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On — Dit

ADELAIDE UNI STUDENT RAG
VOLUME 73 EDITION 7 27/04/05
MULTICULTURAL WEEK EDITION



On Dit
Volume 73 Edition 7 27.4.2005

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

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This week's Vox Pop by:

The Invisible Man

About the cover:

Run! Run! It's the Yellow Peril! A treatise on the cartoonish element of cultural fear. Much thanks to Owen for illustrating Dan's vision.

Wanna write?

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

Next Edition:

Deadline April 29
 Published May 3

Muchos grazis to:

Owen for the rad covers, Alexis as always, Poolside, Sukhmani, Rowan, Legend Gamer, Stan, the wicked cast of *The Vagina Monologues*, Nerrissa, OSA Leo for the memories, school holidays and midnight carrot snacks. No thanks to the computers for continuing to mock us or to sunlight on a print run morning. For Shame.

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Media Watch

with Audrey Heffeneggar

During the holidays, I received a petition urging Alexander Downer to fight for the cause of Schapelle Corby. Amongst the rampant hyperbole littered throughout the letter was the claim "It is disgusting and barbaric in this day and age that a 'death penalty by firing squad' law exists, and that an Australian citizen should be subject to it.

Before I continue, let me assure you all that I have no doubt of Corby's innocence. This has less to do with her cherubic media friendly face and more with the fact it seems entirely incomprehensible to me that somebody could be plain stupid enough to try and smuggle four kilograms of cannabis into a country widely known for its harsh drug penalties. Swallowing date sized condoms is one thing - transporting enough weed to feul three Falls Festivals is quite another.

My real objection to the backlash against Corby's case is the arrogant assumption that somehow she deserves different treatment purely because of her Australian citizenship. After a sentencing request of life imprisonment and a \$13.5k fine was handed down last week, I am left to despair that, should Corby be found guilty, a gross miscarriage of justice will have taken place. If in comparison, as the petition to Downer emphasises, convicted terrorist Abu Bakar Bashir was only sentenced to two and a half years in prison for his proven participation in the Bali bombings, it is reasonable to suggest the priorities of the Bali legal system are severely misplaced. However, this does not mean that the country's drug policies are severe in and of themselves.

Look, it's no secret that Asia is tough on

drugs. Haven't any of these people seen *Bangkok Hilton*? Enough people around the world from 'worthwhile' [read: culturally arrogant] nations have been caught literally with their pants down in various airports across the Pacific rim. Oh, but they're all so innocent!

Drug smuggling and extreme mental deficiency seem to go hand in hand. Consider the recent case of the nine Australians caught with a net total of 8.65kg of heroin. While five of the nine were arrested at the airport with the drugs strapped to their bodies, the other four were picked up back at their hotels. The official story from the group is they were unwitting mules in a mass drug smuggling ring. According to the group, if they did not comply they and their families would be killed.

I don't presume to suggest this couldn't happen. Of course, it's entirely possible that they are telling the truth and their roles were accepted out of fear and desperation and not just the \$15k they were offered in exchange. But honestly - go anywhere in Asia and explicitly large signs will ensure you understand exactly what will happen to you if you're caught with illicit drugs.

I don't agree with the death penalty. I don't believe that any legal system is entirely perfect. I believe we have a responsibility to work for equal human rights throughout the world as a whole. However, I think we have to approach the situation with some perspective. The best we can hope for for Corby and the Bali Nine is that they receive a genuinely fair trial. Hopefully this will counteract the way the Australian government has *really* failed them - through the questionable aspect of security in Australian Airports and the suspicious likelihood that trade with Indonesia is more persuasive than fundamental human rights.



Websites of the Week

Exams will soon be upon us, so you'll need some juicy procrastination material to sink your teeth into. Enjoy!

www.progressiveboink.com

A suprisingly good, albeit politically incorrect, webzine spawned as an homage to Calvin and Hobbes. Check out Emily's Archives - gold.

www.ironyparty.org

Run by a dude in Canberra, this site is clever media satire clearly feulled by somebody who's finger is so on the buzzer it's practically electric.

www.theonion.com

An oldie but a goodie, The Onion can always be relied upon to take politically sensitive issues and trawl them through the muck.

www.bitchmagazine.com

A webzine of an American feminist magazine, the site is packed with interesting articles, humour and rocket fuel for every proud riot grrl. Check out the (s)hitlist, update weekly.

www.grouphug.us

Non media related in the slightest, this site is a confessional zone. Participants 'confess' their darkest secrets to a non judgemental audience - non judgmental because replies aren't allowed. There is so much wack shit on this site it makes me laugh and laugh.



Pope Rat's Alter Ego Uncovered

- VATICAN CITY

Startling new evidence has been found that proves newly inaugurated Pope Benedict XVI is none other than Emperor Palpatine, controversial dead ex-ruler of the universe.

The discovery was made following last week's shotgun election of the new Pope. As Pope Benedict stepped onto the pulpit of the Vatican Palace, his uncanny likeness to the Emperor was revealed in all its terrifying glory.

Amidst screams of recognition, fans who had gathered to celebrate the replacement of John Paul II began running for their lives. Scenes of chaos have been recounted as Rat/Palpatine maniacally proceeded to shoot lightning bolts from his outstretched hands.

Maria Marcello, 68, trembled as she described the terror she felt in that pivotal moment.

"It was as if God had somehow cheated us. There we were, celebrating the arrival of his

new conduit on Earth, and all of a sudden he turns into one of the most evil fictional characters of a celluloid dynasty."

Catholics the world over are expressing anger at the Vatican for what they say is an unprecedented descent into tattered morality, especially as it is widely accepted that it was in fact Rat/Palpatine acting as puppeteer in the final years of Pope John Paul's life.

"To be honest, I'm outraged. I've always relied on the Church to make my decisions for me but now I feel as if I've been grossly manipulated. Not only does this new Pope have a heinous history of maiming, genocide and a predilection for world domination, but he also dwells in the ghetto of Hollywood, which we all know is run by Jews.

It is unsure whether or not the Vatican City were aware of Rat/Palpatine's true origins, but due to a complicated system requiring divine intervention, it appears he is here to stay.

Why Are We All So Angry?

editorial

Since when have we been the peddlers of "44 pages of propaganda" (at least 20 pages were innocent review sections). We have no particular affinity to either the 'right' or the 'left'. In fact I suspect neither label exists in reality at all and its with much amusement that we see the letters littered with the warcries of people who stamp on the idol of one flag boy while clutching chestward their own outdated mascot. They simply alienate the majority of student who just two raving madmen. Ideology is simply a way of deferring problem solving to some pre-ordained formula, most don't bother relying on it anymore.

So now you've forced us to print a corny mission statement. For the record; *On Dit* seeks to be an interesting, amusing and informative read for the student body and act as a medium for student opinion in society at large. *On Dit*, because of the narrowness of other media sources seeks to provide some alternative view points (to this extent we may be considered left leaning, by virtue of the excessively conservative nature of mainstream media) but this task will be tempered by a duty to provide an opportunity for most students to voice they're opinions, whatever they may be.

It's strange that our red-faced, pen friends have suddenly become so outraged now that the axe is falling. Me thinks it's more a case of finally feeling comfortable to say (very loudly) what they've previously kept in the closet, like a child saying 'sex' out loud before running away to hide and giggle. If your accusations and tirades are in fact serious, just stop for a moment and really analyse what your actually objecting to before succumbing to your "Red Fear". Here's some help from Ralph Emerson one of the founders of the (once) great American dream that many of you seem to so ardently wish for,

"Amidst the downward tendency and proneness of things, when every voice is raised for a new road... or a subscription of stock, for an improvement in dress... for a new house or a larger business, for a political party, or the division of an estate - will you not tolerate one or two solitary voices in the land, speaking for thoughts and principles not marketable or perishable?"

Dan J

You'll notice a multitude of student politicians tramping the grounds this week advertising their 'Make Some Noise' day scheduled for Thursday. A tri university venture, 'Make Some Noise' attempts to rally support for the anti VSU cause under the slogan 'VSU Silences You!' However, I find it ironic that the Union is going to bat so hard against the inevitable (rather than trying to perform some damage control and organization) while they allow an incredibly useful venture to fall by the wayside.

The Women's Dept's performance of Eve Ensler's *The Vagina Monologues* will be performed in seven days. All the proceeds raised will go towards women's organizations, the main beneficiary being the Fistular Research Foundation in Ethiopia. However, when we requested the Union waive our booking fee for the Little Theatre (\$200 for three nights, and incidentally, one of our supposed services), we were informed we would only be allowed to do this if we splashed the union's logo across all our promotional material. Do my student services fees pay for the privilege of being able to provide mega cheap advertising for an organization so caught up in the furthering of its own agenda? When representatives of your students' association try and campaign you this week, why don't you ask them how much money is being spent on the ONE DAY Make Some Noise campaign. Further, ask them how much of your money has been allocated to Prosh, a grass roots event intended to raise money for charity, money that will never be recovered and would have been better served just going straight into the Red Cross. (hint: it's \$7000) Those fat cats make me so mad. They want me to Make Some Noise, I'll Make Some Fuckin' Noise.

Clem

I'm sure it'll come as a surprise to many of our devoted readers that this week is multicultural week. As usual there'll be some token gestures made towards tolerance and inclusiveness, most likely students will be devouring dumplings by the dozen and buys only slightly overpriced dim sims in an even larger amount while speaking in broad platitudes about the importance of "multiculturalism", "diversity", "harmony" and "coming together".

With event he most cursory glance at most 'cultural celebrations' it becomes clearly evident that for most people all "multiculturalism" involves is a slight change in diet and very

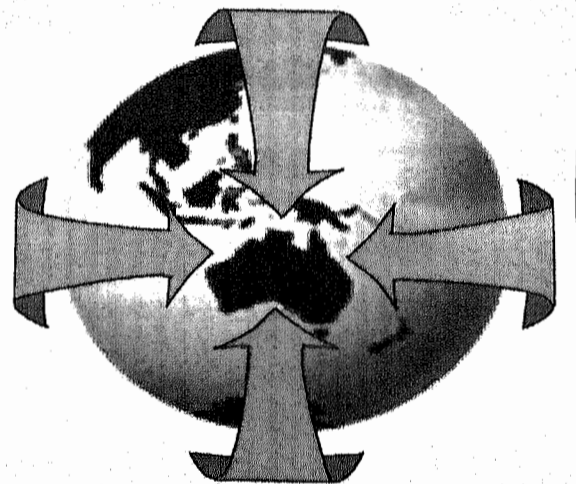
little else. It seems that talk is cheap when it comes to real social integration.

It seems that if one adopts the particular discourse then one is immediately accepted as an enlightened individual. George Carlin has said that there is nothing wrong with racially derogative terms but rather the "racist shithead" who speaks them. The point he makes is that there is a clear demarcation between inclusive discourse and an inclusive attitude, for example... the term "nigger" becomes completely inoffensive when wielded by a black person but is unbearably offensive when spoken by any white, no matter how progressive and accepting they may be. I don't suggest that we all begin welcoming racially derogatory terms into our vocabularies but rather we learn to truly internalise the ideas that we so often pay such floral lip service to.

Hopefully the obligatory good will M Week 2005 is more than a token gesture and proves less disposable than it has been in the past.

Danny

On Dit Needs Some International Action!



Wake us from our island apathy! If you're an international student write in and let us know what's going on in your home country, after all you (usually) live there.

Anything from local politics, culture and alternative ideas or even just your favourite place, we'd prefer to hear it from you than CNN.

Send submissions to ondit@fedelaide.edu.au





On Dit, Edition 73.6

A True Liberal

As a member of the Liberal Party and former student of the same school that the Minister for Education, The Hon Brendan Nelson, attended, I am probably pigeonholed by many of the student population of this university as an individual who is fully supportive of the VSU movement. However, I remain strongly opposed to much of the current regimen being forced upon us by the minister and co.

I don't particularly like unions, for many ideological reasons. But I do believe in the right of an individual to access welfare services as well as fair and equitable representation. The current system of compulsory student unionism, whilst flawed, provides students with a range of necessary services like counseling and financial support, these services help to promote welfare on campus and in my eyes are vital to the well-being of students. I would strongly lament any diminishment of these services under the proposed changes.

At the same time I do not like to see my student fees wasted on such disgraceful events as Prosh. Just because a minority of students wants to preserve an ageing attempt to promote 'campus culture' doesn't make it a viable venture. There are far more effective ways to raise money for charity, and in doing so protect student funds. It is time to think efficiently, just as we should if we are to become the future professionals within society. Maybe if student bodies had made attempts to be progressive in the past we would not be facing the imminent changes.

Maybe the university along with its student representatives should begin to devise new ways to ensure student fees remain to support those services that are necessary. I would be happy to pay such a fee to the university if I knew that the funds were distributed with a considerable amount of efficacy.

I also resent the fact that I am now a member of a union. I do not want to be a unionist, and it would appear neither do the majority of Australians, so why should we have it thrust upon us as students just because we need to say we are to receive a degree from

this university. Once again I would be more than happy to contribute to a compulsory fee scheme just as long as it doesn't force me to identify as a unionist. I do not foresee this as a difficult change.

Finally, I am worried about those students who live under a spell of apathy regarding the introduction of VSU. I would like to see more students get off their arses and share their views regardless of their beliefs. VSU means big changes to your lifestyle as a student, and just because you may not use a service does not mean that someone else doesn't value and depend on it dearly.

Cheers,

Oliver Gaillard

(There are those in the Liberal Party who believe in progressive 'liberal' politics)

Human ignorance and the shallow critique of religion

It was great to see an article with four of my favourite 'isms in On Dit 73.6 (Environmentalism, Leftism, Darwinism and Christianity). Until I read it.

Perhaps it was the astounding claim that the Left is implicitly atheist. Or the assumption that Darwinian thought is right wing. Maybe I'm just grumpy that the supposedly atheist Left gets to help others and work for the common good with no thought of reward, while religion, from which much Left thought emerged, is caricatured as "Pie in the Sky when you Die." It's disappointing that people waste energy debunking a kind of Sunday School religion which Christians leave behind at twelve. Do we bother debunking year 10 biology? No, we just accept that as you get older you learn more and leave simplistic concepts behind.

What is even more disappointing, is that there are enough adult Christians who are also stuck in Sunday School religion, which means that an article like Nerissa's scores a big enough glancing blow to smart considerably. Although the "Religious Right" is mostly an American oxymoron, there are growing signs of it here. But although capitalism has largely defeated Jesusism in much American Christianity, Jesus' "small c" communistic worldview persists amongst many of his followers. The same could be said for Buddha and others. The "atheist Left" would be hard pressed to argue that they are any better at living out their vision than the "Religious Left". State Socialism, anyone? It would be a complete disaster for the Left to fragment even more (if that's possible) by starting to draw lines between those who are religious and those who are not.

It is also odd to claim that religions only survive because many of them promise an afterlife. It begs the obvious question: how do those who do not promise an afterlife survive? It also ignores the many Christians, for example, who have no expectation of personal survival after death, but who remain committed to their faith and the love of neighbour, personally and structurally. Further, how do other afterlife free ideologies like communism and socialism survive? Is it really true that their followers are selfless and all after-lifers selfish? Often, conversely, those who believed that their biological death was not the end of them had the courage to put their life on the line for others.

I completely accept that humans tend to be self obsessed. Yet religions, unlike secular

humanism, at least have the potential to move humanity away from anthropocentrism. Secular Humanism was an explicitly human centred project. Thankfully, human centred ideologies, religious or not, are slowly eroding, with the help of evolutionary biology for one thing. Within Christianity, the ongoing dialogue between evolutionists and theologians is helping this to happen, though I believe it has not gone nearly far enough. A recent example of this dialogue, the Christianity after Darwin conference, can be watched or read online at <http://ehlt.flinders.edu.au/theology/evolution/>. There will also be a forum which examines this issue at Scots Uniting Church, across the road from uni, on May 26th. For more details see the ad in this edition of *On Dit*, or visit <http://www.scotschurch.org.au/uni>. In the meantime I'd be keen to hear from anyone interested in exploring non-anthropocentric Christianity, or religion/ideology in general.

Jason John

How's About We Abort the Mudslinging?

Dear Clementine,

Your argument is that only those with first-hand experience have a right to comment. But, axiomatically, aborted infants can't comment for themselves, because the process sucks or crushes the life out of them. The experience of undergoing an abortion must, for anyone with any sense or feeling, be profoundly traumatic and distressing. However it doesn't provide any privileged basis on which to adjudicate the philosophical questions that abortion poses or give you a licence for "only women have a right to speak" femintern-style moralizing.

As for the rant which culminates in your calling me "a fuckstick", that was a classic of its kind -- the sort of foul-mouthed abuse passing itself off as student journalism that Brendan Nelson is going to rid us of under VSU.

Yours Sincerely,
Aaron Russell

"Go Back to the Seminary"

What the hell was that article by Rev (I don't know if he is even worthy of such a title) Jason John. Does he really think that the bible supports abortion? Surely not. His piece is evidence of bible interpretation gone, to say the least horribly, wrong. Answer me this Rev. Do you then too think that it would have been fine for the Blessed Virgin Mary to abort Jesus Christ.

And another thing, Christians do abide by the ten commandments, and not simply by the two you made up. Have you ever read a bible? They contain both the new and old testament. Perhaps not your twisted version. The new testament complements the old testament. Thus they are compatible.

I suggest you go back to the seminary. Do try to avoid the one you came from.

Jerry

On Dit, 73.6 - 44 Pages of Propaganda

Congratulations! As a Liberal student, I'm pleased to say that the Education Edition of *On Dit* was just about the most compelling piece of the pro-VSU puzzle to date.

Using the compulsorily acquired union fees to publish political sentiment that represents only a fraction of the student community and segregates the rest illustrates just how flawed the current system is. Call that representation?

The way the campus left is desperately going about trying to win this unwinnable debate is so tragic, it's almost too sad to watch. Almost.

Seriously, do you think that printing 44 pages of propaganda is the way to win people over? Aggressively telling students what is best for them instead of listening to what they actually want is indicative of the contempt you hold for the individual intelligence of students.

The perception is that the left on campus are corrupt, self serving and totally ignorant of what the general student population wants. Given the way you are all reacting to the introduction of VSU, that perception appears to be spot on.

Out of a student population of 'roughly 14,000' you couldn't even scrounge a couple of hundred together for an anti-VSU protest march to Parliament House. And that was despite closing the UniBar and bribing people with so-called 'free sausages'. (Hang on, we all know there's so such thing as a 'free lunch', so who paid for the snags then?)

The students have spoken loud and clear. They don't care about your futile, self-absorbed agenda. As always, your input into discussions regarding student issues are completely irrelevant.

How pathetic do you feel?

By this rate, you'll even have the moderate Labor hacks on campus convinced that VSU is a good thing for students. Keep up the good work guys.

Regards,
Thomas Dawkins
President, Adelaide University Liberal Club

Ooh, Jo's Spotted an Irony

I've always been a big fan of irony and that's why I just couldn't help but smile when I saw students marching on Parliament house in protest of Voluntary Student Unionism. I hear there were around 200 or so students, which isn't too bad, but I'm sure David Pearson, our President at the Student Association, would have liked to see a few more. Wouldn't it be great if every single student voluntarily sang in unison "No Voluntary Student Unionism"? I'd be overcome with fits of laughter, as such a gathering of students would have nothing to fear from VSU seeing as they are so enthusiastic to pay their fees. You see, the larger the protest the lesser its relevance because the fight against VSU is nothing more than the fight against choice. How can students choose to protest against choice?

But strangely if you were to tell a Unionist "I support VSU because I support students right to choose" you will be met with a confusing degree of indignation. Why? Could it be that Unionists don't think we are capable of making the right choices in spending our money (and let's not forget it is OUR MONEY)? Perhaps we are too greedy or just too stupid to understand the greater Socialist ideology behind it all. For that, we need a sprawling hierarchy of enlightened Socialist bureaucrats to make the right choices. Why would they make the right choices? Why wouldn't they waste, steal, cheat and lie? Why wouldn't they fuck all our money away on an ego driven Socialist wet dream that brings greater benefit to their own bank balances than it does to any student?

Oh... they would never do that because they're better than us and their flawless ideology drives them to make the just decisions that we couldn't make because we're just a bunch of students who are so greedy that we'd probably spend our money on whatever we saw fit if only those lovely Unionists gave us half a chance.

Jo Selbert

Please address all compliments, complaints and conspiracy theories to:

ondit@adelaide.edu.au, or
Basement, George
Murray Building

Deprived of the Warm Pleasure of Pandora's Box

It has come to my puzzled attention that the great works of Lavinia Emmet-Grey have been ceased from publication in your compendium of late. Call me a man of simple pleasures but one of the great treats of last year was reading through the wealth of Lavinia's Pandora's Box of love and sex, filled with delightful and yes dodgy narratives of some mysterious girl's sex life and issues in sexuality.

Lavinia's column verbalised and dissected much of the imperative questions wading through the minds of university students. At Adelaide Uni, we have medical students who prefer to inbreed, engineering students who enjoy pushing buttons and law students who rather debate the when, why and where; however, we are all united by this column's saucy substance.

Whilst I'm stressed out trying to write a critical philosophy essay, I find - and I know many of my fellow colleagues concur - reading this insightful young lady's ranting about the joys of sex became one of the great delights of university life or at least a pleasant change from pages upon pages of Howard's impotence or the right and wrong of VSU.

Bring back Pandora's Box!

Mark Keen

Well Mark, you'll be happy to see that Little Miss Emmet-Grey is back with vengeance in this week's edition. Flip along to page 24 for her sagacious advice on cunnilingus.

A Conspiracy of "Little Red Men"

Dear *On Dit*,

What is it with the pedestrian lights on the corner of North Tce and Pultney Street? When all the traffic is stopped, the pedestrian lights go green for people crossing North Tce, but not for people crossing Pultney Street - and there is no good reason! Is this some type of social experiment to see who will defy the little red man and cross anyway? Or is this just the traffic engies at the Adelaide City Council not having a clue? Can you please use your super *On Dit* powers to find out and let us all know?

Regards,
Damber



On Dit, winning the hearts and minds of the people

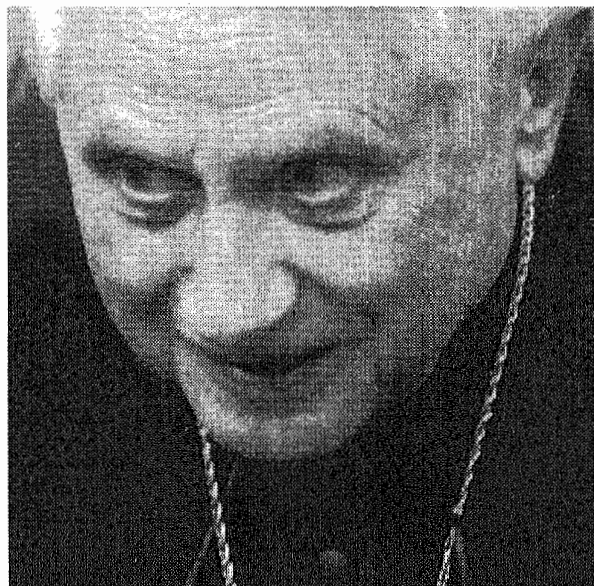
Whose Pope is it Anyway?

After a very long and very public battle with illness it was a relief for everyone to see the pope slip away. John Paul II's reign lasted 26 years and was the second longest in the church's 2000 year history. During his time he became much loved by the public and solidified the status of the church across Europe. The result was a wonderful opportunity for the church to extend its arms to vast portions of the world's population that it currently ignores. Instead they decided to fuel an already rampant Eurocentricity by electing German Joseph Ratzinger, a man who is broadly acknowledged as a clone of John Paul II, but lacking Paul's popular appeal.

Catholicism has extended its broad tentacles across the entire globe. Now, the number of followers in Africa and Latin America now make up the majority of the world's one billion Catholics. Unfortunately Catholicism hasn't repaid the warm sentiment shown to it by the people of the undeveloped world. The broad inaccessibility of education in the Third World leads to a faith that is extremely dogmatic. Worshipers follow teachings and advice to the letter and this has had disastrous effects right across an already decimated Africa. With condoms completely outlawed by the Vatican AIDS has been allowed to run rampant. A recent UN report showed that in Nigeria alone (home of Papal candidate Cardinal Francis Arinze) 3.6 million people are infected with the disease. The Vatican refuses to acknowledge the changing face of world and holds on to views that are luxuries only affordable by the privileged in the West.

The great paradox, and fundamental perversion, of the Catholic institution is that the elected official, who becomes the voice of God on earth and the vessel of all ethereal wisdom, is elected by a very small group of elderly men. Ratzinger was elected by a group of 115 Cardinals, none of whom are elected in any democratic fashion and who do not represent the beliefs or the diversity of the Catholic mass. Given the fact that so much of the support for Catholic church is centralised outside of Europe it is both offensive to the concept of democracy and the followers of the faith that 49.2% of the Cardinals are from Europe, while Africa holds only 10.1% of the papal vote.

In the early stages of the search for a new pope Nigerian Cardinal Francis Arinze was considered as a possibility, specifically because he would give representation to the ignored masses. It would have been a wise empire consolidating move too, with the strength of Islam in Africa growing and the percentages of Catholics in Latin America sharply decreasing. Inevitably however, altruism gave way to self preservation and the Europeans selected another from the old boy's club.



Ratzinger is 78; the oldest pope elected for 275 years and is clearly the choice of a dynasty interested in protecting its privileged position. Ratzinger was John Paul II's closest adviser for two decades, the Pope's 'go to' man on issues of scripture and doctrine.

