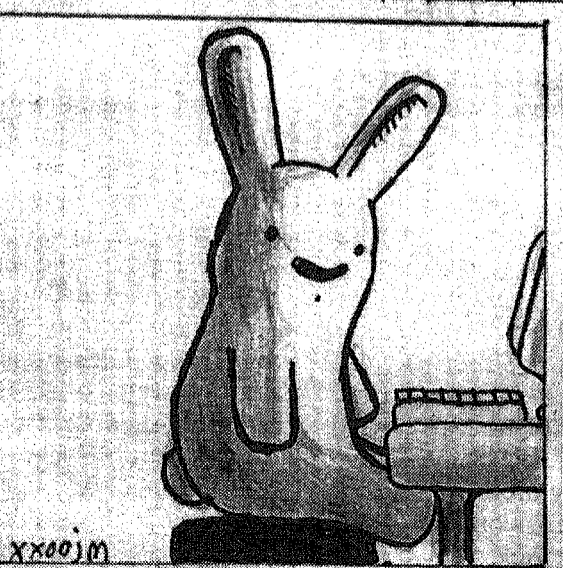
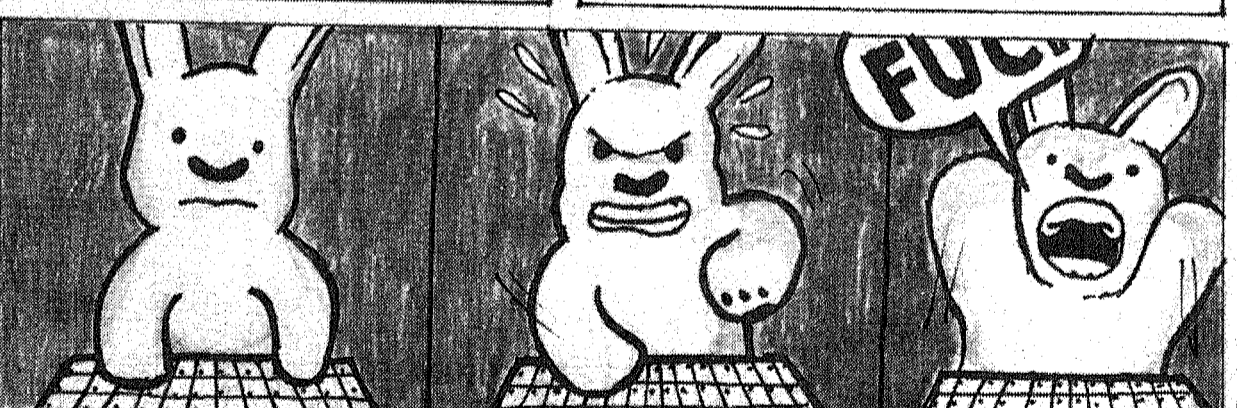
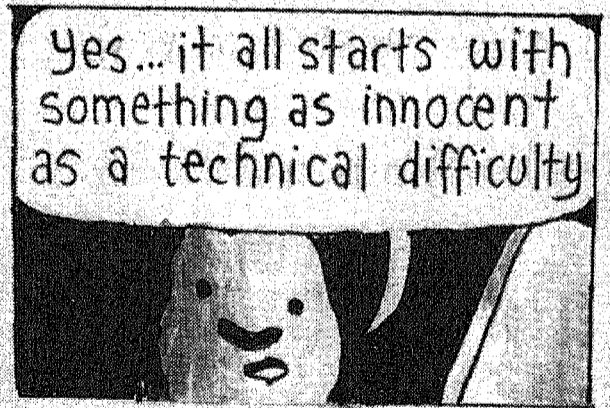
If you can tell us when and where Aviator Lane's next gig is come down to the On Dit office and help yourself to your pick of...

- **Judas Priest** - *Angel of Retribution* (reviewed Ed. 3)
- **Daughterboy Jao** - *Simple Matters* (reviewed above)



...then, in desperation they'll find jobs as Howard's cooks, cleaners and gardeners

More and more uneducated, obedient soldiers for Howard's mad stab at world domination.



ART GALLERY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Far Too British and Too much Swagger

and landscapes had never been popular in Britain, so artists looked towards this more "...lucrative genre".² These proud works animate the pompous people of this period, highlighting an era when "...the English came to see themselves as a people apart, enveloped in a haze of patriotic self-congratulation".¹

The painting of the swashbuckling youth; *Richard Goodricke of Ribston, Yorkshire*, c. 1578, oil on oak panel, painted by renowned Cornelius Ketel (1548-1616) is a striking and boastful piece. Presenting the coming of age of an aristocrat and his acceptance into Law school. It seems that society's opinions on studying Law hasn't changed much in over 400 years. The cocky and boastful are still swamping our universities and if the Law Society's trip to Oakbank last weekend is anything to go by, then English ideals on social status are alive and well in Adelaide.

Despite its snobbish iconography, the work is magnificent. The figure of Richard glows against a dark background void of activity, except for the introduction of a vibrant family crest and the glimpse of a shimmering comet. The inclusion for this cosmic force, an actual event at the time of the portrait's creation, is a metaphor for this eighteen year old boy's accent into manhood.

The work is very flat, as was the style of the era and relates to the miniature painting that predates the work. The flat painting technique used heightens the sense of refinement and elegance, drawing the eye into the work's intricate detailing. The young man's dark costume and cloak is meticulously painted and contrasts greatly with the fashionable millstone ruff around his neck. This ephemeral fabric creates a halo-like detachment between his head and body, highlighting his celestial rising in society. The concept of a halo is again referenced will the golden adornments upon his haughty cap suggestive also of a coronation.

From within this levitated face two eyes peer out at the viewer which chilling confidence. His gaze can only be described as *terribly British*, cocky yet frightfully refined. The viewer is sucked into his arrogance and self-satisfaction, Richard's status seems totally natural.

Comparable to the Cornelius Ketel painting for the righteous Richard is the actual depiction of a coronation in

King George III in coronation robes, c. 1765, oil on canvas by Allan Ramsay and Studio (1713-1784). This massive and fascinating work shows how the illusion of paint can be used to create the sumptuous look of material and fabrics.

The same British self-satisfaction and pomp is present in the posture of the King. One hand on the hip and head slightly turned, as in the Ketel. Yet unlike Richard's floating mask-like face, King George III's fleshy head is not the centrepiece of this painting, his lavish and luxurious costume is. The flowing ermine lined robes frame the King and exaggerate his neo-classical pose as Apollo Belvedere.

This ostentatious work is full of detail; no space is left free of golden tassels, marble columns or floral carpets. But in the mists of this vulgar display of limitless excess the King's confidence seems slightly off, in all his refinement he is not as strong as Ketel's, Richard Goodricke. The plain background of this earlier painting and focus on the face gives the effect of a real person standing before you. King George III shows off his wealth but fails to hold a timeless presence.

The theme of arrogance continues though the collection with the almost comical and ambiguous painting by Nicolas de Largillierre (1656-1746), *Frances Wollascot an Augustinian Nun*, 1729, oil on canvas. Rather than showing the haughtiness of the sitter as in the paintings by Ketel and Ramsay, Largillierre creates a 'brag' work for the sitter's father.

Against a dark background sits the voluptuous young Nun, her face radiating from under her formal attire. Above her is the inscription of her father's name; Martin Woollascot Esquire. The nun is an object, a possession of her father and an image of untouchable beauty. Her body is



fleshy and fertile but contained by her conservative and restricting habit. Despite this the shape of her enormous breasts are clear. Her sensuality is emphasised by the redness of her lips, and her blushing cheeks. She sits and sows but seems preoccupied, her eyes allure to other thoughts. The artist sees though these celibate garments to reveal a real woman of flesh and blood.

Vanity and arrogance will always find their way into art and the stigma of colonisation will long hang in the air, but never-the-less this exhibition is still an interesting and absorbing presentation. *Island to Empire* shows the strength of imperialism on our country and how it has shaped our cultural and artistic ideologies. Pomp and circumstance will always be associated with the British, but they were also a dynamic and unique race that showed leadership and innovation. As questionable now as it maybe that such images from our Imperial past still linger while stolen generations try to put back the pieces of lost lives, *Island to Empire* allows us, perhaps for the first time to view the British as a bizarre race and separate from our own. Like in Japanese prints, these works build an image of an exotic world that we can now view as outsiders.

***Island to Empire: 300 Years of British Art* is the end product of over ten years of work by curator and past director of the Art Gallery of South Australia, Ron Radford. The exhibition runs until the 13 June 2005.**

Leo Greenfield

2/4/2005

(Footnotes)

¹ Lloyd, T. 'Best of the British' in *The Advertiser*, 14 March, 2005.

Radford, R. *Island to Empire: 300 Years of British Art*, Art Gallery of South Australia, Adelaide, 2005, p.52.

Lloyd, P. 'They're a weird Mob' in *The Advertiser's Saturday*, 12 March, 2005, p. 1.

Lloyd, P. 'They're a weird Mob' in *The Advertiser's Saturday*, 12 March, 2005, p. 1.

The art of an Empire crushes the art of any another at the Art Gallery of South Australia's latest exhibition, *Island to Empire: 300 years of British Art*. In a massive exhibition that stretches from 1550 to 1850, the pomp and swagger of an imperial culture is brought to life.

