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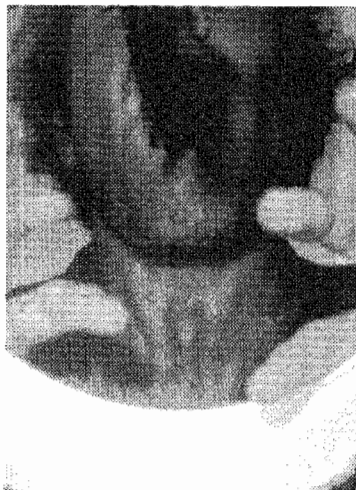
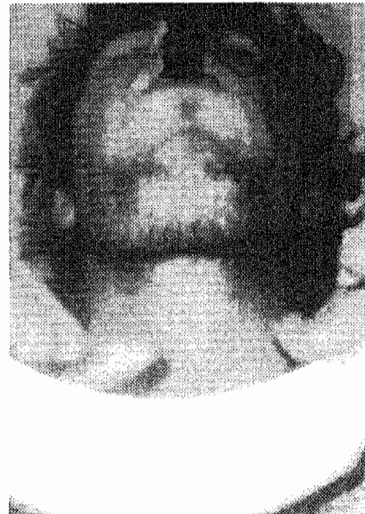
**FREE**  
VOLUME 73 NUMBER 9

# VACUITY

PROSH / DIET FRIENDS / MARINE LIFE / CANINE AFFAIRS /  
GIRLS WITH CRUSHES ON FICTIONAL CHARACTERS



Toilet Bowl Beer Blues/ How To Decorate A Trendy Street Mag. Dan J



**VOLUME 73  
NUMBER 9**

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dysfunctional facet  
of Adelaide Uni

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Ron's Condoms  
Because if it's not Ron, it's not On.



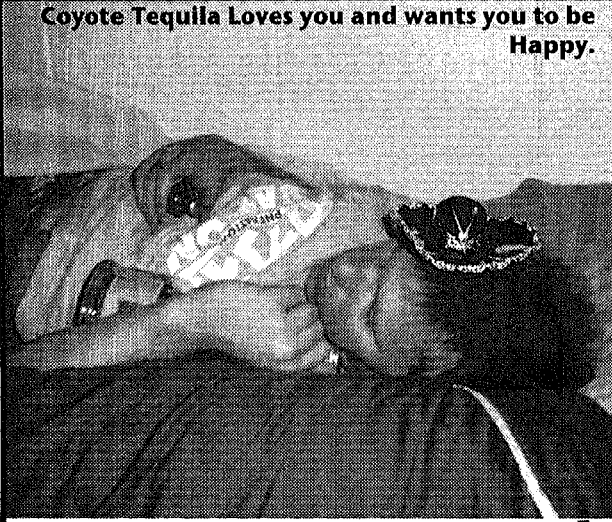
# Editorial

SO THIS IS IT. YOU WANTED MORE PANDORA. YOU wanted more 'funny stuff'. You wanted beer, tits, ass and the occasional act of vomit-centric humiliation. You know that there was already a filth monger out there if you bothered to gravitate towards the comfortably lowest common denominator. VICE magazine has been dropping little bundles of filth in our cafes and music stores for 2 years now but apparently it hasn't been enough. We've given up, and so, for our Prosh edition of *On Dit* 2005 you've got NICE magazine. Of course each year for Prosh, *On Dit* parodies publications from *Better Homes and Gardens* to *Dolly* to *The Advertiser*, this time we thought we'd lend some support to the local talent. I guess NICE magazine is kinda like how Hamlet was like, an insane man who thought he was sane just pretending to be insane, except replace the word insane with the word crap.

There's plenty of tits and ass with expletives smeared across the page yet in many ways its our nicest edition yet. There really nothing offensive or controversial. No new ideas, no politics aimed at changing your life or the status quo, nothing you haven't seen before in some form or other (albeit spread a little more sparingly) on your TV screen. No substance, just a tired tacked on obscenity here and there, like prophetic heat-withered carnations on smicky new prom dresses. You'll notice it's the VACUITY edition. There's a reason for that.

Please refrain from sending in complaints next week, we are aware of our policy on printing contentious material, just send all gripes to [stuff@viceaustralia.com](mailto:stuff@viceaustralia.com).

**Coyote Tequila Loves you and wants you to be Happy.**



**WHAT'S BETTER THAN ~~TEQUILA~~ LOTS OF ~~TEQUILA~~, THAT'S WHAT. IF YOU WANT TO DRINK MORE ~~TEQUILA~~ THAN THE AVERAGE MEXICAN SWEATSHOP WORKER SEES IN THEIR LIFETIME (ENOUGH ~~TEQUILA~~ TO GET INTO THE GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS, TO BE EXACT), BE AT THE BARR SMITH LAWNS ON WEDNESDAY FROM 12:30 TILL ABOUT 1:30. ENTERTAINMENT WILL BE PROVIDED BY CLUB SALSA AND A GOLD COIN DONATION WILL GO TO OXFAM, SO YOU CAN FEEL ALL WARM AND FUZZY ABOUT THOSE MEXICAN SWEATSHOP WORKERS. OR MAYBE THAT'S JUST THE ~~TEQUILA~~ WHATEVER, JUST BE THERE.**



**FOUNDERS** Clementine Ford, Daniel Joyce & Danny Wills

**PUBLISHER** The Students' Association of Adelaide Uni

**FOUNDING FATHER** Dashiell Robson Filchett III

**EDITORS** Wolfgang Hackman, Death Rock Boy & Audrey Hefferneggar

**ADVERTISING** Melissa Fisher

**FILM EDITORS** Lauren Young, Sophie Plagakis

**MUSIC EDITORS** Ben Vistoli, Jenn Soggee

**FOOD EDITORS** Alexis Buxton Collins, Ben Campbell

**OPINION EDITOR** Nerissa Schwarz

**NEWS EDITORS** Nick Parkin, Alexander Solomon Bridge

**PERFORMING ARTS EDITOR** Benedict Coxon

**VISUAL ARTS EDITOR** Leo Greenfield

**LAYOUT** Big Fat Wilko

**WORDS** ABC, Tristan Mahoney, Nick Parkin, Alex Solomon Bridge, Clementine Ford, Daniel Joyce, Wolfgang Hackman, Stavroula, Soph, Lucky L, Rach, Jo B, Michael Allen, James Cameron, Lavinia Emmet-Grey

**PHOTOS** Google Images, Death Rock Boy's camera

**COPY EDITOR** Alexis Buxton Collins

**OFFICE BUNNY** Nerissa Schwarz

## **NICE AUSTRALIA**

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Phone 618 8303 5404

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# Employees Of The Month



## STANLEY

Why walk around with a phallic symbol when you can just walk around with a gigantic phallus? Eventually we'll just find a sentient knob, but for now this is the guy we turn to for captions if that picture of the girl with the "Got Jizz" t-shirt turns up.



## STEPHANIE

Stephanie is that girl we all wanted to be in high school but didn't realise it at the time because we were so busy wanting to be the leggy blonde who gave blow jobs out at parties and had appeared once in *Girlfriend* magazine. Sweet victory for her now then that she represents everything we want to be close to in every way possible. Peace baby.

## MARLON

All we know about this guy is the cartoons he slips under our door at 3 in the morning. They are the portraits of our lives, street mags in general and especially this publication. This one is being engraved on our tombstones:



An Australian Government Initiative

## CORPORATE SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY ESSAY COMPETITION

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For all the details and the essay topics, log on to:

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**BROWN NOSING THE BOX**

Dear Eds,

Good to see Pandora's Box is back, the lovely Lavinia sure knows how to write informative, honest and bloody funny articles. Her piece 'Heartbreak Hotel' is a classic. Double whatever you're paying her, lest some other mag poaches her.

DEREK

**PANDORA GETS A TONGUE LASHING**

Dear Eds,

I have often heard my feminist women friends pose the question, "what can we do to get more men involved in the struggle for gender equality?". May I suggest an idea? In my humble opinion, it might be useful to start by trying to avoid the use of misandry (misandry - man-hating or man-bashing - is the male version of misogyny).

Lavinia Emmet-Gray's article 'Learn How to Speak the International Language' (*On Dit* 73.7) is a great example of what not to do. Her article seemed to be primarily addressed to the male reader and, while humorous and entertaining, offered genuine tips on improving one's cunnilingus techniques. However, by resorting to misandrist language such as "you're probably more interesting [giving her head] than you are in conversation", "this is not considered multi-tasking, so you should be able to pull it off" and "there's a reason for that, you fuck stick", she risks insulting her target audience and turning them off altogether. (To make my point clearer, imagine an article on "how to give your boyfriend good head" that told the female reader "there's a reason for that, you fuck hole" - sound just a little bit misogynist to you?).

Of course, it's tempting to reply, "yeah, but women have had to put up with centuries of misogyny, so it's about time men got a taste of their own medicine". That approach might feel really good - it might let off anger and make one feel empowered - but it's probably the least constructive approach to gender relations I can think of (like the appallingly violent and misogynist approach of some men's groups, like the "Black Shirts").

Now please excuse me while I go and practise some "minty goodness" on my girlfriend...

All the best,

GREG

**BOXING ON WITH LAVINIA**

Dearest wise Eds,

Pandora's Box is boring sack of whinge. Forced to read the aforementioned column on train ride through the northern suburbs this week, I was struck by the self-indulgent factor of this drivel, and concluded that it's nothing more than a dear diary situation. Perhaps the student body would like to hear my erotic true stories, featuring foot fetishists, golden showers and tantra. Let me know!

MS M.

**The main reason we keep publishing Pandora is because pasty faced geekburgers harass us daily with fan mail because secretly they're all virgins and wouldn't know a fuck if it came up and fucked them up their fuck hole. Meanwhile, the second I want to read about golden showers, I'll shoot myself in the head with the baloon gun featured on page eight to remind myself how insanely fucked up that is.**

**UNITED IN FRUSTRATION**Dear *On Dit*,

I picked up a copy of your latest edition on education. I full well expected to have some attempt at indoctrination made by the Union. I even expected a little exaggeration on their part. But what I did not expect was blatant and fairly obvious exaggeration. Have they been brought so low as to not remember the correct mixture of truth and exaggeration needed to make an audience ACTUALLY believe what is being said to them? To explain what i mean; in an ad that was in *On Dit* there was a list of how much extra we could expect to pay if VSU came in. Two things in there struck me as very wrong, and they claimed to have done research on this! Paying \$1/min for legal advise is \$60 an hour. If a student couldn't find somewhere giving the advice for half that I would be muchly surprised. Secondly, and this is the clincher, the amount they say our gym memberships would cost. They say that it would be \$30 extra a week. Even a flat fee of 30 bucks a week for 52 weeks = \$1,560. That's supposedly based on current commercial rates, and that's just the "extra" we'd be paying. Even Next Gen only charges a bit below \$1000 a year for membership and that's probably the fanciest and most expensive gym you'll find in Adelaide. Even with a hefty discount for buying a yearly membership it'd be what? A minimum of \$1000? And the worse part is, there's no way our uni gym stands up as a commercial gym. It's tiny. It has no pool, saunas or spas. It has 4 treadmills for crying out loud. How many commercial gyms do you know with just 4 treadmills? It's impossible to get in a decent workout if you go in during about 10-4 because it's so small, has a limited number of machines and is so busy. Is this what the union has come to? Stooping so low as to try and pass our tiny little sports hub off as the biggest, best, and worth the most to go to gym? It's more than just a little disappointing.