The first of Ratzinger's official moves was to reinstate the same Vatican administration that served John Paul II and further ensconce the status quo. Ratzinger has spoken about his wishes to "pursue the dialogue of his predecessor" in interreligious issues and shows no intent to make the Church more inclusive. A 'hardliner', Ratzinger has ruffled feathers with his ultra conservative position on issues of women's rights, sexual practice, the genetic sciences and has been especially harsh on "religious deserters". He has criticised feminism as "undermining biologically defined duties", repeatedly chastised homosexuality as an "intrinsic moral evil" and, seemingly counter to his comments on the sanctity of the scripture, claims that the reason he does not allow condoms is "because they are not shown to be foolproof". He is however unanimously respected as a sharp man with a keen intellect. The master of 10 languages, he has written numerous books and held several prestigious university chairs. But despite this imposing weight of knowledge he still holds on to a simple, childish reading of the bible. Soon after his election he spoke to the cardinals who elected him lamenting that "the world is moving toward a dictatorship of relativism that fails to recognise the certainties contained in the Catholic doctrine". Only people in such inordinately comfortable positions can afford to cling to such simple moralities.

Institutionalisation is the most efficient way to ruin all good will, and the institution of religion ruins noble concepts of humanity, compassion and good will. Far from being a body that supports the weak and nourishes the poor, the Catholic Church has the blood of millions of AIDS sufferers on its hands. The institution of the Vatican is far removed from the pious intents of the faith. Lost somewhere between the hearts of most Catholics and a need for self-preservation is the simple the concept of understanding. Rather than functioning to radiate goodwill in all directions the Church selfishly holds its vast power within itself, sharing it only with those of the correct composition to be inducted. Despite Pope Benedict's platitudes about laying a "path toward unity" this will continue. Europe has cast its vote and it's the rest of the world that will be made to suffer for it.

Danny Wills

Take a

GAP

Year

Is there anyone who isn't keen on the idea of 12 years of schooling, followed immediately by a minimum 3 years of rigorous university study? There is a kick-ass alternative to this grueling regime: "The Gap Year"!

Whatever your aim for the future, taking a year off between school and uni certainly has its pros. Whilst a lot of school leavers decide to dedicate their gap year to sleeping 23/7, I'm here to suggest a way to use the year to your future advantage.

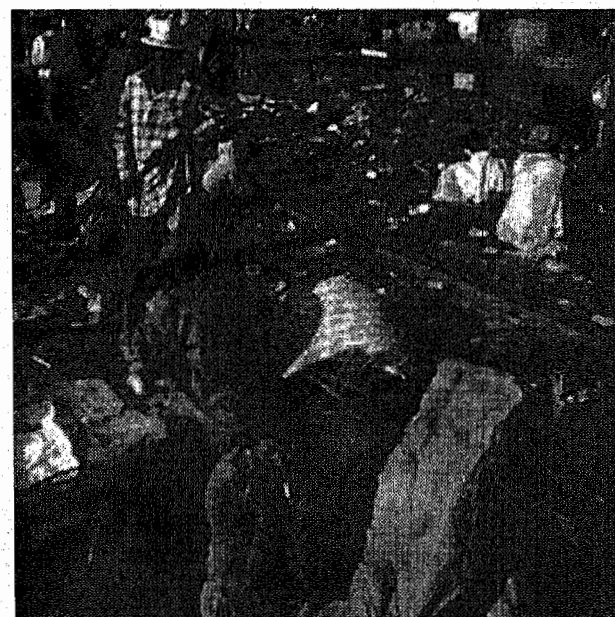
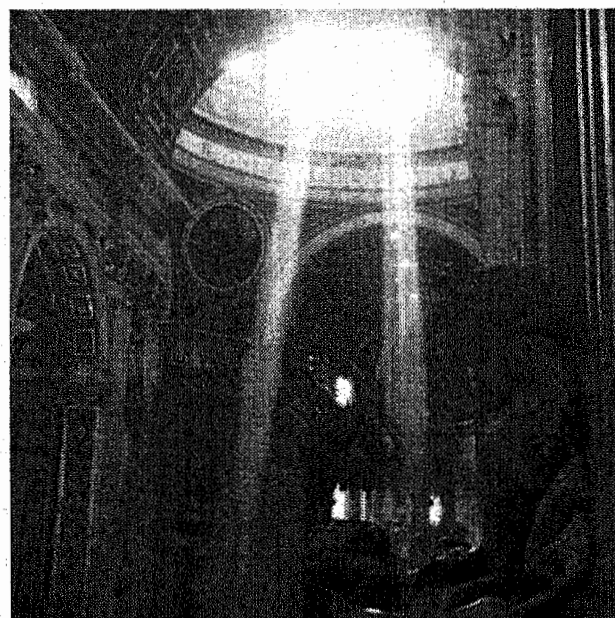
Traveling is great to get some life experience, and with part time work along the way you can set yourself up for university study, by earning the magical \$16,000 in 18 months, required to get the Centrelink Independent Allowance.

The winter of my gap year consisted of working in the ski fields of Victoria (with plenty of time for skiing and partying hard). The warmer months were spent working in tropical Queensland.

By the completion of my degree, I'll have been supported with over \$22,000 from Centrelink, will have more real life experience than most of my lecturers, with friends and contacts all around Australia and the world.

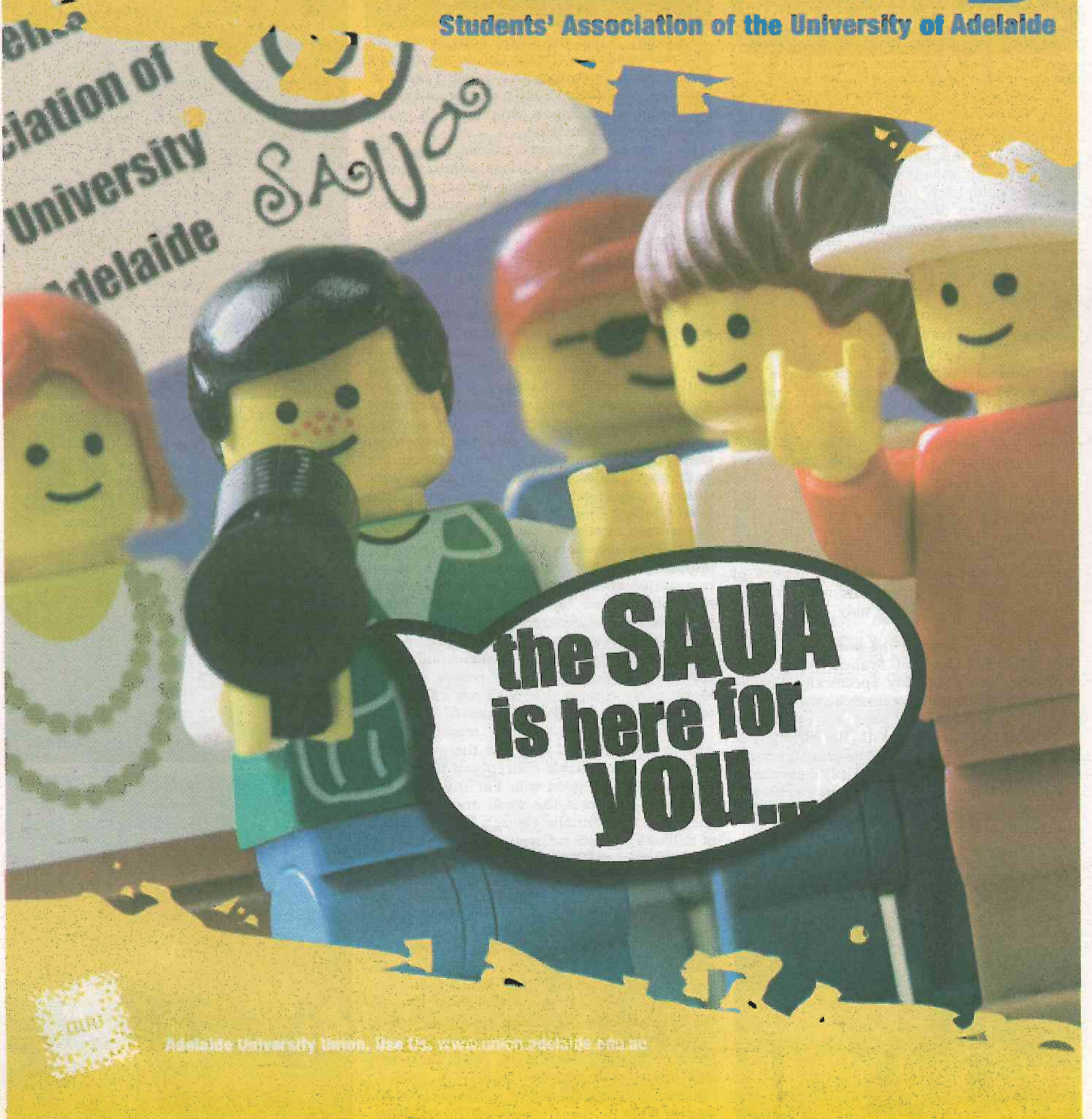
So take a break, you deserve it champ!

James Pearce



Your Voice in the University

Students' Association of the University of Adelaide



the SAUA
is here for
you...

Adelaide University Union, Use Us. www.union.adelaide.edu.au

MAY THE FARCE BE WITH YOU

Star Wars nerd. The very combination of these particular words conjures up all sorts of mental images regarding the physical attributes of the subculture in question. Slightly chubby from many a midnight mission to the servo for Doritos and chocolate. Small, beady eyes framed by fingerprint stained spectacles. Awful posture resulting from hours on end playing 'Rogue Squadron'. Bad teeth. Garlic breath. Socially awkward disposition. You know, all the archetypal geek paradigms. But nowadays, fervent followers of the force come in many incarnations. Many walk among us, silently waiting for the opportunity to unleash a quote at the appropriate moment. There's the emo kid who was brought up on *Return of the Jedi* by parents wanting to subliminally instill good Christian values into their darling boy. The capitalist pig that played with the figures as a kid and revels in calling masturbation 'Hand Solo'. The switched-on indie girl who realised a long time ago that cute boys dig girls who can quote Admiral Ackbar off-hand. Like a venereal disease spreading through the fabric of popular culture, Star Wars and its expansive universe has infiltrated a social circle near you. And get ready for more sci-fi shenanigans, because on May 19th the final instalment of the prequel trilogy Episode 3: *Revenge of the Sith* is released and is guaranteed to attract (or repel, if Lucas screws it up like in previous attempts) a new legion of poin-dexters and the like.

Let me establish my position in relation to all this. Public

humiliation is overrated, so here it is. Your humble narrator is indeed the Star Wars equivalent of a Trekkie, a figurine-collecting, costume-making geekazoid whose other car is an X-Wing. There. Feel free to inundate my pigeonhole with letters inscribed only with *snigger* if making fun of people's hobbies is your thing. Given this, where else would a weed of such a calibre be than lingering around Adelaide's toy mecca for the *Revenge of the Sith* toys to be released? This event is perhaps the most geek-friendly of all the festivities celebrating the movie's release. Unfortunately, when asked "What are you doing this Friday night?" answering "Oh, waiting in line until midnight to snap up the latest Star Wars toys" involves a fair amount of disgrace. Nevertheless, with my cousin and brother in tow (the nerd gene runs strong in my family) I staked my position in front of Toys R Us approximately three hours before opening time in an attempt to become the revered 'one' to ascend the escalators first and get the cream of the new release toys. Yep, good times don't come easy in this godforsaken town of ours.

The first hour of waiting was rather a desolate affair. Jocks and no-hopers fresh out of Mansions passed us by, inebriated to the point of foolishness, conspiring amongst themselves methods of luring helpless maidens into their pants. One particularly spirited pair shouted out various poorly-composed obscenities along the lines of 'Hey look! A bunch of nerds! Ha ha you guys suck!' Our band of merry pilgrims felt no harm by these feeble slurs.

It was only when a hobo slinked past the small congregation muttering 'nerds' that a wave of shame swamped the collective geek consciousness. Even the dregs of society were mocking out existences, and trust me, it hurt. Nevertheless, we sat there for 3 hours, discussing possible plot outcomes of *Revenge of the Sith* and generally anticipating the exorbitant amounts of money we were planning to donate to George Lucas's retirement fund in Florida.

By around 11:45 the tension had really built up. A crowd of about 40 people had arrived en masse and thanks to my skills of cunning, I'd managed to take pole position at the head of the line. At 11:50, several Stormtroopers, a TIE-fighter pilot and an Emperor's guard exited the store and posed for photos with little kids and fat guys you could tell would sell their souls for one night with a bikini-clad Carrie Fischer. I was considering getting a photo, but alas my position in the line was too precious to forgo. With delicious anticipation, the clock struck midnight and a security guard ordered us to make our way up the escalators in an orderly fashion. This was when time and space warped twilight zone style: I could hear the stampede of nerds behind me, but at that moment there was nothing between me, God and the top of the escalator. At hyperspace speed I clamoured up, only to be faced with the glossy veneer of hundreds of new action figures scintillating in the neon haze of the store. It was a magnificent sight. But there

wasn't enough time to admire the beauty of this capitalist panorama. Like being on the front line of battle, I swiftly ditched toys back to my 25-year-old cousin, who was directing orders as to which ones he desired. "Kit Fisto! General Grievous! Nah, not Leia. She struggles big time". A frenzy of nerds, kids and bewildered parents soon filled the store. The communal buzz of excitement started to wane almost post-orgasmically as we purchased our prized possessions and filtered outside, diving into our shopping bags to further inspect differences in packaging, actor-likeness etc. Seriously, if you were there you'd have laughed.

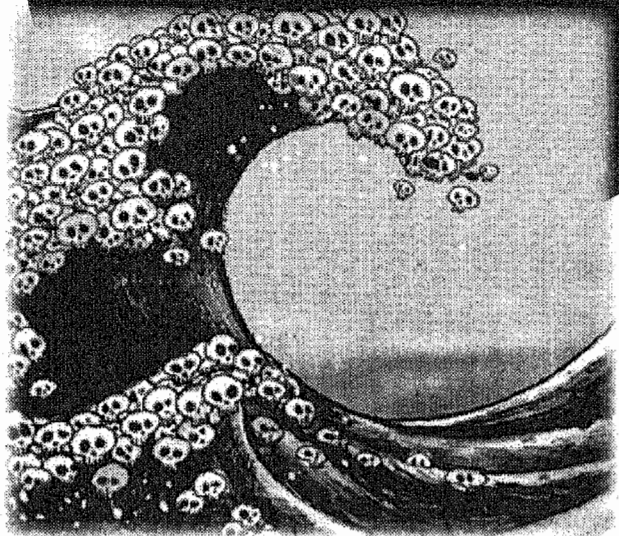
I don't think I can truly give the experience the justice it deserves in print form. You'd never believe just how rewarding being a Star Wars fan is in this shemuzzle we call modern life. Who needs to think about emotion, existence, death and love when you're planning the most awesome Chewbacca costume ever? Get ready for the festivities associated with *Revenge of the Sith* opening night. Hell hath known no fury like a bunch of nerdburgers having lightsaber battles with sticks. To be continued.

Stephanie Mountzouris



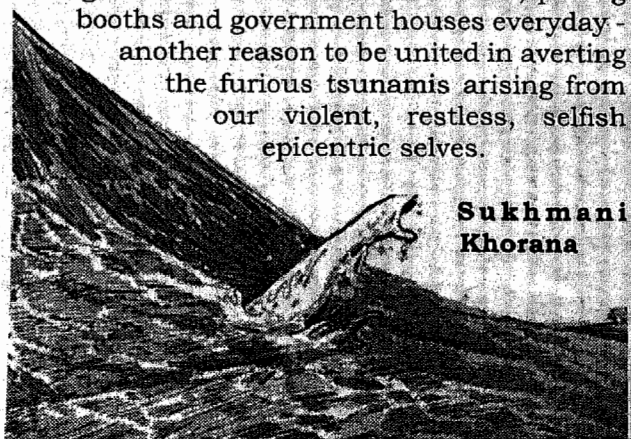
United in Disaster

Tsunami Tragedy, Asia, Dec. 2004



Yes, it's real...even though you and I can see only glass images. Virtual reality emanating sound waves and putting together pixels of shattered lives. And yes, things will never be the same again. Even that is real. Real change, not a temporary jaunt to a beach resort. But how is it real for us, couch potatoes, helpful neighbours, lucky survivors, country cousins, non-government do-gooders, global soul savers, remote yet strangely close fellow humans? Another figure added to the towering toll of natural disasters. This grid that encompasses nearly every continent on the planet binds us, doesn't it? We could be next, but does that matter? Or is the 'compassion fatigue' that joins us with its optical strands of illusory disillusion? Iraq, Gaza, Kashmir, and now Indonesia, Sri Lanka, India, Maldives, Thailand, Malaysia - more tears, more destruction - but only one heart, and a failing freezing one at that. We wouldn't know until we were struck, would we? For that is the peak of reality, when the film is rolled in front of the screen rather than behind it, when imagination makes a humble bow before real-time urgency, when life and death cannot wait for medical rooms or personal whims. But it must feel like a dream; edging its way on to the coast of reality only once the tide has ebbed and the footprints of death have left indelible marks on the wet sand. Or is it divine footprints carrying the dead off to their heavenly abode? Stop, it is this imagination of the un-verifiable that binds us, cripples us, hinders us from performing our earthly endeavours. The question is not why it was him/her, or why it wasn't me. What is done is done - another hole in the universe. Another example of our amoebic stature before the prowess of mother nature? No, another reason to stop what we can stop, to realise the power we do have, to avoid the man-made tragedies we live out on our streets, polling booths and government houses everyday - another reason to be united in averting the furious tsunamis arising from our violent, restless, selfish epicentric selves.

Sukhmani Khorana



M Week Timetable

Held on the Barr Smith Lawns

Tuesday 3rd May

- 12:00 - 12:30 Aboriginal performances
- 12:30 - 1:00 Swing Dance
- 1:00 - 1:30 Bhutanese performance
- 1:30 - 1:45 Guzheng Chinese Instrument
- 1:45 - 2:00 Tug 'O' War
- 2:00 - 2:20 Piñata
- 2:20 - 2:50 Limbo

Wednesday 4th May

- 12:00 - 3:00 Quizzes
- 12:00 - 12:30 Italian Singer
- 12:30 - 12:45 Piñata
- 12:30 - 1:00 Indian Dance
- 1:00 - 1:30 Greek Performance
- 1:30 - 1:45 Bali Dance
- 1:45 - 2:00 Tug 'O' War

Thursday 5th May

- 12:00 - 12:30 Japanese Flute (Shakuhachi)
- 12:30 - 1:00 Piñata

- 1:00 - 1:15 Malay Dance
- 1:15 - 1:30 Greek Performance
- 1:30 - 2:00 Peacock Dance
- 2:00 - 2:30 Tug 'O' War
- 2:30 - 3:00 Bamboo Dance

Other Attractions

- Henna Tattoo
- Chinese Calligraphy
- Tarot Reading
- Balloons
- Anthropology Club

Movies

- 'Aiki'- Tuesday 3rd
- 'Azumi'- Wednesday 4th
- 'Free & Easy 3'- Thursday 5th

Time: 7:30pm

Venue: Union Cinema

Cost: Gold donation entry on the 3rd and the 5th, \$2.00 entry including pizza, pop-corn and drink on the 4th.

Malaysia, Truly Asia?

Most of us are aware that this is Malaysian Tourisms' advertising gimmick. But is that what people think it is? A gimmick? For a Malaysian like myself, who was born and bred in KL, I can tell you that this multicultural society is more than simply an ideal. It is a lifestyle.

Malaysia has much to offer people, but I feel strongly that its single most unique and refreshing quality is its society, and the diversity it offers the locals, the tourists and the expatriates.

Before coming to Australia, I never once pondered my origins. I always knew that my background was Indian. With the large Indian population in Malaysia, that hardly raised an eyebrow. The normalcy of being one of three races within a society is something I never knew I was going to miss. When I am asked why I don't "look" Malaysian, I feel it is important to explain to everyone the racial smorgasbord of Malaysia. If we don't say it, no one will know.

Malaysia has 3 main races; Malay, Indian and Chinese. In addition, there are innumerable other races within our community. We have people coming from the UK, Scandinavia, Kenya, Yugoslavia, Denmark, Indonesia and the Philippines.

So what am I rambling on about Multiculturalism? Plenty of countries have people from a multitude of races within it. I feel Malaysia differs in the sense that these different people don't just exist within society, they are part of society, in one community. "Rakyat kita, bersatu dan maju" - this third line of our national anthem sums it up nicely - "Our community, together as one and comfortable".

In regards to religion, at any one point there will be a Hindu/Buddhist temple, mosque or church somewhere nearby. From hearing temple bells tolling, to hearing Islam prayers on the loudspeaker, you would have to be both deaf and blind to be ignorant of the culture and religions you were living amongst.

Festivals- Chinese New Year, Hari Raya, Christmas, Deepavali - let me tell you Malaysians do not know how to hold back! All the lights, decorations, musical celebrations will run rampant. At any one point there

will be some festival going on- when one finishes, another begins. Everything is "in your face" and I truly believe tolerance and understanding can only begin after awareness.

The best part is yet to come. The food- Malaysian cuisine is exquisite. I think the lifestyle there makes the food taste all the more delicious. Each mealtime is almost made a celebration in itself - which is not always a good thing! The best thing about Malaysian cuisine is the options- whether you want to go to the "mamak" stall down the road in your shorts for roti canai and a tarik, or you want to dress up to the nines and enjoy French cuisine by the waterside.

If I had to describe my Malaysia in one word, it would be "colourful" - everywhere you look there are people, clothes, food, languages, buildings all of different colours.

"Muhibbah" is a word that describes unity among nations, and is reflected well in the Malaysian community.

The feeling of community was what made my childhood so comfortable and happy-go-lucky. Everyone who is older than you, no matter who or what they were, was known as "Auntie" and "Uncle". This meant I had "aunties" and "uncles" on the school bus, cafeteria, markets - that's one hell of a family! It also was an easy way to learn respect for elders as well as one another.

I have never questioned my origins for one reason. Malaysia is the reason I am who I am, and I grew up in surroundings that sheltered me well, gave me all the opportunities in life and kept me happy. Of course, this is not the case for everyone, but it certainly was for me.

Malaysians reading this may not agree with me, but next time you go home, look around you. If you look at the different people laughing, sharing and celebrating together, you will understand why I feel such pride for our country.

A Chinese New Year Ad that had recently been published in Star newspapers put it as succinctly as possible. "We are all different. But we are the same".

Veena Pillai

The Magic of India

At the first thought of writing an article about my homeland, India, I felt myself at sea about where to start. With a history that spans across four millennia, a population approaching a billion, fifty distinct languages and more than twenty different religious faiths - India seems to be too overwhelming to be accommodated sensibly in a page-length article. However, even a few small pieces of this astonishingly diverse mosaic of a nation will fill one with a sense of profound enchantment and awe. In all her differences, India has a magical harmony that is nothing less than appreciable.

In the past year of my stay in Australia, studying at university, doing what I always wanted to do most, I have discovered a lot more about the world than I could have ever imagined. As I met and shared my life with people from all round the world, picking up slices of their culture and filing them in the cabinet of my memories, the pattern emerging in my mind's eye bore an uncanny resemblance to the one that I associate with my homeland. Well, it occurred to me, "Is India truly the world captured in miniature?" Well, I shall leave it to the reader to decide.

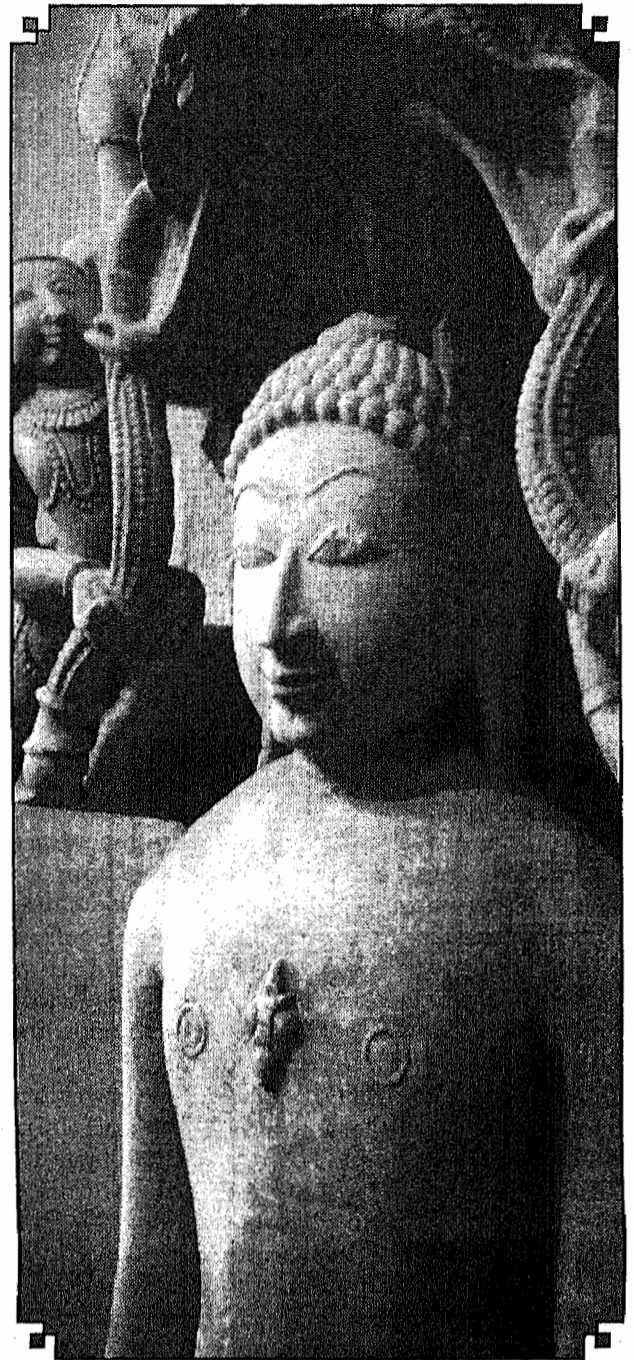
Bounded by the snowy Himalayan ranges in the north and the snowbroken Indian Ocean in the south - the terrains of India is a crucial contributor to its amazing contrasts. Here one can find giant river valleys with robust farms and abundant rainfall, sandy deserts dotted with oases and camels, tropical rainforests with exotic birds and cold desolate plateaus where no wind has blown in years.