Since the Gallery's conception in 1880 British art has been "...built into the fabric of [our] city" and *Island to Empire* is a testament to this. The exhibition is a survey of the development of British art, beginning with portraiture in oils and then moving into landscapes and maritime scenes in washy watercolours. Rather than mapping the course of British art this collection is a hangover from the days of British colonialism and the attitudes that have shaped this country.

When first entering into the exhibition one steps into a long gallery hall, reminiscent of the grand yet staid halls of English manner houses. The type made of dark wood and filled with portraits of pale vampiric figures. From marble white skin, gleaming eyes of crystal stare. These first works in the exhibition are from the 16th century and are a gesture to the days of Queen Elizabeth I and her stiff iconic manner. This can particularly be seen in the portrait by Robert Peake (c. 1551-1619) titled *Frances, Lady Reynell, of West Ojwell, Devon*, c. 1595, oil on oak panel.

Portraiture was originally the dominate mode of artistic expression in Britain, gaining such status for two main reasons. Firstly, as King Henry VIII expelled the Roman Catholic Church, religious imagery was outlawed and replaced with pictures of the King. Secondly, neo-classical iconography of mythological scenes



RING TONES

A telephone conversation with Pete Chesney.

A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of speaking with Pete Chesney, who worked as the special effects coordinator on *The Ring Two*. It's tough to work out what to ask a person with such a role, but having seen some preview footage of the film, I was able to ask several "how did you do that?" questions.

OnDit: What exactly does the role [of special effects coordinator] entail?

Pete: Well, on any movie there are actually two special effects coordinators. One is considered the visual effects supervisor, who handles all the computer compositing and any of the non-physical stuff. I'm the physical coordinator, and I handle all the physical, water elements, all the designs related to anything that moves such as actors... but there's an in-between place that we have to team up for. For instance, in the deer attack... there were never any real deer, because deer are virtually untrainable... This was all very specific, they were all [required to be] big male deer with antlers - and they only have antlers once a year, and when they have antlers, they're dangerous. So from the beginning, they were always going to be computer [generated] animals... But when we go into the damage the deer does to the car [which characters Rachel and Aidan are in at the time], we damaged four identical cars with hoof marks and dented roofs.

OnDit: And how would you do something like that?

Pete: (laughs) Believe it or not, mostly sledgehammers. Some parts of it are very down and dirty, but you had to think it through. For instance, Betsy [Paterson, visual effects supervisor] didn't want there to be any positive space in the damage - meaning dents were good, but any bits of metal that stuck back out were bad for her, because they could make the car smooth, but they couldn't remove stuff that was sticking up... her costs were really influencing what we did... The reason why we did four cars is not because there were four different damages but because [each unit] needed a car, and then you had to match damages, and that's not super easy. For instance, we had to work out a technique to make windshields fracture in the same places and we were actually using glass cutters... you just have to experiment for a while. Then we get into the water stuff... Our director [Hideo Nakata] wanted a realism to it. He didn't want it to look like possessed water, he wanted it to have a creepiness based on reality. So we actually did a lot of early work to study what water does. Another one of the things we did was build an upside-down bathtub and play around with it... to determine the look of the water in the bathroom.

OnDit: So there was a lot of research involved

before getting into some of the specific effects.

Pete: Yeah, because when you're trying to get the general look of something, it's actually pretty hard for the visual effects just to throw things on the computer and say, "how about this?" because they have too many available choices. [They would] probably have to make it, which could take a few weeks. I could play around for a couple of days and give them something that represents different versions of reality with just switching the position of gravity [as in the upside-down bathtub]... That's kind of where the development of ideas comes from - a shift from the computer world to the physical world, depending on the flavour that the director is trying to get.

OnDit: And was there anything with the special effects on *The Ring Two* that you found particularly difficult to accomplish?

Pete: Well, this show is more cerebral than a poltergeist-type film - it's a lot more subtle. So the subtlety of these things is a different type of challenge.

OnDit: Trying to make things more creepy rather than shock?

Pete: Yeah - we're not trying to do that [because] it detracts from the storyline, and Hideo's particularly interested in that side of it. He's more into the drama than making a [primarily] special effects movie. For instance, we had a scene in the beginning of the movie where this water comes out from under the door and around his [Simon Baker, as Max] feet. [That kind of] simple stuff is frequently the hardest. On that one, we had to make a set that was nearly 20 feet square, but the floor was actually a special box that we could add vacuum cleaners to and have a negative air pressure inside. And then we'd cut channels in thick paper that we laid down on the floor. Then we'd put linoleum sheet over the whole 20 feet so it looked smooth. Then you turn on four shop vacuum cleaners that are all working underneath the floor. In other words, the floor was a box and the tops and side of the box had several hundred tiny holes drilled into it. It would suck both the heavy gauge real linoleum down, and would form into these very shallow but very specific paths, so the water wanted to go down these paths and create a shape that would go around his feet. You couldn't see it when the vacuums were on, but they needed to suck the materials down. Then you took the whole set, and one side of it was on big screw jacks, so you could change the level of the floor in tenths of a degree, so you could regulate the speed of the water. Then there were 20 valves on the other side of the door, pushing the water under the door so that several little 'fingers' were formed - because the surface tension of the water would make it one big blob. Then even further down the line, we would go in and tune all the

depressions - because you're trying to make them as shallow as possible - by rubbing soap where we wanted [the water] to go, and wax where we didn't want it to go. So the meniscus edge of the water tension would want to wick like blood where the soap film was... so that would help you create patterns. So there's a lot of subtlety just to fooling around with a very simple sounding thing.

OnDit: Were there any other films that sourced your inspiration when you were coming up for the effects with this one?

Pete: Well, actually it was just *Ring One*. Being that neither Betsy nor I worked on the first one, and you don't necessarily get really good information on how they do that.

OnDit: You used the first film to help you with the second?

Pete: Yeah, because we were trying to be reminiscent of it. I could look at the original, and we would go into an effects editing [studio] and look at what the camera was doing... Part of it is trying to copy the style, and part of it is finding out what Hideo wants [to incorporate into] the new style. Because you want to remain true to the genre, the first film becomes the most important thing to carry through.

OnDit: And where are you headed after this? Anything else that you're working on down the pipeline?

Pete: Oh no, this is our world of professional filmmakers. You are unemployed between jobs. There's [the film that] you're actually working with. The rest is rumours. Everybody listens for the phone, it's not the most secure job environment.

OnDit: But you get to do some pretty interesting stuff when you are busy.

Pete: Well that's sort of the reason I got into it. It's never the same. I've never done spooky water



THE TWILIGHT SAMURAI

Director: Yoji Yamada
Starring: Hiroyuki Sanada, Rie Miyazawa

The past year has seen interest in martial arts films piqued, most probably, by the release of Tarantino's *Kill Bill* films.

Here, we find Seibei Iguchi (Sanada), a low-level samurai in the late Edo era (mid-19th Century), dutiful to his daughters, Kayano and Ito (Miki Ito and Erina Hashiguchi). His high-status wife died of tuberculosis and Seibei finds himself in the awkward position of having to escape work in the evenings to keep his house in order. He works so hard that his appearance is constantly unkempt, leading him to be treated with contempt by both his family and his peers, who give him the nickname of Tasogare Seibei, or "Twilight Samurai" – the samurai who runs home at twilight. Aside from his daughters, the main source of joy in Seibei's life is his childhood friend Tomoe (Miyazawa), whom Seibei rescued from her drunken, brutal ex-husband. Tomoe is interested in Seibei, but Seibei, being of a lower social status, is too self-critical to approach her.

What makes the film both engaging and touching is its portrayal of a father who realizes, in light of his reluctance to carry out his duties, how pointlessly dangerous his life has been. When pushed by his Lord to fight the rebellious samurai Yoho Zenemon (Min Tanaka), Seibei obliges, although neither he nor Yoho wishes to fight. The battle, when it eventuates, is motivated by so much more than those in other films. Such scenes are amongst the most intense moments one can find in film. Both Seibei and Yoho are restricted by social constraints, and yet both have no other choice. The film's understatement both increases the tension in such scenes, and enhances the tender nature of Seibei's relationship with Tomoe. The acting is beautiful, the drama touchingly modest, the score both unique and steeped in an undercurrent of sadness. *House of Flying what?*



Brian O'Neill

THE RING TWO

Director: Hideo Nakata
Starring: Naomi Watts, Simon Baker and David Dorfman

One of the sequels of 2005 with a lot to live up to is *The Ring Two*, follow-up to one of 2002's deserving box-office successes, *The Ring*. In the first film, Naomi Watts portrayed Rachel, a journalist who investigated the origins of a mysterious videotape that supposedly caused any who viewed it to receive a mysterious phone call and die exactly seven days later. After viewing the tape, Rachel had no choice but to try and uncover the origins of the tape and the spirit of a small girl connected to it.

Both the above film and the US sequel are based fairly heavily on their Japanese counterparts, *Ringu* and *Ringu 2*. The new film continues the story of the first one: Rachel and her son, Aidan (Dorfman) have escaped to the small town of Astoria, Oregon. This doesn't run smoothly, as another teenager is found dead in a similar manner to those victims of the tape in the first film, and Rachel soon discovers that her son is the target of the girl's power.