MIRANDA

**In the 24 hour computing suites, it says 'Under VSU, this service wouldn't exist'. Brendan Nelson is going to personally haul every university in Australia's computers out on their ass and melt them down to make toilet seats for Parliament House so they can read sports mags while taking a long crap on our property.**

**THIEVING MOTHERFUCKERS**

Dear Eds,

I left my bike at uni the other night and some fuckarse stole my helmet and my bike light. Fuck you fuckarse! That light cost a lot of money and I'd already stolen that helmet from a friend of mine (which isn't really stealing because he got his bike stolen last year, probably from one of your thieving friends you assbreath). What the fuck is wrong with people? You can't even leave a bike on university property without some shitbrain putting their grubby little paws all over it and stealing expensive necessities? If I get run over by some drunk asshole because he couldn't see my invisible light and my head splatters on the pavement like a juicy ripe watermelon because my invisible helmet didn't work properly, I'm going to ask God to show me who you are so I can give you a good haunting for the next fifty years till you go crazy. Stealing is for junkies and 12 year olds. Fuck you, penis face, I fucking hate you to death!

CLEMENTINE

## UH OH

Dear Editors,

The cover for your previous edition (Multicultural #7) was apparently a satire on cultural fear, the 'Yellow Peril'. However the cartoon of the Japanese man is reminiscent of cartoons used in the White Australia Policy of years gone by and a Jerry Lewis skit with him imitating a Chinese person and repeatedly saying "Ah-So Ah-So".

The message is that it is baseless fear, but for those who just see the cover without explanation will interpret it quite differently. Initially it didn't strike me as racist until further investigation and feedback from people who've read the issue.

While there was no intention to offend, it has clearly struck a nerve among a significant proportion of readers. On hindsight, perhaps there needs to be better communication with the university community. It seems to be a case of good intentions going wrong - a mistake that we can all learn from. After all who doesn't make mistakes?

Yours sincerely,

LEO CHEONG  
OSA President

**Point taken. As a result, this week we've decided to tone it down considerably.**

## BEATING UP ON AN OLD MAN

Dear Ed's,

Why do people continue to attack the Church's teachings. The reality is that if people abstained from sex before marriage then we would not have the enormous problem of AIDS or other STD's we face today.

JEROME APPELBY

**We received a few letters this week harping on the same point and I'm sorry I omitted dealing with it in edition 7. While the main focus of my article was intended to be the misrepresentation of Africans in the Vatican, the role the Vatican has played in the spread of AIDS in Africa is an important and complicated issue I didn't pay the appropriate amount of time to. It is true that if ALL Catholics in the Third World followed the scripture with complete dogmatic devotion there would not be such a huge problem with STDs but the practicality is far different. Abstinence from pre-marital sex and extra-marital sex is only guaranteed to prevent the spread of STDs when both parties abstain. It holds no guarantee however for the individual whose spouse does not abstain and does not take into account that there are other ways to contract AIDS than from promiscuous sex. The Vatican also shows no consideration for the huge problem that overpopulation is causing in the Third World which could be stemmed by removing contraceptives from the banned list (but we're no longer debating scripture are we). Thanks for your diligence; I hope this answers your objections.**

DANNY

## SUBMIT YOUR OPINIONS, YOU FILTHY CONSERVATIVES

Thomas Dawkins thinks that *On Dit* is 44 pages of lefty propaganda that doesn't represent the opinions and wants of the general student population.

How then, does he suppose that *On Dit* should go about

rectifying the situation? Perhaps they could put in ads asking for contributions. (Wait a minute...) Perhaps they could have a Letters to the Editors section which openly invites criticism. (Now that sounds familiar). Perhaps even the Opinion sub-editor might go so far as to address every table in the Hughes Plaza in O' Week as to whether they'd like to contribute this year? Hang on a minute... I did do that. And I happen to recall distinctly a conversation had between myself and the Liberals' table:

Me: Hil I'm opinion sub-editor for *On Dit* this year and I'm just interested in recruiting people from some of the different clubs to write for *On Dit* this year. Would anyone from your club be interested in contributing?

Them: Ummm, I dunno...

Me: Right... Can I just leave my email address for you to pass on to people who might be interested?

Them: Ummm, one member already writes for *On Dit*.

Me: Ok... Is that a no then?

*On Dit* is a student newspaper open to a variety of viewpoints. Regardless of the fact that the editors and sub-editors have their own opinions (and who said they weren't allowed to), what gets printed mirrors pretty well WHAT GETS CONTRIBUTED! And if that happens to be the opinions of a vocal minority on campus, that's not exactly a problem that *On Dit* has the power (or responsibility) of solving. I ask myself, did Thomas Dawkins actually send a contribution that was rejected? Or does he simply presuppose that such a thing would happen if he did?

So, just to clear up any misconceptions: I hereby invite any and all students to send their opinion pieces to me at [onditopinion@yahoo.com.au](mailto:onditopinion@yahoo.com.au). Be you: man, woman, child, lefty, righty, neo-con, feral, fascist, queer, straight, environmentalist, feminist, racist, sexist, bigot, saint, sinner, pro-life, pro-choice, giver, taker, lover, hater, optimist, pessimist, pragmatist, idealist, realist - send us your opinions!

And that includes you Thomas Dawkins...

NERISSA SCHWARZ

Opinion Sub-ed 2005

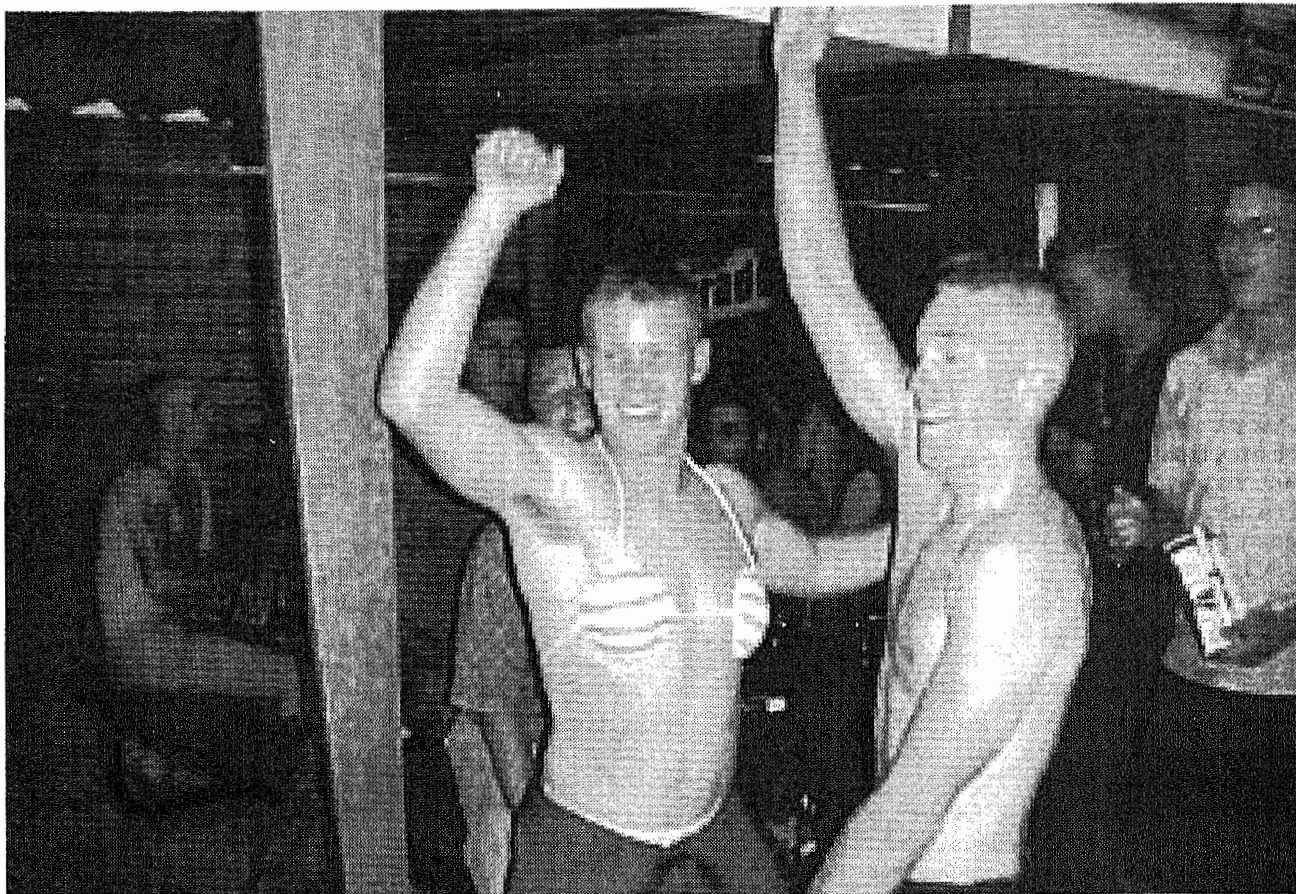
Now Nerissa, if anything Thomas Dawkins should be pitied for his poor understanding of what propaganda actually is. Funny, considering he's in love with a political party grateful to one of the best propagandists out. Lynton Crosby is so good at spinning shit if a circus troupe specialising in shit manipulation came to town, they'd donate all their own shit just to see how beautifully Crosby could make it spin in the air.

## SIMPLISTIC AND UNINFORMED

Bill Priest's letter "All or Nothing" (Edition 8) was an interesting read. It was good in that it at least supports Christians drawing on the Bible as their source of authority. Unfortunately, his understanding of Old Testament Theology appears to be the same as my understanding of the reproductive system of the camel - amusing, but ultimately simplistic and uninformed.

If Bill would care to look further into this topic, there are any number of books and courses I can refer him to (the EU even ran a conference covering this topic last year).

Regards,  
SAM COHEN



## LOOSE VAGINAS MAKE ME GAG

### & Other Witticisms From the Mouths of Babes

I WAS SITTING THERE, MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS at a midnight Okinawan soba house watching the jigger Oki girls walk past in their braids and basketball vests when these two jarheads invited themselves to sit at my table. Why not? I had nothing better going on. What followed was a two hour insight into the inner workings of a military machine that had me clawing at the hastily erected aluminium walls of the soba bar.

Kym and Phil were grunts over at Camp Foster and wasted no time telling me about their solid allegiance to the US military. Kym lectured me on the importance of a woman maintaining her chastity while Phil tried to put his hand up my skirt. Apparently it's important for a dude to get his end in with as many chicks as he can find because it gives him the experience to know how to please women. Luckily, a girl doesn't have to do much except lie there and take it, but not by too many cockmonsters because too much frenzied penile thrusting is liable to make her loose. And everyone knows a loose pussy is no good for anybody except a Catholic mama with twelve kids and a husband whose jizz is so sharp shooting it can lock and load its target faster than a dirty pervert at an underage modelling convention.

I explained to Kym that even if Suzy Highschool fucked a different footballer every week for a year, she would still have been slammed less than the little shy goth girl who's been with her metal loving boy six months and contorts herself into all manner of positions after school behind the bike sheds. Not to mention the fact that a guy with 360 notches on his bedpost potentially still views the clitoris as an obscure band of tribal warriors living on the arctic frontier of Greenland.

Kym rallied the conversation back to his court by telling me how much he loved guns and how every person in the world deserved to own one to protect their property.

"I don't care who it is," he said. "If some fucker comes into my house uninvited I will shoot him once in the head and twice in the fucking heart."

Man, fuckwits like that make me so mad. Almost as mad as the jerkoff I met later on who told me having "hoe-moe sexuals in the military makes a laughing stock out of American foreign policy". Like, somehow the negative international attitude towards America's foreign relations stems from an inbuilt revulsion to fags rather than annoyance that the world economy is being dictated by a trigger happy cowboy with a third grade reading level. This guy was so secretly turned on by polesmoking he was basically a fifteen year old girl with no daddy and a self esteem basin lower than the Murray. I bet when he dies he wants to come back as one of those fairground clowns that swings around with its mouth open waiting for any old bruiser to take a pot shot at.

CLEMENTINE FORD





*Five and Dime*

ATHLETIC FOOTWEAR - NEW FOR 2005 AT SELECT STOCKISTS



## THE MCGEE DECISION WHO IS TO BLAME?

...And Justice For None

JUDGING BY THE ALWAYS ENTERTAINING LETTERS to the Editor in *The Advertiser* last week, it appears as if the South Australian public no longer holds any shred of faith in our legal system. Whatever notions of 'justice' South Australians held in the wake of the infamous Nemer trial now seem to be well and truly shattered and, really, who can blame them?