More striking is the diversity of her people. Thousands of years of migration from all across the globe, geographical barriers and the huge expanse of the country have encouraged such unique cultural variation as is to be found no where else. Each province is unique in its language, culture, traditions and food habits. While in remote monasteries of Ladakh, the submissive monks lead a secluded life of prayer; prosperous city dwellers spend millions over marriage gatherings. The singers of Rajasthan praise the brave kings and princes, while men in tropical Kerala row enormous snake-boats in the coconut flavoured backwater lagoons. The splendour of the Taj Mahal, the mouth-watering aroma of curries, the intricate designs of Kashmiri rugs - all seem to reflect the vibrancy of life that is the true essence of Indian people.

Alexander came halfway round the world to find it, Marco Polo made it into a fable, while Columbus stumbled upon a whole new world in search for it - such is the magic of India. The enchantment of India has more to do with her capacity to welcome, assimilate and coexist than with its proverbial wealth. Having lived in the nation for the major part of my life, I have developed an immense appreciation for the unbelievable tolerance of my homeland.

As has been the case with the world in general, unforeseen events in the recent past have caused many reasons for disharmony and intolerance. As India moves with the rest of the world to find answers to the questions that concern every citizen of every nation, let us not forget that there has been (and still is) a place where dischordant notes actually make a symphony possible. We should be able to picture the world in that place, or rather picture that place everywhere in the world.

Subhobrata Das



Transfer Advice Day

**Monday 2 May,
10am to 4pm**

Equinox, Level 4, Union House

Undergraduates considering a change to a different degree can discuss their options with student advisers from the Prospective Students Office and Faculties.

Find out what the procedures are – reconsider the range of Adelaide degrees available.

If you are considering a change of courses within your current degree, visit your Faculty or School office for advice.

Life Impact

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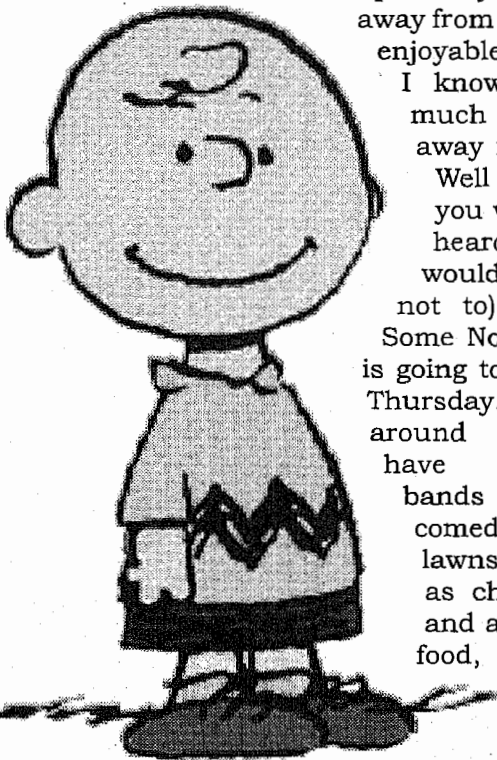
Multicultural Week 2005

Transcending Barriers

3rd - 5th May
11am - 3pm
Bar Smith Lawns

Discover learn and explore cultural diversity presented at the University of Adelaide. Adelaide your senses by enjoying cuisine, live performances, art, music, and film exhibitions, and film family events, courtesy of transcending cultural barriers by attending Multicultural Week 2005. Recharge yourself and contribute to cultural diversity at the University of Adelaide.

For more information please contact the Overseas Student Association
osa@adelaide.edu.au / (08) 8303 3895



I hope everyone's break away from classes was enjoyable, for most I know it wasn't much of a break away from study.

Well for those of you who haven't heard, (and it would be hard not to) the Make Some Noise Festival is going to be on this Thursday. Starting around 11am we'll have speakers, bands and comedians on the lawns, as well as cheap drinks and at times free food, but mostly just super cheap.

We'll also have heaps of

events put on by various sports and clubs of the three universities, as well as other activities we're putting on for the day (bouncy castle). The whole day is being organised to celebrate all students' organisations and what they do, and it's to coincide with a National Day of Action that NUS (the National Union of Students) has called. There will be students all around the country doing similar things. At Sydney Uni they are having a similar festival, and have Wil Anderson doing stand up on their lawns, here in Adelaide we've got Lehmo and then in the bar that night we've got a free show for Uni Students only with Gerling. The

UniBar only has a capacity of 500 so get in early! And at Melbourne Uni they're having a rally, which we're also doing. In keeping with a hopefully emerging trend, we wish to keep this light hearted, fun and very peaceful, so come along. We're leaving the lawns at 1pm, marching to Parliament House and having a few high profile speakers talk to us about VSU, and then back to the lawns to kick off the main festivities for the afternoon. It would be great to see you all down there.

The final thing about Make Some Noise is that we have put out a publication explaining more about the day with some general info about VSU, there's a couple of funny articles in there, I like the piece Wil Anderson wrote. They will be available on the day from the Students Association tent and from the regular *On Dit* distribution points.

There are only two other things I need to let you know about for now:

SAUA Website:

The Students Association will soon be getting a new Website, and we're putting together the content for it now. Please if you have any ideas for anything please contact me or the relevant office bearer. We're including pictures sections, interesting websites for all the departments, environment, education, women's etc, recommended reading lists, favourite quotes, good academic resources for students on copyright, plagiarism, referencing etc. Any help, anything you think should be included please let me know.

VSU Forum:

A number of students have contacted me about organising a VSU forum, where we would have some speakers from various areas and have a real community debate about VSU

and its implications, without all the rhetoric. If you are interested in getting involved in this, please contact me and I can put you onto the people involved, or stay tuned for more info to be coming out soon. The event will most likely be held sometime in week 10.

Enjoy the first week back and please... don't be afraid to get involved, your Students Association needs you more now than ever.

Cheers

David Pearson

SAUA President.

david.pearson@adelaide.edu.au



Latest VSU Overview:

The Higher Education Support Amendment (Abolition of Compulsory Up-front Student Union Fees) Bill 2005 introduced in to Federal Parliament on the 16th March has generated considerable media attention. There is very little public support for the Bill, with the Australian Vice Chancellors' Committee (AVCC), the Group of Eight (Go8), Labor, Greens and Democrats all publicly condemning the Bill.

Perhaps more significantly however, the Victorian National Party has also come out and publicly rejected the Bill in its current form stating that it would have "a serious and profound impact for students" and commenting on the importance of the services that are provided through the universal collection of amenities fees. A resolution recommending that the Federal Government adopt the Victorian model of VSU rather than the legislation currently tabled was unanimously passed at the Victorian State Conference on the 8th April.

The National Union of Students have been continuing their lobbying work and are currently preparing a Media campaign in conjunction with the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU), Council of Australian Postgraduate Associations (CAPA), the National Indigenous Postgraduate Association Aboriginal Corporation (NIPAAC) and the National Liaison Committee for International students (NLC). This joint campaign provides a united front from the sector and also highlights extensive public support for Student Organisations across all sectors of the community. We will be jointly and publicly calling on the Minister to start negotiating with the peak bodies immediately.

Lies make baby jesus cry and so do torn banners.

In the last week of term, a very merry group of women (and a few good men) painted, sewed and hung the sole promotional banner for the campus production of *The Vagina Monologues*. Hours later, some fucko (more than likely a chem student named 'Jonathon' - we know where you live buddy) tore it down, ripped it in half and dumped it outside of Target. Vagina Motherfuckers.

What's worse is that in the next few days, a female friend of this mofo laughed and bragged about her friend's violent dalliance with a *Vagina Monologues* banner. It's enough to think about people perpetrating senseless vandalism and stupidity, than to see people celebrate it - particularly women.

So why the backlash? Ok, I won't play the fool, I know exactly why some men and women would fight against a controversial production like *TVM* - but I expect that struggle to come from people like my Pop and the US government - not students. We often think of the women's movement as a bygone phenomenon of a bygone era and we like to think we're enlightened too. Amongst students, Chauvinism is generally displayed through lame-arse 'Make my dinner' t-shirts, rather than reflected in real beliefs that women should be relegated to the kitchen.

So what's the deal? We watch shows like *Sex in the City* and are exposed to hundreds of sexual images every day on any TV channel, but the word 'Vagina' brings laughter and contempt? It amazes me how embarrassed some young people are about women's sexuality and vaginas. Chances are, unless

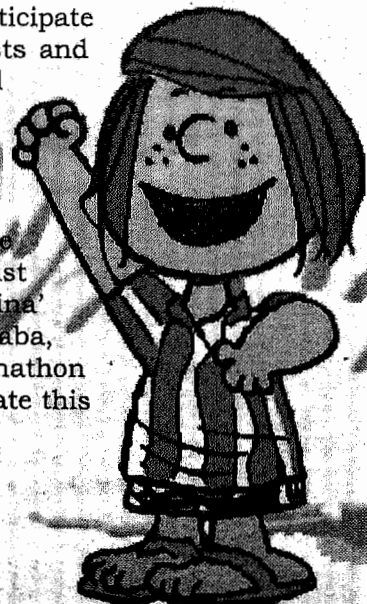
you are a gay man, you've got a vagina and/or you take pleasure from one. Most people are familiar with vaginas - and yet, very few have true knowledge, value or respect for the vagina. Through scorning your own vagina, like scorning any other part of your body, you are taking part in an act of self-hatred. Through scorning someone else's, you are perpetuating misogyny and continuing the relative invisibility of women's sexual concerns.

Vagina, VAGINA. Say it.

The more comfortable we become with the word, the more we can come to terms with the entity this word represents...and that's something pretty awesome. It makes me sad that there are people out there like 'Jonathon' and his friend. Personally, I would like to extend an invitation to them to attend a *VM* performance, as they are the type of people whom would benefit from *TVM* the most. I anticipate that many feminists and pro-feminists will attend *TVM*, but in some ways, we will be preaching to the converted.

It is to the people who struggle against the concept of 'vagina' the most - my baba, my brother, Jonathon - to whom I dedicate this production.

Melissa Purcell

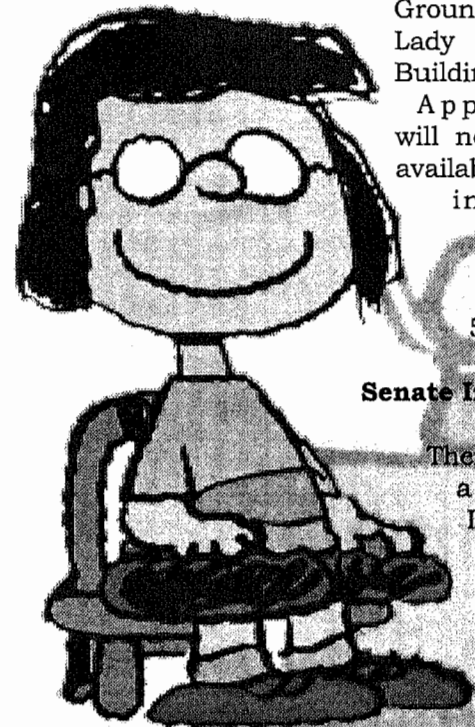


Counter Calendar

This is the alternative subject guide produced by the Education Department for students at The University of Adelaide. It is an honest, up-front review of subjects and is produced in the effort to better inform you of your options for your next year of study. It is produced to tell students what it's really like to study each subject from the perspective of students who have already studied it.

The Counter Calendar requires two Editors to work in conjunction with myself, the Education Vice-President. Nomination for these two positions will open on the 18th April and close the 18th May. Nomination forms can be picked up from the front desk of the Students' Association, Ground Floor Lady Symon Building.

Applicants will need to be available for interviews on Wed 25th May at 5.30pm



Senate Inquiry
There will be a Senate Inquiry into

For more details about any of the above please contact me.

Student Income Support on Thursday 28th April at Parliament House – The Old Chamber. It starts at 9 and finishes at 4. Student Representatives will be speaking from 9.45pm to 10.45pm and the University of Adelaide Vice-Chancellor will be talking from 3.00pm to 4.00pm.

This is a Public Meeting open to all so feel free to show up and listen. It is however on at the same time as Make Some Noise (see David's column for more details on this) so keep this in mind.

Review of MyUni – There's Prizes

As part of a review of MyUni the University wants to ascertain Students' level of satisfaction with the effectiveness of MyUni, the University's online learning environment, and Associated Technologies. Your anonymous responses to the following online survey will be aggregated and assist in the formulation of recommendations with regard to the future strategic directions within the University. Your contribution will be greatly appreciated. On completion of this online survey you will be able to enter in a draw to win a 256K USB pen. This online survey will close at 5 pm on Tuesday 3 May 2005.

Log on to <http://quiz1.science.adelaide.edu.au/tp3/gorisp/survey/myuni01.tp3>

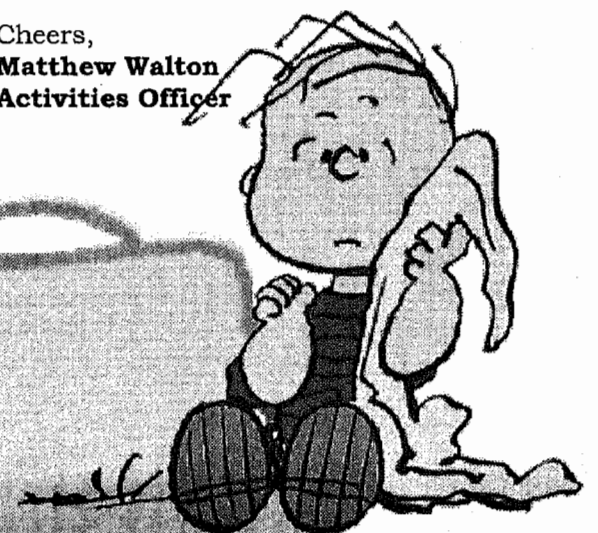
Jess Cronin
Education Vice-President
jessica.cronin@adelaide.edu.au
8303 3506

This Friday we're having a meeting for anyone and everyone who wants to be involved with Prosh. It's going to be this Friday 1pm in the WP Rogers room in the Union building. We need people to help us with all the pranks and stunts we have organised. One event we're really going to need assistance for is our world record attempt to have the most people knocking back a shot of spirit in one place. Our weapon of choice is Tequila and we need to have 1,050 people on the Barr Smith lawns to break the record currently held by Macquarie University in NSW. Remember, Prosh runs from the 9th till the 13th of May so please come along to the meeting this Friday as its not far away at all!

Make sure you check out Multicultural week next week. The Activities department will be doing its part for the week by serving Kava on the cheap in conjunction with the Kava Hut.

Last but certainly not least, you need to *Make Some Noise* this Thursday. Cheap beer, cheap food and *Gerling* for the evening you'd be a fool to not come along.

Cheers,
Matthew Walton
Activities Officer



Dear Queer Friendlies

During the current debate on so-called "Voluntary Student Unionism" legislation, tabled in parliament on March 16, what has not been well covered in the media is the fact that universal membership of student organisations is not only about sausage rolls & subsidised gym membership. The most important thing student organisations do is offer advocacy to students with any problems (free, of course) and a collective voice for our issues and concerns. And lord knows homophobia is still an issue. So when your Students' Association speaks out against heterosexism on campus and in classrooms, about the increasing inaccessibility of education for those without parental support or about the need for queer spaces and appropriate resources, we are not speaking as isolated individuals, we are speaking out as a collective voice representing thousands of students on our campus, or via the National Union

of Students, 600,000 members nationally.

So, as a queer student and as someone who believes passionately in the rights to education, to collective representation and to democratic dissent, I would urge concerned queer students to play an active role in the campaign against this Anti Student Organisation Legislation. Although the Coalition will have a majority from 1 July, 3 Nationals Senators and several Liberals have already stated that they have reservations about the proposed legislation, so the time to lobby and actively oppose it is now! The Australian Vice-Chancellor's Committee and all other sections of the Higher Education Community have already stated their opposition. What you can do ...

2 minutes to spare:

Call your local Member of Parliament and register your opposition to the legislation. If you are unsure of your electorate or MP... Find your electorate by your postcode on the Australian Electoral Commission's website: <http://www.aec.gov.au/research/main.htm> Find your MP's contact details, listed by electorate, on the Australian Parliament House website: <http://www.aph.gov.au/house/members/micltr.asp>

As your local representative, your MP's office must, by law, note your opinions, so if they try to brush you off, just say "I understand that by law you must register my call" and ensure they take a note of your name,

suburb & your opposition to VSU. If your MP is in government, they need to know of your opposition. If they are in opposition, then letting them know your opinion gives them fuel to oppose the legislation in parliament.

If you are an international student, call your consulate and let them know you oppose VSU because it will remove your services and protections as a student in Australia.

5 minutes to spare:

Write a brief (200 words or less) letter to the editor. To be published you must include your name, address & contact phone number (for verification, not for publication).

20 minutes to spare:

Pick up a couple of posters and/or leaflets about the VSU legislation from your Students' Association office. Sign a petition while you're there. Put the posters up around where you study or work and encourage others to talk about the issues. Distribute the leaflets to people in your tutorial or social groups.

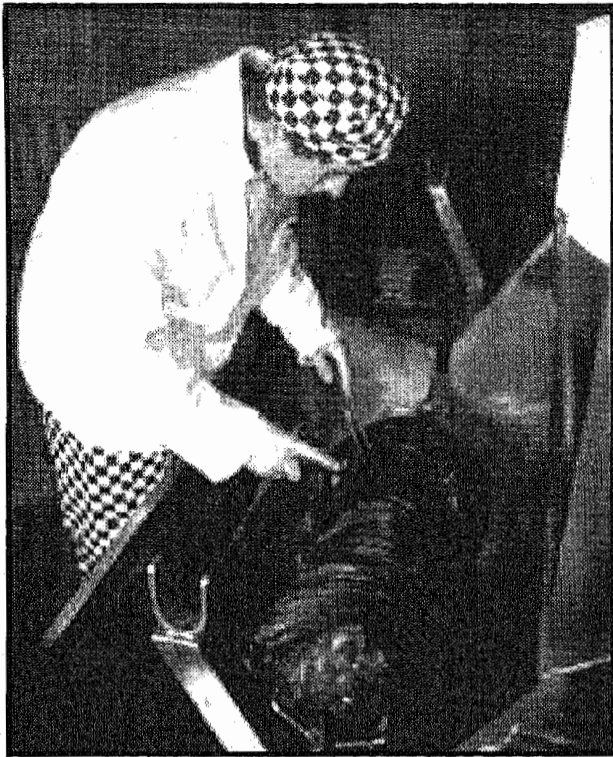
Couple of hours to spare:

Grab a couple of mates, a shoulderbag full of posters & sticky tape from your Students' Association, and go on a fun poster-run up & down your campus or through the city. Don't forget to reward yourselves afterwards.

'VSU is not about choice, it's about silence'

Lavinia Emmet-Grey
David Kavanagh
Female & Male Sexuality Officers





Voluntary Student Unions: The Other Lean Meat.

In the last edition I covered the basic argument, mainly against but also for VSU, claiming that although students have a right not to be forced to subsidise the activities of others there are some functions, namely the Education & Welfare Officers and representation towards the University on broader issues, that will have serious problems running without compulsory fees, despite the fact that broad representation should benefit almost all students regardless of their personal political persuasions.

These forms of representation can be vaguely seen as similar to the separation of powers in federal government. If I'm a 'good' citizen I will probably never be prosecuted or stand trial but I would be extremely stupid to give up the separation of the court system lest I find myself facing the mistaken wrath of a sovereign state. Student reps are in that basic sense similar to the court system, a much less important one for most people but also a much less expensive one.

Ideally, these forms of representation would be compulsory with appropriate democratic controls, almost a microcosm of our (sovereign) government. Issues of sovereignty aside, this system in theory works well because although fees are compulsory students would have almost complete control over how those fees are spent and how much is collected. Meaning that if students feel their need for services decreases they can demand that their fees decrease, in theory to zero I guess. The problem

is that although membership is compulsory the Union is (obviously) quite divorced from the student population and has been able to levy fees without any real form of regulation. In many ways it's simply an indictment on the apathy of most students that the Union has been able to sail unchartered for so long.

Without student pressure the Union has been resistant to structural change, particularly the Students' Association which is supposed to be most closely aligned with students' interests. One of the ideas for change that would be more relevant for students is replacing the SAUA council (and possibly office bearers) with an SRC committee consisting of the student reps from the various University faculties. These reps would be more closely linked to their constituency and have a definite platform to work from, ie. problems within their department, rather than listlessly wandering around the Union complex wondering which issue to tackle next. The student reps also have a closer bond with their department staff and will be representing students on issues that are for the most part universal within their departments. One of the problems with the SAUA at the moment is the fact that office bearers are trying to represent student interests on incredibly divisive issues without any clear position from the student body being available.

If a topic does come along to do with the environment, sexuality etc that crosses various department then there's no reason why a co-operative campaign can't be launched by department reps. A similar situation exists in Germany and I witnessed over 40,000 people protest after the government announced massive cuts to education, evidently an issue that had broad appeal to students.

From the student reps a president can be elected, paid if the funding is available to represent the departments on University Council. Hopefully with a new closeness to

students some interest can be elicited and the president can claim a mandate when talking to the VC and other University staff.

Fortunately, this system can still function after VSU. Unfortunately, though quite deliberately, the governments method of change has been like picking the meat off a quail with a lumber axe. There has been no mind to reform, simply to dismantle. So that legislated reform over a period may have had the desired effect of putting the pig on the treadmill and healthily working off some fat, the administrative structures that would be required for the change-over are likely to collapse without intermediary funding, leaving no fees but also almost no opportunity to salvage anything from the wreck.

So what does the future hold? Without a doubt the Union will have to cut fees as it scrambles to gather members, but funding will also drop forcing some services, possibly all eventually, into user pays. It seems the membership most attractive to students would be a differential form where a few levels of membership can be purchased. The "base rate" should include the basic form of membership previously mentioned as well as profitable or break even functions with extra to be paid for clubs and sports, and other non-essential services. Most wages to office bearers should be cut, possibly retaining a president figure and one person from the Post Grads, Mature Age and Internationals, all contained in the one office. The Union staff will most likely be scaled back accordingly with some semblance of a marketing department. Though they should remember what actually makes the Union a union before they follow the path of Greenpeace et al that now exist primarily as fund raising machines.

Dan

In the coming weeks we'll be able to provide some more information about what will happen to Student Radio and On Dit, Adelaide Uni's favourite media sources...

AUU News from our Food & Beverage Outlets!



Wrap & Roll Bar

It has arrived! Now in Mayo you can get a made-to-order roll, with your choice of fresh delicious fillings and dressings.

Unibar

Don't miss The Open Season, Capital Jack and Falconer performing for your pleasure on 3rd May (second week back after mid-semester break) as part of the Bring Back The Music campaign. They will be on stage from 6pm. These are University of Adelaide students so go and give them your support!!

Café Boss -

Super Meal Deal available for Limited Time

Café Boss, located on the Hughes Plaza, is now selling gourmet baguettes, juice and yoghurt. Great when you're in a rush between lectures or have a limited lunch break and want to grab something healthy and delicious.

Super Meal Deal only \$8.00 ~ available from 26th April for a limited time.

Gourmet baguette Normally priced at \$10.40

JuiceBAR 250ml Special price \$8.00

Customer Critiques

Trevor, an electrician with Spotless, recently enjoyed a Schnitzel Parmagiana from Mayo. He has been working on North Terrace campus for over 10 years and says the food on campus has definitely improved and he feels all of our outlets are "pretty good". Trevor and his colleagues find Rumours great for an evening meal and particularly like the Cajun Chicken Club Sandwich and the pizzas which have "excellent toppings".

How to save \$ in Rumours, Union Bookshop Cafe & Lirra Lirra

Just by being a member of the Adelaide University Union you can save up to 14% on your meals by showing your Student ID/Union Card. And that's on prices that are already competitive. Take for instance the Chicken Schnitzel served with salad, fries and choice of toppings - only \$8.70!! Anywhere else around town will be at least \$4.00 more - so in Rumours you can afford a beer or wine as well!

More Music in Outlets!

Bring back the Music is a pilot program to increase live music in our outlets. The following groups are giving inaugural performances:
Tuesday 3rd May ~ Open Season/Capital Jack/Falconer ~ Unibar 6pm
Thursday 5th May ~ FrequentSeahore ~ Rumours 6.30pm
Monday 9th May ~ The Tangerines ~ Backstage Cafe 1pm
Thursday 12th May ~ James Hickey ~ Rumours 6.30pm
If you would like to be involved please ring Natalie Teakle on (08) 8303 5850

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

Monologues

by eve ensler



For more information call
Mel Purcell- (08) 8303 3899
melissa.purcell@adelaide.edu.au

Before there was me, there was her and then them.

by clementine ford

Before my mother had me, she had a name, and it was Luciana. A beautiful name, a name injected with all the passion and tenacity that flowed through her Latin American blood. A name to be whispered by a lover softly and carefully. ^{Luciana} A name to roll off of the tongue in high spirits, a skier's descent down a crisp

and snowy mountain, ^{Luciana}! It was the sort of name you'd imagine might belong to a girl who had many admirers, a tinkling and infectious laugh and a bottom that would make grown men cry. As it happened, Luciana had none of these things, and so she became Lucy, far more suited to a girl of inconsequential looks and talent. She had a thick waist and a propensity to make the very few things she uttered awkward for her listeners, such as the time she asked her mother why the landlord visited every Monday morning and stayed for two hours. Had her bottom been as voluptuous and generous as her name implied, even its extraordinary powers wouldn't have been able to stave off the whipping that followed. My grandmother couldn't believe that someone of her own incomparable beauty and self-perceived (and perhaps deceived) charm had produced such a squib. My grandfather couldn't believe anything, because he was by that time dead, ambushed and pillaged by head hunters in the heart of the Amazon jungle. Had he been alive, he still couldn't have believed anything because excessive drinking had addled his brain and pickled his privates, the latter of which irritated my grandmother more than the former.