The choice to go with the same director on *The Ring Two* as *Ringu 2* doesn't appear to work as well as hoped. The first US film, directed by Gore Verbinski, was atmospheric and disturbing. Verbinski took a quirky, story-based piece of Japanese horror and updated it for Western audiences, enhancing the mood through use of abstract imagery and beautiful cinematography. Hideo Nakata remains a solid director, but the sensation evoked by the US sequel is muddled and the atmosphere less chilling. The increased use of digital special effects doesn't help this and nor does the writing. The resolution teeters on the downright bizarre (small spoiler: Rachel gets pulled into the television). The dialogue is clumsy, as well – "I'm not your fucking mommy!" is a particularly unfortunate moment that makes the film much more difficult to take seriously. Worse yet, the film's central figure – the small girl whose spirit is coming after Aidan – is treated with far less sympathy than in the prior film. *The Ring* held greater impact thanks to the melancholy core of its story: its killer was a small girl who had died in the most unpleasant, lonely of circumstances. The new elements of the girl's history seeming to exist solely in service of providing Rachel with a way to defeat the spirit once and for all.

In spite of the many qualms with the film, it still remains quite watchable. The above may sound like a long list of problems, but *The Ring Two* has a lot more to live up to than most horror sequels and still possesses a more foreboding air, more interesting story and stronger performances than most other films in the overcrowded genre (David Dorfman is an especially creepy young boy when he needs to be). With the possibility of future Japanese/English adaptations of horror films, Nakata might just benefit from returning to the notion which he, and Japan, are known for with their movies: the less explained, the better.



Brian O'Neill

BEING JULIA

Director: István Szabó
Starring: Annette Bening, Jeremy Irons

He says:

Annette Bening missed out on an Oscar for her performance as spoilt, self-indulgent 1930s stage actress, Julia Lambert. Ironically, the award went, again, to Hilary Swank, for her spoilt, self-indulgent and truly awful turn in *Million Dollar Baby*. Still, rather than a hateful Hilary rant, I will divert my attentions to Julia, the protagonist of a W. Somerset Maughan tragicomedy which traces the rise and fall of this Grande Dame of the 1930s London stage.

Julia is persistently spoilt rotten by those around her, including her husband, Michael Gosselyn (Jeremy Irons). She is in an exhausted state of *ennui*. She wishes something would happen. It soon does in the form of young American, Tom Fennel (Shaun Evans) and their affair unlocks something of a youthful optimism in the brittle actress, blinding her to the reality that Tom's boyish adulation may not be as guileless as it appears. The rude awakening she experiences paves the way for a wicked revenge fantasy, and also forces Julia into a reconciliation of truthful and synthetic halves of her psyche.

Bening is simply astounding. Her character has more layers than a viewer can count and she delves into a heap of roles and roles-within-roles, pulling each one out in deft portrayals. She marvelously conveys the idea that Julia is *always* acting, even in private. You feel the fun of the story, as well as the appropriate heartache. The film is also at once visually textured and striking with wonderful cinematography and splendidly decadent production design. While we cannot travel back in time to lynch Clint Eastwood the liar and his horse-like mistress, Hilary, thus preventing them from fiendish theft of Oscar gold, we can all go along to this gem of a film and love it for what it is: a densely layered, beautifully textured, aching honest and sensationally sly piece of cinema.



Harry Black

She says:

While watching this beautiful film you can't help feeling that you're being manipulated. And the truth is, you are – two-fold. Firstly, there's Julia, star of the London stage, who always seems to be acting, even with her nearest and dearest. And then there's Annette Bening who plays this marvellously complex character to perfection, but not even she affords the audience a glimpse at who Julia really is. It's like it's a big secret and Julia and Annette play this guessing game with everyone – actors and audience alike. This idea is great and very successfully executed, however it's not easy to enjoy; you can't help feeling alienated and uncomfortable. It all comes together in the last scene but the perplexing build-up damages its impact. The film is great, otherwise, with a beautiful look to it and superb acting. And Harry, I agree, despite the unnecessarily deep English accent, Annette did deserve that Oscar.



Soph.

REVIEWER PROFILE

Brian O'Neill



Fave film: *Pleasantville*, *Cinema Paradiso*, *I Heart Huckabees*

Most Hated: *Saw*

Fave Genre: Drama, Foreign (esp. Italian), Art-house

Fave Actor: Naomi Watts, Justin Theroux, Frances McDormand

Random Fact: 13 people are killed by vending machines each year. Seriously.

Blast From the Past



Strangers on a Train - 1951

Director: Alfred Hitchcock (*Psycho, The Birds, Vertigo, Rope*)
Starring: Farley Granger (*Rope*), Ruth Roman (*Tomorrow is Another Day*), Robert Walker (*The Sea of Grass*)

Strangers on a Train is one of the most enduring of the many Hitchcock classics. Originating from Patricia Highsmith's novel of the same name it has since gone on to inspire at least another two films as well as radio and stage plays.

The base concept is brilliantly simple: two men meet on a train and, after some discussion, broach the subject of murder. They decide that the main thing that gives a man away after a murder is the motive which connects him to the case. They resolve that if two men were to swap victims and motive is removed, they could literally, get away with murder.

The men in Hitchcock's picture are tennis ace Guy Haines (Farley Granger) and professional dandy Bruno Antony (Robert Walker). Guy treats their planning as pure intellectual fancy whereas Bruno treats it deadly seriously. Days later Bruno tracks down Guy's wife and strangles her to death in an amusement park and demands Guy keep his side of the grisly bargain. Unable to turn to the police for fear being branded an accessory Guy attempts to deflect a dogged Bruno before it all ends in the obligatory hand to hand combat finale.

Hitchcock must have considered himself incredibly lucky to stumble upon Highsmith's novel, it contained all the themes central to Hitchcock's cinema - deceit, wrong man accused, catholic guilt,

sexual perversity, intellectual depravity, icy women and trains, but he made several important alterations to Highsmith's original story.

In Highsmith's novel the relationship between Guy and Bruno is an erotic one. While Bruno is intent on getting his father out of the way is just as intent on removing both of Guy's women, so as to have him all for himself. In Highsmith's novel Guy also commits the second murder, holding up his end of the bargain. Due to both the formal censure of the Hayes code and the informal censure of a conservative public he was unable to portray the homosexuality or a morally ambiguous hero.

Granger gives a solid, vulnerable performance but is eclipsed by the towering mastery of Walker's career best turn as Bruno. Through his deft mannerisms and physical nuance Walker manages to clearly communicate Bruno's aching physical desire for Guy and lend him a tortured humanism that is characteristic of many famous *film noir* villains. Walker died almost immediately after the completion of the picture, ending a brilliant career almost before it began.

It almost goes without saying that Hitchcock is at the peak of his craft here. *Strangers* was the last picture Hitchcock made before formally committing to colour. His most ingenious touches to the film are his efforts to highlight the 'doubling' subtext of the film. Highsmith's novel foregrounds the Platonic philosophy of the tri-party soul. In Hitchcock's film Guy and Bruno become the two opposing sides of the soul, white and black, pure and base. Hitchcock manipulates lighting and costume, frequently emphasizing the opposition of their sensibilities. Hitch also fills the picture with countless references to doubles, and in his obligatory cameo he even carries a double bass.

Strangers was a crucial film for Hitchcock, it was one of the last in a string of successful pictures he made for Warner brothers before beginning his 'golden period' at Paramount which would include the great masterpieces of *Psycho*, *Vertigo* and *Rear Window*. Quintessential Hitchcock, *Strangers* stands apart as one of the great 'genre films' in all of cinema

Danny Wills

INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE PROGRAMS IEP

Global Work Experiences

www.iep.org.au



IEP is Australia's largest non profit operator of working holiday programs. If you are ready to pack up the books and head overseas on a working adventure, come and see us at an information session.

- Summer Camp USA:**
Mon 18 April - 6pm at Enterprise House 136 Greenhill Road, Adelaide
- Work USA:**
Mon 2 May - 6pm at Enterprise House 136 Greenhill Road, Adelaide
- Work Britain, Work Canada, Work Ireland, Work South Africa:**
Mon 18 April - 7pm at Enterprise House 136 Greenhill Road, Adelaide
Mon 2 May - 7pm at Enterprise House 136 Greenhill Road, Adelaide

www.iep.org.au 1300 300 912
 INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE PROGRAMS IEP

QUOTE THE RAVEN

"GET AWAY FROM HER, YOU BITCH!"



If you know what film this quote is from, let us know! Email onditfilm@hotmail.com and we'll throw something your way! Ridgy Didge! Congrats to STUART DOUGLAS BRADY for guessing *Dirty Dancing* from *On Dit's* fifth edition. You've won a *Ring Two* T-shirt! Hurrah!

Flickerfest 2005

Ah, short films. What a refreshing change from sitting through the same story for two hours. I've always had a soft spot for the short film, probably due to my short attention span. It's also due to the fact that the condensed story can give a person just as much to think about - if not more - as a feature. Flickerfest 2005 did not disappoint. Opening the fest was the delightful French animation, *Les Revolution Des Crabes*...about crabs who can't change direction. The ones at the beach, gutter minds. Very funny, simple and effective - perfect. We were then served something very dark and Spanish - *Las Viandas* - about a restaurant whose customers are never allowed to leave. I wasn't sure about this one. I appreciated the effort, but it was very Peter Greenaway and I was just not in the mood.