Last week saw prominent SA lawyer, Eugene McGee, get released from court with little more than an expensive slap on the wrist. This is despite McGee being responsible for the death of cyclist Ian Humphrey on 30 November, 2003. More to the point however, this is despite McGee freely admitting in court that he failed to stop and assist Humphrey once he had collided with him, and, perhaps even more disturbingly,

that he had waited a total of six hours before giving himself up to police (by which time the "four or five glasses of wine" that he had consumed prior to the incident were well and truly out of his system).

The majority of South Australians seem to find the leniency of this decision appalling, and, on the face of it, rightly so.

However, people need to be careful about whom they are blaming for this apparent "abuse of justice". Most fingers seem to be pointing at the court system itself, with Chief Judge of the District Court Terry Worthington, who handed down the light sentence, receiving the most criticism.

However, it needs to be understood that Judge Worthington has done nothing wrong under the circumstances. He was only following the law.

This is because, two weeks ago, a jury acquitted McGee of the more serious charge of causing death by dangerous driving, and, instead, convicted him of the lesser offence of driving without due care. This lesser offence, while still carrying a maximum sentence of one year in prison, specifically states that imprisonment can only be used by the court as a last resort.

Considering Judge Worthington heard evidence that

the collision was purely accidental, and, furthermore, that McGee did not stop to help Humphrey because he was suffering psychiatric distress. Clearly, then, there appears to be adequate reasons for why imprisonment would not constitute 'a last resort' under these circumstances.

However, people should not start blaming the jury for making a 'bad' decision in this case either. The role of the jury in our legal system is to ascribe guilt based upon the evidence that is presented before them. If a jury gives a unanimous verdict of not guilty, based upon this evidence, then this can be the only correct decision. This is how our judicial system works; a trial by one's own peers.

So, then, who is responsible for this apparent miscarriage of justice? Despite dummy-spits by our Premier regarding "mullet-headed" lawyers, not even McGee's defence team can be held accountable for the poor decision. They were merely doing their job, that is, presenting McGee's side of the argument.

In fact, it was not the legal system at all that was at fault in the McGee trial; rather it was the evidence that was presented to the jury, or to be more accurate, it was the prosecution, who were responsible for presenting the evidence to the jury.

Since the outcome of this trial last week, it has come to light that a number of stark deficiencies were apparent in the prosecution's case, deficiencies that could have led to the jury's finding of not guilty.

First, there is the fact that McGee was never breath tested for alcohol, not even when he gave himself up to police six hours after the accident. This meant that proof of McGee's blood alcohol reading could never have been brought to trial.

Secondly, two key witnesses in the case, Tony and John Zisimou, who claim to have seen McGee "driving like a maniac" before the crash, were never given the opportunity to appear in court. They were told by prosecutors, on the day they were due to give evidence, that they were "no longer needed".

**THE MAJORITY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIANS SEEM TO FIND THE LENIENCY OF THIS DECISION APPALING, AND, IN THE FACE OF IT, RIGHTLY SO.**

Thirdly, and perhaps most importantly, the prosecution failed to bring in any expert psychiatric evidence to rebut the defence claims that McGee was suffering a 'dissociative' state at the time of the accident. This argument from the defence, more than anything else, was probably the biggest influence in the jury's decision.

Thus, serious deficiencies existed in the prosecution case, and questions are obviously being raised concerning the level of competency and funding that the public prosecutor is currently receiving. This is not to mention more serious allegations of possible malpractice and corruption, involving not only the lawyers involved, but also the police force, both of whom had a past working relationship with McGee.

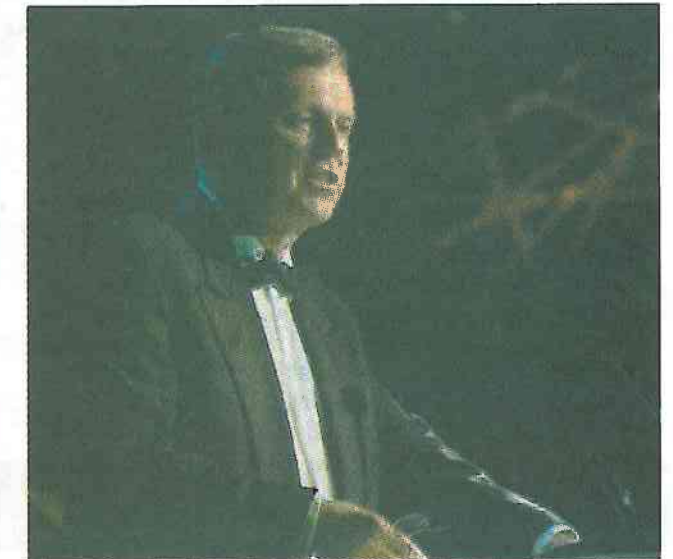
However, it should also be noted that it is not only prosecutors who are at fault here; the state government must also take some share of the blame. Why? Because a possible reason for why the prosecution did not provide rebuttal evidence against McGee's psychiatric defence is because it was quite literally sprung upon them; McGee's lawyers only gave the required 24 hours notice to the court that they would be using psychiatric evidence.

Former DDP Paul Rofe, QC, claims that his office warned the government years ago about the inadequacy of the psychiatric defence rules. In fact, the government even accepted this warning, yet nothing ever became of it.

It is another demonstration of the reactive methods our government adheres to when being 'tough on law and order'. It seems as if problems will only be fixed when there is front-page *Advertiser* coverage, and thus, sufficient electoral returns, to make action worthwhile.

Hopefully the recently announced Royal Commission into this case can get to the bottom of all this controversy, and determine what went wrong and why. While expensive, it is necessary to restore public confidence in the judicial process of South Australia, first weakened by Nemer, now shattered by McGee.

NICK PARKIN





## I ♥ BROODY DRUNKS

### The Gothic Lure of an Abusive Fictional Demon and Why I Wish My Name Was Cathy.

"...MISERY, AND DEGRADATION, AND DEATH, AND nothing that God or Satan could inflict would have parted us..."

The above quote came to mind one Friday night as I sat on a swing outside the Glandore Community Centre while the Uni SA Ultimate Frisbee Club launched their 2005 Season frisbee (don't ask, I have no idea how these things happen - life's just random I guess). My delicious best friend and I sat there in the darkness, illuminated only by the glow of my cigarette (please don't tell my mother) and the lights from the bingo hall opposite. Jenny and I swung there, dressed in stunning evening wear - occasionally I try to wear something not originating from Supre - passing a Diet Coke can spiked with 12 year old Chivas Regal and talking about our abysmal love lives.

In 1847, a year before her death at the age of thirty, I think Emily Bronte was feeling the same thing - in fact, I feel such a kinship with this beautiful author that I'm sure she too sat

on children's play equipment late at night drinking Scotch Whiskey. Why else would a single woman, living isolated on the moors of Yorkshire, be inspired to write the great romantic work that is *Wuthering Heights*? She was a well educated, passionate woman who, with her sisters Charlotte and Anne, managed to defy the patriarchal constructs of the world she lived in and become part of the great canon of English literature. But what inspired *Wuthering Heights* and why did she create the dark, brooding Heathcliff? For the same reason I feel the need to write angst-ridden, glorified blogs in *On Dit* - because the pool of available, eligible men is rather stagnant.

I first read *Wuthering Heights* in year twelve for English. My teacher, a very obnoxious European man going through a mid life crisis, imagined himself to be a bit of a Heathcliff character. He seemed to think that being a moody, chauvinistic pig made him a great romantic hero; instead it just made him an irritating twat. However it didn't stop the book from becoming one of my great favourites. For the poor and uninitiated, *Wuthering Heights* tells the ill-fated love story of the upwardly mobile Catherine Earnshaw and the orphaned gypsy-boy, Heathcliff. They both marry other people and in a twisted cycle of jealousy and revenge, they destroy themselves and everyone around them - kind of like Buffy and Angel, except in corsets and without Joss Whedon's sublime one liners.

"I wish I could hold you...till we were both dead."

What always captured my passion about this novel is the hero, Heathcliff. He's swarthy, rude and cruel, but he loves with such extraordinary desperation that it takes my breath away. Someone once said to me that most people want like a candle flame - their desire flickers and fades - but that I want like a forest fire. That's where I get Heathcliff... and also where I seem to screw up with the opposite sex so much. So I guess this is the part of the story where I tell you about the boy I wanted, who nearly got his fingers singed when he came too close.

We met late last year in the UniBar; our mutual friend drove us both home and I remember him saying that first night: "I love this girl". If only he had. He's a charmer, a great friend, the most terrible flirt and a horrendous dresser, but somehow the combination works. He's seen me far too many times with eyeliner embedded under my eyes and alcohol running through my veins, but he deals with it well, sitting me on his lap and cuddling me like a big kid. It's very hard for people to find him anything but endearing, but there's a barely concealed vulnerability and shyness that's just as enamouring. With a terrible inevitability (God, that phrase seems so apt for so much of my life), one evening while stumbling from The Hyatt to the Crazy Horse, we ended up going home together.

It was a big mistake. I mean, it was good, but casual sex is best done casually and, sadly, I had never really felt casual about him. I wish I had the restraint to perhaps act in both our best interests, but I think of men the way I think of food; I either eat nothing, or I'm a total glutton. My life is lived in extremes; I don't do middle ground. He once said to me, albeit drunkenly, that he would never sleep with me unless he really cared about me. I'm at a point in my life where I've considered trying a different kind of relationship with a man. I either treat them as walking, talking (although less talk is better) vibrators, or they're like big brothers who I'd rather receive a wedgie from than a head job. Despite being the

savvy, world-wise sex columnist and SAUA Sexuality Officer, I'm utterly naive about love. I thought that when there was sexual attraction, friendship and that element of spark, then there might be the basis of something there. This isn't intended to be vitriol against the lad; I could have entirely over-read what was there. But as my darling Jennifer (my exquisite Senorita - please don't be sad; you're too beautiful) and I sunk our heels into the bark chips, while my young man wrapped his arms around the waist of another girl, we started to postulate some ego boosting theories - men deal with relationship pain by drinking; women analyse.

*"My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath - a source of little visible delight, but necessary...I am Heathcliff - he's always, always in my mind - not as a pleasure, any more than I am a pleasure to myself - but as my own being"*

I love and care like a Heathcliff: desperately and totally. Jen keeps telling me that I'll never find a man who can return that intensity in this country (the apathy of Australia bleeds into every part of our lives), but I wonder if even a fiery Latin lover or a sensual Soviet would be able to keep up. Maybe I'm looking in the wrong places; perhaps The Exchange or P J O'Briens are not really the font of romantic heroes that I might hope them to be. What I'm afraid of is that I may never find someone brave

enough to risk being close to me... it's hard enough to risk caring for someone. I'm not like the girl he was last holding; I'm not nice or pretty or inoffensive or cute. I would be a terrible girlfriend; my boyfriend would always be worried that I was cheating, what catastrophe was about to happen next or where I'd wandered to after downing four tequilas, six cowboys and two bourbons in half an hour at The Elephant. Apparently I am like the Lethal Weapon Ride at Movieworld on the Gold Coast; you can't eat a hotdog before taking the ride and only those with strong stomachs and a sense of daring will be up for it.

LAVINIA EMMET-GREY

**But what inspired Wuthering Heights, why did she create the dark, brooding Heathcliff? For the same reason I feel the need to write angst-ridden, glorified blogs in On Dit - because the pool of available, eligible men is rather stagnant.**

**Mayo- 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. Go and visit our sandwich artists for lunch today!

**Café Boss – Super Meal Deal**  
- Available for a limited time  
Gourmet baguette + JuiceBAR 250ml + Yoplait yoghurt  
Special price \$9.00 (Saving up to \$2.40)

**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.

**Winners of the SPRITE ZERO CD Competition**  
The following are the lucky winners of a CD Voucher for Unirecords to the value of \$300!  
Jakub Gwizdowski, Laura Mogio, Rob Wood  
Paul Herbert, David Ambrose  
Congratulations and thanks for trying the new Sprite Zero!