This is a story of my mother, one of the many that comprises the whole, but no story begins and ends with a bookmark in history. To understand my mother, you have to go back back back to the previous chapter (not the first, mind.) Before she had Lucy, my grandmother had a name, and it was Ana.

Ana met Alessandro when she was seventeen. Like most girls of that age, Ana confused raw, unadulterated lust for the purest kind of love. A rich and idle girl, Ana would have passed unheralded into the decaying dusk of middle age had she not been in possession of a beauty so exquisite it was rumoured to have temporarily blinded the midwife present at her birth. People spoke of the girl with the golden hue, a girl so beautiful the sun took a break in her presence. Ana's hair was as black as midnight's shadow, as glossy as an uncut lake at the precise moment when the rising sun slices across its surface. Her face had never known a blemish, save for the solitary freckle that adorned her right cheekbone. She had a pair of perfect lips, lips that couldn't help but silently implore, "Touch me." Her body was nothing short of a vision. She was like a rubber ball stuffed with putty, malleable and protruding in all the right places. Ana was melted chocolate poured into a cotton summer dress. One sight of her caused men to race to their priests for urgent confession, and silently curse the bloated hags they had mistakenly married. She slithered like an electric eel down the narrow alleys of her small Guvarese village and smiled knowingly at those around her.

Ana possessed the kind of face that seemed confused by its own innocence, and the kind of body that knew better.

Unfortunately for Ana, she also possessed the kind of traits that tend to accompany such a hotwired exterior. She was vain, shallow and as poisonous as an adder. One of her favourite pastimes was to wander around the town and slyly remind the men of everything they couldn't

have, and the women of everything they would never be. Don't misunderstand - she wasn't bad because she was beautiful, and she wasn't bad because she was sexual. She was bad because she was just plain mean and nasty. It was as if her body had exerted so much energy being desirable on the outside it didn't have any magic left for the inside. Ana was a girl governed by an unchecked sexual energy, and it began to drive her crazy that she couldn't act upon the urges that raged within that perfect figure of hers. Her vanity ensured that she would never lie with one of the townsmen, and her provincial status (she was a wealthy landowner's daughter, but these things never mean much in the greater scheme of things) meant that she had little hope of discovering men beyond those who hid in shadows to watch her at night. She grew increasingly frustrated as the fire within her flared and so she began sneaking out at night to drink in the local bar. The men never told her father lest he cease her late night visits, and the women were all prostitutes whose ability to care about young virgin girls vanished years ago, hot on the heels of their idealism and pert bottoms. With time, Ana became less arrogant about her affections and though she would never reduce herself to sleeping with any of the locals, she could certainly be found engaged in secret fondlings and frantic kisses behind the outside lavatory. For their part, the men felt as if they had been touched by the hand of God, and He Himself had allowed them in turn to touch His Most Perfect Creation. They spent themselves in her hands, her mouth and sometimes on her breasts and while they looked to the sky to rejoice, she looked to the door for that elusive stranger to arrive and quench her sexual thirst. And then, quite by surprise, one night he did.

Ana's first glimpse of Alessandro was of his boots walking through the bar's tin door and coming to rest with a slight grinding on the dusty floor by her head. She had bent over for a moment to simultaneously retrieve a dropped coin and to demonstrate once more to the salivating eyes the sculpted globes of her bottom. She didn't hear the door open because the bar was filled with the drumbeat of wasted lives and disappointed dreams. Even if she had heard, she wouldn't have raised her head because Ana didn't believe in paying anyone attention. What was it then, that fateful night, that drove her to fancy and imagine herself in love? What led her to steal away with the unknown man and demonstrate every cliché ever written about the loss of female virginity? To find that only after five or six thrashings (a more considerable distance from the outhouse) could the fire inside her be dulled somewhat? To be forcibly overcome by her lover's sexuality with an internal strength and vigour that had previously been lacking in the fortitude of men she had dallied with previously? How had this stranger managed to stake claim where men before him had only feverishly dreamt of? His boots were old and worn, dusty and cracked as a malnourished river bed. His feet reeked of labour and field dirt. His trousers were patched in more places than they were intact. Did she sense something within him that could save her from herself (because Ana, though mean and spiteful, was not wholly bad in the way that almost-good people are never perfect)? Did she simply grow tired with waiting to be born into a satisfactory state of being? Had she raged inside long enough that the flood of desire could no longer be held? It was none of these things, and perhaps all of them. Ana looked up, because she saw the boots stop before her and then walk away.

Well, this was unprecedented! No man had

ever walked away from Ana before! They had certainly hid, pressing themselves into secluded corners or skulking amongst the sliding shadows of alleyways thick with the scent of desperation. They had watched from a distance and furiously pumped themselves to a kind of gratification, then cursed their disloyalty, perversion and most of all misfortune. But they had never walked away. She knew that, she thrived on it, and she hated them for it.

And so it was that three months later Ana and Alessandro were married. Alessandro had agreed to make an honest woman out of Ana after a private discussion with Ana's father and an apparently considerable increase in his own personal fortune. With the continued growth of Ana's belly, the more pronounced Alessandro's lack of interest in her became. Ana was furious. The pregnancy only increased her hormonal lust further, yet the one person who had been able to scratch that persistent itch was repulsed by her changing body. While she swelled with child, Alessandro bloated with booze. His nose became a mass of broken veins, mirroring the claw like scratching of stretchmarks that swept across Ana's stomach. The tension in their home was palpable, and the further that wretched baby pressed against Ana's uterus, the greater her blame grew for its part in the destruction of her happiness.

Would Ana have been happy? It's questionable. It seems unlikely that people of her selfish disposition are ever truly happy. No matter what she acquired, she always would have searched for more. The sad matter was that the gaping hole Ana thought could be filled by Alessandro's virility was in fact her own inability to experience satisfaction. It was as if her creator had discovered a lack of Satisfaction in her cupboard, and compensated with a double helping of Blind Greed. Whatever the case, Ana found it impossible to reconcile herself to the baby. She had condemned it to all hell before the tiny thing even found its way from that black night into the gentle stream of morning. While Ana pushed and screamed and tore with clammy hands at her drenched hair, Alessandro lay face down in a pool of his own vomit three feet from their front door. Her life and what it would become flashed before untouched by the carnivorous fangs of pain, and as she ejected the unwelcome mass from her womb, she ejected any remote feelings of love and affection that may have laid dormant within. Ana had resolved to punish the child for being the one that had led her to a dusty highway, straight as an arrow and untouched by beauty of colour, only to say, "Welcome to the rest of your life!" The nurses said they had never seen a woman with such grim determination painted on her twisted features as the dawn that Luciana was born. When she finally hurtled out, Ana refused to look at her. The only request she made was for a glass of water and a hairbrush.

And so it was that my mother entered this world, amidst a rain of pain and anger. She herself was never a very angry person, which leads me to believe that Ana, so incensed with rage, sucked it all out of her daughter as she passed through that final and first tunnel. But we never really have much command over our entrances and exits, and must take them as they come. For my mother, her own debut was orchestrated by a pair of dusty boots seen from the ground by a woman who couldn't watch them walk away. What more could she expect?

Freedom Marches to an African Drum

At 8 o'clock in the morning Kwame Nkrumah Circle was still waking up, empty but for the taxis and street stalls which fill every corner of Accra, capital city of Ghana. But at 9 o'clock it was alive with the smell and sound of rebellion.

I know that smell now. It is the sweat of thousands on thousands of men, women, and children gathered from all regions of Ghana. All bitter. All angry. Marching, dancing, and demanding justice. And I know that sound now too. It is the rhythm of African drums, the beat of highlife music, and the songs and chants of peaceful protest: "Corruption!" "Murder!" "You have forgotten the poor!"

There is no way to describe the demonstration I went to in Accra but as a seething, roaring, defiant whole. Even some horses came along, though no one knew why or who owned them. We marched past the Trade Union Congress to waves and cheers. Past Independence Square, where - conveniently - the military was on parade. Past the Sports Stadium. We marched against the government, underdevelopment, and the crippling hike in petrol prices.

For two hours we marched, from Kwame Nkrumah Circle to the gates of Parliament. There an intimidating armada of riot police and water cannons halted the furious crowd. Not us though. The police mistook two whites with cameras for the BBC! But even beyond the gates of Parliament no one had any answers for the demonstrators.

Why is Africa So Poor?

If Kwame Nkrumah had been there (and not just a Circle named after him) he might have told us why. He might have explained that the true rulers of Ghana are not in Parliament. They are in New York, London, and - yes - even Sydney.

Nkrumah foresaw forty years ago how this overseas ruling class would trap Ghana in what he termed "neo-colonialism". Ghana under his leadership was the first black African country to free itself from direct colonial rule. But Nkrumah was never satisfied with mere political independence. In 1965 he wrote:

The essence of neo-colonialism is that the State which is subject to it is, in theory, independent and has all the outward trappings of international sovereignty. In reality its economic system and thus its political policy is directed from outside.

Radical huh? If you have ever read about Africa in The Economist or almost any other magazine, you might point to corruption or mismanagement to explain why Ghana is so poor. And I suppose they can contribute. But in themselves they cannot explain what happened to the tremendous natural advantages which Ghana started with. Its southern regions were the original Gold Coast long before anyone built theme parks on a Queensland swamp. How could a country so rich in raw materials fall so far behind?

The answer is obvious: Because European colonialists robbed Ghana of its natural wealth. They transported its gold, bauxite, and cocoa - and even its enslaved people - overseas. They then sold the same goods back to Ghana at much higher prices as manufactures.

Today only the form of this exploitation has changed. Australian companies alone own 25 per cent of the Ghanaian gold industry.



Profits from Ghana continue to flow to the developed countries much faster than our trade or "aid" flows back in.

And, although Ghana now hoists its own flag, our governments can still control its economic policy. It has no choice but to accept loans - loans which it can never pay back - from the World Bank and International Monetary Fund. With them come economic "advisors" and "conditionalities" which tend to wind back social services and open markets to overseas capital.

It is not just hippies in Seattle who worry about this. The demonstration I went to was sparked when the government lifted petrol prices from 20,000 to 30,000 cedis to meet international loan conditions. Australians might complain about petrol prices too, but we can barely imagine the misery they can provoke in such a poor country.

Exposing Neo-Colonialism

Neo-colonialism does not simply explain why the taxis in Accra started to charge me more (though it is comforting to have someone to blame). As Nkrumah predicted:

The result of neo-colonialism is that foreign capital is used for the exploitation rather than for the development of the less developed parts of the world. Investment under neo-colonialism increases rather than decreases the gap between the rich and poor countries of the world.

It is sobering to see this widening gap for yourself. In Larabanga in the north of Ghana the children I saw showed signs of severe malnutrition: bloated stomachs, protruding navels, hungry eyes. For shelter from the intense heat they had only huts of mud and sticks. Worst of all, it had not rained for many months. Clean water was scarce, and Puratap does not operate in Ghana.

It is even more sobering how friendly and generous Ghanaians are with what little they have. One of many midnight bus breakdowns in the bush was brightened up by the poor family who lived by the roadside. The older boys brought us a bench to sit on, the younger boys danced and laughed with us, and their grandmother even offered us somewhere to sleep the night if we needed to.

I loved Ghana. But I felt angry and ashamed. Angry at the system of exploitation which has mired Africa in poverty. Ashamed that we are largely to blame and yet are so greedy with our own wealth. And even then, Ghana - stable and democratic since 1992 - is the success story of West Africa. To its west the Ivory Coast is torn

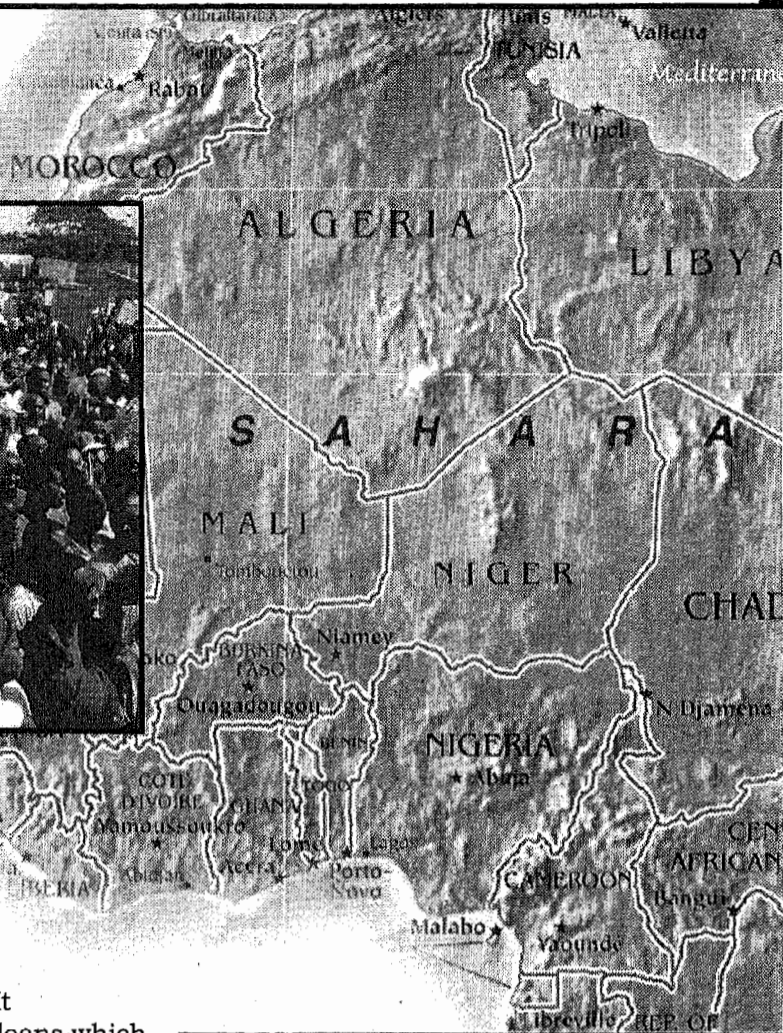
by civil war. To its east Togo has just survived a military coup d'état. You can follow events like these in the news. But you seldom hear as much about the silent everyday hardship of the people I met in Ghana. In Accra many of the demonstrators urged us to tell the world about them. Of course, I do not really work for the BBC. But we can still expose the hideous exploitation which goes on in our names.

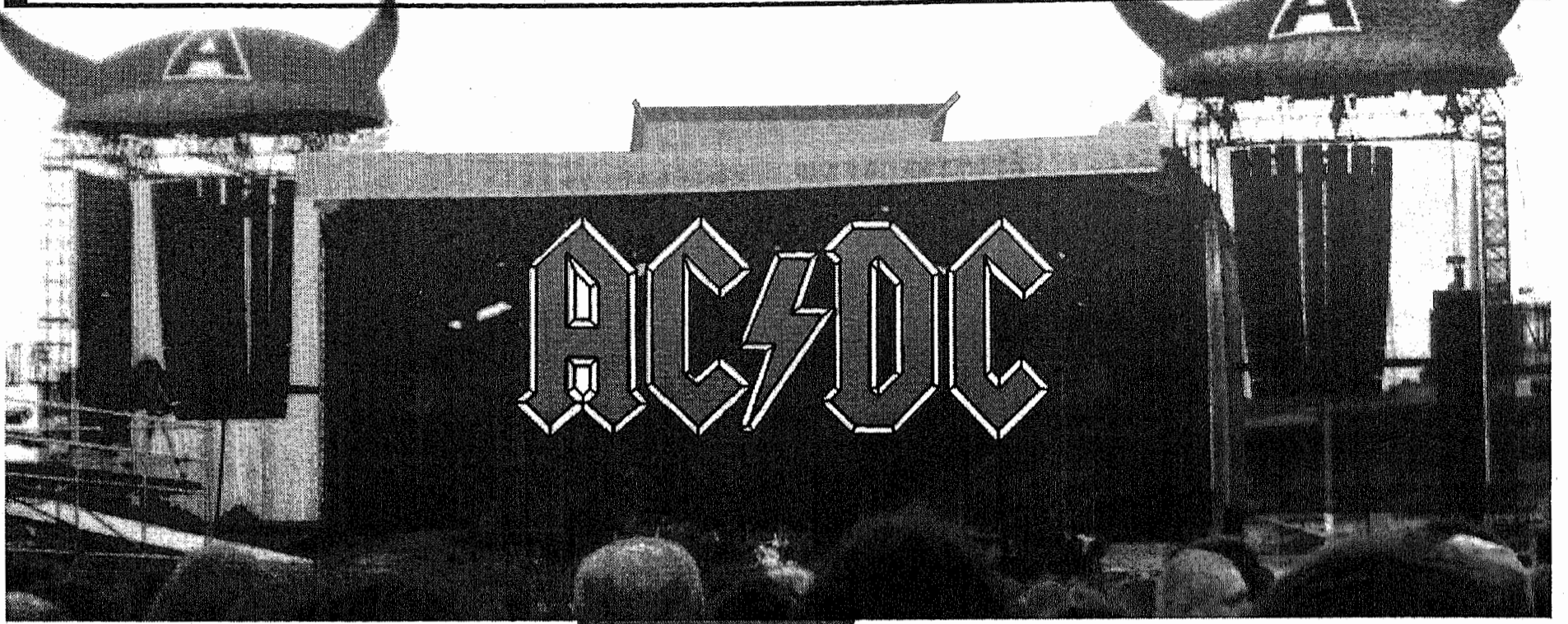
I would like to think that one day - together - we can rid ourselves of it; that "development" does not end with the relentless accumulation of capital. Nkrumah himself never lost faith that we would decide on a different future:

For, when all is said and done, it is the so-called little man, the bent-backed, exploited, malnourished fighter for independence who decides. And he invariably decides for freedom.

Well I know now he was right. I marched with that freedom-fighter in Accra.

Rowan Nicholson





WARSAW, Poland, 2001: A young Australian lad embarks on a road-trip down a HIGHWAY TO HELL.

Purpose: to witness the finest collection of Eastern European mullets on show at an AC/DC concert in Prague, SIN CITY.

Taking the road out of Warsaw heading south I witnessed the first instance of local Eastern European phenomena: the many 'hitchhiking women' scattered along the side of the road, dressed in very little with seemingly no luggage. I wanted to stop and ask 'HONEY, WHAT DO YOU DO FOR MONEY?', but with no room in the combi, we had to leave them to the truckdrivers.

Our first stop was McDonald's some 150km from Warsaw. One of the road-trip participants was a 'new Pole' who, still enamoured with the West, will only eat this sort of rubbish. Sometimes stereotypes do come true, and this was to be a constant theme during the trip.

After a few hours drive we were in Silesia, and then the contested Sudetenland, which sits on the point where the German, Polish and Czech borders meet (south of Wroclaw). This has been a contested area of Europe ever since Boleslaw the Brave, a man with BIG BALLS, routed the Germans on the 'Dog's Fields', only to be subsequently routed by the Bohemians, who presumably wore a lot of black and wrote poetry that didn't rhyme. In the 1100s. In Silesia. History can be really confusing sometimes.

Either way, the scenery was breathtaking, with little villages in valleys overlooked by castles on small hills in the background. The road crossed old stone bridges and went into mountains with distinctly Germanic-looking architecture layered over with Polish names of towns and institutions. With so many layers of history, most people from this area simply view themselves as 'Silesian'.

The Border:

The tranquility of the area was abruptly jarred by the border. It is my belief that we Australians, as a nation, tend to be well-behaved. Apart from the Eureka Stockade, and the odd JAILBREAK, we tend not to indulge in uprisings. Nor are we really known for our drug trade, even in the greenhouses of South Australia. Which makes me damn angry and damn confused (and that is a lot of DAMNATION) as to why the idiots on the border have to make such a song and dance about an Australian working in Poland crossing the border. I had to get out of the car, sign some papers, present myself to some guy with a BIG GUN, who smelled drunk, sign more papers - and meanwhile the beer I bought at the last servo was getting warm in the van. Nonetheless, it is very strange to cross some arbitrary line in the dirt and suddenly, like a FLICK OF THE SWITCH, be faced with different people, language, institutions.

The Prejudices:

I was travelling with an old Polish LIVEWIRE, who upheld the age-old Polish view that Czechs are really just Poles who would rather be German. Immediately post-border we were stuck behind a Czech mini doing *exactly* the speed limit, thereby proving the thesis. It further seems that to the Poles, the Czechs seem rather confused and confusing - I was informed that if I watch a

film and don't know what is going on, it must be Czech. But there was something to this theory - for example, in the Prague subway, everyone waits in an orderly fashion behind the line until the doors open. Compare this to the raucous that exists in the Warsaw metro and we may be onto something. And no matter how much I studied the map in my hand and the map on the wall, the tram in Prague never even goes where I thought it would.

Upon arriving at the consulate and after 5 minutes chatting, the old Pole escorted from the admin office saying 'Well, they are still like the Poles here.' It would seem that with our whispered words of "Is there anything cheaper?" I got the response "If you pay me 50%, tonight can be free. Just as I was turned up after 4am." Just like in Poland. MONEY TALKS.

The First Mullet:

Unlike most of Poland, Prague was untouched by the ravages of WWII, so it is still quite pretty. Therefore, you get to share it with millions of other tourists and RIFF RAFF like yourself. This in turn makes many of the locals permanently annoyed and rude.

The first Czech we met was a waiter in the restaurant. After steadfastly ignoring us for 10 minutes, he responded to our polite enquiries with the muttered Czech 'hating Germans'. Of course, he didn't realize that 'hating Germans' is exactly the same in both Polish and Czech. We left immediately. The waiter did have something rather splendid though, an honest-to-goodness Eastern European mullet down to his arse. Grouse.

Prague:

Eating and drinking in Prague is cheap. Therefore I ate and drank a lot. MONEY DEEDS DONE DIRT CHEAP. The time passed in a blur of goulash, beer, old buildings and awesome mullets. It was very romantic. Prague was full of Eastern European mullets, all in town to pay homage to the Australian bogan via AC/DC.

There are two ways of looking at Prague: the first involves being overawed at the old beautiful architecture and the winding streets that are everywhere. The other is to find it difficult to look past the tourist shops and signs in English that make the place feel like a medieval Glenelg. Undecided, I merely lurched between the two.

The Stadium:

The concert was to be held in a stadium on the hill that overlooks Prague. IT WAS A LONG WAY TO THE TOP, but after several beer-stops I finally made it. The gigantic stadium was surrounded by black-market t-shirt sellers, buses from Latvia,

Poland, Hungary et al. And mullets. Lots of them. Good quality Euro mullets forged from years of repression, with extra volume up front and extra length at the back.

The Concert:

The stadium was the largest manmade outdoor structure that I have ever been in, the size of four football stadia and seemingly cast from one single piece of concrete. The stage was proportionally big, but AC/DC managed to fill it. Suffice it to say AC/DC rocked hard, were loud, and enacted all the great rock standards like firing cannons and playing footage of kangaroos rooting. A tear came to my patriotic eye, as I cast it across the sea of hair and denim that was the Eastern European Mullet Convention 2001. I had the pleasure of standing next to a very intense gentleman, with long blonde hair, moustache and beard, clad completely in denim, with pointy shoes, and a scowl on his face which I couldn't decide whether it meant that he was going to hit me or try and pick me up. If ever I was to have a definitive European experience, this was it. The crowd were chanting 'ahn-goose, ahn-goose' and 'ah - ceh - deh - ceh', and it truly was the majesty of rock.

The Sickness:

After the concert I got a rumbly feeling down below, which soon evolved into the feeling that my nether regions were full of TNT. The dreaded Prague belly had struck, and I was SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES. Brave and strong as I was, there were a couple of hastily improvised stops on the way home, as the goulash from earlier in the day came back to collect its due for being so cheap. I kept a STIFF UPPER LIP, and managed to make it home, but it was not a pleasant way to finish off a life-defining concert.

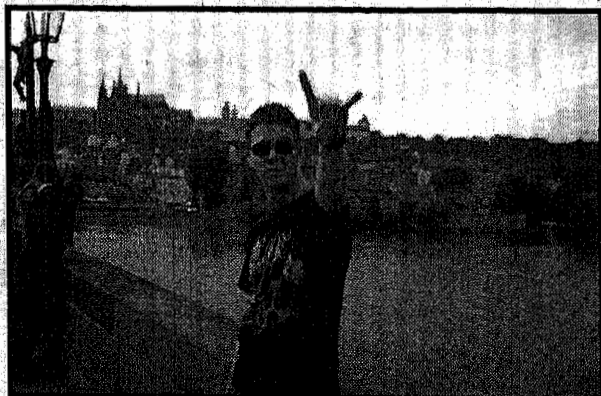
The Germans:

The next morning was a trifle better, thanks to some handy pills that made the backend HARD AS A ROCK, but I awoke to the Germans. On one side of my tent, German campervans with outdoor furniture which, even at 4 in the morning, was perfectly arranged for the next meal. On the other side, a German school excursion, with the kids arising every day at exactly 8 'to do their scheduled physical exercises - ein zwei ein zwei'. I didn't mind them - even the girl who looked like Oliver Kahn - but the Poles and English I was travelling with hit high gear. When the little fat kid came over to tell us to be quiet at exactly midnight the next evening, years of European tension boiled to the surface, which took some Australian intervention to calm.

The Next Day:

'Spot the stereotypes' became the order of the day for the rest of the time in Prague. The service got worse and worse, the mullets and socks-in-sandals more prevalent, and the old Polish guy kept getting kicked out of pubs for smoking dope. I got trapped in a market selling mass-produced 'traditional Czech craftwares' for tourists, which gave me THE JACK. Nonetheless, unlike a certain novel's protagonist I made it to Prague castle, sat down in my AC/DC t-shirt, ate some good food and drank some cold beer, looked down over the spectacular view of Prague and thought to myself HELL ISN'T A BAD PLACE TO BE.

Christian Haebich



RINREY HENZERU'S INCREDIBERU ADVENTURUS IN JAPAN PARTO TUREEO!

Well, my time in Japan is almost over. My last day at work is the 28th of March and I fly back into Adelaide on the 17th of April at about 8am, subject to the whims of Singapore Airlines. In between I'll be travelling all the way down to Hiroshima on the Western end of Honshu (the biggest piece of Japan) to visit the A-Bomb museum, then coming back to Tokyo via Kobe, Osaka, Kyoto, and Koya-san, a kind of giant cemetery/tourist resort in the mountains where I'll be staying in a couple of Buddhist temples.