Two Cars in One Night, from New Zealand, was a treat. You know when your parents go to the pub and leave you in the car outside? Maybe not, but this film is about first love found in a parking lot. Gorgeous. *Wasp*, a stunningly realistic portrayal of England's borderline poverty-stricken residents had me riveted. One of those "my life is so much better than their's" confirmations. It was fantastic. Oscar winner for Best Short Animation *Birthday Boy* was subtly moving, following a cute little computer-generated Korean boy around for a day. Lastly, *Yu Ming Is Ainn Dom*, a quaint tale of a young Chinese man learning Gaelic so he can move to Ireland, was a wonderful night cap. Get out there and check out the short films everyone - the quality is HIGH!

Lucky L.

A Weekend to Remember

**Bundaleer Weekend
Bundaleer Forest
March 12-13**

The 2005 Bundaleer Weekend was always going to be an interesting experience for all involved. The event boasted hundreds of performers and a beautiful natural setting in the form of the Bundaleer Forest. And, as a whole, it did not disappoint.

The Friday night before the event officially commenced saw a street party in nearby Jamestown. Although it got off to a slow start, by the time darkness had fallen there was a sizeable crowd, and the other events taking place in the town were well-attended. One of these ancillary events was the opening of an exhibition entitled 'Intersection at the Belalie Art Gallery, which showcased the talents of artists from different regional areas of South Australia. Different styles were represented, and though the works were of uneven quality, there were some real gems. Pam Diment's ceramics imitated skeletons remarkably well and Belinda Broughton's paintings were striking for their combination



of simplicity and complexity. Just over the creek from the gallery lie the town's grain silos. These acted as the screen for Malcolm McKinnon's projection entitled *Talking Silos*, the other ancillary event taking place in Jamestown that evening. It was a wholly appropriate choice to display this short film, as it introduced visitors to an important local industry in a novel and effective way.

By Saturday there were many more people present for the beginning of the Bundaleer Weekend itself. And as the day progressed, more and more people streamed into the picnic ground, in preparation for the twilight concert. As they arrived they were entertained by a variety of acts on the Mitsubishi Stage, the most popular of which was Freefall, Australia's gold medal brass band quartet. Much of the foursome's wide-ranging repertoire consisted of original arrangements, from Paul McCartney's *Blackbird* to a particularly quirky version of *Old McDonald*, and the warm response that the performers received from the audience was deserved.

At 4pm, the opening parade, 'Curnow's Caper', wound its way from the picnic ground's entrance to a sculpture created especially for the festival. There was a brief stop at the arboreal sculpture that had been created for the 2003 event, where there was some singing and tree-planting. Upon reaching the end of the parade route, there were more songs, as well as some speeches, and the Bundaleer Weekend was declared to have commenced. Unfortunately, the weather was unpleasantly hot, and following the parade through the forest was quite taxing. There was a great deal of fun in the exercise - the parade included a diverse mix of participants, and

children planted trees to form part of the arboreal sculpture. But, as well-intentioned as all of this probably was, it did not come together to create an engaging experience for the spectators. One was simply left feeling hot and bothered, and the return to the picnic ground, where cold drinks abounded, was all too welcome.

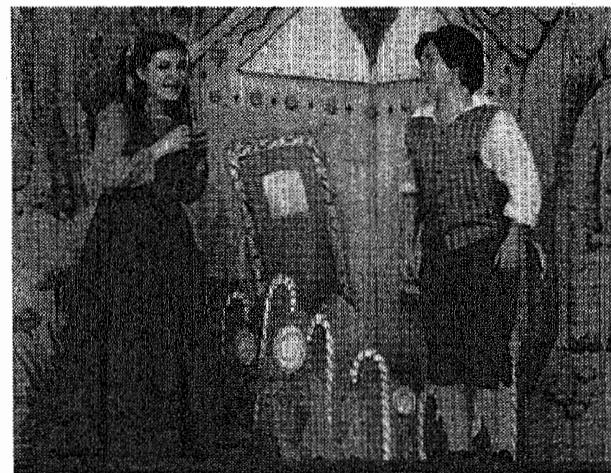
There was then time for people to buy themselves dinner from the numerous food stalls. It was good to see that most of the stalls were raising funds for local causes: primary schools, community groups and others. Soon the crowd made its way to the natural amphitheatre that was the setting for the twilight concert. And, oh, what a setting! The backdrop to the stage looked spectacularly lush, especially when, after dark, the trees were subtly lit with green lights. The slope of the seating area was gentle enough to allow easy access, but steep enough to allow a clear view for all, with the exception of those who were stuck behind one of the large gum trees that were scattered around. The setting for the concert exceeded expectations.

As did the music. The program trod a fine line between crowd-pleasers and 'serious' music, but thankfully avoided too great an emphasis on the former. The use of excerpts from Bizet's *Carmen* made an effective opening, with Teddy Tahu Rhodes impressing as Escamillo. He then turned to Mozart and was soon joined by Kirsti Harms for some playful duets. The Adelaide Symphony Orchestra couldn't resist slipping some Wagner into the program to begin the second half, and the evening came to a rousing close with a *Can-Can* encore, the audience having already been treated to a touching duet version of a New Zealand folk song. Both soloists were charismatic, and they seemed to enjoy performing with each other. The orchestra's fine performance, aided by wonderful technical work by the sound engineers, capped off an exquisite evening of entertainment.

But it was not over yet. The audience then retired to the picnic ground where Freefall, Strange Fruit and Fiddlers' Festival kept people entertained. The last of these acts gave the feeling of a barn-raising to the after-party, and this seemed to be very popular. The party atmosphere was inescapable and the music carried on well into Sunday morning.

However, it was cut a little short when everyone realized that they had to be up early the next morning if they were to attend the Australian String Quartet's brunch recital. In a prime repeat of its first subscription series concert for the year, the ASQ delivered a delightful performance at the Arboretum. On the short stroll there from the picnic ground, walkers had been entertained by several musicians as part of a series of 'performance walks'. The next walk took people from the Arboretum to the 'Stone Wall', which lies at the top of a steep hill. The climb became a trek in the oppressive midday heat, but the magnificent views of the surrounding countryside made it worthwhile. It was a pity that the views were far more interesting than the performance that Strange Fruit had created for the event, entitled *Dark Angels*. Having been late in setting up and starting, the performers climbed their 4-metre high poles, strapped themselves into their harnesses and proceeded to swing about as if they were on a ride at an amusement park. While it looked like fun, there was little to capture the interest

of the audience. People could then make their way back to the picnic ground and slump exhausted onto a hay bale (the surprisingly comfortable seating that was provided) or embark upon the 'Maple Walk', where they would come across yet more performers.



The performance walks may not appeal to everyone, but in spite of the heat, they were enjoyable ways to explore the forest. Highlights included Bishop Garry Weatherill reading poetry and prose (full marks for attempting Chaucer using authentic pronunciation), Shane Cooper displaying his exceptional horsemanship and *Talking Heads*, in which, buried in the ground up to their necks, Astrid Pill and David Pidd discussed, well, practically everything. The diversity of performers, from locals to visiting artists, was a far more effective way of bringing the element of community into the festival than was the opening parade. The walks are also to be commended for the encouragement to explore the forest that they provide.

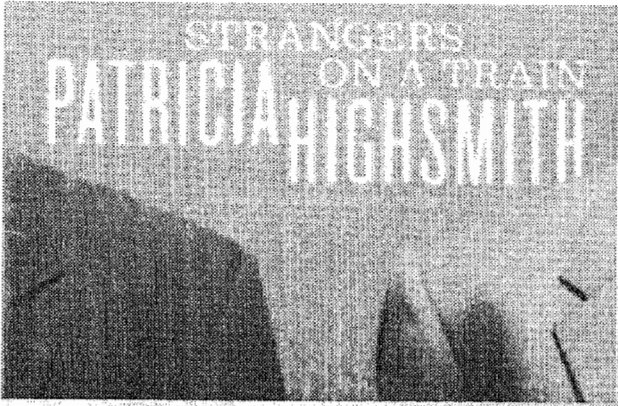
The State Opera of South Australia Young Artists capped off the weekend with their premiere of an abridged, translated version of Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*. By now, the audience numbers seemed to be dwindling, as some people had probably had enough of the heat and others probably just wanted to make sure that they left early enough to be home that day. But the performers were not deterred, battling against poor amplification and a stage that dwarfed their set. Fiona Linn and Eleanor Blythman were childishly silly in the title roles (appropriately so, with strong support from Debrah Caddy, Tom Millhouse, Rachel McCall and Jessica Dean. The storybook set (literally) was marvellous, and one feels that children's audiences will enjoy the high-camp production when it is restaged at the Opera Studio in the near future.

As the last act for the weekend began its closing set on the Mitsubishi stage, it was time to go. And it was with some reluctance that one did so. The twilight concert could not have been better, the ASQ recital had impressed and the performance walks had proved to be a wonderful way to see some of the picturesque forest. Though there are elements of this event that could be improved, the 2005 Bundaleer Weekend was a success and the team of volunteers who were responsible for its organization are to be congratulated. But it was not just a commendable effort on the part of a small regional town; it was a highly enjoyable way to spend an autumn weekend.