**Recipe from our Executive Chef**  
Living out of home and looking for an alternative meal suggestion? Our Executive Chef, Alan Logan, will bring you regular recipes to try at home.

**Moroccan Vegetables with Cous Cous and Yoghurt**  
(serves 4)

1/2 an Eggplant  
1/2 Zucchini  
1/2 Red Capsicum  
1/2 onion  
1 clove garlic  
1 teaspoon of mustard seeds  
2 teaspoons of Moroccan spice mix  
Olive oil

Cut vegetables into a large Dice sprinkle with spices and salt and drizzle a generous jug of olive oil mix and roast in a moderate oven (160-170 degrees c) for 35 minutes

1 cup of Cous cous  
pinch of saffron or turmeric for colour  
pinch of salt  
drizzle of olive oil

Put cous cous in a bowl pour one cup of boiling water mixed with saffron over cous cous and let stand for 5 minutes season with salt and "fluff" with a fork. the olive oil is optional and may be replaced with a knob of butter or omitted all together but it will help to keep the grains from clumping together.

150 grams of natural yoghurt  
few mint leaves

Roughly chop mint and mix with yoghurt

To assemble, fork couscous into centre of plate place a spoonful of veges on top and drizzle with yoghurt.



Last week *On Dit* made a number of criticisms about the Students' Association and how it's been fighting VSU. They mocked us for the slogans and rhetoric that we use. But as if putting up stickers that say "VSU silences students" is all we do, or that silly slogans and rhetoric like this is representative of the in-depth understanding we have of the issue. Is it insulting to tell students this? To refer to everything as "your money" and "your Students Association". I don't think so, especially since it's not all we do. We're fighting VSU here, we're trying to ensure the survival of students control of student affairs, and students having their own strong voice, because these are seriously at threat under any form of VSU. At the end of this year I want to be able to say that I tried every single possible thing to stop, delay and change the VSU legislation. Mock us for this if you wish, but why not provide some constructive criticism about what we should be doing?

Also last week they said "*On Dit* has become a combatant in a fight it has no interest in being involved in". I agree with this as the SAUA is involved in a fight it has no interest in fighting as well. I'd much rather be fighting for changes to student income support laws, but I'm not, instead I'm fighting for the right for students to have that fight in the future. We are all fighting VSU, and none of us in the student union have the luxury of not being involved, because if we're not, we may not exist next year.

*On Dit* also questioned whether SAUA Council should be so presumptuous so as to make decisions on behalf of the student populace, even though they were elected on less than 15% of the population? Interesting question, I'd answer fuck yes! If SAUA Council can't make decisions on behalf of students then what does it exist for? How are the *On Dit* Editors (and their editorials) any more representative of



Dear all,

The cast of *The Vagina Monologues* and I would like to thank everyone who supported our three kick-ass, sold-out shows last week. It was an incredible exploratory journey for us, and we are thrilled to receive so much good feedback from women and men who have seen the play and said it

students views than any other OB's? They are not, and the number of people who elected all of us isn't the issue. The majority of American's didn't vote for Bush the first time, by either voting for the other guy, or not voting at all, but we all still accept that result.

The issue isn't as seems to be raised again, and again [sic] about the editorial independence of *On Dit*. It's about *On Dit* participating in the fight against VSU, which means it actually tells its members when there is an event on. Pretty bloody simple really. I think that it was a travesty that the Editors refused to inform students that there was an event on, and that it was the make some noise festival to celebrate universal student unionism. In the past *On Dit* has included promotion for the NDAs, and rightfully so, the newspaper is there to inform. No one is saying that *On Dit* had to support the event editorially, it could have criticised it or supported it, but it had an obligation to inform its readers that it was on.

The editors stated that "we should be as critical of the SAUA's control over *On Dit* as Murdoch's control over Fox". This isn't about control, yet by reneging on their obligation to inform, we should be as concerned about *On Dit*'s apathy towards impartially covering the events of the Students Association as much as we should be concerned about Fox News' claims to being fair and balanced.

So what should we do? The only conclusion I can come to is that we must be doing something right if *On Dit*'s getting antsy.

DAVID PEARSON  
SAUA PRESIDENT

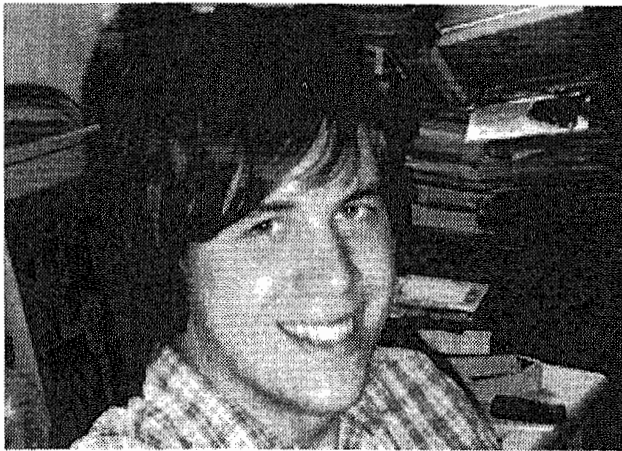
**Dude, this is so far from making sense it's basically making negative sense, which is three steps away from actually being George Bush rather than just comparing yourself to him. Meanwhile, the last time stickers were cool was when I was eight and they had My Little Pony on them. -Eds**

**The quote "*On Dit* has become a combatant in a fight it has no interest in being involved in" was not intended to refer to the VSU debate specifically but rather the broad opposition adopted by the SAUA toward *On Dit*. We welcome, and are open to, the SAUA's influence but ask for respect for the decisions we make in our professional capacity - Danny**

has transformed their ideas and inspired them to re-think their lives. There is no more touching reward than that.

I am also pleased to announce that TVM has raised several thousand dollars for women's organisations that include the local Catherine House and The Fistula Foundation in Ethiopia. I applaud the strength and humour of the women and men in our production team, and appreciate the sincerity with which the audience has responded. I hope that *The Vagina Monologues* can be adopted as an annual event, with or without VSU, and produced by a different group of uni women every year - so that these words can continue to touch people's lives through their honesty, courage and passion.

MEL PURCELL  
WOMEN'S OFFICER



Hello and welcome to Prosh 2005! This week is all about having some fun and raising some money for charity at the same time. Hopefully you'll enjoy some of the pranks and events we've put on for you enough to part with some cash to donate to Oxfam Australia, this year's nominated Prosh charity.

Some pranks are designed to raise money, others are put on just for the craziness of it. Traditionally the muck-up week for Uni students, Prosh has seen its fair share of pranks over the last one hundred years.

If there is one thing you can not miss this week it is the world record attempt for the longest tequila shooter line. We need 1,050 people to break the Guinness Record currently held by Macquarie University in NSW. Coyote Tequila have kindly donated most of the grog for this free event so much kudus goes out to them. Come down to the Barr Smith Lawns on Wednesday from 12.30 and immortalise yourself.

We'll be collecting money for Oxfam throughout the week, selling raffle tickets and cooking BBQs to support people living in the third world. Another event of interest is Prosh After-Dark with DJ Ant playing in the Unibar till late.

Lastly, I'd like to encourage you to participate in the Prosh parade, where we will run and drive through the streets of Adelaide collecting money from the general public. Some local celebrities are hinted at coming along too!

Before I go however, I'd like to address some of the young Liberals who have said that Prosh will cost \$7,000. As I write this on Saturday evening Prosh has only spent two grand, which is double its usual budget for any given year but not unjustified given that this is the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Prosh. We were allowed to spend nearly double that amount but refrained from doing so as it was not required.

Even if we raised only \$1000 Prosh will have been a success for students and Oxfam. All of the money that has been spent has gone towards the entertainment of students and all the profit and promotion goes to Oxfam. I hope Adelaide Uni students can raise a lot more than that but in any case, let's enjoy the week ahead and spend some time considering the plight of the less fortunate.

MATTHEW WALTON  
ACTIVITIES OFFICER

It has come to our attention that many of our fellow University of Adelaide students have no idea about the state of our own state, yes that's right, not many of you know what the word on the street is, especially when it comes to our wonderful rivers and waterways. The Murray River drains about an area that same size of France and Spain put together and that it sources its water from four states, including our very own capital<sup>1</sup>. The river in SA provides us with 45% and 90% of its reticulated waters<sup>1</sup>. Due to the extraction of water from the Murray for human use the river has changed significantly over the past 100 years. There are lots of things wrong with the Murray but the major issue is typical flows have been reduced to about three-quarters<sup>1</sup>. Because of this by the year 2020 Adelaide's tap water supplies from the Murray will be too salty to drink<sup>1</sup>, how bad is that? This is why an additional 1500 gigalitres NEEDS to be pumped into the river, on top of the rivers own annual water flow<sup>1</sup>. There are lots of things you can do to help our state's treasured water supply. Be water efficient.

- Don't leave the tap running when: brushing your teeth, washing the dishes, rinsing vegetables and fruit and when you're shaving<sup>2</sup> (and don't buy disposable razors, they too are bad for the environment).

- Reduce the amount of time you spend in the shower, also buy 'AAA' rated shower heads, they save over 70 000 litres of water each year, they reduce water flow from 20 litres per minute to 9 litres per minute<sup>2</sup>.

- Wait until you have a full load of washing before you wash your clothes, in your garden, plant water conserving plants, and get a rain tank, that way you can use the rain water to hydrate your garden<sup>2</sup>.

- Wash your car on the lawn and only use a bucket and sponge to clean it, use your hose to rinse and turn it off when you are not using it<sup>2</sup>.

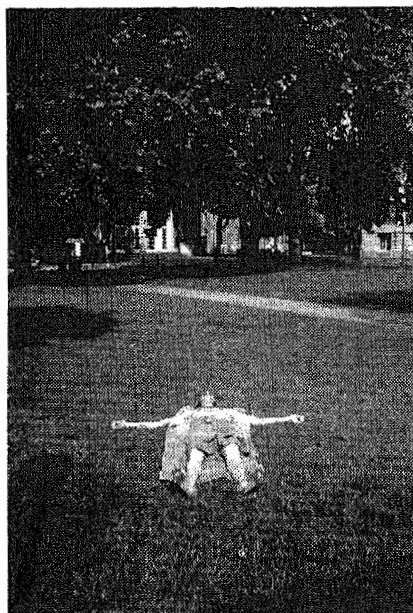
These are just a few ways that you can help conserve the Murray and do your bit for the environment.