It'll be cherry blossom season, which I note is the most beautiful time in Japan. I missed it by about a week when I arrived last year. Cherry blossoms are a sort of symbol of fleeting youth and the eternal cycle of birth and decay, because of the way they flower for only a few weeks every spring, then die, and you can see them everywhere for digital cameras working on the record the lives of your children before they grow up and become less interesting to, like the big war museum in Tokyo, the wings of the rocket gliders which young pilots used to fly into the sides of.

Travelling during cherry blossom season is supposed to be difficult because everything is busy, especially in Kyoto with its good supply of particularly famous cherry trees, but it should be worth it. I'm looking forward to seeing all the things that students tell me come with the cherry blossoms, like parks full of drunk workers celebrating the beauty by drinking beer and singing along to portable karaoke machines. It's just a pity that the Japanese cherry tree doesn't produce any edible fruit or the whole thing would be perfect.

I have to apologise for the lack of photos with my emails. My mother left me her old digital camera when she came to visit with my father in December/January, but I just haven't had time to learn how to use it (sorry!) so all of my precious moments have been captured on film.

One photo I would have sent is one I have of me riding a large mechanical walking pincer robot at an amusement park near the giant ferris wheel at Yokohama harbour. I wish I'd had a robot partner when I was eight. Another photo which would be with this email if it had been taken digitally is an action shot of me playing this incredible dog-walking simulator near the robot panda. You can see me, and the treadmill you have to keep walking on to propel your dog, and the plastic dog sculpture with its leash. You use the leash to control the cute little dog on the screen in front of you as you walk it around a city block. Your goal is to keep the dog's happy meter at 'Happy' instead of 'Angry', and you do this by guiding it to pieces of food and avoiding stuff it hates, like its scent on inappropriate roadside objects. I wasn't very good at this - the only food my dog ate was a rotten fish, which made it sick, and then I almost got it run over by a truck.

With things like this in them, Japanese video game arcades are pretty special places. I've been looking for the ase-rolling specialist which I saw photos of on the Internet, but haven't been able to find it yet. The shop

buttocks or plastic poking finger anywhere. Instead I've found a train-driving simulator (100 yen gets you a five-minute taste of the glamorous life of a Japan Rail engineer), a plane-landing simulator which looked like very, very little fun, and the Harry Potteresque 'Magic Quiz Academy' which is just like any computer quiz game except that the knowledge you learn by playing it is completely worthless. Unless you really are a wizard. There's also Tekken 5, which looks incredible (although Yoshimitsu still isn't very good), and an endless series of indistinguishable games based on giant robots fighting each other in space.

I've played some of these, although not the transport-themed ones, but a game I haven't tried is Mushi-Kingu (Insect King), the exciting simulation of beetle combat. When my parents came to visit in December/January we spent some time in Akihabara, the famous electric town of Tokyo, and one of the things we saw there was a stall selling beetle attack cards against a number of increasingly large and angry enemy beetles. The cards had little weak spots, paper not holding and involved the element of skill as you had to use its gimmick to attack. You could win a card without a struggle, or you could be killed by the powers of destruction. We found a book containing dozens of beetle techniques, but even this awesome encyclopaedia of beetle techniques was only enough to get him up to level 3 before his insect was ground into the dust.

It was a good thing that the child's father was with him, because otherwise he might have wandered into the back of the arcade and been exposed to the adult section - 'adult' here meaning simply 'pornographic', as there's nothing as far as I can see to prevent children using these machines. Does anyone remember Qix? It's a strange game where you control a little dot which has to move around and enclose parts of the screen to reveal a picture. Japan has a pornographic version of Qix. There's also pornographic computer mahjong, pornographic computer memory games, and pachinko machines with video screens displaying pornography when you win.

You don't have to go to a video arcade to find this kind of thing, as I discovered when I once innocently went to a local computer shop in search of a mouse for my laptop. The ground floor video-game section was dominated by black and red and other angry combinations of colours, but the adult section on the first floor was all pink cartoon flesh and a lot of white. The colour white represents purity and cleanliness, and so is the favourite colour of the sex industry - all of the 'massaji' girls in Fujisawa wear white, and it's apparently the first colour that software publishers think of when they try to sell computer games about lesbian vampire schoolgirls.

Anyway, in case you're wondering why anyone would make a game about beetle collecting, it's pretty popular in Japan. One of the main differences between how the size of Adelaide and one the size of Tokyo is that when you have 60 million people all living in one big metropolis, almost any conceivable subculture will probably have enough members to support its own industry. This explains Mushi-Kingu, and also Mushi-Saiban, the Insect Company of Nakano.

Nakano is a tiny town along the Chuo line between Tokyo and Osaka. It's famous for its concentration of local cultural industries

Mushi-Sha, a large shop (by Tokyo standards) full of big, angry, smelly South American beetles and all sorts of beetle-related equipment, is only one of them. On the other side of Nakano station is Broadway Mall, a three-story maze of shops catering to dozens of different kinds of obsessive collector, and it's one of the best places I've been in Japan.

Broadway has so many different excitements to offer, it's hard to know where to begin. How about the CD shop whose front windows are devoted to video game soundtrack CDs? For only 10,000 yen (\$120), the collected music of the original arcade version of Gradius could be yours. Or the Mandarake series of comics and toys shops. You would go to Mandarake if, for example, you collected plastic figurines of giant fighting robots from the long-running TV cartoon 'Gundam Wing' and were willing to pay over \$100 for a rare model. If standard gundams aren't cute enough for you, you might prefer the smaller 'Super-Deformed' version with oversized head. Or maybe you're a real fan - you ignore the little ones and go straight for the ultra-rare version (13 metres tall, back-mounted weapons, priced at 80,000 yen or \$1,000).

Next one at the Mandarakes is a shop full of trading machines with 5 centimetre balls containing collectable rubbish. These things are everywhere - an American guy I know has a collection of dozens of tiny plastic frogs which he has been assembling for the last six months. One hundred yen seems to me like a lot of money to pay for 2 grams of frog-shaped plastic plus the rush of sometimes getting a type of frog which you don't already own, but I guess it's one of those things where if you have to ask, you'll never know.

There are a few old-toys shops as well, selling things like Astroboy (Mighty Atom) figurines from the 1970s and similar nostalgia pieces. It was at one of these where I picked up the opportunity to spend 1200 yen on what looked like a genuine Nazi red, white and black swastika armband. (By the way, I mention that one of my students, a strange elderly man, said that when his father was a military attache in Berlin in the 1930s he stole Hitler's armband? Apparently it was very soft.)

Maybe your thing is Sailor Moon collectible card game cards? Mushi-Kingu beetle attack power cards? Plastic figures of that scary space monster fought by Ultraman over the course of his monster-fighting career? Plastic replicas of Japan Rail train carriages, each identifiable as belonging to one of the dozens of lines around Tokyo? An entire shop devoted to phone cards with risqué pictures of J-Pop idols on them?

Borderline mental (perhaps playstation games? Definitely not for those books? One thing I've noticed about the cartoon porn on public display in Tokyo is that it's often very hard to tell between cartoons of adults and cartoons of children, especially when half of the female characters wear schoolgirl uniforms regardless of age (I think the way to tell may be the severity of the bondage). The displays at Broadway certainly don't disappoint in this respect, except for the 'Hard Gay' (Hard Gay) section of Mandarake, where age seems to be indicated by the presence of fish balls.

What about the prices of naked young women doing martial arts moves? How about a 10-inch naked figure of a high school young female teacher in a kneeling position? It's called 'Onna Sensei' (Miss Teacher) and has the same kind of ultra-rare packaging as a glass of beer. You can't check on my friend's collection, but I think there's some sort of deal on the way. If you want

of Japanese weirdness, if it's made of plastic or paper you can find it somewhere in Broadway.

Other things I've done since my last email:

- Gone to the Imperial Palace in Tokyo to see the Emperor deliver his New Year message to a courtyard-full of people waving little paper flags. The scary black vans full of right-wingers were out in force, as were the police; as I and thousands of other people filed along a narrow path and over the bridge into the normally off-limits part of the palace, dozens of plainclothes cops were watching the crowd to make sure that troublemakers didn't make it near His Majesty (apparently someone threw a rock at him a few years ago, so now he appears behind bulletproof glass).

- Visited Yasukuni-jinja, the 'shrine for the establishment of peace in the empire', where soldiers and war criminals who died for Japan are commemorated. Next to Yasukuni is a war museum containing, among many other things, a Zero fighter plane, a suicide torpedo, the kamikaze rocket-glider I mentioned before, and a timeline of World War 2 which explained the American conspiracy to 'force' Japan into attacking Pearl Harbour. Scary, but also really sad.

- Spent a couple of days in Hakone, a hot-spring-bath resort in the mountains. It's supposed to have a beautiful view of Mount Fuji, but both times I've been it's had a beautiful view of a thick layer of cloud. I ate black eggs cooked in volcanic mud, and sat in a hot-spring bath on the side of a mountain watching the freezing mist drift through the trees on the mountains around me. Nice. Then I sailed across scenic Lake Ashinoko, in the crater of a volcano, aboard a giant gaudy fake Western-style pirate ship complete with cannons and outsized plastic statues of pirates. Fortunately, being on the pirate ship meant that I didn't have to look at the pirate ship.

- Stayed, in Hakone (with a friend of mine), in a hotel with a coin-operated VCR in the corner. If we'd wanted to, we could have stayed up all night watching the small collection of videos provided. We had parts one and two of a series of torn-pantihose-fetish tapes, and another one called 'Schoolgirls by the Seaside - The FUCK STORIES'. The other titles were in Japanese, but I got the impression they were pretty sordid.

- Been to the aquarium near Enoshima, which boasts a large collection of jellyfish and one of the fattest creatures I've ever seen, which I think was an elephant seal (I've seen 'larger' creatures, like actual non-seal elephants, but never anything 'fatter'). I really liked the jellyfish for being all transparent and drifty. The strangest thing there was this kind of fish with three long, spindly fingers on each side of its body. No hands, just fingers growing out of an ordinary if fairly ugly fish. Has anyone ever seen one of these? They were truly creepy. I wonder what one would taste like, especially if you could eat the fingers.

- Visited Shonandaira, a hill in Oiso from which, on the five clear days a year, you can see all the way from Fujisawa to Hakone and Mount Fuji beyond (I was lucky enough to go on a clear day and it was beautiful). That probably doesn't mean much to you, but the other interesting thing about Shonandaira is that in addition to a little viewing tower complete with vending machines it has a large broadcasting antenna, the publically accessible

parts of which have been almost completely covered in padlocks. Young Japanese couples have a ritual which involves going to a famous place, like Shonandaira or the 'lovers' bell' at Enoshima, and leaving a padlock with their names on it to indicate how they feel about each other. Some parts of the chain-mesh viewing platform on the antenna are encrusted with so many love-padlocks that you can't see the view at all. A few couples who really liked each other even left bike locks. Or maybe this just meant they were feeling insecure and thought they needed a particularly large and heavy lock to keep them together.

- Been to Tokyo Disneyland! This was more fun than I had expected. It was all pretty crass, of course, but some of the rides were good and the fireworks display was better than expected. Highlights were the Roger Rabbit ride and a new ride called 'Pooh's Hunny Hunt', both of which involved getting into a carriage (either a car or giant 'hunny'pot) and being twirled through a series of rooms full of flashing lights and surreal images designed to unsettle. They were like spiralling descents into two different flavours of psychosis but with enough Disneytainment in them to be enjoyable at the same time (Disneytainment(TM) is the official term for the kind of fun you have at Disneyland). The weirdest thing was the park security agents, who all wore identical grey overcoats and skulked around talking into their radios. They looked like some kind of funpark gestapo - I got a great photo of a stern-faced line of them walking behind the 'Disney Princesses Bouquet of Love' parade, just after one of the lesser princesses. Unfortunately the ONLY day that both me and my friend Maki could go was the 14th of March. In Japan, the 14th of March is White Day - a sort of Japanese inverse of Valentine's day where boys give chocolates to girls (on Valentine's day, it's the girls who give chocolates to the boys) - and Disneyland

was full of happy young couples getting in our way. Other than that, the only real disappointment was a 20-year-old 3D movie called 'Microadventures' starring Eric Idle and Rick Moranis around the time of his 'Honey, I shrunk the kids' superstardom. Remember Rick Moranis? I loved him in Parenthood too.

Well, that's all for probably my last email from Japan, although I may send one more after I come back from my travels. I've had a great time, but unfortunately teaching English here is not a real job and it's almost time for me to come home and find something to do which makes some use of the 8 years I spent in higher education. Or just spend a few months on the dole before getting another job in retail, maybe.

I hope you've liked these emails, which if nothing else serve as a diary since I'm too lazy to write one just for myself. Unfortunately I was also too lazy to store the first couple of emails I sent, so if anyone has copies of these way down in the bowels of their inbox folders I would much appreciate a forwarding.

Hopefully I'll get to catch up with as many of you as possible when I get back to Adelaide - email me if you'd like to meet sometime, and I'll bring my photos of the Emperor and the robotic pandas his subjects have created to serve him!

Bye!
Linley

If you have a funny travel story, we want to hear it. Send them into ondit@adelaide.edu.au watch your popularity soar!

How far will \$3.70 get me?

by Ben Knaggs

What's the worst part of travelling? No it's not the planning and packing. Not the complicated underwear management strategies, it's not even the strip-searches by depraved, over zealous airport security. It's the money. Wringing every spare cent out of your pathetic salary for months on end just to feed jet engines and seedy hotels sucks, and for the less financially judicious amongst us, simply doesn't work. But what's the alternative, the working holiday? Come on, what a contradiction in terms. We all know every day spent picking fruit on your once in a lifetime journey is a day wasted. I don't want you robbing coach trains on horse-back in desperation, so here's a suggestion. Join the ranks of the free-lance journalists! No training required, no union fee to be paid, just the literary skills of your average sixth grader and maybe a cool bumper sticker and you're welcomed into this over-crowded club of wanna-be's and wankers. Travelling is all about seeing things you wouldn't otherwise and making memories that you'll hold close to your heart for all years to come, so don't hog them to yourself, be a good little socialist and share. People want to hear about far, or not-so-far flung destinations and the adventures your average global citizen can have in them. Want proof? You're reading this aren't you?

Settle down though. Free-lance anything means patchy money. The idea is not to get rich, just subsidise your wanderlust with

enough scratch to pay for the next discount air fare. Travel magazines and newspapers are the obvious avenue to explore and exploit, but the plethora of wildly varied magazines on the news stands these days means any activity at all carried out on your travels is worthy of a few pics and a short write up. Surfing, camping, fishing, architecture, hiking, hell even underwater knitting has its own dedicated magazine (though I could be mistaken, might want to check that). Grab a copy, phone up the friendly editor and have a chat. Chances are with minimal effort you'll get your name in print and a little cheque to boot.

Get good at it and you can even start conning, err... umm...I mean, convincing private and quasi-private organisations to help fund your adventures in return for the publicity your skilled scribbles can stir-up. This is a rocky road though, that needs the blessing of your beloved editor first as empty promises can end with heavy law suits. Remember, we are free-lance nobodies so never claim to represent your chosen publication in particular and don't rip-off good faith tourism industry types. It makes it harder for the rest of us honest folk.

Though this travelling on the tail of a metaphorical pen-stroke borders on being a total scam, it is important to uphold some semblance of integrity. Never, never, NEVER sell-out and exchange your journalistic ethics just for a couple of nights at a nice hotel. Ask for free drinks too.

LEO VS FARMERS UNION ICED COFFEE

"It's a Farmers Union Iced Coffee or it's nothing." Could it be true that Adelaideans finally caught onto some drinking fad? Has FUIC succeeded where Qubic / Bubble Point Bubble Tea and Lipton Ice Lemon Tea have failed?

I decided to find out what the fuss was all about. I mean if my Aussie friend moans about how the Mayo sells FUIC for 10 cents more than the neighbouring UniSA cafeteria and that he'd rather walk across the road from campus to get his 'fix', surely FUIC must be the 8th Wonder of the World.

I must admit, I'm not a coffee drinker. It's not that I don't like the bitter taste; I take my tea without sugar or milk. I just don't like coffee and I have other less painful ways of getting caffeine into my system.

The packaging looked pretty impressive. The serene green and brown colours, along with the abstract squiggly patterns are just enticing. All it lacks are the words "DRINK ME!!!" It's amazing how they managed to fit all that

nutritional information and promotional material onto that tiny 600ml carton.

DID YOU KNOW? The packaging for FUIC hasn't changed since it first appeared in 1977.

12:00pm: Looks like chocolate milk! Yup, that's what I'm going to think it is...here goes nothing...

12:05pm: *GLUG GLUG GLUG* Aaaaaahhh... *BURP* (XQ say mo) I wonder what I've been complaining about for the last 5 minutes, it went down pretty easily.

3:00pm: I'm not feeling hungry and all I had was FUIC for the whole day! Have I discovered the absolute cheapest meal in Adelaide?

6:00pm: Who needs Red Bull? I'm an Energizer bunny on steroids!!!

3:00AM: Can you spell 'sleep deprivation'? Think the only way I'll get some shut-eye is if I bash my head against a wall ,repeatedly.

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THE VERDICT

Don't let the mild coffee taste fool you. This stuff is seriously potent! It should be banned in all sports because it probably contains something illegal. Maybe that's why AFL players keep bashing each other up...but that is another story altogether...

DID YOU KNOW? National Foods has completely taken over the original Farmers Union, the

latter exists in name only.

It certainly is one of the better tasting coffee drinks around, so if you've got gold coins jiggling in your pocket everyday and don't mind supporting a McDonald's/ Microsoft style corporation, FUIC is the way to go.

Me-thinks it's just glorified coffee powder and milk. Meh.



Love Story

by Prashant Pradhan

Of course it wasn't a matter of any significance. But silly Dust made it a point to walk up to Grandpa and *again* bid farewell before finally making his exit. It was the fifth time he had declared his intentions to leave, each time to lukewarm interest from all present. Especially so from Grandpa. Grandpa keenly wished for Dust to disappear. Poor Dust couldn't read it on his face, maybe because the wrinkled face looks apathetic at all times.

Dust was saying it wasn't pleasant seeing Grandma in such a strange state. Politely, Grandpa instructed him to stop biting his bloody nails and go back to his fucking seat. "There isn't enough room on the sofa", Dust foolishly protested. Grandma was short, but long enough to take up most of the length on the family's old couch. There wasn't any other seat vacant, and Dust was feeling mighty uncomfortable standing there like a solitary cactus, confused, amidst the arid dunes of his family's emotional disability. "You're not retarded, Dust, only dyslexic. Stop trying to abuse my compassion." Grandpa had a way with words, as much as he had a flair for problem solving. He was also painfully creative and folks confused his ingenuity for bizarre humor sometimes. Such was the case when he removed the handkerchief to reveal Grandma's twitching face to a family who sat there looking like kids in a puppet show. Everyone swallowed slippery chuckles then quickly sat down with stern undecipherable faces preempting Grandpa's fury. Dust alone doggedly stood by his social ineptitude. Grandpa preferred silent acceptance over reckless exhibition of one's shortcomings, particularly when he was running the show and hoping to progress to a subsequent act without needless seams like Dust's inquiries. Dust didn't understand this, creating more wrinkles on Grandpa's face, which made it harder for Dust to read, which in turn made him every bit more confused with the whole situation. Accordingly, he sustained his defiance and fed Grandpa's irritation. Dust was trapped in the vicious circle of Grandpa's wrinkles and his own wrinkled intellect.

Grandma didn't look dead at all, which is what Dust couldn't understand. Now, he isn't slow by any fair standards of measurement. With his dyslexia understood and made room for, he did fine in school. It was by all means a valid confusion. Grandpa's ongoing assaults were undoubtedly cruel and unfair. When his fifth goodbye was once again greeted with vile snobbery, he called Grandpa a 'witless wanker' right to his wrinkled face and stormed off without fear or regret. His choice of words was a good indication of Grandpa's unjust grievance. Perhaps that is why the old bully couldn't retaliate with the usual irrationality this time.

"I have developed a minor electrical contraption, using available parts which are indeed used in hospitals, to keep grandma with us for a little longer", he declared. "A pacemaker is in the heart of my design, heart failure being the cause of my lovely young wife's premature demise. The wires, the apparently random array of microchips lying around her face, the bottle of saline and some other things not all of you would have heard of have been plugged together to achieve the

effect." He gestured expressively as he spoke.

"A 12 volt car battery powers her life now. My design is wholly unique and customized exclusively for a woman who obviously deserves more time." He made a sad discontent face and said something about her death being 'too early, too harsh'. "I'm quite happy with the result... as can you see. Perhaps you can catch her while she blinks? ...there she did it just then!" He looked around at everyone's faces with a victorious grin. Mutely they all looked on, being the retarded monkeys they were. "Tada", he implied prominence again, throwing ten long fingers up in the air with gawky grace.

"Bloody nutter, you're a fucking menace", Dust eloquently screamed unrequited rage from outside. 'Witless wanker' was obviously not insulting enough and his veins were about to pop with anger. He wished he could have a go with the old man out in the lawn; one on one, shirts off, fists beating up primal rhythms on chests, each man defending his manhood with fulfilling primitivism. He could take the rotten old bastard with no more than a single seminal hook by the rickety jaws. 'Pop', it would go, then crackles and torn flesh and plenty of blood. He ached to gouge eyes out, peel his million wrinkles off the withered flesh, to rip out emaciated calf muscle and swing his measly frame overhead until the tendons snapped. He wished for a sequence of such snaps, placed in strategic precedence to make loops of sinister beats that could be recorded and fed through synthesizers and effects, mixed and played in sweaty pubs the world over while young men and women got drunk, ground hips and flexed their own calf muscles, replenishing happiness with obscure chemicals as night wore on with the sweetness of life. That moment, right there, would be his fucking contribution to humanity.

Bouts of epileptic hatred, compulsive digressive nature and some social imbalance aside, Dust wasn't wrong in his persistence. In fact he was the only person in the family who suspected the truth. He would have been completely sure of it if only Grandpa wasn't in the habit of falsely picking on his inadequacies. But falsity, no matter how far out, still oppressed Dust's fragile ego with hammered consistency. He consciously favoured his intuition this time because of past experience with Grandpa's lunacy, and mostly because there was lost conviction to salvage. Each new expletive thrown at the docile old cunt gave him new strength and newer ideas.

"She looks just as beautiful, don't you think?" Grandpa admired his handiwork, never taking his eyes off the face lest he missed a wink. Grandma was fifty years his junior and he couldn't take his lustful eyes off the heaving bosom of his delectable forty year old prize catch. He wondered if she was still bleeding, and reminded himself to work on a module that might facilitate the monthly discharge should there be need.

"She will start to smell in a day you sick old man. Somebody should put you down." Dust was obviously still outside, jumping and running about as he screamed to counter the adrenaline. Grandpa hobbled and staggered

over to the window swinging between his aluminium crutches and gestured Dust to go away. His effort gave the impression of an attempt to shoo a pigeon from the sill. He didn't even bother opening the window to shout back. He stood there for some minutes staring sternly down without any further response, then came back and reassumed his poise on the oversized leather armchair. Dust didn't scream after that. He might have hobbled off, swinging between crutches of denial to make up for his crippled ego.

Two minutes later, the door swung open and Dust sprang in with a red angry face. Quickly, he produced stones from his pockets and threw one at the window. "There, next time the pigeons will notice a draught from your wave and get the hint". The next stone was saliently aimed at a major bulk of grandma's new toy. It hit the side of the couch and dropped on the carpet harmlessly. A second try landed sharp on his cousin's temple, ending Dust's supply. A major gash appeared, followed by some serious bleeding, followed by the kid shrieking like a wicked witch. Dust took up the opportunity of shifted focus to jump to the derelict stone that had failed him. He was about to throw it at Grandpa's direction when one of Grandpa's crutches took off from his swinging right arm and shot towards Dust's alarmed face with hypnotic precision. A trail of blood followed Dust's course out of the room and an eerie unsettled wail followed the trail of blood until everything settled in the room except for the silent sob of a sedated cousin and a handful of heavy sighs. Still then, a faint cry continued in an irregular fashion, like cries of a serial sacrifice far far away. Dust must have been in a lot of pain and anger.

Later that night the broken window served its purpose by letting Dust in hassle-free. Grandma was still on the couch, very much silent and the rest of the house slept too, as silent as her life. He thought of them as dead people mimicking sleep. Having given up the burden of civility that afternoon, he knew he was on his own. But such a disassociation came with newfound free-will. His stomach contained a dinner that wasn't owed to anyone's love or sense of duty. Only over the few hours of the afternoon, he had transformed from a dithering, self-doubting domestic captive to a thief in his own house with ideals no longer delicate to Grandpa's conniving ways. Nothing in the house felt like his own - something too trivial to provoke thought only half a day ago. He tiptoed to the kitchen, pillaged leftovers and gorged on refined delights of a novel approach to life. He gloated in an overwhelming sense of productivity, sipped orange juice and thought of a lover. He danced with the mop handle and spat on the clean floor. Next he heard foot steps and quickly ran to the lounge to hide behind a sofa next to the broken window. From such a position, getaway should be convenient and within reach.

In came Grandpa and removed the covers completely from grandma's body. Her pale body shone brighter than the clean lace curtains, and looked just as frail. He moved like he forgot something and hesitatingly started making his way to the stairs. It took ages for the old fuck to get up the stairs, Dust knew, and here he saw a slit of opportunity. He walked over to grandma and gazed at the parody of life with little amusement. He knew this all along. The sick old fuck had lost it and turned his wife's dead body into an improperly hatched science

project. Ambitions were high – to bring life back – while tools for the purpose were disproportionately menial. The old man had some ingenuity, one has to admit, but try as he might, there's only so much he can do with electrical motors and some microchips to create new life. Metallic oscillators were affixed at various points inside the body and given random patterns of movement through simple electronic circuitry.