**Words: Benedict Coxon
Photography: Lauren Doughty & Clive Palmer**

Strangers in the Ether

In Conversation With Independent Theatre's Rob Croser



It's a delicious concept; two men, previously unknown to each other, who want someone "removed" from each of their lives, swap murders, remove legal motives and get away scot free. There's an undeniable genius to its simplicity.

Patricia Highsmith first floated the possibility in her 1950 novel *Strangers on a Train* and it was later adapted by Alfred Hitchcock's into a film thriller of the same name. Since then the concept has been worked into a radio play and a script for the stage.

In the recent weeks the Independent Theatre group has been feverishly working away to bring it to Australian stage for the first time. Director Rob Croser is an unabashed fan of the source material, both the film and the novel: "I've always loved the Hitchcock film" said Croser, "and when the film of *The Talented Mr. Ripley* came out, and I discovered that Patricia Highsmith had written both *Ripley* and *Strangers*, I tracked down a copy of the novel, read it, and thought 'what a fantastic play it would make'. As fate would have it, English based writer Craig Warner had had the same epiphany years earlier. When Croser discovered late last year that there was an existing script, and even a radio-play, the stage project began gathering momentum. On top of the wonderful "criss-cross" foundation Croser now had a plethora of wonderful sources to work from, and several artistic mediums to borrow from.

The bulk of the promotional material for the play displays the conspiring couple – Guy Haines and Charles Bruno – in a typical *film noir* setting, clad in fedora and gesticulating beneath ominously shifting shadows. To assume that the play is just Hitchcock on stage would be a great mistake though. Instead, we have an adaptation that's closer, story wise, to Highsmith's novel but is still *visually informed* by Hitchcock.

Croser explains the decision to divert from the film's script saying: "as much as I adore the film, it's not, in all respects, a film of the Highsmith novel. Censorship in the 50s really prohibited Hitchcock from developing the relationship between the two, which is very clear in the Highsmith novel."

In Hitchcock's picture there is a subtle suggestion, mainly through the deft mannerisms of Robert Walker (playing the villain Charles Bruno), of a homosexual attraction between the innocent Guy Haines

and the villain Charlie Bruno. In Highsmith's novel, and now Croser's play, it is given broader exposure. In Highsmith's novel there is a consensual sexual encounter between the two. Croser doesn't include it specifically but hopes his actors will find ways to foreground that subtext. He asked the cast "why does Guy go into this, this young man who's engaged to be married, what is it about him that prevents him being utterly repelled by Charles Bruno?" Croser says he tries to get the audience to "consider why Guy's first wife might have been serially unfaithful, could he not satisfy her, is he maybe a closet gay? None of this is said but it's for the actors to use with a look or a glance."

In the first scene of the play, as in Highsmith's novel, Guy is sitting on a train reading Plato's *Phaedrus* which, among other things, is a study of homosexuality. Also featured within Plato's book is another of *Strangers*' central themes, that of the dualism of the human psychology and conduct.

In *Phaedrus*, Plato explains his concept of the human soul being a "tri-party system". He envisions it as a chariot being pulled by two horses, one white, and one black. Plato maintains it is the charioteer's duty to reign in the opposing forces and maintain the equilibrium between the negative and positive compulsions of the soul. *Strangers on a Train* becomes a study of this concept, and asks "is it true that, given the correct circumstances, we could all lose hold of the reins that restrain the black horse?"

In Hitchcock's version Guy managed to overcome his dark compulsions, in Highsmith's, Warner's, and now Croser's, Guy is not so lucky. In these adaptations Guy lives up to his ghastly end of the pact and spends the second act of the play "dealing with the aftermath". "What I'm really interested in" Croser says, "is Patricia Highsmith's exploration of the psychology of criminals and criminality. What I'm trying to do is, by use of sound effects and lighting, show you how this happens, get inside the people and really make audiences ask questions about the psychology of it."

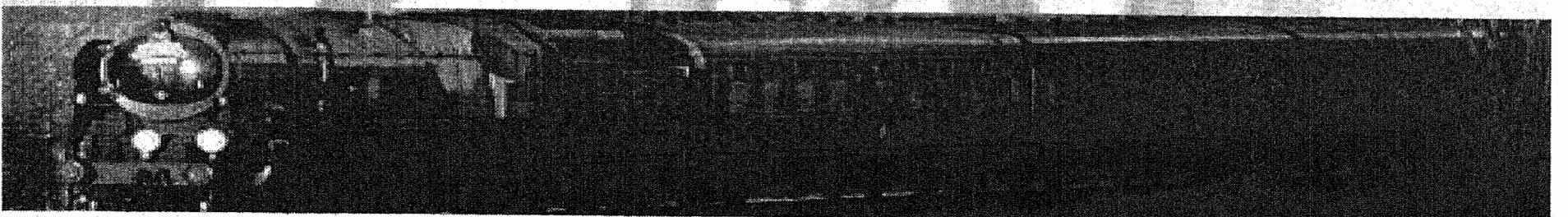
Croser is taking a stripped back, at times even Brechtian approach to the production, removing all naturalism to give the play's themes greater resonance: "the way it's written is very naturalistic, but I've designed it to abstract it." He does this through a use

of creative lighting and elaborate sound design. He claims there is upwards of 100 sound cues during the play's 100 minutes, all intended to amplify the psychological tension. This decision was heavily influenced by the Warner's radio-play. What Croser admired so much about the radio adaptation was "the use of sound effects and imagination. Rather than trying to set up naturalistic staircases and bedrooms in the Bruno house I've stripped everything back to an utterly bare stage for the murder and used sound effects, smoke, lights and the audience's imagination to create the suspense."

While the play is based on the book it is still heavily informed by the cinematic tradition. Croser strove to bring that aesthetic to the stage through extensive research and implementation of numerous unusual stage techniques: "I've been watching dozens of *film noir* classics so I've essentially done it in black and white. Aside from flesh tones, everything down to the flowers and the drinks are gray. It's all lit from the side or above or from the back. I've really tried to get that wonderful, shadowy feel of the *film noir*. When you have lighting coming from a particular direction, illuminating something, and that's all you can see, that's almost like the equivalent of a close up, or a point of view shot."

Ultimately what Croser intends to give us with is something that is not Highsmith's, not Hitchcock's and not really Warner's either. Because of the heavy intertextuality of the play it seems to almost have no single discernable author. This performance has completely materialised out of the Ether. *Strangers* is a story that now belongs to the culture more than to any one person. The production belongs as much the Highsmith, Hitchcock and Warner as it does to Croser. It's a great vindication that 'pulp' culture (as both Hitchcock and Highsmith have been branded) is displaying the same dexterity and multiplicity as more accepted 'high arts'. It's wonderful, although perhaps fanciful, to think that *Strangers on a Train* may eventually gain the same status as *Hamlet* and march through each generation receiving constant reinvention and rejuvenation. There seems to me no reason why it shouldn't, it's full of passion, emotion, and a fleeting humanism – the crucial ingredients of timelessness.

Danny Wills



Heart of Darkness

Strangers on a Train
Independent Theatre
Odeon Theatre
April 2-14

Strangers on a Train is the first of three plays to be staged by Independent Theatre in 2005, to be followed by *Pygmalion* and *A Passage to India* later in the year.

The source material for this production is wide and varied. As his touchstones director Rob Croser drew mainly from Patricia Highsmith's novel, a stage play written by Craig Warner and the radio play Warner subsequently produced for BBC radio. While it's being marked as "film noir on stage" it's more accurate to say that the play is visually informed by Hitchcock's movie (and the movies of Hawks, Huston and Lang for that matter) while thematically driven by Highsmith.

The story is of two men, Guy Haines and Charlie Bruno, who meet on a train and devise the concept of "the perfect murder". They decide that if two men were to swap the murders that they wanted committed then they would remove the connection of motive and get away scot free. Charlie takes their hypothesizing too seriously and goes ahead with the murder of Guy's wife. He then incessantly badgers Guy to reciprocate with the murder of his Father, with tragic consequences.

Those familiar with Hitchcock's adaptation will be surprised by a few discrepancies. In Highsmith's book, and Croser's play, Bruno and Guy go to bed with each other and Guy actually commits the second murder.

Croser's vision foregrounds Plato's concept of the soul as being a synergy of both good and evil compulsions, making it the central focus of the play and it's an engrossing exploration of man's "heart of darkness". Hitchcock refused to allow his hero's darkness to get the better of him. Here Guy becomes evidence that, when pushed, we can all become Mr. Hyde.

Dai Davison is impressive as Guy Haines, he plays him with an aggressive vulnerability. He shifts gears between reckless aggression and violent helplessness seamlessly. Luke Jacka is equally good. While Bruno certainly allows his "black horse" to get the better of him Jacka is able to convey with great power the flip side of Bruno's personality. He shows Bruno to be a man who is killing for love. He aches to have Guy by his side, and all his ghastly deeds are committed with a perverse nobility.

Croser's staging is appropriately basic, allowing the morality to take centre stage. There are very few props on stage at once, and none at all for the murders. He cuts in between realism and non-realism with gleeful abandon in a successful attempt to amplify the metaphysical nature of the material. The decor is largely black and white bar flesh tones, which is both an homage to the pictures of the 40s and 50s and a visual representation of the dualism motif.