<sup>1</sup> [www.acfonline.org.au](http://www.acfonline.org.au)

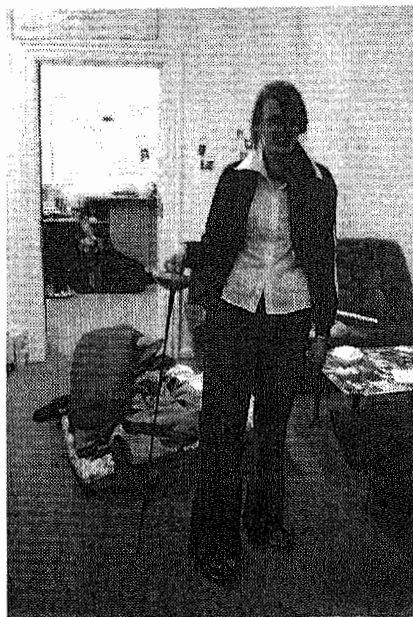
<sup>2</sup> [www.murrayusers.sa.gov.au/resources.htm](http://www.murrayusers.sa.gov.au/resources.htm)

MILIJANA STODJANINOVIC  
ENVIRONMENT OFFICER

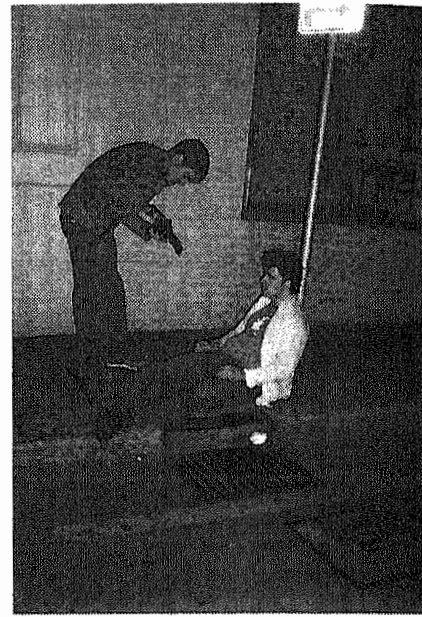




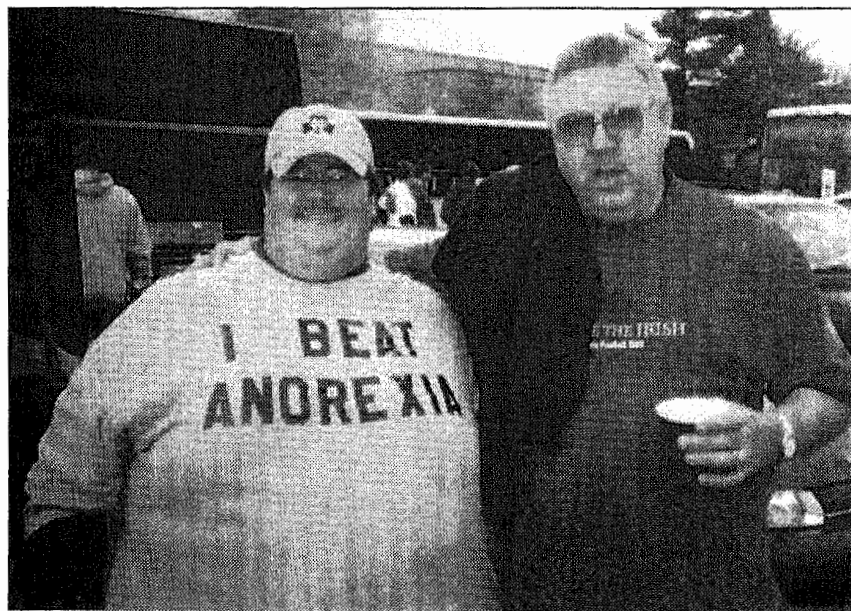
This guy's got the right idea. The only thing better than lying out in the sun all day is having the balls to do it in nothing but a towel, despite the fact your skin is so pasty white you're basically a pre-cooked Sara Lee apricot log with four tootpicks sticking out of it.



Fuck big breasted models in Ralph magazine. All you need to get guys to cream their pants is a cute smile and some geek chic. Carrying a sword is just so fucking mind blowingly hot we can hardly look at it without our pants exploding.



Hey! There's a drunk guy lying in the gutter outside a beauty spa that's next door to Mansions! That's pretty shit, hey? I know, I'll help him find some money in his wallet for a cab because he's too rat arsed to do it himself. Doesn't the world need more people like me?



This guy is totally the poster boy for fat people. He's not whingeing about subliminal advertising or his fucking thyroid gland. He's like, I'm fat and proud, and when I get home I'm going to rub myself down with lard and eat the crispy skin off of five roast chickens. Right on bro. A perfect example of a potential Don't thundering it's way into the Dos. Of course, he may actually have beaten anorexia which would basically make him a fat bastard inside the body of a dangerously thin man inside the body of a morbidly obese fatty.



No matter how old you get, you're never too old to recreate the innocence of childhood. While you're at it, why not make a website out of it and say a big Fuck You to all those naysayers out there who think they're too fucking cool for school and like to pretend they never wanted to fly when they were a wee little tacker...

On Friday, 13th of May, Uberstomp  
and friends are playing soundtracks to fragments of:  
Man with a Movie Camera - Dziga Vertov's  
epileptic 1929 voyeuristic exploration and  
Ninja Scroll - the infamous blood-  
thirsty and brilliantly stylised anime.

Also screening is Dario  
Argento's Deep Red, a  
passionate, gruesome  
horror masterpiece.

RUMOURS 6pm Friday  
Gold Coin Donation

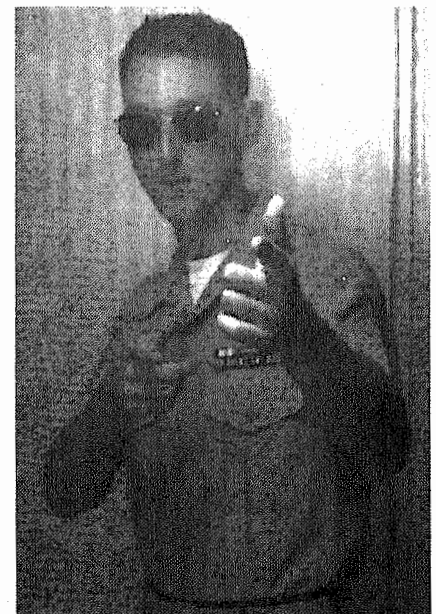






...however, this shit is just scary. Running around pretending to be Peter Pan is one thing, but the fact that this guy probably jerks off to photos of himself as Little Lord Fauntelroy is so creepy he might as well be wearing a big sign on his head saying 'I pretend to be six years old while Captain Hook plays with my tinkerbell.'

Look at the expression on this girl's face. She's like, 'Dude, get your tongue out of my face. I'm far too fucking hot for you to even entertain ideas of doing it to me. It's never gonna happen.' Meanwhile, he's like, 'Fuck she's hot. I'll stick my tongue in her face so she gets dirty visions of me doing it to her.' Then she's like, 'I think i'm going to regurgitate my dinner into this guy's lap, all over his optimistic erection.' Then he's like, 'Whatever. I'm gay anyway.'



You know those nights when you've been so fuck eyed that you've walked into a stranger's home to ask for directions then stuck around about an hour longer than you should have because you've been too busy dazzling you're unwitting hosts with your physical dexterity while your equally fuck eyed friend carries you around oblivious to the subtle boner straining against your jeans and towards his possibly too eager mouth? Imagine if one of those unwitting hosts had taken a photo.

The only thing worse than dressing up like Maverick from Top Gun and flirting with yourself in the mirror is dressing up like Maverick from Top Gun, flirting with yourself in the mirror and then posting a photo of it on [www.hotornot.com](http://www.hotornot.com).



## DIET FRIENDS

### And Why They Must Perish

"DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT THAT MUESLI BAR BABE, do you know how many carbs are in that thing?" Ugh. Diet friends. I wish the phenomenon never existed so this article would never have been written, but I also wish for world peace and that dolphins didn't gang rape (there they are, having you on that they're as cute as baby Edward Norton but in fact they're systematically penetrating Flipper, his Mum and his son before each meal like an Echinacea tablet. Marine motherfuckers). Diet friends are giving the female sex a very bad name. Girls are generally a great bunch. We can do two things at the same time, we practically invented aromatherapy and all that berry gathering over the ages has ensured that our hands are nimble enough to operate even the most challenging of etch-a-sketches. But somehow, a few dim-witted fuckers are ruining it for the rest of us ple-making, boyfriend-doting sweethearts. Everyone knows a diet chick. That bitch in high school who used to look at your sandwich and proclaim that hers was tastier/pricier/didn't reek of caviar dip has now probably evolved into a fully fledged diet girl. And chances are, considering girls hate doing things alone, she's probably sucked in a

friend to believe that watercress soup 24/7 is the only way to looking great in a mediocre formal dress from Hilton's. I want these cunts dead. Annihilated. Abhorred from modern society as we know it. Some bug-eyed malnourished kid in Sierra Leone is eating toe jam from an ox's foot for survival whilst for Miss Toorak Gardens 2005, it's 99% fat free Saladas or nothing. What the fuck is that all about? That bit in *Romy and Michelle's High School Reunion* where Kudrow gets all narky about eating one chip was meant to be ironic, fucksticks! Then there's the diet groups of friends who hang out at parties wearing identical denim mini skirts and Dotti camisoles. They're usually sucking away on Breezers, giving the 'eyes' to any hunk of jock meat that comes their way and generally substituting the Doritos for the more healthy appetisers (if the host is doing his job properly). In their illustrious Food Diary goes '9:15 p.m: celery stick, no peanut butter'. Dr. Atkins is their saviour. Jennifer Aniston is their dream girl. They read *The Da Vinci Code* twice because it gave them a true sense of spirituality. Well fuck me in the ass and call my mother a coochie snorcher, but that's the twattiest thing I've ever heard of and thus these wankers must be destroyed with the utmost of haste. Sharpen your knives and mix up the marinade people, let's just see what the calorie index has to say about the amount of kilojoules/100g in mindless products of the middle class...  
STEPHANIE MOUNTZOURIS



Finally I can convert all my hardcore emo albums to Frank Zappa tributes.



Our consumerism reviewer, Derick, runs you through some of Adelaide's most popular products.



"The perfect companion for oral sex". To be honest I found it was a little awkward in practice. Her larynx was nearly punctured once I decided to start smooching again.



My teenage son was listening to shitloads of The Cure and Interpol and then I just bought him the Russian Roulette set.



WO! Japanese gendered beer.



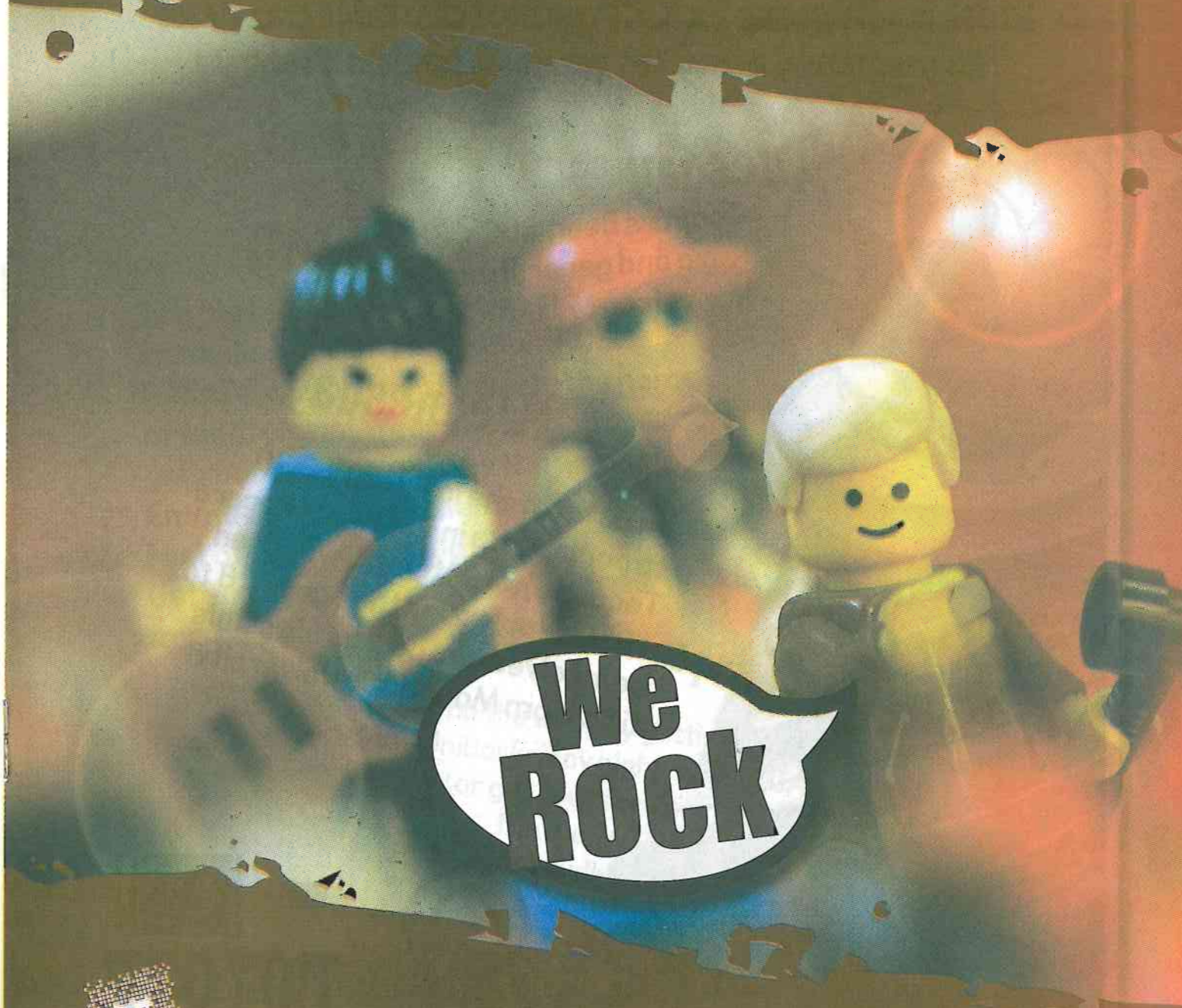
When I pulled out the "Accomodator" chin-dong I thought nothing could be more awkward but when I handed this to my girlfriend and she said, "I will" I seriously lost cabin pressure.