The setup was wired with utmost care to maintain a natural look.

He had devised some impressive ways to hide the parts. Their placements were unanimously perfect as if he understood the human anatomy to a good extent. And perhaps he did, having spent countless hours burying his nose inside obscure books on medicine and anatomical science.

At best, the posthumous mockery of grandma's life was a fine work of art, at times even comical in its implementation. Technologically, old fart had achieved nothing. The bottle of saline was merely a romantic notion. Grandma's veins were swollen hideously with the purposeless salty liquid sitting still in them. Old fuck also did a bad job finding a possible puncture point, making several holes next to each other, some of which were oozing milky liquid too misty to be saline and too runny to be pus. The grotesquerie wouldn't have been as cultivated if grandma didn't twitch like a flaccid frog about to leap off and leave its swamp forever. Grandpa's microchips gave spontaneity to electrical impulses, and her spasms looked more diseased than repetitive. Dust stood there for as long as he could, admiring the work slightly while also feeling uncomfortable being in close proximity to his dead grandmother who was entirely disrobed and rigged from head to toe with Grandpa's vanity.

After about an eternity and a half, Captain Hobblestone finally hit the shores and dropped anchor. Dust was back in his convenient vantage point. Grandpa produced from inside his gown a bottle of lost dreams. He dropped two pills carefully on his palm and popped the pair with exquisite hope. This was a very worrying thing to witness and Dust began twitching in violent anticipation. He saw old man's virility raise the level tarpaulin to form a summit of long lost adventures. Grandpa slid some wires out from her skin at the hip and the chest. He pulled out another car battery from under the couch and replaced the old one. Dust watched him impatiently contemplating intervention while old man continued like clockwork switching microchips and reconfiguring wire networks. Two open ended wires were plugged into a small green box probably containing electronics and the adapter was in turn connected to a laptop computer sitting on the coffee table. The computer probably contained necessary codes to work grandma's movements. It looked very much like grandma was being reprogrammed, and slowly Dust started seeing Grandpa's plans in better light. At long last, all was in place and Grandpa allowed current into the system.

At first grandma began gently rolling her hips

and moving her shoulders. Among shadows and from Dust's position, grandma could have been all but dead. Sick old fuck went for the lips first and clicked something on the computer screen. Grandma's lips began moving in response, softly curling, opening and closing like a fish's. Dust witnessed a new level of perversion, a new frontier in science and a completely new face of desire right there in his living room. In a quest for realism, Grandpa had perfected his construction, giving grandma countless subtle movements, each with variable degrees of magnitude and regularity. He had to keep tapping on the computer, sure, and that must have been a rather annoying aspect to deal with while you made sweet love to your newly dead wife, but he didn't seem to be complaining. Dust thought for a second that Grandpa was one sophisticated fucker and wondered if he had any of that in his own genes. At one point, Dust saw him flinch like he got electrocuted and almost ran for help, but old man relaxed, breathed in, breathed out and got back on the saddle without a pause. That routine continued for quite sometime, and Dust had to almost run for help about four or five times. Then it happened for the last time and it never happened again.

That day, Dust understood his Grandpa a little more than he did before. He would miss him perhaps, but the prospect of not having to put up with his corrosive remarks was quite uplifting. In the newspapers, the story was succulent entertainment. Three months later, a large company that made hospital equipment bought Grandpa's sex machine

for every new sale. They weren't selling these gears to senior citizens though because then haggard old men would hop on and fly off to wonderland all the time like Grandpa did. They modified it to be used by people with immobile body parts. These days, Dust often sees physically challenged individuals on streets hobbling along, twiddling knobs, flicking switches and pressing buttons. They seem to have found a new love for life, a love engendered by Grandpa's undying love for his fantastic young wife.

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BEYOND MOMBASA

Beyond Mombasa
Frank Coates,
HarperCollins,
458pp,
\$29.95

This work of historical fiction is set on the same stage as the hit movie *The Ghost in the Darkness*—the British construction of the Uganda railway at the turn of the twentieth century.

But whilst the movie concentrates on the man-eating lions that terrorised the operations, *Beyond Mombasa* is about the railway itself, and the story of Ronald Preston, the engineer in charge of its construction.

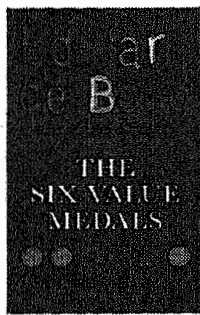
It's a gripping premise for a story and Coates' pacy, popular style brings the reader straight into the action from page one. However, by about page ten my attention was waning, already bored by the predictable characters and clichéd metaphors.

I stuck it out and got about halfway through before skipping to the last chapter to find out who died and if the romance turned out right. That about sums up my reaction to this book: I got interested enough to want to know how it ended, but not enough to wade through four hundred pages to get there.

I travelled to Africa a few years ago and as *Beyond Mombasa* frequently mentions, it's a mesmerising place. The power of the land burns beneath the novel's action, and gives life to both plot and characters. But I think Coates relies too heavily on location for his novel's appeal—I was strongly reminded of the novels of Wilbur Smith, one of the world's bestselling authors who likewise sets two-dimensional characters against the backdrop of exotic Africa.

My opening comparison to the Val Kilmer flick was apt—this is a paperback equivalent to a pretty good mainstream movie. If you're

a reader who enjoys popular fiction, *Beyond Mombasa* could well prove an action-packed, entertaining read. If you're a little more demanding, it's probably not your cup of tea.



The Six Value Medals
Edward de Bono
Random House
161pp.

This book was written with corporate business in mind but don't let that put you off—De Bono is one of the most interesting and accessible thinkers of the 21st century and his latest offering is a stimulating read.

From the man who invented the term 'lateral thinking' and brought you the *Six Thinking Hats*, comes the *Six Value Medals*. The medals are a simple structure for assessing ideas—in a business setting or just in one's own life. Like all of De Bono's work, the Medals are a thorough and useful way of ordering our many thoughts and feelings into something we can work with. The results are quantifiable but not rigid; structured enough to be useful but not so as to be removed from the flexibility of human reality.

If you're a business-type there's really no excuse for not owning this book, but even if you're a student who never plans to get a real job there's a lot in it for you too. As De Bono says, "Without human values there is exploitation, slavery and tyranny. The whole purpose of civilisation is a combined effort to attend to human values."

Taking a closer look at what we value, personally and as a society, and whether our actions reflect those values, is a useful exercise for anyone, corporation or communist. De Bono's latest offering is a very clever framework for doing just that.



Speaking of Empire and Resistance
Tariq Ali,
Scribe
240pp
\$26.95

Exiled from Pakistan in the 1960s for his activism against the military dictatorship, Tariq Ali is a veteran activist who has gained a reputation as one of the most forceful political thinkers in the English-speaking world. He has written over a dozen books, most recently international bestsellers *The Clash of Fundamentalisms* and *Bush in Babylon*, and now comes *Speaking of Empire and Resistance*, a collection of Ali's responses in interviews. He covers a range of topics but they all move around a central hub of the recent events in Afghanistan and Iraq, the Israeli-Palestine conflict, the American Empire and the powers that be as we enter the twenty-first century.

The thing that has struck me the most about this book—and I'm still reading and re-reading it—is Ali's eloquence. He makes intelligent, sophisticated points with astounding clarity. His language is simple and brilliantly

lucid.

The two inevitable comparisons are with Michael Moore and Noam Chomsky, both high-profile commentators in their own very different manners. Ali resembles neither. He uses everyday language without play-dumb popularising; he covers a lot of substance but is never dry or boring.

Even if I didn't agree with his arguments I'd be impressed by his ability to make political thought so accessible, but as it happens I find his arguments very sensible. It's refreshing to read a left-wing treatise so free from rhetoric, so firmly grounded in historical study, so focused on human compassion rather than revolutionary malice.

This book is a treat: enjoyable, stimulating and very informative. If you'd like to be a bit more politically aware and want to check out some of the perspectives out there, I can't recommend a more engaging place to start.

Is your bookcase looking depressingly empty? Do you find yourself picking naval lint and staringly morosely out of a computer screen? Why don't you come down to the On Dit office and pick up some review books? They're free in exchange for a short review. What larks!

Eustace was a man of simple tastes. He needed nothing better than a good pipe and a pair of comfortable underpants.



Classic Book Extract of the Week:

How to Speak and Write Correctly, one of the earliest style guides, by Joseph Devlin

If you are asked to describe the dancing of a red-haired lady at the last charity ball you can either say—"The ruby Circe, with the Titian locks glowing like the oriflamme which surrounds the golden God of day as he sinks to rest amid the crimson glory of the burnished West, gave a divine exhibition of the Terpsichorean art which thrilled the souls of the multitude," or, you can simply say—"The red-haired lady danced very well and pleased the audience."

The former is a specimen of

the ultra florid or bombastic style which may be said to depend upon the pomposity of verbosity for its effect, the latter is a specimen of simple natural Style. Needless to say it is to be preferred. The other should be avoided. It stamps the writer as a person of shallowness, ignorance and inexperience. It has been eliminated from the newspapers. Even the most flatulent of yellow sheets no longer tolerate it in their columns. Affectation and pedantry in style are now universally condemned.

It is the duty of every speaker

and writer to labor after a pleasing style. It gains him an entrance where he would otherwise be debarred. Often the interest of a subject depends as much on the way it is presented as on the subject itself. One writer will make it attractive, another repulsive. For instance take a passage in history. Treated by one historian it is like a desiccated mummy, dry, dull, disgusting, while under the spell of another it is, as it were, galvanized into a virile living thing which not only pleases but captivates the reader.

Bad Education

Director/Writer: Pedro Almodóvar
(*Talk To Her, All About My Mother*)
Starring: Gael García Bernal (*Y Tu Mama Tambien, The Motorcycle Diaries*), Fele Martínez (*Open Your Eyes*), Daniel Giménez-Cacho (*No Shame*), Javier Cámara (*Talk To Her*),



Gael García Bernal in drag...I question my sexuality. One of my first questions after leaving the cinema was: "How can a man look hotter as a woman than most women?" But this isn't just any man, this Gael. Swoon!

This complex *noir homage* (or as I like to call it, an "Oh right!" film, as in "Oh right, that's happening 'cause that happened earlier" kinda thang) has as many twists and turns as the old South Eastern Freeway. We're talkin' Devil's Elbow here people. It also has as much paedophilia, homoeroticism and cross-dressing as the Catholic church. Luckily the story is centred around the Catholic church, or I would have to be sacrificed at the nearest altar.

Let me bring you up to speed. Madrid, 1980. Ignacio (Bernal), an actor, rocks up to the office of his old school "chum" and now film director Enrique (Martínez), with a proposal. He has written a script, 'The Visit', inspired by their school days. In particular, it centres around their relationship with each other and with Father Manolo

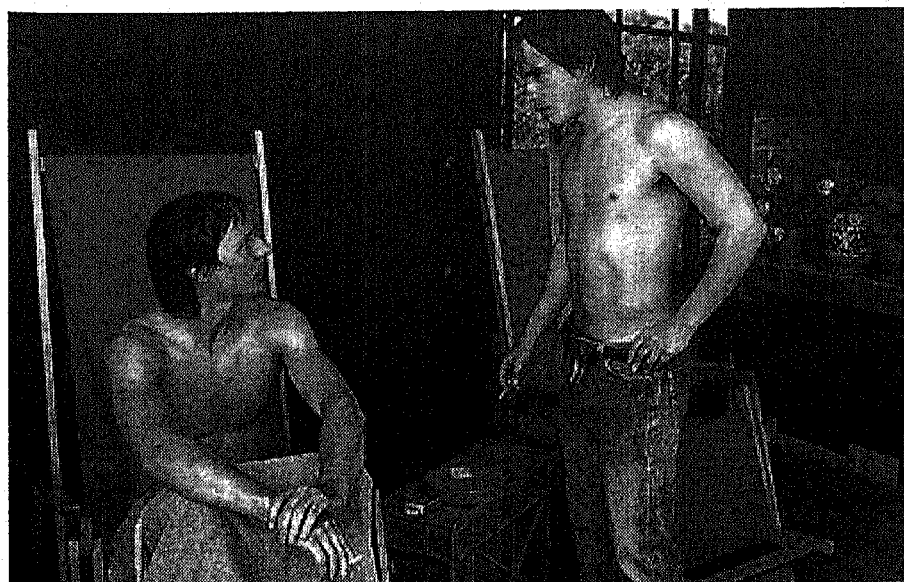
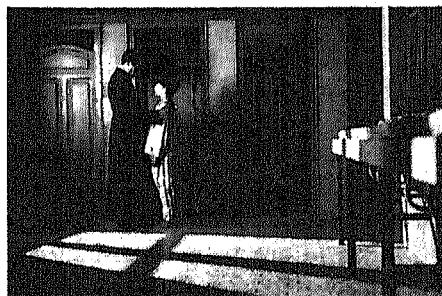
(Giménez-Cacho), their priest and school Principal. Enrique is sceptical. He remembers Ignacio, however doesn't quite recognise him, but what the hey?! It's been 16 years and he's desperate for a story. He takes the script and later, as he reads, he (and we) are transported to the world of Zahara (again, the beautiful Bernal), a drug-addicted tranny working as an impersonator in a variety show. From here we are taken to where it all began - primary school with the filthmeister Father Manolo and then to the tragic end. Enrique has a hit.

From script, to present day, to real story, and everywhere in between, a lot of concentration is required for *Bad Education*. Nobody likes a whisper in the ear with, "I don't get it." However, it definitely pays off. The truth begins to reveal itself and a seedy yet fascinating tale is told. The dramatic score drives the film and impeccable performances all round will have you lapping up every second. Javier Cámara (wonderful in Almodóvar's *Talk To Her*) is a crack-up as Zahara's tranny "sista" Paquito. If Bernal is the most gorgeous of men as women, then poor Cámara is definitely not a contender.

Almodóvar loves his touchy subjects (sorry, it had to be done) and this film is no exception. It's definitely not one for the kiddies, but if you're after something you actually have to use your brain to watch, *Bad Education* is truly a learning curve. However, I will never be able to listen to the song 'Moon River' again without cringing, just a word of warning.

Grade: A-

Lucky L.



Dig!

Director: Ondi Timoner
Starring: The Dandy Warhols & The Brian Jonestown Massacre



The irony thing has just gone too far. Watching it played out is akin to standing in the centre of a circle of mirrors while Peter Sellars/Casino Royale style costumes of yourself peer out from deep in the glass. Parody upon parody, you've almost lost your former (true?) self as the actor becomes the subject he once satired. No matter how deep you dig you'll probably never again figure out where the truth once lied. *Dig* is one such movie 'exploring' the many layers of *very* thin ironic facade between us, The Dandy Warhols and The Brian Jones 'Town Massacre (BJTM). I hope.

Cronicalling the inane adventures of the two bands and their budding, partially theatrical rivalry the rock-u-mentary also exposes how several bunches of pretentious gits get a pile of dosh to simply continue being so. It is either:

a) Just that, a clever director allowing some poor imitations of the Velvet and Andy's entire scene to implicate themselves in vacuous mediocrity.

b) Bands deliberately playing the fool, having a little fun with but also consciously (and flawlessly) acting the post modern part of bands that were only ever good enough or only ever wanted to imitate. Such a version of events would continue the Dandy's

playful cheekiness, for instance in "Bohemian Like You" they 'love' food, cars, hair etc but only 'like' people - the sterile modern condition is revealed.

c) The horrifying possibility that the bands are exactly as they are, the director loves them, they love themselves, the A&R reps are their friends, and the fans are lapping this movie up as we speak.

For the most part of the film, possibly due to being tremendously checked, I was enraptured by the brilliantly acted out scenes of dullard conversation, prima dona tantrums and stary eyed dreams and aspirations. However, it was far to off the cuff, too natural to be pretend and now my mind's adrift somewhere between the three options.

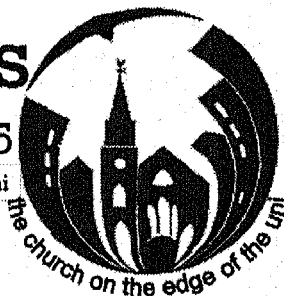
Regardless, the movie is pretty lame. The one redeeming feature surprisingly is the glowing straight to video footage of the A&R reps. They are so square, and soul crushingly inappropriate for an industry dealing in music. One even has a ponytail and glasses. If they're real it's ridiculous and if they're acting it's hilarious. While the band members, who were born over-actors, make you cringe and turn, the A&R reps leave you transfixed in bemusement.

Dan J

wots on at scots

semester I, 2005

www.scotschurch.org.au/uni



am worship (progressive, informal)

Tuesdays, 8:00 -8:45 am, starting May 3rd

Breakfast, tea, coffee, juice provided, donation optional.

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Dinner Discussion

#1 Faith after Darwin

Thursday May 26th, 6-9pm

Pizza and wine night

Gold coin donations appreciated

RSVP helpful for catering

Four thought provoking and entertaining presentations interspersed with discussion.

On the ancient land of the Kurna people, past and present, we are an inclusive and welcoming faith community on the edge of the University. We don't have all the answers, but we are interested in the questions.

Son of the Mask

Director: Lawrence Guterman
Starring: Jamie Kennedy, Alan Cumming & Bob Hoskins

For those of you who, like me, are big fans of the original Mask, don't run off and see this disappointing sequel in a hurry. *Son of the Mask*, in a nutshell, is about nice guy Tim (Jamie Kennedy) who finds the mask, wears it, impregnates his wife (Traylor Howard) while wearing it and sires the Son of the Mask. Baby Alvey has superpowers and likes tormenting his hopeless dad. In the meantime Odin (Bob Hoskins), Daddy Nordic God, is angry with his son Loki (Alan Cumming), the God of Mischief, for not locating his magic mask in time to prevent super-baby's conception, so Loki sets off to find the baby and therefore

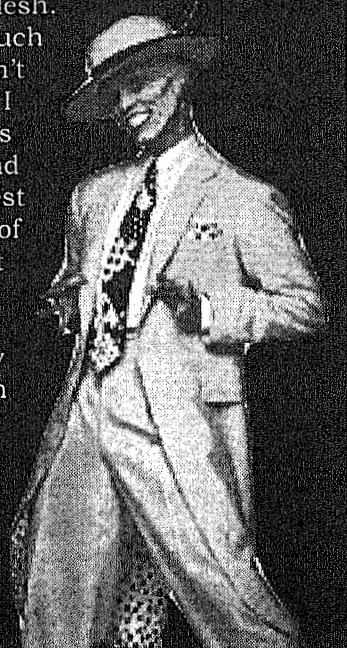
locate the mask. So we have two parallel storylines about father-son relationships, add onto that Tim's cute dog, Otis (note: dog in the original was called Milo), who is really jealous of Alvey and wears the mask so he can put his crazy revenge plans into action.

Filling Jim Carrey's shoes was never going to happen and the makers of this film knew that, so they focussed more on the dog and baby's powers, rather than Tim's. The few times Tim does wear the mask, the resulting spectacle is so excruciatingly embarrassing, it's too painful to watch. Jamie Kennedy does a decent job playing the hapless, inadequate, unconfident father and Alan Cumming enjoys milking the villain Loki for all it's worth - but the excitement in the storyline lies with the drawn out, over-the-top special effects sequences involving Otis and Alvey, and even they get boring. Highlights of the film would include small roles for Australian actors Sandy Winton and Magda Szubanski, and finally seeing the

guy who voiced the slow-talking turtle, Speed, in *The Swan Princess* in the flesh. But that's not much to go on, is it? Don't bother with it - I want those two hours of my life back and so will you. The best thing to come out of this embarrassment may be Loki starting a trend with his wacky hairdos, but again that's stretching it.



Soph.



Young Adam

Director: David Mackenzie
Starring: Ewan McGregor & Tilda Swinton

One dimly grey day Joe (Ewan McGregor) and Les (Peter Mullan) pull a young woman's body from the river. At first Joe seems the only one moved by her death. The others talk about it merely as news and speculate about her scantily clad body, whereas Joe appears taken with the young woman. He gently lays his hand on her lifeless, wet back and pulls her petticoat down to cover her modesty. He doesn't show such affection with any living woman. After a tedious and uneventful hour we finally learn that the young woman, Cathie, (Emily Mortimer) was Joe's girlfriend. As the tagline goes "Was it murder, suicide, accident?"

Joe lives and works on the barges between Edinburgh and Glasgow with Les, Les' wife Ella and their son. Ella is Tilda Swinton who has no qualms about being ugly on film. If Nicole's fake nose can win an Oscar, then Tilda deserves a Nobel Prize. The film is devoid of colour and freshness. It comes as a relief when Joe goes to the seaside and meets Cathie for the first time. There the air isn't heavy or desolate, the sea is a soft blue and the sand seems warm. Two young girls walk past in pretty dresses as if from another world.

Ewan McGregor has a charming smile but we never see it here. He proves again that he masters all his roles from drug addict in *Trainspotting* to dashing playboy in *Down With Love* with the same dedication.

Half the film is a stream of sex scenes involving Joe and nearly every woman he meets. But he stays numb to any feeling and wanders amorally. It isn't even as if he tries to conquer or seduce the women, it just happens that they fall into bed with him. There is no tenderness, no affection in the loveless sex scenes. Their lives are destitute and eerily moribund. In a close up of a woman's nipple a fly crawls over her breast connecting sex with death. A stillness, almost a stench, permeates the story communicating what words can't.

Shaun of the Dead comically toyed with the idea that we can fall into the trap of living a lifeless existence as zombies going to and from work everyday. *Young Adam* hints that the dead are amongst the living, or at least the morally dead.

Joe distances himself from society's morals. However he attends court when a former boyfriend of Cathie is accused of her murder.

Only Joe knows the truth about her death and yet does little to save the wrongly accused.

The wrongly accused is hanged.

Comparisons have been made with Camus' *The Outsider*. Both protagonists ignore society's rules. But Camus' character Meursault reflects on his actions in the Algerian heat and their consequences even if he did not understand exactly why he did them, whereas Joe escapes the consequences of his failure to be honest in his cold, foggy Scottish morally indistinct landscape and continues to drift amorally.

Young Adam is dour and drifts for too long before the story is given any momentum.



Hélène Sobolewski



The Interpreter

Director: Sydney Pollack
Starring: Nicole Kidman, Sean Penn

As the first feature filmed in UN headquarters in New York, *The Interpreter* has a slightly more interesting insight to offer than your average feral-African-dictator-under-threat-of-assassination movies do. The foray into the workings of the UN is quite fascinating to us aspiring world dictators, but down to business: Nicole Kidman is Silvia Broome, who, despite the initially ambiguous accent, turns out to be African and works as a translator at the UN. One night she overhears a threat against the life of Dr Zuwanie, the evil dictator of the country from which she hails, a man responsible for the deaths of her family. He's coming to give a brown nosing 'I love democracy, show me the way' speech to the UN to convince fellow world leaders not to charge him for crimes against humanity. For some reason she decides the right thing to do is report the threat, so Sean Penn, a grieving FBI agent, comes into her life to interrogate her and protect the dictator... only he gets the hots for Nic and becomes far more interested in protecting her. So the thriller plays out with stereotypical mysterious black men hunting Nic down, secretive French men arousing jealous suspicion in Sean, midnight phone calls while he watches her sleeping with her blinds open and Sean, of course, letting down his guard and sharing his own woeful history in an attempt to bond with the forever touselled Nic. Turns out she's a gun toting radical from way back, and this doesn't help her cause much, leading to a slightly surprising ending. It's a good film with some great tense moments (watch out for the bus sequence), some sappy emotional moments and a good, final 'take that you scum' moment. At the end the only question I had left was: what's an interpreter doing with an access-all-areas pass around the UN headquarters?



Soph.

QUOTE THE RAVEN

"I've got a little dick... It's pathetic."

If you know what film this quote is from, let us know! Email onditfilm@hotmail.com and we'll throw a glorious prize your way. Kudos to Prem Varatharajan for guessing 'Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls' from edition 5!! (You have passed go and you will collect our version of \$200!!) Alrighty-then!

THE TOP 5...

FIRST DAY FUCK-UPS ON FILM

1. **NEVER BEEN KISSED** - Poor old Drew, can't even get it right 8 years later: has to wear a sombrero for being late, spills chocolate milk on herself and, worst of all, wears ALL WHITE!
2. **REVENGE OF THE NERDS** - tarred and feathered - an oldy but a goody.
3. **ANIMAL HOUSE** - pledging with the Deltas was the HUGEST fuck-up in the eyes of that nasty dean Wormer.
4. **CLASS** - again, I know, but this is a doozy: poor little Andrew gets conned into wearing sexy lingerie and is locked out of the dorms!!! Ah boys, deary me.
5. **JUST ONE OF THE GUYS** - Joyce Hyser dresses up as a boy and gets thrown in a bush by the school bully. That'll learn ya.

CHANGE OF PAGE FOR MERCURY'S CINÉMATHEQUE

After facing the possibility of extinction early this year the curators of Cinémathèque have opted for a relatively safe, though none the less exciting, programme for the April/May/June season. Focusing mainly on the works of key auteurs of the European 'arthouse' explosion of the sixties the programme provides a wonderful opportunity to see the works of Polanski, Bergman, Rohmer and Antonioni on the big screen.

Opening night saw the screening of *Cul-de-sac*, the first of three Roman Polanski pictures that opens Mercury's season. A fun, if relatively lightweight, crime/comedy it's a great example of Polanski's inventive, absurdist style. He takes a relatively simple story, that of a criminal who hides out on an island and holds a couple hostage until help arrives, and adds his anarchic humor and dreamlike style to lift it above most other films of its type.

The early part of the programme is structured in director blocks and after the screening of two more Polanski movies (the chamber thriller *Knife in the Water* and the brilliant surreal psychological portrait of *Repulsion*) Cinémathèque moves on to the films of Michael Haneke (best known for *The Piano Teacher* and *Funny Games*) and progresses through Akira Kurosawa, onto Eric Rohmer and then to a loose collection of "European directors in the UK".

There's something in the programme for everyone and so many things that are well worth the pittance that you're asked to pay.