Strangers on a Train is a successful opening to 2005 for Independent theatre, it's play that's near impossible to fault. Well acted and inventively staged, this is a production that's one of a kind. A synthesis of several artistic forces and driven by a plot device to kill for.

Danny Wills

ASO Shines in the Face of Adversity

Gala Concert
Adelaide Symphony Orchestra
Festival Theatre
March 19

Many readers will have been following the orchestral funding issue in the mainstream media recently, particularly with regard to our own Adelaide Symphony Orchestra. Amidst all of the controversy, the ASO gave its annual Gala Concert, a taste of what is to come in the year's season. But this year it was more than that; it was a show of pure professionalism in trying circumstances.

In the face of all their behind-the-scenes worries, the orchestra performed to its full capacity. The program of the concert is another matter, however. The concert had a European theme to it, and contained pieces written by composers from a variety of countries. The opening was promising, with a fine display of brass playing in Shostakovich's *Festive Overture*. The horns and trumpets made a terrific, sonorous sound that warmed the heart. The *Overture* is a picture of optimism, perhaps because Stalin had died the year before it was written, and the orchestra played in an appropriately upbeat manner. The first half concluded with Sibelius' tone poem *Finlandia*, which also received an exceptional performance. From the sinister opening chords in the brass to the optimistic horn calls midway through, the emotions of the work were captured perfectly by conductor Arvo Volmer and the orchestra.

The second half of the concert was, unfortunately, less impressive. Ravel's *Tzigane*, played by the virtuosic Margaret Blades, was terrific, but it was otherwise one bizarre choice after another. I draw attention to Lalo Schifrin's *Tango del Atardecer* and Chabrier's *España* as particularly strange choices. Thankfully, the concert closed with two encores, the second of which was Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries*, which was welcome relief from the Spanish film music. The ASO's playing was excellent, but it would have been nice to hear some Stravinsky or Prokofiev instead of Waldteufel and Alfvén.

Edward Joyner

Good Friday mix of Harmony and Passion

St Matthew Passion
Adelaide Harmony Choir
Elder Hall
March 25

After attending professional music performances for some time, it is easy to lose touch with Adelaide's thriving amateur music scene. One becomes so used to exhibitions of technical excellence, that it is often easy to lose sight of music's other less academic aspects: the enjoyment of the musicians, the enjoyment of audience members with a friend on stage, the teamwork and the good times that precede a performance. The Adelaide Harmony Choir's Good Friday performance of Bach's *St Matthew Passion* stirred me into looking at concerts in a different light.

For reasons of time, the choir performed an abridged, English version of Bach's original. Elder Hall was packed, and the audience didn't stir from start to finish, except to stand and sing in the two chorales that required audience participation. The choir had assembled a reasonably large orchestra, which was supported by the hall's pipe organ. Special mention must be made of the woodwind section of the orchestra, especially the principals of the oboe and flute sections, whose performances were excellent. Harpsichordist Glenys March and organist Ray Booth were also in good form, but I felt the organ could have been a little louder, even in its role as continuo instrument. The performances of the soloists, particularly Alan McKie (Jesus) and Elizabeth Campbell, were also solid, although Bernard Hull's Evangelist wasn't quite to my liking.

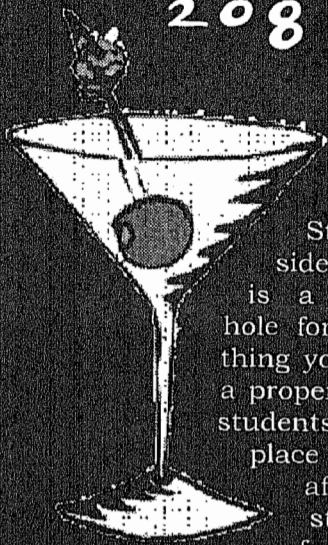
My only criticism would be of the ticket price, which must have surely acted as a deterrent for possible audience members. The choir and orchestra performed wholeheartedly, and conductor John Hall seemed to get the results he wanted from them. For once it wasn't a case of noticing experts slipping up, but one of amateurs performing with confidence and conviction.

Edward Joyner



The World's End Hotel

208 Hindley St Adelaide



Hmm. What to say about The World's End. Situated on Hindley St (but on the nice side of the tracks), it is a favourite watering hole for many; the closest thing you're going to get to a proper Unibar for Uni SA students but also a common place to go to before and after gigs - just a stone's throw away from Jive, Enigma Bar, and Fowler's Live.

Upon hearing its name, you might be mistaken for thinking it a hellish dive full of Harley Davidson enthusiasts, bar fights, cheap whiskey and hard, bluesy rock with you standing there amidst apocalyptic chaos ordering a double-shot bourbon from a grimey bartender with an eye patch who spit-polishes a dirty glass before serving. But those thinking this will be pleasantly surprised by an atmosphere that's both classy and unpretentious. Its name is indicative of its location towards the end of the west end, rather than its atmosphere.

No doubt the vast majority of you have enjoyed a pint or two at the venue, but it would be surprising if that same many have enjoyed a meal there. Suffice to say that the World's End is a pub at heart and a pub's main purpose is to primarily fill glasses, and secondarily fill stomachs.

Most pubs who do counter meals have on offer a burger and fries deal and the World's End is no different. Designed to be consumed elegantly with a knife and fork, this burger was served open, encouraging you to be a bit classier than you would be if you were eating with your fingers and further dispelling any preconceptions you might have on the place lacking style.

The black fettuccini pasta of the day was certainly a worthy indulgence. Comprised of salmon, spring onion, garlic, capers, cream and white wine for \$16.90, it will have your collective tastebuds induced in a state of ecstasy as the distinct flavours of each ingredient contributes wholesomely.

Perhaps the closest peer to the pub is the Exeter; the venues seeming like cousins to each other with similarly sized and furnished rooms, catering to a similar crowd and having virtually the same street cred. The room in which we dined was very aesthetically pleasing; the violet-painted walls evoking a relaxed, comfortable vibe - this effect reinforced by quality service. Probably my favourite touch on the décor to room was the mirror, mounted on the purple walls, lipstick used as a pen showing the special.

My only quibble about the place was the fact that they charge \$28 a bottle for Koonunga Hill which you can get from most bottle-os for about half the price, so it's too tempting just to get beer. The Worldsend is one of those places that can very easily come up in your night's planning, whether it be sitting out on Hindley St with like-minded music enthusiasts who just saw the same band as you at Jive, or just whiling away a Friday night with a couple of good drinking buddies in the relaxed beer garden out back. It is also a venue to some of its own live music with DJs in the front bar doing everything from breaks to trance.

Uni/Tafe ID, \$3.50 pints of Tooheys, Squires

Saturday Nights: \$5 imported beers til midnight, \$4.50 cruisers all night

Wed - Sat DJs

Fred Neeson Jazz Tuesdays from 9

Reggae sounds Wednesdays from 10

Tequilarea

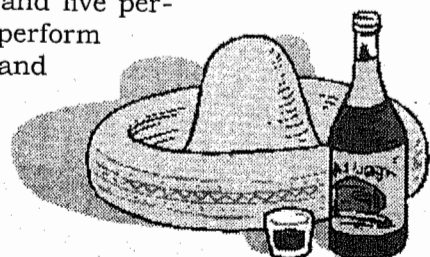
155 Hindley Street, Adelaide

With the untimely demise of Tapas, there was a brief period when Adelaide was without a poorly illuminated venue in which to sample the delights of tequila, but this sad period has drawn to a close with the opening of Tequilarea, a bar dedicated entirely to this intoxicating liquid. The venue was developed by a trio of willing souls who all sampled the delights of tequila extensively in Mexico, and as a result you will find a very knowledgeable staff who are able to illuminate you on the manner in which the tequilas are made and the differences between them. The imposing shelf behind the bar contains more than 50 varieties of tequila, so it's useful to have a little guidance, believe me. Starting off with the cocktails, we were mightily impressed with the creations that Tequilarea has come up with, enticing concoctions that included flavours such as cinnamon, banana and even chilli. Most people's impressions of tequila as a harsh spirit are based on cheap brands, but the cocktails here belie that status and are quite possibly the nicest that I have tasted in Adelaide. Some real thought has obviously gone into blending the flavours together to create drinks that actually have some body and leave a lasting impression, more than justifying the \$12 price tag. Moving on after this to some shots I was happily surprised to discover the Tequilarea actually infuses tequilas themselves on the site, and these were probably what really converted me. While many flavoured spirits are quite subtle, the flavouring in these is very strong with cinnamon again being a personal highlight. The rich flavour of the spice is the obvious attraction, but the deep red colour that it creates is almost as attractive, and just slamming down a shot of this quality is the equivalent to having a smoked salmon-eating competition. Though it seemed strange at first to sip the tequila, the enjoyment gained from it was far greater than any slammer that I've had and it's surprising how long the flavour lingers on the tongue. The brand tequilas vary greatly in quality (and price), from Sauza silver all the way up to truly exclusive aged blends. Though the street frontage is fairly small, there's a spacious lounge towards the back that makes it easy to spread out and chat, and I found it to be one of the most pleasant starts to an evening I've had in a while. If the tequila gets a bit much, there are also a number of Mexican beers (mostly very light, but they also have Negra Modelo) to space out the night. Sure, the prices might make it hard to justify going there all the time, but it's definitely worth splashing out every now and then because I can't think of any other venue in Adelaide that's quite so accommodating, nor one that serves drinks as tasty, and if you try it once, it will be hard not to come back for a second visit.