I was literally standing there thinking I can't believe I'm actually having sex with Jenna Jameson, and then it started vibrating.

# BBO's, Bands, Markets & Movies... Union Activities

Adelaide University | Activities & Events



Adelaide University Union. Use Us. [www.union.adelaide.edu.au](http://www.union.adelaide.edu.au)

# PROSH

May 10th - 13th

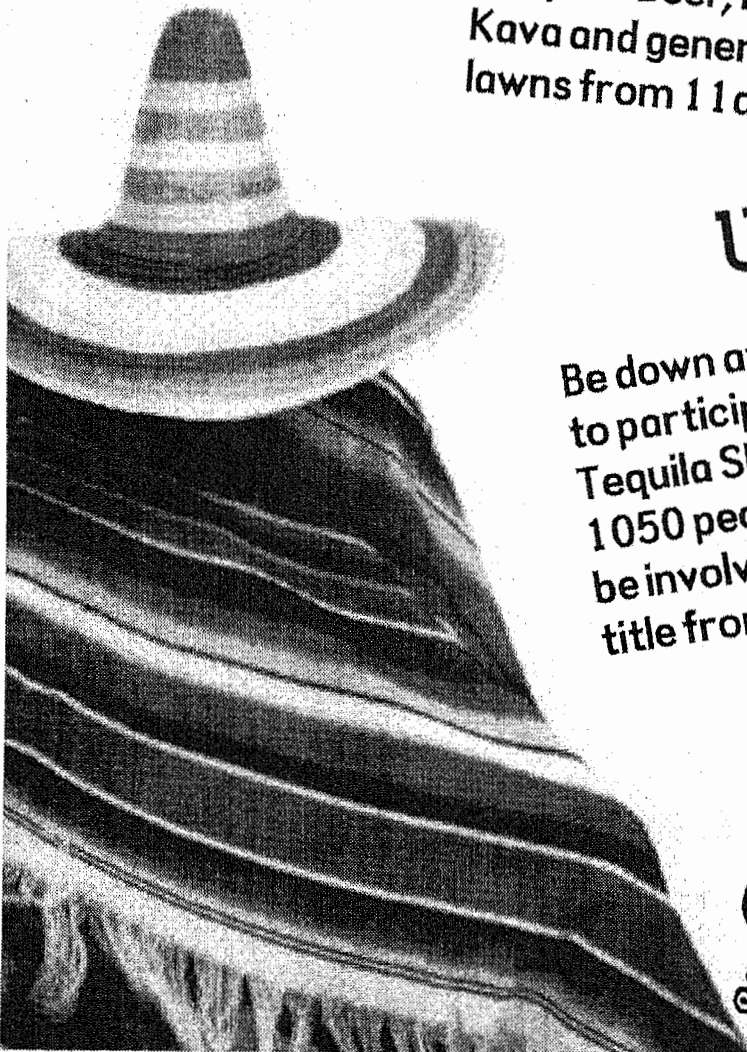
Prosh is celebrating it's 100th year of charitable craziness!!  
This year raising money and awareness for Oxfam Australia.

## Tuesday

Coopers Beer, BBQs, Student Radio,  
Kava and general mayhem on the  
lawns from 11am - 3pm.

## Wednesday

Be down at the lawns at 12:30  
to participate in the World Record  
Tequila Shot Attempt! We need  
1050 people over the age of 18 to  
be involved and help us steal this  
title from Macquarie University!



# 2005

**Barr Smith Lawns**

## Thursday

Coopers Beer, BBQs, Student Radio, live music and general mayhem on the lawns from 11am - 3pm.

## Friday

The big DRESS UP day! Join in the festivities of the traditional PROSH PARADE and hit the streets in the name of fundraising! Wear something crazy or get your body painted by the world reknowned Emma Hack, and gather on the lawns with the rest of the Prosh gang at 12:30.

Get your face in the media, and help heckle the mystery celebrity snatches!



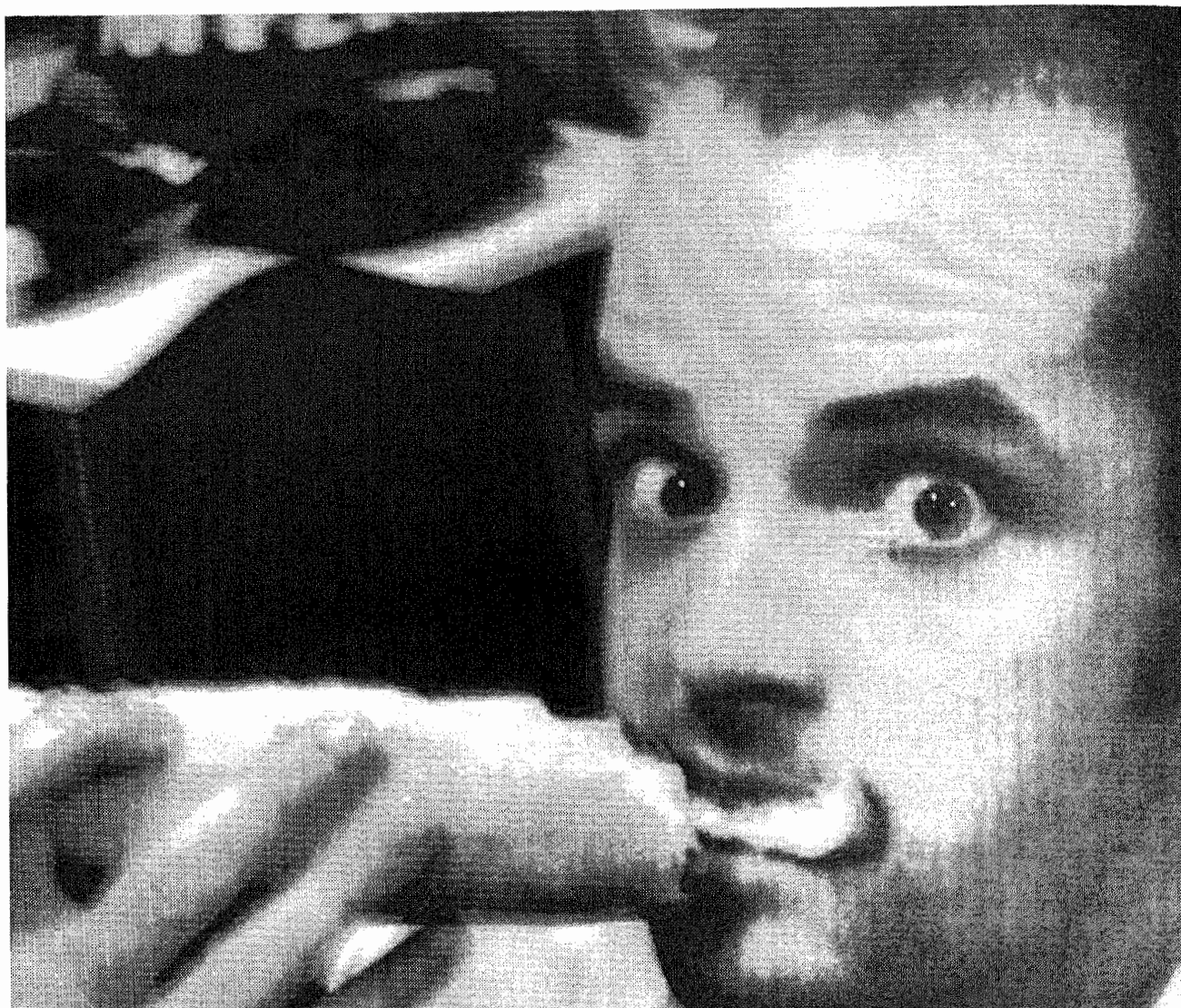
## Prosh After Dark

Wind up the week by getting wild to the tunes of DJ Ant in the UniBarFriday night. Prizes GALORE for the best fancy dress or get your face painted on the night!

It's the wicked end to the wildest week on the Adelaide University calendar!



Adelaide University Union



## VAGINA MANOLOGUE

### Stickin' It To The Man

Joe Hynes is to *The Vagina Monologues* what Vincent Hart was to Lil' Kim. Smuggled into the credits as 'Assistant' Director, I just read between the lines when choosing the star interviewee for our big vag wrap up.

#### **NICE:** How have you gone about reclaiming the word Cunt?

I've really found it quite a useful re-entry into my vocabulary. 'Minority' groups reclaim words because they know that most bigots are too stupid and lazy to think up other derogatories, but I'm also pretty lazy (when I'm not running stage plays) and have a good deal of trouble conjuring up expletives for everyday situations. Like yesterday, for instance, I was desperate for a back loofah and the clerk informed me that they were out of stock. I yelled, "You cunt!" He saw the humour and we both had a chuckle. The word has that kind

of cathartic, soothing power about it. It's also a pretty useful way of referring to a group of females you know, like solving the he/she noun problem. You can just say "There are the cunts". It fills a void in the English language, I've been calling my male group of friends 'the pricks' for years.

#### **If your Vagina could talk what would it say?**

Oh. You mean metaphorically. It would probably yawn.

#### **Which member of the cast had the bitchiest Vagina?**

Funny, they were initially quite tight lipped in my presence but pretty soon I gained trust and slipped right in to their groove. You know, vaginas are much more pleasant to be around than a bunch of assholes.

#### **Has your assistant directorship application to the Lillith Fair been well received?**

Sarah McLachlan hasn't been as enthusiastic about my work here as I might have expected.

DARREN

**The Vagina Monologues** Eve Ensler  
 May 4 - 6  
 Little Theatre  
 SAUA Women's Department

VAGINA, VAGINA, VAGINA, VAGINA, Vagina, Vagina, Vagina, Vagina, Vagina, CUNT. Yep. That's exactly how we felt when the lights came up on opening night of *The Vagina Monologues*. The auditorium was packed with both people and anticipation for the night's entertainment. Some were anticipating the militant raging of modern feminism (some were a bit afraid of that as well). Some had wanted a second helping of this very popular play that toured SA in the 2002 Fringe Festival. Some were there, crossing their fingers for friends and loved ones and some were there under the false idea that it might be a cross between *The Crazy Horse* and *Puppetry of the Penis* (you know you were boys, admit it).

However, everyone was truly in awe of the magnetic and powerful stories conveyed through simple, honest storytelling. An uncomplicated set of couches, cushions and chairs and the attentive respect from the fellow performers for each other created an intimate environment that was assertive and spiritual. It was clear that the ensemble of women had a very strong connection with their individual stories, their reasons to tell them and for each other. The audience was made to feel very privileged and special for having received this gift and we felt as if in some way that we helped release some burden from the tortured characters.