It is however a little frustrating that Cinémathèque has been forced into playing much more common film. While admittedly

quite obscure to the general public, films like Antonioni's *Blow Up* and the featured Polanski trilogy are quite well known to anyone with anything more than a cursory interest in cinema and are widely available at most video stores. The crucial value of the Mercury in the past was the fact that they played the stuff that was impossible to source anywhere else, no other rental store, cinema or DVD warehouse could get their mitts on what was shown at Mercury. From Brakhage to silent adaptation of Oscar Wilde, almost every screening at Mercury was a guaranteed once in a lifetime experience.

This programme does feature some material that could be considered of that realm. On June 6th they are featuring two experimental works by Maya Deren (*At Land* and the phenomenal *Meshes of the Afternoon*) and following it with *In the Mirror of Maya Deren*, a documentary featuring clips, interviews and analysis of Deren's oeuvre.

Another highlight is the screening of Ingmar Bergman's *Winter Light*, the austere tale of a priest who loses his faith. Bergman is almost certainly the most uncompromising and direct genius the cinema has ever seen and *Winter Light* is one of his most frequently overlooked works.

At such reasonable prices Cinémathèque is for everyone this year, those who haven't seen the pictures before are in for an astonishing awakening and those that have will be reminded again of how they came to love the cinema in the first place.

Wolfgang Hackman

cult blast from, like, so ten years ago - clueless (1995)

Director/Writer: Amy Heckerling

Starring: Alicia Silverstone, Paul Rudd, Dan Hedaya, Brittany Murphy

Films like *Sixteen Candles* may have been credited with launching the teen-movie genre way back in the 1980s, but it's very hard to ignore the influence that writer/director Heckerling's film *Clueless* had on the genre after it was released a decade ago. It can be almost single-handedly credited with responsibility for the wave of less intelligent blonde and/or high school films that followed - *10 Things I Hate About You*, *She's All That*, *Whatever It Takes*, *Down To You*, *Get Over It*, *American Pie*, et cetera, et cetera - as well as a small handful of comparable films like *Mean Girls*, or, uh... *Mean Girls*. Whether the following slew of mindlessly mundane high-school flicks that followed were warranted remains to be seen, but *Clueless* - itself inspired by Jane Austen's *Emma*, believe it or not - has achieved classic status.

The film introduces Cher Horowitz (Silverstone, only 19 when she made this film), a fashion-conscious, wealthy, spoilt Californian teenager and centre of her high school's social universe. She remains happily single whilst busying herself playing matchmaker for two of her teachers. Soon she and her friend Dion (Stacey Dash), both named "after great stars of the past who now do infomercials," decides to make over the new girl, Tai Frasier (Murphy) - herself an adorably clueless individual who wears flannelette shirts and drinks herbal tea. Of course, all does not run smoothly, and Tai's popularity gradually eclipses even that of Cher, right about the time Tai develops a crush on Josh (Rudd) - Cher's ex-stepbrother and

the person Cher has developed a burgeoning crush on as well.

While not a film palatable for people who like theirs heavy on the action sequences (I'll assume fans of XXX are probably already reading something else), *Clueless* remains a gem thanks to the endlessly clever script - itself full of plenty of references that only older audiences would get - and casually deadpan performances across the board, most notably from Alicia Silverstone. The film may be showing some age now, and you certainly won't hear people quoting "as if" anymore, but better than almost any other film in the genre, *Clueless* captured the irony of teenage behaviour. Even as the characters utter such phrases as "That's Ren and Stimpy. They're way existential," they show an amusement in the frivolity of their behaviour. This amusement is transferred to the audience, who can appreciate the good-natured excess of their behaviour because, while exaggerated, there is an element of truth in the film's examination of teenage naivety. Teenagers - most of them, anyway - form cliques, preoccupy themselves with relationships, and fret about their social lives. Most of us did it at some point. Some of us still do, and that's okay. Films like *Clueless* are a way for us, as teenagers, to indulge in the cartoonish fabulousness some of us aspire towards. As adults, they are a way for us to appreciate how much we've grown.

Plus, you've got to love a film where sixteen-year-olds have plastic surgeons.



Brian O'Neill



PANDORA'S BOX

Labia Majora is not the latest recruit for Real Madrid

Last year, I wrote a 'how to' article on blow jobs. For some time I have been asked to write it's sister article. Oral sex bores me tireless (which at a B-cup is not that hard) but as a woman, I know what works and as a woman who's had sex, I sure as shit know what doesn't work. Bad oral sex is embarrassing for both parties - the recipient has to either fake it or lie there counting the moles on their partner's back, while the practitioner knows they're fucking up but continues in vain out of sheer desperation.

So do the world (and your girlfriend) a favour and follow these simple steps to goo-worthy orgasms.

Beginner

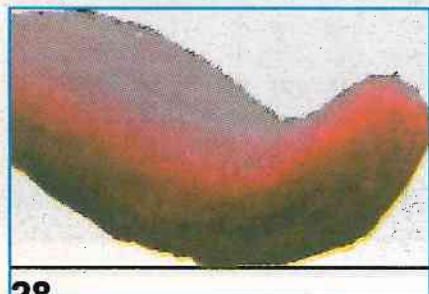
1. Arousal

A Chinese saying goes *the first step is the most important*, and this is certainly true of cunnilingus. A skilled lover can manipulate a blush or a racing heart without a touch. The idea is to incite that over-heated feeling, that rush of blood to the extremities, that breathless sighing, without once reaching for her panties. When she wants it, she'll let you know. She'll push her pubic bone against you. Her thighs will part and if she went to a Catholic school, she'll probably guide your hand toward Tassy.

This is all achieved through elementary techniques. For fucks sake, just kiss her properly. Give her slow kisses with your mouth closed. Run your tongue along her bottom lip, then part her lips and go for the full kiss. Stroke her hair. Cup her cheekbone. Run your fingers down her neck and back - this is an extremely sensitive part of a woman's body and sends shivers to all the right places. Touch her breasts. Make her want to go further.

2. Vagidextrous

Lightly run your hands over her tummy and slip just beneath the waistband of her panties. Keep stroking and caressing. Tease her through her panties. Work her up to a state of excitement. Then slide her panties down her thighs. The feel of cold air on the wetness of her vagina will be a thrilling sensation. Kiss her again but this time on her inner thighs. Cunnilingus is like shopping, you need to meander about, loiter even, until you find the right store.



Learn How to speak the International Language



3. The Kindest Kiss

Place your hands on each inner thigh and use your thumbs to open her lips. Stroke the tip of your tongue very lightly over her clitoris. **DONT FLICK.** It should already be erect after the foreplay. Make your mouth wet (pretend to chew gum to stimulate the release of saliva) and place your lips over the entire clitoris.

Move A: Sesame Street

Use your tongue to trace the alphabet (in whatever font, capitalised or not, whatever she likes best) on her clitoris. The varying shape of the letters will mean you're probably more interesting than you are in conversation.

Move B: Icecream

With your tongue flat, not a pointy one, lick from the perenium to the clitoris, then back again. Repeat. But remember, too much repetition is boring. Like *Setysid*.

Move C: Fish Fingers

Insert the tip of your index finger inside her vagina. Move it around in circles inside her. Read ahead for details on the g-spot. Depending on the girl, she may want more of you, but test it out. See how she responds before going further. Or deeper.

General Tips

Combine the oral action with the use of your hands. This is not considered multi-tasking, so you should be able to pull it off. Place your thumbs on either side of the clitoris and rotate in small circles while you lick over the head of it. Lick inside her vagina and use your nose to nuzzle her clitoris. Suck the whole clitoris into your mouth and swirl your tongue around it while you use your thumb to thrust into her vagina. Be confident - the John Wayne of oral sex.

Intermediate

G-Spot

The g-spot is located on the vagina's front wall ie the wall behind the stomach. With your

hand facing palm up, insert two fingers into her vagina, up to the second knuckle, then curl the fingers toward you in a come hither motion. You're now touching her front wall. Feel around (try not to have the air of a gynaecologist about you - you're not looking for a cyst, you're looking for an orgasm) and you may find a patch on the wall, about the size of a twenty cent piece that feels different to the rest (if it doesn't feel different for you, it sure will for her). Press against it gently, then circle the area. The g-spot responds more to massaging than poking (like women in general, I believe). For the multi-skilled out there, try combining the oral action with the g-spot action. But be patient. Pausing to say "Gee, *The Simpsons* hour is about to start" is probably not conducive to knee-trembling orgasms, although every woman is different.

Climax Anyone?

The Clitoris Hold: Take her exposed clit and gently suck on it, simultaneously flicking it back and forth with your tongue. This can be done lightly or aggressively (depending on her preference) and combined with fingering.

The Tongue Tube: Roll your tongue into a tube around her clitoris, sliding it back and forth. This is akin to the feel of a penis inside a vagina. Well, I'm guessing.

Advanced

Minty Goodness

Take a cough lozenge in you mouth and suck it until it's melty and there are no rough corners. Then place it atop her clitoris. You know the tingly feeling they make in your mouth? Imagine that on four thousand nerve endings. Tingly goodness.

Figure 8

Trace the figure 8 around her clitoris like a skater on her ice rink. Have you noticed there's a lot of clitoral action involved in this? There's a reason for that, you fuck stick.

Knocking On Heaven's Door

With your lips placed either side, repeatedly "jam" your tongue down upon her clitoris.

Clitoral Blowjob

Begin by sucking slowly, as if you were giving a small blow job. Increase the pace and intensity. Vary the actions. Really, this should be easier than learning chess.

A final note: Oral sex cannot work as part of frenzied, wild animal lust sex. Licking at her nether regions like Pluto lapping at his dogbowl will not get either of you anywhere. It is part of slow, sensual, erotic sex. You need to make her feel safe enough to expose her most intimate body part to your attention, which considering not even a Barbie doll has a vagina, is actually quite an intimidating thing for many women. But believe me, she'll thank you for it.

As a warning, always remember to check for pubes between your teeth before leaving the room. It's way more embarrassing than spinach.

Lavinia Emmet-Gray

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ARCHITECTURE IN HELSINKI

interview and CD review

On Dit speaks to guitarist and songwriter Cameron Bird about the band's latest album *In Case We Die*, touring and the importance of being an independent artist.

On Dit: There seems to be a reaction to global darkness and general depressing atmosphere in the new album's distinctly darker tone. Was this deliberate?

Cameron Bird: Not at all. Totally subconscious. I think with the result of us being in a dark studio, all through the winter, being away from people that you love, I think that tends to put you into a headspace which isn't all that rosy. After we finished the album, the lyrics just had this recurring theme of mortality, distance from life...

OD: So what was the studio like?

CB: It was just a garage basically. We converted it ourselves and built walls... it was a pretty shady place... we were basically in this room together, me and James, for about four months last year, every day you would get up and listen to what you'd done the day before, and be like, "oh it'd be amazing if we could find a bassoon player," so we'd do the ring around, we'd be like "oh, who can we phone?". It was just a case of piecing it together like that, an ongoing process of adding little bits and pieces until it got to the point where we were like "okay, we could be doing this for five years. We probably should just finish now".

OD: I've always considered the production and deliberation required to construct a Helsinki album to be a kind of magic.

CB: I think that our vision is very focussed, a lot of it is really spontaneous, we have a definite idea of what we're trying to achieve, and I think that when we went into this album we really had an idea of what every single it was going to be. It was a case of every day we'd be recording, we'd be trying to source a different person, or a different player... although we all have very diverse influences, musically we all come from the same place. That makes it really easy to keep it streamlined. Whilst at the same time, there's a lot of ideas, and its sound is really schizophrenic, I think it really does hold together.

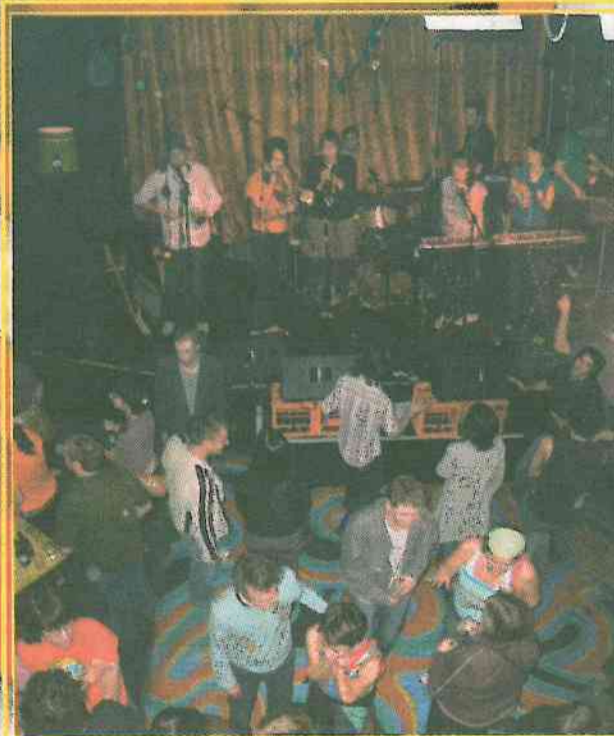
OD: You head off to the US in May as soon as your Australian tour is finished, doing your first headlining tour.

CB: We only played there the one time before, and it was just before the album came out, so we're kind of expecting that this time it will be a lot better, I mean, the records gone pretty well, and they have been really responsive. You are definitely a novelty, the fact that we're Australian, is a plus, because people just love Australians over there.

OD: The band were invited to support Polyphonic Spree on their Melbourne sideshow, how was that?

CB: Well, it was kind of exciting for us to play with a band that's three times the size of us, because usually we're twice the size of every other band we play with. It was good. We squeezed on our little corner of the stage. It was fun.

OD: One of the great aspects of *Architecture in Helsinki* is the diverse range of influences that various members of the octet bring to the band.



In Case We Die
Architecture in Helsinki
Trifekta

Self described as 'a rock opera, not a concept album' *In Case We Die* is Architecture in Helsinki's follow up to their successful debut, *Finger's Crossed*. Frantic, frenetic, bouncy, disturbing, sunny and above all fun, this album is well worth a listen. The amateurish and naïve approach that was synonymous with their debut has been polished and honed, without losing any of their charm. A seemingly innumerable number of guest singers and musicians are crammed into the octet's already lush sound achieving a balance and coherence that should be technically impossible. The lyrics take on a distinctly darker tone which beautifully contrasts the bright almost overwhelmingly sweet music, especially in songs like "In Case We Die Parts 1-4". This album is likely to polarise listeners, but if you like your pop with lush orchestral arrangements and an innate sweetness that makes you want to hug sunbeams, then this album could be for you.

Jess

Aside from your more obvious international influences, who are the band's more local heroes and influences?

CB: The Go-Betweens would probably be our biggest Australian influence. Heaps of more obscure bands as well. One from Melbourne called Essendon Airport from the late '70's / early 80's. We like to surround ourselves with all our muso friends. Our friends are what inspire us. Be it from the Ground Components or Qua, I mean there's so many amazing bands in Australia. As far as iconic Australian bands go, Go-Betweens would be it... or maybe INXS.

OD: To me your debut LP seemed more experimental. Have AIH grown up a little in this latest release?

C: No, not necessarily experimental. There was a naivete about it, we hadn't really played together as a group before, and I think over the course of this album we've kind of learnt how to play with each other, learnt where each member is coming from. It's definitely much more of a band-orientated album, just because we've played over a hundred shows in the last eighteen months.

OD: So how have the live shows changed?

CB: When we toured the first album, it was all really new to us, and it was really challenging and tiring, but we didn't have a lot of confidence in our live show, and I think now that we do, we're having a lot more fun, and so our shows are more entertaining. It's really important to have a fun live show. Too many bands don't really pay any attention to it, I mean millions of bands do but I think that it's gotta be an extension of what you do. We love doing it now, whereas before, it wasn't so much a chore, but it was really nerve racking, we have a lot of more fun with it now.

OD: How important is your independence as artists?

CB: I think it's of such importance, at the moment we record our records, and release them ourselves, from the ground up we're kind of doing everything. We all love it, and it's so satisfying for us to do that. The freedom that you don't have someone telling you what your image should be, or how your songs should be edited... I wouldn't have it any other way, I think we all are very liberal minded.

OD: So it's all done within the band?

CB: The mixing was done by someone else this time, but we collaborated on it, just because we didn't have the resources to mix it. But it was definitely a very D.I.Y. project.

OD: The album sleeves for AIH have always had distinctively charming artwork, which seems to reflect the music of the album.

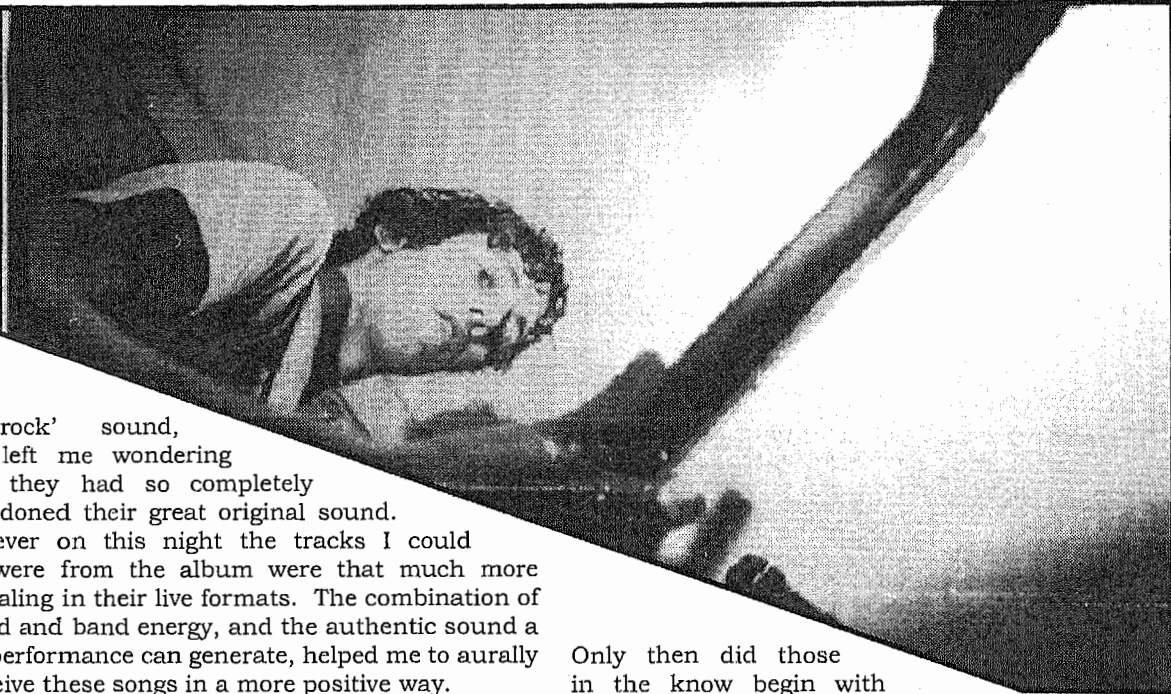
CB: As an artist that's something you're trying to echo with what you create. I'm a firm believer that the artwork of any given release is as important a part as the lyrics, or the guitar or whatever. I think it's definitely part of making the great album is having great artwork.

Hopefully you caught Architecture in Helsinki at Jive on the 21st, if not *In Case We Die* is out now and available from all good music retailers.

Jessica Fishlock

GOMEZ

Tuesday 22nd March
Live @ Thebarton Theatre



Having only been a great fan of Gomez's first two albums but never exposed to them in any form of live environment - gig or DVD - I had no preconceived expectations of what their sound might be like. So, after reading myself upon being informed only a few hours earlier that *On Dit* required my presence at the gig, I entered the Thebarton Theatre hoping to be positively impressed upon.

Paul Dempsey (Something For Kate) managed to rouse more applause from the audience for his efforts than is usual for support acts. The surrounding crowd consisted mainly of young 'trendies', with a few groups of guys who, along with most of the rest of the male populace, suddenly believe that it's always been cool to wear collars up. Their attendance I put down to them liking the band's latest album. These un-concert cultured, beer guzzling humans aside, there were some really cool people present, many of whose heads I captured in my efforts to obtain a decent photo of the band.

After a good deal of setting up by roadies, the six piece group entered from stage right and proceeded to don their instruments, which would consistently change hands throughout the night. The low, soothing and deep oscillating intro to 'Get Miles', from *Bring It On*, started pulsating through the theatre, slower than usual, and made for a clever concert opener. After only a few minutes, I easily recognised the main difference between Gomez's studio takes and their live sound is the larger and louder part the drummer plays on the stage.

As a fan mainly of Gomez's material up to and excluding their latest album, I easily recognised and was happy to hear songs from *Bring It On*, *Liquid Skin*, and *In Our Gun*. The release of their last album, *Split The Difference*, made quite an impression on a new generation of music fans weaned on the popular

'raw-rock' sound, but left me wondering why they had so completely abandoned their great original sound. However on this night the tracks I could tell were from the album were that much more appealing in their live formats. The combination of crowd and band energy, and the authentic sound a live performance can generate, helped me to aurally perceive these songs in a more positive way.

Favourite after favourite was presented and the small group of friends and fans that were with me loved every minute of it. Gomez aren't an overly visual band, so the fact that I was again cursed with a unusually lofty person blocking my view didn't really bother me. Standout performances were, 'Love Is Better Than A Warm Trombone', 'We Haven't Turned Around', and 'Fill My Cup', which transmitted the Gomez swagger and groove. All the vocalists were on fire on this evening, and the crowd waited for the 'beast-howl' by the guy who sounds like John Fogerty of Creedence Clearwater Revival at the end of 'Blue Moon Rising', and although he looked like he was feeling the pressure of expectation, he didn't disappoint.

During 'Get Myself Arrested', the audience was invited to join in singing, but when the pause came for us midway through the song, a goodly portion of the crowd found it necessary to yell everything *but* the words. Maybe they didn't know the song and thought it was the end, maybe they were just so overcome at the prospect of being able to yell at someone in a band. Either way, this appeared to incense one of the singer/guitarists, who asked in a mocking tone, "Don't you guys know the words?"

Only then did those in the know begin with trepidation to sing the lines, "He only grows for guys he knows and me..."

'Revolutionary Kind' was a welcome number to the set list and about halfway through, the band steered off into personal favourite 'Hangover Girl'. The band's drummer 'brought the shit' in 'Shot Shot', a track from *In Our Gun*, by exploding into an unexpected double bass drum solo in the second half of the song that one would usually hear at a metal gig.

The encore saw them launch into 'Whippin Piccadilly', which had a sound like the video clip version of the song, rather than the album version, with the drums accompanying the music and pushing it along smoothly. This was a great song for the end of a great gig.

Gomez are a unique group of musicians who produce an equally unique sound, they don't dress funny, they don't show off, they don't preach for or against anything in particular (that I know of), they are normal looking guys who seem to enjoy and are damn good at what they do.

Tony Marshall



Local composer Alex Carpenter leads Music of Transparent Means, an ever-evolving experimental performance ensemble (which has featured as many as 21 players at one time) which performs semi-regularly in Adelaide and enjoys a reputation as one of the city's most experimental and uncompromisingly minimalist performance ensembles. Since its inception in 2002, MOTM has been single-minded in upholding its belief in the inherent yet often dormant power and profundity of sound, and has consistently aimed to provide a space where this power might be "summoned" and brought into the tangible realm of experience.

MOTM frequently embraces long performance duration, intense repetition and volume, sonic "saturation", as well as the use of hypnotic visual imagery. Audiences will be able to get a taste of the latter, at this Sunday's Launch of the *Studies in Dynamic Photography* DVD, featuring four experimental video works by Alex, accompanied by Scores from MOTM.

On Dit Spoke to Alex to glean further information...

On Dit: Those who know you as a musician might be surprised to hear about your experiments in video. Have you been working with video for long?

AC: No, it's a fairly new medium for me. But I do see video as quite closely related to music in a way, I guess because both are "temporal" media. But the

area of video and particularly music video really does produce a lot of crap, to put it mildly. There's a kind of attitude the videos have to be produced for people with short attention spans or something. You see it when you watch Rage where it's often clip after clip of really fast editing and special effects, or some attempt at selling an image, and there's no real connection with the visual material itself, or anything new you would really notice if you saw the clip for a second time. It's essentially disposable - like an ad.

On Dit: So your videos are not part of that world?

AC: Absolutely not. I don't consider the material to be disposable at all. It's actually something I want to stand back from and present with some sort of reverence. Like I try to do with sound in my music. These videos really do try to allow viewers that space to delve into the material, and let it consume them. It allows and hopefully encourages a totally different type of viewing. Like sound, video has this beautiful potential to actually introduce shifts in perception, because it takes place over the dimension of time where we have this space to really delve into things perceptually... but the material also has to allow this space, and in music videos it usually doesn't.

On Dit: So what can people expect to see on Sunday?

AC: A lot of the imagery was really discovered, rather than created. These are not expressions of

myself or of any structural convention, they are actually more like still photos of nature, except they change over time. That is, the frame itself doesn't move - it focuses deeply on one image or event, because there is so much interest in just one image, and it is literally that image itself which draws your attention and captivates you, not any editing or special effects, which just gloss over the image and make it inaccessible.

I use a lot of close up imagery and sometimes time-lapse techniques - the image is sometimes unrecognisable but incredibly beautiful. And the way it changes over time is not predetermined, yet it is totally exposed! I don't decide to introduce this colour here or that object there. The way it develops of its own accord is far more profound than anything I could ever plan.