9.5/10

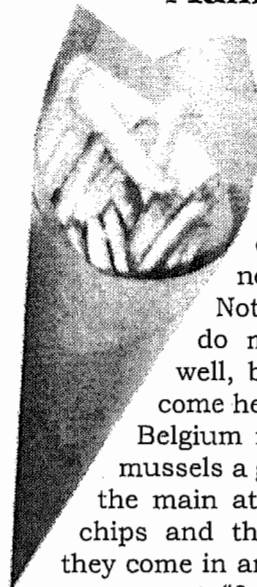
Tequilarea is open Thursday to Sunday nights, and there are \$5 Coronas and half price margaritas Thursday 9pm-12am and Friday 4-11pm

Guest DJs and live percussionists perform on Friday and Saturday nights



Belgian Beer Café

27-29 Ebenezer Pl Adelaide
Mains \$20-28



The first impression that greets you when you enter the Belgian Beer Café is how professionally it's run. The waiting staff all know the menu inside out and cater to your every need throughout the night.

Not surprisingly, then, they do most regular dishes quite well, but it's not these that you come here for. Having grown up in Belgium myself, I never considered mussels a great delicacy, but they are the main attraction here; served with chips and the traditional mayonnaise, they come in an enormous 1 kilo pot that screams out "finish me- if you can". As far as I'm concerned, the simpler the sauce the better, and the Paddestoel mussels with mushroom, garlic and cream suited me just fine. Leek is also added and the vegetables are needed to tone down the creaminess, but the result was still a wonderfully rich sauce that was literally mouthwateringly good. Waterzooi is another Belgian classic, and here they have replaced the traditionally working class seafood (eel, pike, etc) with baby octopus, prawns and barramundi and the result is even richer than the mussels. The creamy white wine sauce is reminiscent of a lobster bisque, and the updated dish fits in well with typically over the top Belgian cuisine which, though limited, turns everyone into gourmands. For those with large stomachs, the dessert menu is more of the same and the Crème Brulée a particular highlight. Once again the richness is offset with natural ingredients, this time a fruit salsa (finely diced fruit salad) and passionfruit syrup which was unfortunately little too strong and detracted from the flavour of the crème. Nevertheless, it was a supreme meal, and the accompanying drinks were no different- the four beers on tap here are all excellent (the Leffe Brune is a personal favourite), but it is the bottled beers that are truly exceptional. At least one of the Trappist beers can be matched well with each meal (the hoppy character and delicate floral bouquet made the Orval perfect for my mussels), while the Artisan beers have a depth of flavour that is often best enjoyed in the bar rather than with a meal. Though pricey, it is worth trying at least one as they are served in the appropriate vessels (not always an easy thing to find), and there's something of the magnificent in sipping some of the world's finest beers from the bar's hefty goblets. It is easy to see why the Belgian Beer Café is a favourite venue for many Adelaideans as it offers high-class service and food without the sterile atmosphere that you often associate with these, instead managing to retain a cosy feel that suits its theme well.

8/10

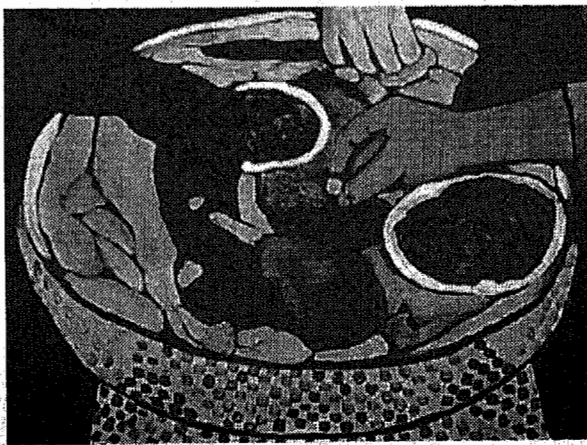


Addis Ababa

Shop 4/ 462 Port Rd. West Hindmarsh
Mains \$8-12

This is a fairly new establishment (it opened this January), but it has managed to settle in nicely and found its niche with a fairly small menu (11 dishes, and no entrées or desserts), which allows them to really specialise and do all of the dishes well. Set far enough back from Port Road that the gentle Ethiopian music drowns out any noises of traffic, the unpretentious surroundings with various trinkets and hangings on the walls are welcoming, and the dining experience here is a very relaxed one. The food is served in a quasi-traditional manner with injera (a traditional bread of rice and wheat that resembles a pancake) laid out on the plate with the meal spread over it to be picked up with another piece of injera, and water is provided to wash your hands. This slightly sour injera acts as the perfect foil for the spicier meals such as the gored-gored, which is basically chunks of meat marinated in a chilli sauce and can be served raw or lightly cooked, and though I enjoyed my meal, after trying it raw I can confidently say that it won't be to everyone's taste. The pungent taste of the meat was discernable even with the sauce which was quite spicy, but it was impossible not to notice how chewy the uncooked meat was and it's something that would take some getting used to. The lentil paste that it was served with was surprisingly flavoursome and together they were a mammoth meal that could definitely fill two bellies, but in the interest of variety, we ordered two meals anyway. Tibs is another house special. It consists of sizzling meat brought out on a hot plate, much like enchiladas, and again, there was lots of it. The piquant green chilli sauce helped to flavour this dish, while the accompanying sauce was almost a stew that was reminiscent of rendang. The amount of meat in these meals (there are also 3 vego dishes) is quite incredible for the price, and they could comfortably suffice for two and because of the way in which they are served, it's very easy to share. Once the meal is finished, the strong Ethiopian coffee is perfect to sip slowly while chatting and a meal rounded out this way still comes to a very reasonable price all of which combined to make this one of the most satisfying meals I've had all year.

8.5/10



ABC Exposes the Secrets of... Grandma's Beer cake



Ingredients

- 8 tbsp butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 1/2 cups self raising flour
- 1 cup beer (room temperature)
- 1/2 cup currants
- 1/2 cup sultanas
- 1/2 cup mixed peel

Topping

- 1/4 cup plain flour
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 8 tbsp butter
- 1/4 cup coconut
- cinnamon to taste

Method

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs and beat well. Add sifted flour and beer alternatively. Lastly add fruit. Bake 150°C 1 3/4 hrs.

A 25cm cake tin should be suitable for this, but whatever fits. Experimenting with different beers is advisable and fun... obviously a darker beer will have a stronger taste. Have fun kids!