Everyone could feel the pain of

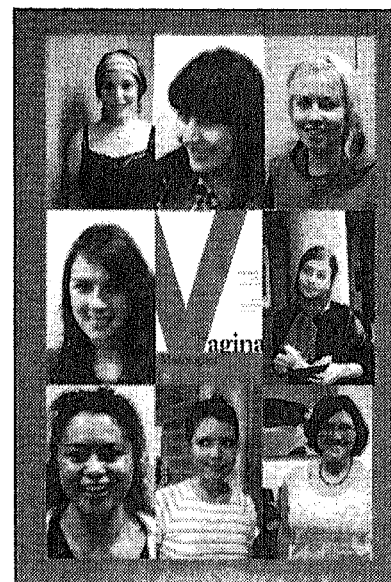
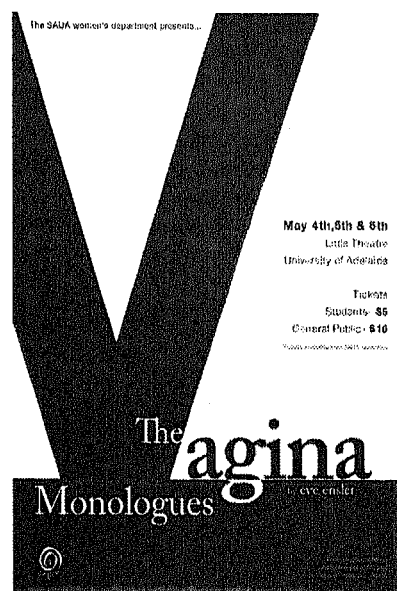
the impaling on the bedstead, and the utter despair of the tortured Bosnian refugee, as well as at least one of those orgasms. These were moments that bound us in a common experience, a feat hard enough to achieve with a professional cast. There are notes that could be given to individual performances; some of the thought processes were a little clunky and everyone seemed to get a bit dazzled by the audience.

But I agree, these are pedantic notes, and if that's the worst thing I can find then that's bloody amazing. The fact is that each cast member held the audience in the palm of their hand for at least a moment and I could see them grow 10 feet tall as it started to sink in. We trusted them to take us somewhere that could potentially be very uncomfortable in many ways and they did it with care and humility.

Indeed, that may be the missing monologue, the special ability of the vagina to support, nurture and teach. These ladies did this with grace, bravado, courage and dignity. It was an experience I was proud to support and proved again that theatre is the most powerful voice the people can have.

Congrats to each for a wonderful night. Kyla Cassells, Stephanie Mountzouris, Margie Lewis, Sarah Busuttill, Anna Svedberg, Tori Phillips, Waiata Tahau and Clementine Ford. Each of you had a sincere transparency and made open and brave choices come hell or high water. Genuinely thrilling to watch.

MICHAEL ALLEN



# BURP

KILLER BURRITOS

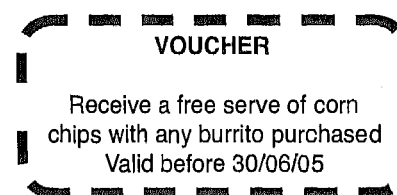
Shop 2/ 16 Hindley Street  
 Adelaide 5000  
 \$6-12

I'm all for the tradition of a ridiculously greasy yiros after a big night out, but when I haven't been busy pickling my innards for 6 hours, the idea doesn't sound so appealing. A fat burrito, on the other hand, is a gift from God. At Burp, after choosing from a list of basic fillings, you have it laid out on a bed

of lime rice and pinto beans and then choose the toppings to add, Subway style. These things are wrapped tightly so there's no need to worry about mess, and they're a decent size, too- a medium should satisfy all but the largest of appetites. The shredded beef I tried was not dissimilar to beef rendang, and though the chicken didn't have a strong taste, the sweet mango salsa on top made up for that. Even if there isn't a strong flavour to begin with, you can load the thing with chillies, though I would encourage you to approach their superhot habanero sauce with caution. The place has a lot of personality, too, with a TV

constantly playing shows starring Mexican wrestlers and this theme carrying over to the rest of the decor. While the menu is limited to burritos, nachos and warm salads for now, look for them to branch out into tacos in the future and look for me waiting in line.

8.5/10  
 MEXICAN STEREOTYPE



# HUSBAND MURDERS WIFE & CANINE LOVER IN JEALOUS RAGE

Seriously.

I'D ALWAYS BELIEVED ADAMENTLY IN RELATIVISM - the idea that things only come to be either 'good' or 'bad' by being compared to other things. It's knowing the extremes that allows you to calculate the nature of any given situation. For example - if your idea of a good time is getting dressed up as Margaret Thatcher and jelly wrestling a midget, you're pretty fucked up, but at least you're not responsible for turning nine million Jews into charcoal, or the author of *The Da Vinci Code*. But the newly elected Pope Ratz (a man who's hobbies include both jelly wrestling carnies and mild genocide) has helped me to see the light. He's destroyed my faith in relativism and shown me that some things ARE just plain wrong. - Stuff like men drinking strawberry milk, pink polo shirts with the collar up and infidelity with a German shepherd definitely deserve to be punished with eternal damnation. Ratz has said on numerous occasions that "the world fails to recognise the *certainties* contained in the Catholic doctrine".

For a brief period in the 60s, shorter and more tempestuous than Quentin Kenihan on military grade PCP, a man named José Mojica Marins was a fairly successful director and star of a series of Brazilian horror films. A terrible businessman and incurable bohemian, Marins poured all the profits from his films into funding the next project and when his *Awakenings of the Beast* was pulled by Brazilian censors he was left with no money to eat, let alone make movies.

He decided to shoot porn on video and cast a girl and a German shepherd for *24 Hours of Explicit Sex*. The plot saw the woman cheat on her boyfriend with the dog and then him exacting revenge by forcefully bugging a mule.

Upon seeing the film, the dog's real life owner marveled at the dog's talents of cunnilingus. "It was a natural lover," he proclaimed. Later, rather than setting his woman's best friend up on King's Cross like a sane man, he began to

suspect the Shepherd of having it off with his wife while his back was turned. Flying into a jealous, pious rage he slew both the dog and his whore of a wife. Astoundingly, he was convicted of murder.

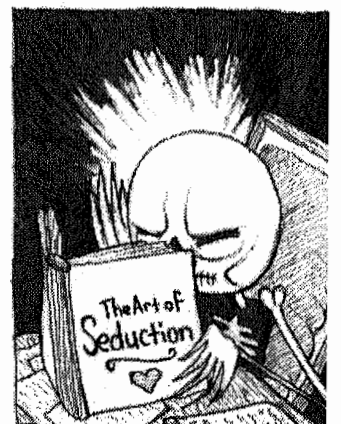
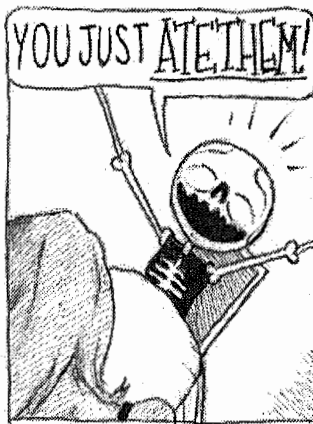
It's an absolute disgrace, the man was simply bringing moral order back into the world, righting the wrongs of a corrupt society and he's punished like a common housewife.

Contemporary society really HAS gone to the dogs. What kind of world allows fags to kiss in public but won't allow a man to correct his loose harpy of a wife? Right on nameless husband of a cheap floozy, right on Pope Ratz.