Studies in Dynamic Photography

4 music videos by Alex Carpenter / Music of Transparent Means

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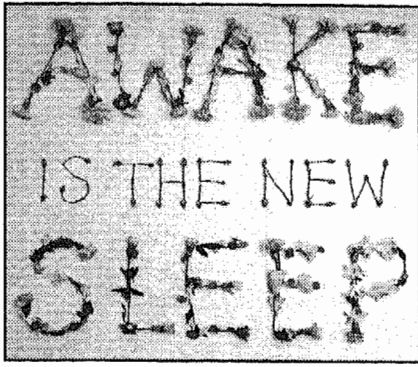
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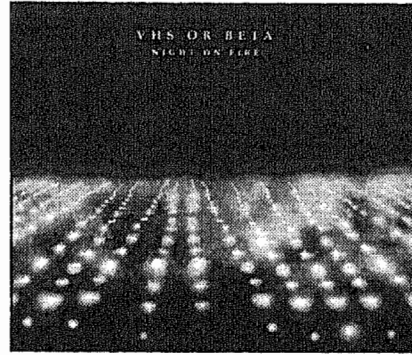
www.transparentmeans.cjb.net



Awake is the New Sleep
Ben Lee
Inertia

over me, he amazed me with his ability to out wank himself. What does Awake is the New Sleep mean anyway? In his liner notes, Lee thanks his associates at the Taoist Healing Centre for helping 'to teach him 'nothing'- what it is, and how to get there.' Apparently he was still languishing on its shores when he penned this album.

Clementine



Night on Fire
VHS or Beta
Astralwerks

Stick VHS or Beta's new album into your CD player and you can't help but feel as if you are being whisked back to the 80's in this less than original attempt at an album. The band seems to have taken everything good from the decade's music and butchered it- repetitive and monotonous use of drum machines, and Cure-esque vocals.

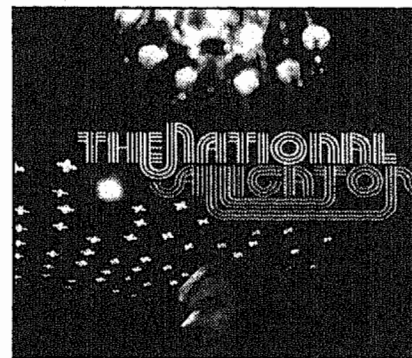
Having said that, the album isn't terrible- its just that all the tracks sound almost identical, particularly their drum rolls. There were points where I really had to convince myself that I was listening to an album and not a single.

The album's title track contains all the essential elements of a neo-new wave hit (if, of course, this movement back to the past wasn't wearing so thin), and sounds

distinctly like a less sophisticated refurb' of something Duran Duran would have made more than 20 years ago.

Most of the other tracks possess quite a dancey, house-ish feel... boring as batshit really, and with little variation in rhythmical structure. If you thought house was bad enough, try adding whiney pre-emo vocals to it, and you'll catch my drift. As with most songs in that particular genre, I really get the feeling that the band have tried to pull out a 5 minute song from a 3 second riff repeated ad-nauseum. "Dynamize" is somewhat interesting, but nothing special- it vaguely reminds me of Daft Punk. Other than that, I wouldn't really say that many of the tracks on the album sound overly different to a Thursday night "jam" session at Sugar nightclub.

Ben Davey



Alligator
The National
Beggars Banquet Records

When I opted to review the interestingly titled Alligator by the five New York 'friends' that make up 'The National', I wasn't sure what to expect. And to be honest, even after multiple studious listens of the said album, I'm still not entirely certain that I can write a review that will do justice to this music- music which

seems to defy any conventional, or should I say, mainstream genre. The simplest way I can describe Alligator is to liken it to an artistic film- absorbing and often lush, the music has the ability to hold the listener, encouraging one to intently focus on the narrative of the song throughout its entirety. Similar to the beautiful musical moments created by Ireland's 'The Frames', there is an intimate fragility to the music as Matt Berninger, the lead singer, brings us close to the characters and themes explored in such tracks as 'Daughters of the Soho Riots', the pleading 'Karen' or 'Mr November', a song told from the view of a one time calendar boy going through a post-calendar mid-life crisis which sees him clutching at the fame he once had, singing "I was once held in the arms of cheerleaders". Indeed, the unusual subject matter of the songs and the gentle yet raw portrayal of it is the source of much of the album's intrigue and beauty. However, not all is bleak and there are lighter moments on the album also. At times I'd be walking through uni when one of their catchier songs such as 'Looking for Astronauts' or 'Friend of Mine' would break out from its containment in my subconscious and I'd be stuck humming it for the next hour. To go back to my analogy, Alligator is an album that, like a good film, reveals a little more of itself with each play, and true appreciation will (at least from my experience) only come after many listens. Overall, Alligator is a worthy addition to the collection of anyone who is open to something that will expand their mind even further.

Dave G

unirecords top 5 albums of the week

Unirecords Choice Five of the Week: Can an album be judged by its cover?

Alice Russell
Under the Munka Moon
2004

Alice Russell is a trip. Listening to her reminds me of the great funk music of the sixties and seventies. A cross between Ricki Lee Jones and Gladys Knight, Russell's vocals are smokier than a basement bar. 'Under the Munka Moon' is a refreshing antidote to the hyper produced pop that's staining most music racks today. Beyonce, you ain't got nothing on this lady.

Listen to it: when you're feeling luscious and entertaining, and always, always in heels.

Tortoise
It's All Around You

An intriguing cover, the new age dreamscape meant the contents could be either Groove Armada on acid or playing on high rotation at your nearest yoga centre. Unfortunately, it's a little of both. Tortoise appear to want to jive with the likes of Stereolab and Thievery Corporation, but a lack of imagination or diversity will ultimately render this album to the great bargain bin pile in the sky.

Listen to it: when you want people to know you're home, but don't want to actually register any sound yourself.

The Shins
Chutes Too Narrow
2003

Had anyone even heard of The Shins before Zack Braff's sleeper hit Garden State did the rounds last year? My guess is no, but suddenly everyone wants a copy of this Oregon band gracing their music collection. Bandwagon jumping aside, The Shins have a rockin' sound that will appeal to mostly everyone and can be enjoyed for their relative individual simplicity. However, if you can't get your hands on a copy just pick up You Am I's *Hourly Daily*. You'll hardly be able to tell the difference.

Listen to it: at Saturday afternoon barbecues and if you want the cool kids in black to think you're one of the gang.

Hope Sandoval & The Warm Inventions
Bavarian Fruit Bread
2002

Hope Sandoval has it all. She's sexy and dark and has the voice of a fallen angel. A long time fan of Mazzy Star, I was especially excited to hear Bavarian Fruit Bread. Disappointingly, the lyrical poetry and musical diversity of Mazzy Star seems to be missing here. Each song bleeds into the next making it difficult to ultimately focus attention on. Hope Sandoval's vocals still at least come up a treat, but the unfortunately meh-ness of the album doesn't do her justice. The one standout track is the first, 'Suzanne' being a sexy and evocative example of lesbian erotica.

Listen to it: when you've lent out all your Mazzy Star albums or you're a lady entertaining a lady.



Fire and Ice

Chamber Series Concert 1 Adelaide Symphony Orchestra Elder Hall April 20

Anyone who has gone anywhere near Elder Hall in recent weeks will know how difficult it is to find a path through the rubble, bobcats and maliciously-placed cyclone fencing. But those who ran the gauntlet for the first of the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra's Chamber Series concerts were rewarded with the chance to hear some repertoire that went beyond what people would usually hear in a concert hall. A varied program of French music provided a novel way to wind down after a hard day's work or study.

The frenzied *Sinfonietta* by Roussel was a startling beginning to the concert, with its combination of modern harmonies with Baroque-styled themes.

The high point of the evening was provided by Debussy's *Danse sacrée et danse profane*, which gave principal harp Suzanne Handel a chance to display her technical prowess. The strings were magnificent in their handling of the Oriental melodies, matched only by Handel's cascading arpeggios. This was the sort of thing that leaves one no choice but to sit back, relax and enjoy. It was a pity that the soloist seemed so incredibly nervous, even when acknowledging the audience's

warm response to her fine efforts.

Milhaud's *Dixtuor* (*Petite Symphonie No. 4*) packed a lot into its six minutes, and the players seemed to enjoy the wild ride on which it took them. The final movement, *Finale (Etude)*, with its fast fugue figure beginning in the double basses' parts was a humorous way to close the piece.

The longest work in this short program was the *Symphony in C* by Bizet. Written when the composer was only seventeen years old, it is somewhat of an *homage* to Mozart and the Classical period in general. Principal oboe Renae Stavely must be commended for her exquisite slow movement solo, and the first violins earned their own bow with some fancy finger-work in the faster movements.

Conductor Graham Abbott, although an expert on Handel, seemed at home with the daring programming, and injected a certain vitality into the orchestra's playing. With the ASO cutting the number of Chamber Series concerts in 2005, one wonders for how much longer the series will exist. If audiences continue to be presented with interesting selections of works, and energetic performances, there can be no doubt that the series deserves a future.

Benedict Coxon

Master Series Concert 2 Adelaide Symphony Orchestra Adelaide Town Hall April 14-16

The second of the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra's Master Series concerts for 2005 was aptly named 'Fire and Ice', the music ranging from the humour of Prokofiev's *The Love for Three Oranges Suite* to the harshness of Sibelius' icy *Symphony No. 1*. The star of the show was double bassist François Rabbath, playing a specially arranged version of Bizet's *Carmen Fantasy*. The concert was Arvo Volmer's last performance with the ASO until June.

The suite drawn from Prokofiev's comic opera *The Love for Three Oranges* is rich in the composer's trademark orchestration, including heavy use of percussion (this piece requires six percussionists) and lyrical solos in the wind and brass. The zany plot of the opera is captured in Prokofiev's rather crazy music. Special mention must be given to principal trumpet David Elton whose solos and ensemble playing were exemplary. Volmer's lively tempo and eccentric conducting style made for a gripping performance.

François Rabbath is probably the most famous double bassist in the world, and it is a shame there aren't more pieces written for double bass and orchestra. Frank Proto's arrangement of material from Bizet's *Carmen* was not particularly inspiring, despite the soloist's obvious enjoyment in performing it. However, the encores were a different matter. A movement from one of Bach's cello suites and some Paganini were given amazing performances, especially considering that Rabbath is aged in his seventies. His demeanour was one of a performer who loves every minute of his time on stage, and it was great to see him enjoying his time with the orchestra.

The final piece of the program was Sibelius' *Symphony No. 1*, the first in Volmer's cycle of the composer's symphonies. Volmer's obvious love of the music was felt in the powerful playing of the orchestra. The depiction of the dark, brooding discontent of the oppressed Finns was only marred by the deafening loudness in some sections. Perhaps the Town Hall wasn't the best venue for such a large work.

Edward Joyner

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Putting it Together

Barker, Coleman-Wright & Lane
Musica Viva
Adelaide Town Hall
April 13

It seems to be a rare thing these days for Musica Viva to present singers in recital. This is unfortunate, as the organisation swings violently between the obligatory string quartets and recent attempts to attract a younger audience with experiments like the Absolute! ensemble. Soprano Cheryl Barker, baritone Peter Coleman-Wright and pianist Piers Lane joined together to prove that there exists a middle ground that requires further investigation.

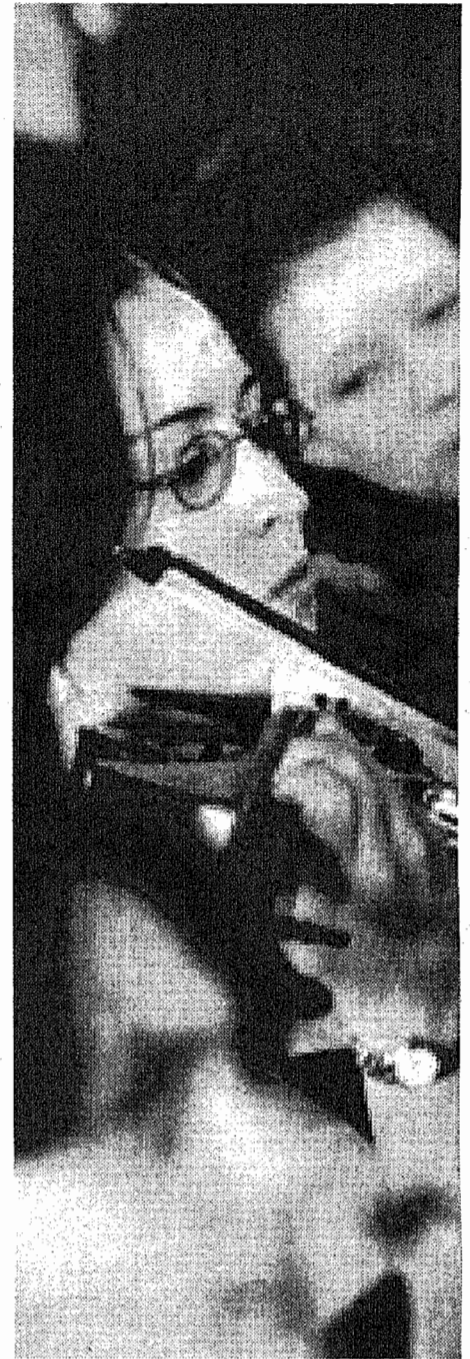
The concert opened with songs by Brahms, Mendelssohn and Schumann that featured the three artists together, but the evening 'got into gear' with Coleman-Wright's solos in some Schubert and Schumann songs. His storytelling in *Die beiden Grenadiere* was particularly effective. Piers Lane then took centre stage for a *Ballade* by Chopin, and impressed the audience with a heartfelt account. The first half was concluded with an operatic excerpt from Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda* in which the dramatic qualities for which both Barker and Coleman-Wright are known were very much on display.

Barker (having changed into another dress during the interval) began the second half with a touching version of Rachmaninov's famous *Vocalise*

No. 14, which was her best contribution to the evening. She followed this with three songs by Korngold, in which she at times exceeded the acceptable level of volume for the Town Hall's acoustic and left some people's ears ringing. In spite of this, it was no less intriguing to hear 'pre-Hollywood' Korngold. Next, Lane again played as soloist, following Grainger with another famous Rachmaninov piece: the *Prelude in G minor*, which he performed with all of the showmanship that the piece demands. Another operatic excerpt, this time from Verdi's *Macbeth* gave the singers one last chance to ham it up with lots of worried facial expressions and staggering about. A medley of Noël Coward songs arranged by Brian Castles-Onion rounded out an evening of varied programming with some ridiculous English accents being employed by the singers.

Unfortunately, the effectiveness of the different works varied as much as their styles. While Coleman-Wright was as magnificent in his Schubert and Schumann songs as Barker and Lane were in their respective Rachmaninov pieces, some of the other works were less engaging, and the program did not gel together. At least it shows Musica Viva trying to expand its audience diversity in a more sensible way than it has done so in the past.

Benedict Coxon



Be My Guest

Zephyrus
Musica da Camera & guests
Elder Hall
April 10

After their sellout February performance at the Art Gallery of South Australia's Auditorium, Musica da Camera found themselves in the much larger Elder Hall for the first of their subscription series concerts for 2005. Unfortunately, it was not even half-full, which gave a low-key feel to the afternoon that belied the quality of the guest artists - violinists Lucinda Moon and Ben Dollman and violist Anna Webb.

Lully's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* suite gave an opportunity to have all instrumentalists on stage for the opening of the concert, and the mini-orchestra was cohesive in its approach to the short, dance-like movements. Soprano Tessa Miller joined her colleagues for Rameau's cantata *Le berger fidèle*, in which she communicated the meaning of every phrase superbly and then Lynton Rivers gave a solid performance as soloist in Naudot's *Concerto in G major*. The guest violinists worked with

Rivers to produce a beautiful slow movement, which was only eclipsed in beauty by the following item, in which Moon and Dollman played the unaccompanied *Duo in B flat for two violins* by Leclair.

The duo, which began the second half of the concert, featured another gorgeous slow movement in which the violinists proved that they were truly on the same wavelength with their perfect balance and perfect phrasing. Another cantata by Rameau, *Zèphyre*, a shortened version of a one-act opera, closed the concert, but undoubtedly the highlights of the afternoon had been the violins when they had featured in the slow movements. Moon and Dollman, as concertmaster and principal second violin of the Australian Brandenburg Orchestra respectively, would be used to working with each other, and this showed in their sensitive playing.

If Musica da Camera plans to invite guests like these to perform with them, their concerts should certainly receive better attendances than this one did.

Benedict Coxon

VERDI'S

MACBETH



TEQUILA!

**HAVE YOU HUGGED
YOUR TOILET TODAY?**

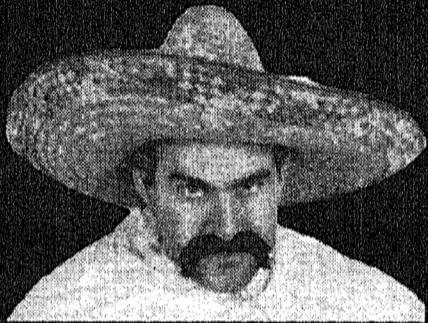
ATTENTION!!!

**Have you ever dreamed of
immortality? Do you want to
give your existence meaning?
Here's your chance.**

On Wednesday May 11, YOU can get yourself into the Guinness Book of Records by joining

**The World's Largest Tequila
Slammer (Mass Participation)**

on the Barr-Smith Lawns. A gold coin donation will benefit charity and get you into the history books. Presented by the Mexican Stereotype Club.



ABC's Mexican Feast for 4

ENTREE

**Filetes de Pescado Estilo Acapulco
(Acapulco-Style Fish Filets)**

This easy to prepare dish is perfect for a bbq and the single flavours are an enticing introduction to Mexican cuisine.

Ingredients:

- 4 firm-fleshed fish fillets, about 2 cm thick
- 1/3 cup tequila
- 1/3 cup fresh lime juice
- 2 cloves garlic, peeled and finely diced
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons olive oil
- 4 roma tomatoes, diced
- 1/2 white onion, peeled and finely chopped
- 1 jalapeño, seeded and finely chopped
- 4 tablespoons finely chopped cilantro

Directions:

Combine the tequila, lime juice, garlic, salt and olive oil. Pour mixture over fish and marinate for 1/2 hour, turning after 15 minutes. Combine the tomatoes, onion, jalapeño and cilantro and set aside. Heat the grill to high, or heat a small amount of olive oil in a pan. Sauté the fish for 3-4 minutes on each side, then boil the remaining marinade. Serve the fish with some of the marinade spooned over each piece and topped with the fresh salsa.

MAIN

Sopa Azteca (Tortilla Soup)

A filling main course, this soup is meant to be enjoyed like tacos, with each diner adding their own ingredients, such as sliced avocado, crumbled fetta cheese, cream or shredded meat. It can also be cooked with meat in the soup; about 1/2 kilo is plenty

Ingredients:

- 2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
- 1 white onion, chopped
- 3 roma tomatoes, chopped
- 1 jalapeño, seeded and finely chopped
- 2 tablespoons margarine
- 1 cup salsa
- 1 litre chicken stock
- 2 tsp Worcestershire Sauce
- 1/2 tsp white pepper
- 1 tsp sugar
- 1 tsp cumin

4 tortillas, cut into thin strips

Directions

Brown garlic, onion, tomatoes and jalapeño in a large pot with margarine. Add salsa, chicken stock, Worcestershire sauce, pepper, sugar, cumin and salt and simmer for 1 hour. Add tortillas to soup before serving. Other ingredients are added individually after serving (like tacos).

**Zanahorias Al Vapor con Vainilla
(Steamed Carrots with Vanilla)**

From the Cuetzalan area, this dish is traditionally wrapped in taro leaves; however, the dish may be successfully prepared using spinach leaves instead. The vanilla beans are what really give this dish flavour though, and make it a uniquely Mexican dish.

Ingredients:

- 2 kg baby carrots
- 4 vanilla beans, cut in half
- 8 large, outside spinach leaves
- 1/2 cup butter, cut into 8 pieces

Directions:

Divide the carrots into 8 equal portions and place each on a spinach leaf, along with slice of butter and half a vanilla bean. Roll each leaf into a parcel packet and tie them up with string. Steam them for 20-25 minutes, or until carrots are tender.

Arroz a la Mexicana - Mexican Rice

Ingredients:

- 1 cup Long grain white rice
- 2 tbs. Cooking oil
- 1 Tomato, coarsely chopped
- 1/3 Onion, coarsely chopped
- 2 Garlic cloves, peeled
- 2 cups Water
- 1 tsp Salt
- 1 small Carrot, shredded
- 1/2 Chile ancho
- 2 Cilantro sprigs
- 4 Chiles serranos
- 1/2 cup peas

Directions:

Place the rice in a pot, fill with very hot water from the tap and let it sit for 30 mins. Simmer garlic, onion and tomato in a separate pot with 1/3 cup of water for 30 mins. Drain the rice

and allow to dry for 15 minutes. Heat the oil in a pot over medium heat and add rice. Cook the rice, stirring constantly, until it is golden brown. While the rice is cooking, add the tomato mixture and turn the heat up. Stir the rice and tomato until nearly all the moisture has evaporated. Combine 1 2/3 cups water and salt and add to the rice. Add and stir in all the other ingredients except the peas. Simmer until liquid has evaporated, then add peas. Cover and cook an additional five minutes on the lowest possible heat. Allow to stand for 10 minutes before serving.

DESSERT

Dulce de Limón

(Candied Limes with Coconut Filling)

This recipe is easy to prepare and visually striking. They can also be served as a gift by placing a few of them in a small basket lined with a napkin.

Ingredients:

- 12 limes, very lightly grated (just barely- this releases oils from the rind cells)
- Cold water to cover
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 or 2 drops green food colouring (optional)

Preparation:

Cut the limes open at the stem end, scoop out the pulp and discard it. Place the hollowed-out limes in a pan, cover them with cold water, and bring slowly to the boil. Simmer for 20 minutes, drain, and repeat the process four more times. Combine 1 1/2 cups of water and sugar in a saucepan, bringing to a slow boil.

Cover and cook for 30 minutes until a thick syrup has formed. The fruit loses colour with the boiling, so food colouring can be added to make the finished product more attractive. Add the limes and continue boiling until all syrup is absorbed. Remove the limes from the saucepan and put them on a rack to dry.

For the coconut filling:**Ingredients:**

- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 1 cup shredded coconut (canned moist coconut is fine)
- 2 tablespoons butter

Directions:

Mix the water, sugar and salt in a saucepan, and stir over medium heat until the sugar is dissolved. Bring the mixture to a boil and cook covered over medium heat until the steam has washed down any sugar crystals that may have formed on the sides of the pan. Uncover and cook to the soft-ball stage (when a small quantity of the syrup, dropped into cold water, forms a ball which does not disintegrate.) Remove the syrup from the heat and stir in the coconut and the butter. When cool fill the limes with the mixture and place them on trays for the centres to dry.

Café de Olla (Sweet Cinnamon Coffee)

Traditionally served at wakes, this sweet beverage is also great for after dinner conversations.

Ingredients:

- 6 cups water
- 3 heaping teaspoons medium-grind coffee (not instant)
- 1 stick cinnamon
- 4 tbspn brown sugar, or to taste

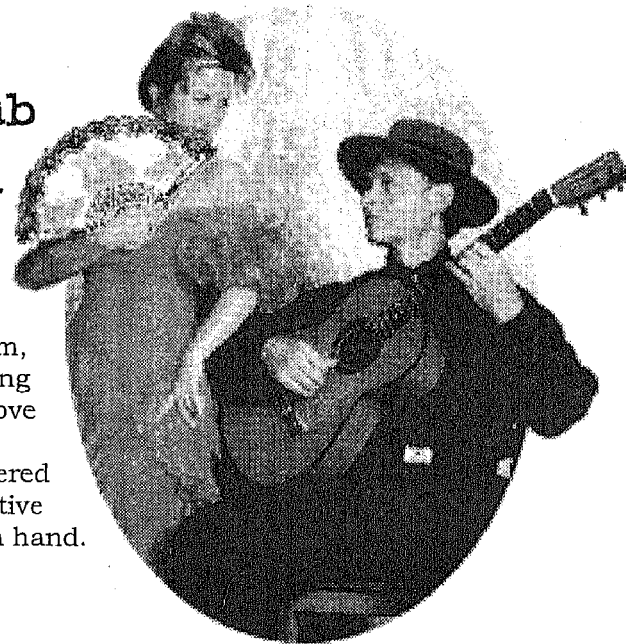
Preparation:

Bring the water to a boil, add ingredients and continue boiling for 30 seconds. Stir and strain into mugs.



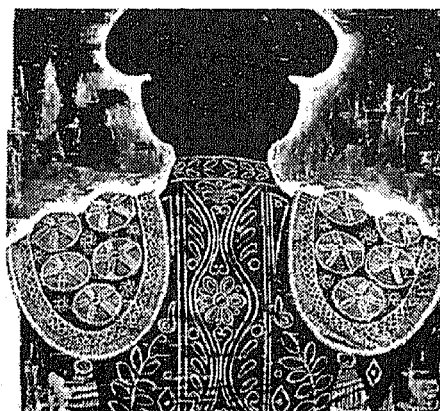
Spanish Club Conversation Group

Meets Friday 1:00 in the clubs common room, upstairs in the west wing of the cloisters, just above union information. All levels of spanish catered to, third years and native speakers there to lend a hand.



Spanish Club AGM

Friday 29 April, 2:00. Run for a position in the club executive, rally some spanish student friends to support your bid. Have a say as to what your club does.

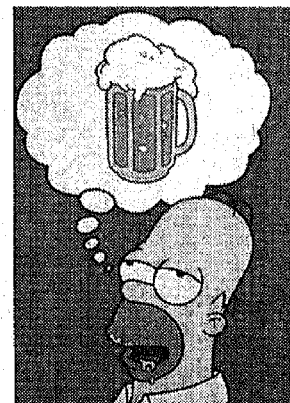


AUMaSS is having a BBQ!

Friday 6th May @ 12:30-2pm
Maths Lawns
Free to Members

The Adelaide Uni Stein Club

is having a Beer Appreciation Night on Thursday 19th May. Bookings are essential. Reach us at stein.club@adelaide.edu.au \$15 Members (non-members can join on the night)



Got Something to Sell or Promote?

the inside back page of *On Dit* is open to you! If you want to expand your club, sell some text books or rid yourself your material possessions in a Buddhist rejection of all attachments send us the text you want featured (at ondit@adelaide.edu.au) before the Wednesday of each weeks and you'll find it in *On Dit* the following Tuesday. You know it makes sense.





OKAY GUYS, LET'S
JUST KEEP PUSHING
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