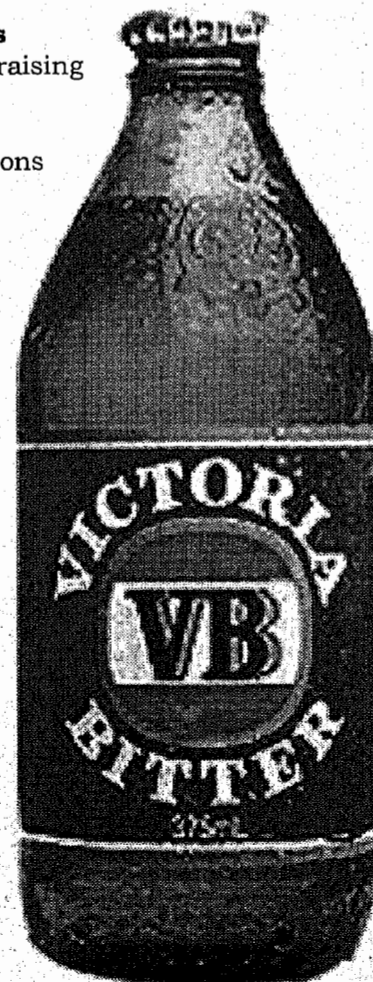
Cream Scones

Ingredients

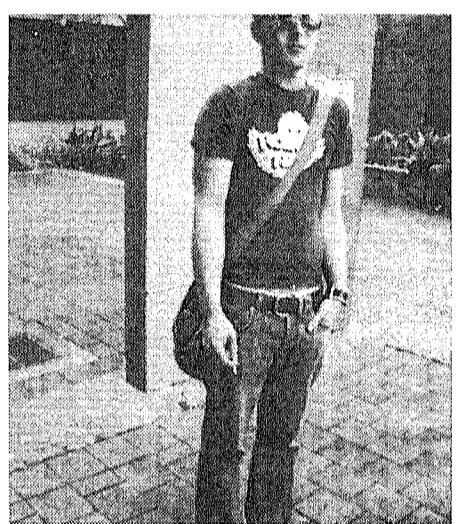
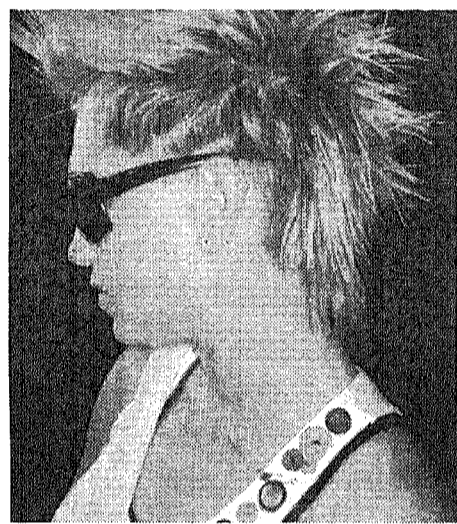
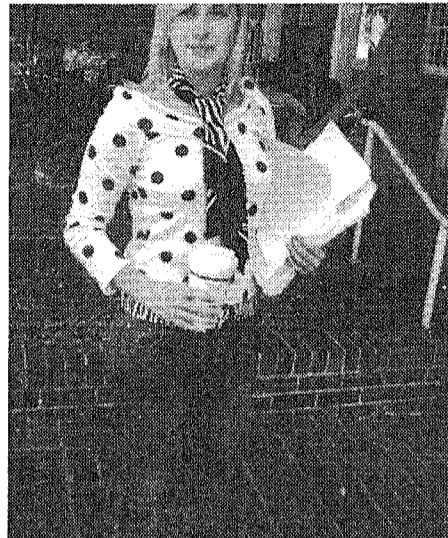
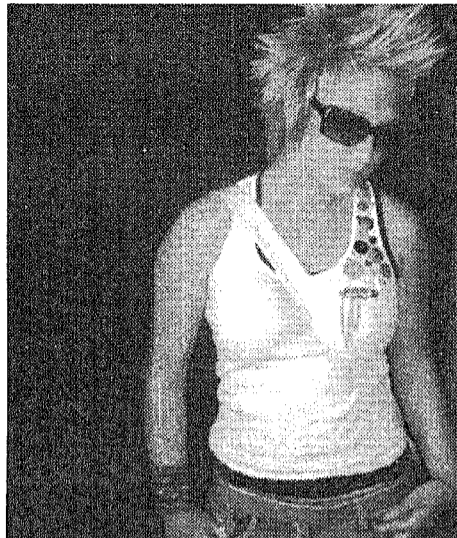
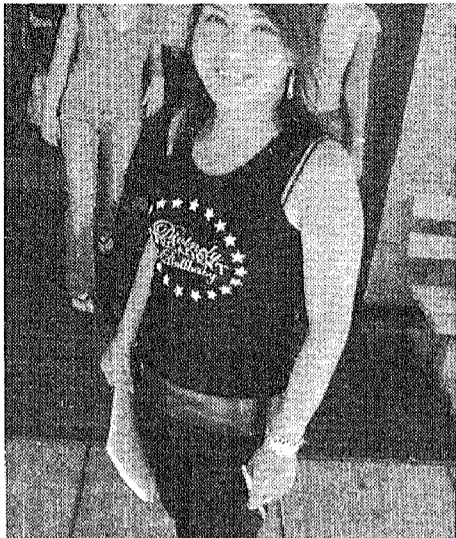
- 2 1/3 cups self raising flour
- 1 egg
- 2 dessert spoons sugar
- 1/2 cup cream
- 1/2 cup milk

Method

Beat egg and sugar until light and creamy. Add cream and milk and mix well. Then add sifted flour and mix to a soft dough. Turn onto surface and knead lightly. Pat to 3/4 thickness and cut into 2 inch rounds. Place on greased tray and bake at 190°C for 10-12 minutes. Add sultanas if liked.



Chic Happens



Calling All Living Artists

The South Australian Living Artists Festival is set to kick off again in July.

The SALA festival is **NOW** calling for registrations from South Australian visual artists and venues.

Festival organisers say this year's festival will be the biggest yet.

Last year more than 700 artists participated in the SALA festival with exhibitions in over 220 venues.

Interested artists and venues can go to www.salafestival.com to register.

Registrations close Monday May 2nd so visit the website now! www.salafestival.com



A Scandal broke out at last year's Living Artist's Festival after judges deemed Van Gogh "too dead" to award him first prize.

Opportunities for Young Writers

Transport & Machinery Magazine is a WA based publication that also looks after SA. We are looking for a work experience student to act as our SA correspondent.

This student would write about the transport, logistics, mining, contracting, and construction industries; along with occasional stories on utes, supertrucks and 4x4s.

They need to be close to completing their degree and be able to contribute to the magazine with topical news stories that are well written (objective, sound grammar and spelling) and sourced from reputable contacts.

We will publish the stories with their by-line so that they can build up their portfolio in a competitive industry, and we would also provide a reference for those that make a valuable contribution to the magazine.

If a student's work stands out an opportunity for paid work exists in the future.

For further information please contact me via phone on (08) 9279 6750 or email editor@wcpp.com.au with applications and resumes.

The Colonel Light Hotel

Friday 8th April
In Daylight Tragedy
 The Stanford Prison Experiment
 Winter Falls

Friday 15th April
Percy's Crew

Doors Open 9pm
 \$8 Jugs of Coopers Tap Beer
 \$3.50 Base Spirits
 9pm til 11pm

"Spend a night at the Light..."



The Colonel Light Hotel
 141 Currie St Adelaide
 Ph. 8231 4344

student radio - 101.5fm

enjoy it while you can, because under VSU and after 32 years there will be no student radio
 saturday april 9 monday april 11 tuesday april 12

| | | | | |
|----------|---|--|--|----------|
| 9pm | Flava in ya ear with da boyz | Flux Capacitor with ben & triple m phil | Local Noise presents: Full Blooded Comandoes | 9pm |
| 10pm | senseless mindless acts of radio with Andrew, Daniel & Calvin | Rebourne with phil & reagan | A dead man presents... with patrick s | 10pm |
| 11pm | Can I play with madness? with bree & andy | Vincent & Gumpch with geoff & kye | Heavy as a really heavy thing with Matt & Tim | 11pm |
| midnight | Morons with safety pins with the PHD students | The Nack with Catherine, Naomi & Andrew | Krushgroove with lisa & ocky | midnight |

show bio - morons with safety pins - midnight saturday - show bio

Radio Theatre that investigates knowledge: we look for and strive to achieve the truth: Mainly through argument and the use of logical form. We do this through (we hope) humour, and music. The music is definite, the humour dubious. We have the graveyard shift because we wonder whether truth and argument have died. A current affairs show that finds some humour in the news, but also refutes bad arguments and shows why those arguments are bad.

Steve Leishman: student of life and lover of logic: Was born, hasn't died yet. His message? "Goodbye".

Andrew Turner: PhD student metaphysician: continuously annoyed that the world is not the way (he thinks) it ought to be.

Kieran Nanasi: PhD student logician/metaphysician: refuses to be summarised.

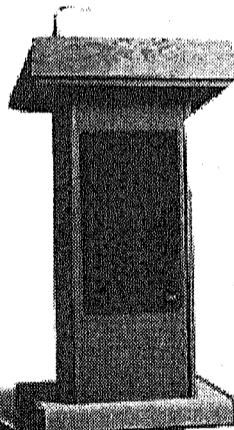


Famed as being the first metallic men in South-East Asia, the morons are well respected around the world for their magnetic personalities.

SIGN UP FOR THE OPEN MIC SHOW STUDENT.RADIO@ADELAIDE.EDU.AU

Adelaide Uni Rostrum Club

Public speaking with half the podiums and twice the fun! Meetings every Tuesday 4 - 5pm sharp, W.P. Rogers Room, Level 4, Union Building. For more details contact andrew.p.wilkins@student.adelaide.edu.au.



Got an ad? Send your details to us before the Wednesday of each week at ondit@adelaide.edu.au and see your glorious ad in *On Dit* the following Tuesday.

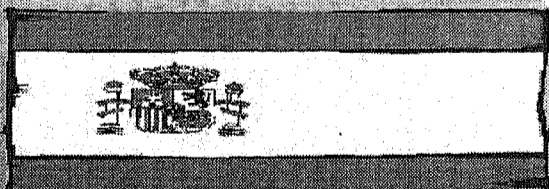
Remember, with VSU on the way you'll have to start selling everything - your furniture, television, CDs, books, organs and anal virginity to pay your way. Once Student representation is dissolved the door will be wide open for the Howard front benchers to hike up HECS another 25,000%

Become proactive about the issue and sell your goods before they age and depreciate!



Esha has an offer you can't refuse

For Sale:
 1997 Pentium Word Processor
 (Including Printer)
 30 cm Panasonic Colour TV and VCR
 \$150
 Email: esha.thaper@adelaide.edu.au



Adelaide University Spanish Club

Spanish Conversation Group. All levels of Spanish accommodated for native speakers or first years, come and chat! First meeting in the unibar on the balcony. Friday 1st April. All welcome, membership not a prerequisite.

Adelaide University Writing Competition

\$500 first prize for short stories, \$500 first prize for poetry, and a special \$250 prize for the best Adelaide Uni undergraduate entry - judged by the best of the best of the English department! See www.auwriting.org for more details, or contact gavin.schultz@student.adelaide.edu.au.



contemporary Moral Philosophy blows.

Existence is futile



lick my vaneey dick.

when will it ever be in??

eat shit!



Edward Furlong in hotel.

you're quite the spazmo aren't you?

SWUT UP DIQUHOSE

LOVE YOU MORE



NG

but what gonna be the full guy?

NOVA

ON!



guy's are dumb

golden Ketchikan is nothing

Every ending is a new beginning

EVERYTHING IS A NEW BEGINNING