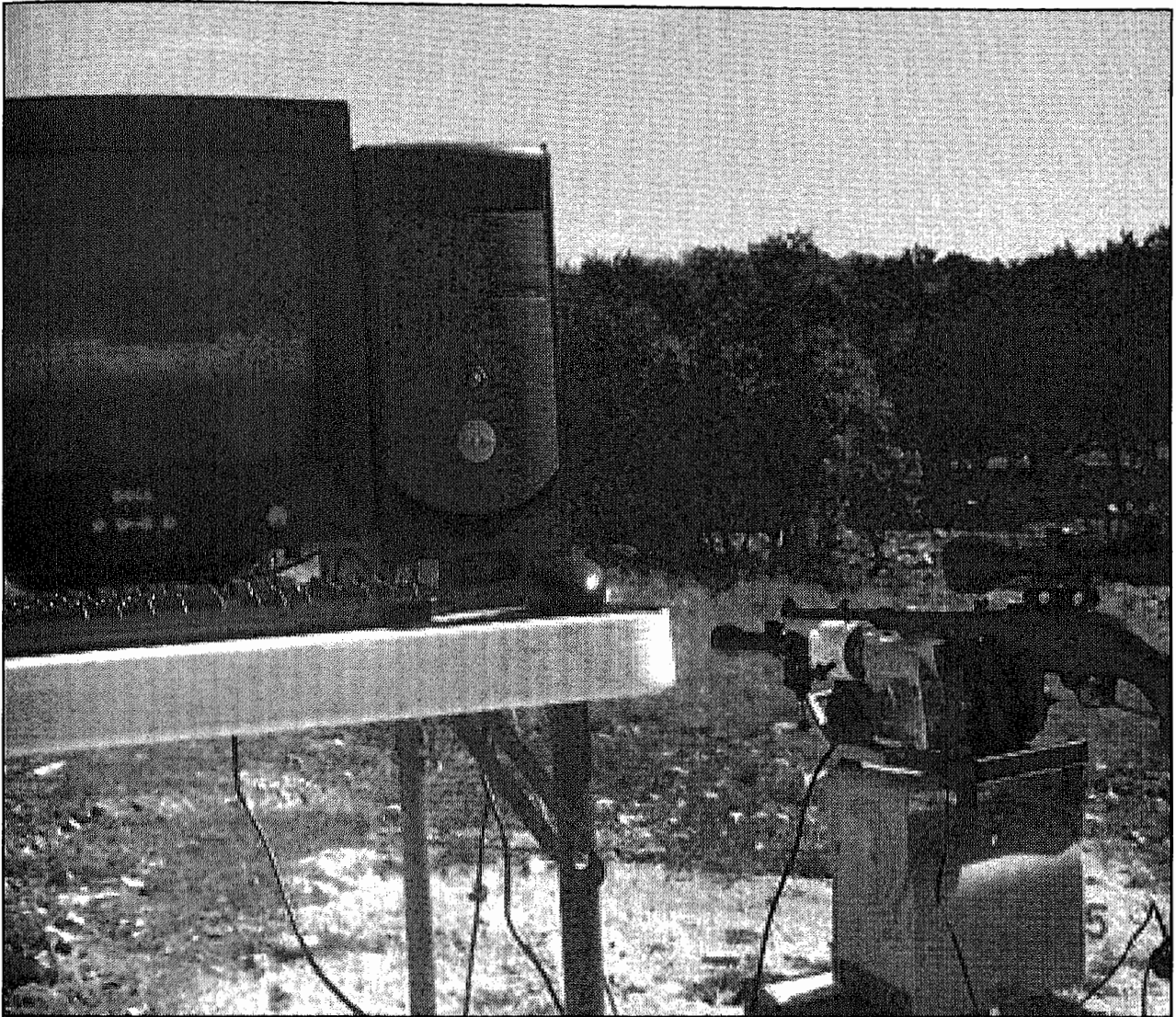
WOLFGANG HACKMAN



skulduggery by oz







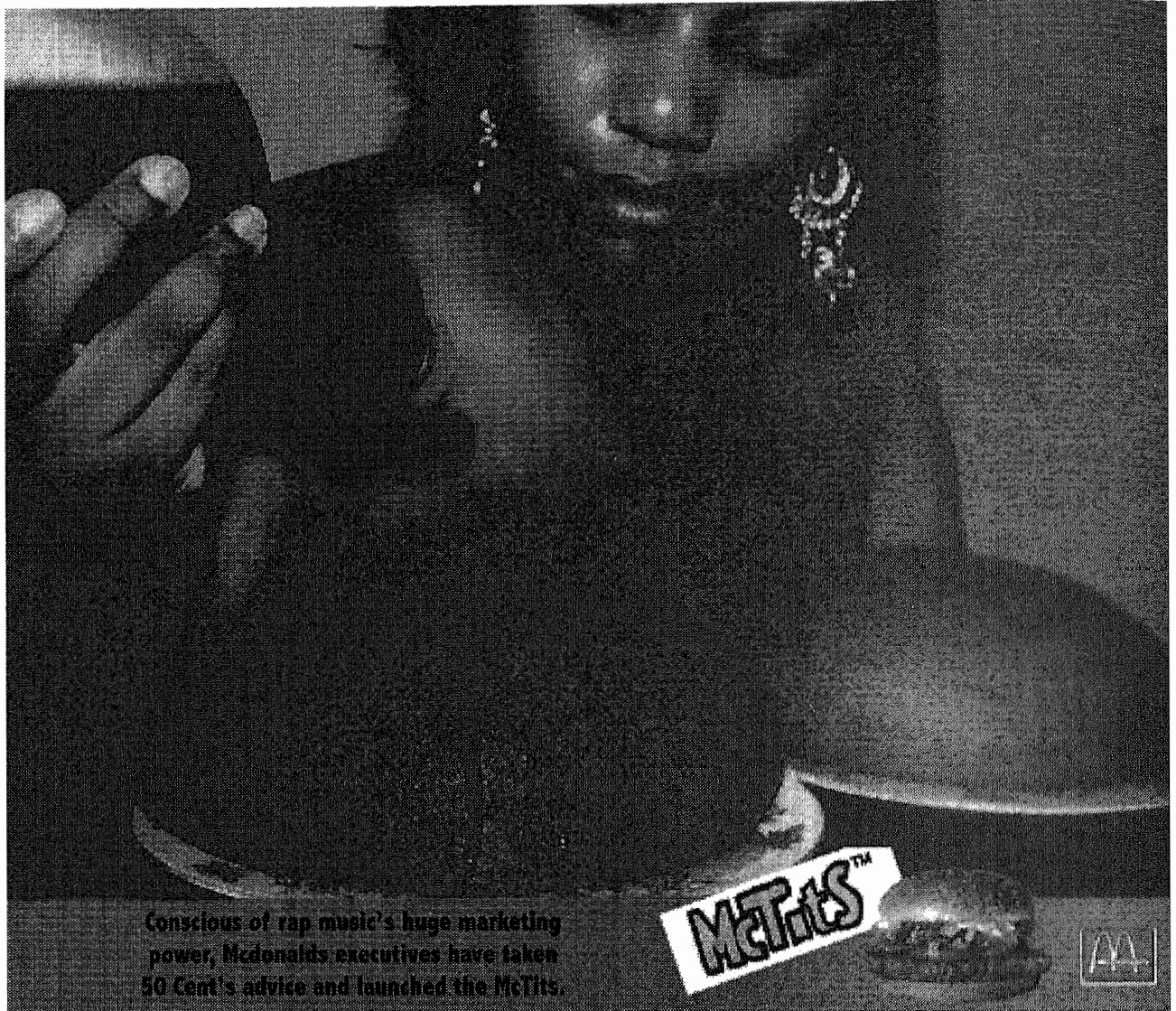
## CRIPPLES CAN KILL

### The Cutting Edge In Wheelchair Hunting

FUCK. I JUST GOT HOME , AFTER A HARD DAYS WORK (yeah, so I don't work- I still had a hard day, so blow me) and I'm in the mood to kill someone. I don't want to do any dirty work, though, you know what I mean? Garrotting someone involves too much physical strain, and if I try to knife someone, they'll probably fight back, plus I'll have to stick around while they're squealing like a stuck pig and I just don't want to get that close to someone. Why the fuck don't we have more guns here in Australia? Goddamn motherfuckers, I mean, guns make the business of killing more impersonal, allow me to detach myself from the deed, which is all I want. If I lived in America, I'd never have this problem, but once I get broadband it's all good. While all you losers are playing Postal or some other lame ass video game, I'll be fucking shit up, making a real impact on the world. Somewhere in Texas, a dude has set up a .22 rifle on a platform at his ranch, and you can pay to control it over your computer. Yeah, motherfucker, just move the

mouse and click it when you want to fire. But you don't know what the site is, so you'll be sitting there jacking off to fannyortranny.com while I'm blowing a wild boar's brains out. And this guy will even record it and burn it to DVD for me. Yeah, and they've got imported antelopes and fucking deer and shit. All you bleeding lefties are already getting ready to protest, and for once I agree with you that there's something fundamentally fucked about this whole thing. I mean, sure you can take out squirrels and rabbits and shit, but a .22 will never take down a fucking deer. The thing will be laying there bleeding, trying to fight back with it's doe eyes What, is this guy fucking crazy? I don't want to see some deer looking at me like it's my fault that it's dead. It's all good, though, because once I've got the hook-up and he gives me some real heat to play with, I'm gonna be blasting so hard it'll be like a guy with a 10-inch cock getting an arab strap. This will be the most satisfying shit ever, and anyone who disagrees can fuck off to Texas so I can shoot them over the Internet. Yeah, I'm talking about you, you pansy ass whalehugging fags. Texas will eat you alive.

BETTER DEAD THAN RED  
check it out at [www.live-shot.com](http://www.live-shot.com)



Conscious of rap music's huge marketing power, McDonald's executives have taken 50 Cent's advice and launched the McTits.

# THE MEATING OF MARKETING AND RAP

## Selling Out, Oldskool!

"I'LL KILL YOU NIGGA, WATCH YOUR BACK/ I DON'T need no guns son, I'll use a Big Mac/ a slow murder from a burger with cheese/ high cholesterol, hardened arteries"

No, it's not another rant against McDonald's inspired by

*Supersize Me*, it's Aaron McGruder's (the man responsible for the comic strip 'Boondocks', the hip-hop generation's 'Calvin & Hobbes') response to McDonald's latest advertising campaign. Realising that hip-hop is the second largest selling genre of music behind Rock n Roll (and when it's lumped with RnB into the vaguely defined "urban music", otherwise known as "pop featuring afro-American performers," it's the largest with about 40% of US sales) McDonald's has decided that they need to use its popularity with the kids to market their products. McDonald's has tried to use urban culture to sell its products before with hilarious results - no doubt, the creators of this ad overheard a rap song on the radio, maybe saw a show using some slang while channel surfing and decided to incorporate it into their campaign. What they didn't realise was that the ad they've created has a guy telling the world that he wants to fuck a cheeseburger.

To avoid any embarrassing repeats, those canny executives have decided to let rappers speak directly to the consumers from now on, recently offering to pay any rapper who will name drop the Big Mac \$1-\$5 for every time their song gets on the radio. Hip-Hop has historically been a very literal art form, modern day folk music if you will, (incidentally, the trend is apparent in folk music as well



as the lyrics from Harry Von Tilzer's 1903 song 'Under the Anheuser Busch' attest: "Come, Come, Come and make eyes with me/ Under the Anheuser Bush/ Come, Come, drink some 'Budwise' with me/ Under the Anheuser Bus,") and because it's rooted in everyday experiences, name-dropping brands is not new. While gangsta rap pioneer Schooly D never saw any cash for lines like "looking at my Gucci it's about that time", Run-DMC was one of the first hip-hop groups to gain a sponsorship deal after execs witnessed thousands of fans taking off their shell-toes and rocking them from side to side during a performance of 'My Adidas'. Later on, Tommy Hilfiger was the clothing brand of choice for many acts, and as a result gained a large portion of the market share in the early 90's, 10 years later Courvoisier saw a sales spike after Busta Rhymes released 'Pass The Courvoisier' and Outkast's 'Hey Ya' is one of the more recent examples. Sure, they name dropped Cadillac ("don't want to meet your daddy/ just want you in my caddy"), but what really caught people's attention was the line "shake it like a Polaroid picture", which led to the group receiving a hefty endorsement deal that included them taking Polaroid cameras onstage. The success of such campaigns can be gauged by the fact that defeated Democratic presidential candidate General Wesley Clark (who turned 60 last year) said in a speech that "I don't know much about hip-hop, but I do know that Outkast can make you shake it like a Polaroid picture."

If the simile fits, that's all well and good, but paying rappers to include a product? It's happened before, and the success of advertising agency Maven Strategies in getting gin brand Seagram integrated into the lyrics from 5 tracks last year motivated McDonald's to pursue this route. These included Petey Pablo's 'Freak-A-Leek', which garnered over 350,000 radio spins in 2004 and included the line "Now I gotta give a shout out to Seagram's Gin/ 'Cause I'm drinkin' it and they payin' me for it." And he got paid in the vicinity of a million dollars for it - the man's a genius! Companies have paid record labels for their brands to appear in music videos before, but this is the first time that artists have gained money for their lyrics. Don't expect to wait too long before the trend catches on, though - according to American Brandstand, the "Louis Vuitton Don" Kanye West mentioned 19 brands in his 4 singles that hit the Billboard top 20 last year (followed by Twista with 16 and Lil Jon with 15), and of the 105 songs that made the top 20, 42 mention at least one brand. Of these, the only non hip-hop entry was Jessica Simpson's 'With You' ("The real me is a Southern girl/ with her Levi's on and an open heart), while the prize for the brand that has gained the most out of the trend is Cadillac. Most of their appeal comes from SUVs like the Escalade, and for 30 weeks last year, the #1 song in America mentioned the brand. 30 Weeks! That's more than half the year, for god's sake. There were 70 mentions of this brand in 105 songs! Other car brands that have fared well include Mercedes (63 mentions), Rolls Royce (62), Jaguar (37), Chevrolet (28), Bentley (26) Maybach (25), Lexus (24) and Porsche (24). All 8 of these were in the top 12, and it's impossible not to notice that they mostly manufacture high-end vehicles that many consumers can't afford.

This is where Maven comes in and tries to persuade artists to mention more affordable brands in their rhymes, though some of the artists themselves have already cut out this middleman. Sure, you've seen people wandering around

Salisbury in Wu-Wear, as well as clothing marketed by Snoop, Eminem and 50 Cent. What you may not be aware of is that a number of artists own beverage brands, and have been pushing them for some years. Jay-Z's Armidale Vodka has been the most successful, but energy drinks from Nelly (Pimp Juice, also the name of one of his songs) and Lil Jon (Crunk Juice, coincidentally the name of his new album- see a pattern here?) are also trying to break into the market. For the many artists who don't have their own product, though, McDonald's is willing to help them make a buck.

It's not like it's a done deal once you name-check the Big Mac, though- if you want to be guaranteed the money, McDonald's receives final approval of the lyrics to make sure that there is an "appropriate setting." Despite the fact that Douglas Freeland, Director of Brand Entertainment at McDonald's, claims that "this partnership reflects our appreciation and respect for the most dominant youth culture in the world", there is no partnership if an artist wishes to maintain credibility and be honest, and it has already been posited that oversize rappers may be denied approval because they are not seen as the ideal spokesmen. A further insult is the patronising language coming out of the corporation, with spokesman Walt Rider saying that this is an attempt to connect with young consumers in "relevant, culturally significant ways." It's kind of funny, really, considering that, according to anthropologist Kathleen Rand Reed, "in street parlance a 'Big Mac', or 'beef' means penis." Some people aren't laughing, though - Susan Linn, Co-Founder of the Campaign for a Commercial-Free Childhood, decried the new campaign, complaining that "even as food companies pay lip service to the idea of responsible marketing, they increasingly turn to new and deceitful ways of targeting children. Listeners won't know the rappers are being paid to push Big Macs - these 'adversongs' are inherently deceptive," and psychiatrist Alvin F. Poussaint of the Harvard Medical School echoed her criticism; "even as McDonald's is drawing praise for pushing salads and apples, they are finding new ways to market high calorie standbys like the Big Mac to children." This is especially disturbing given the escalating obesity problem (what the fuck is with people calling it an epidemic, by the way? It's not contagious, it's not a disease, some fat people just can't stop shovelling food down their throats and are too lazy to work it off. Anyone who calls it an epidemic can come and catch some heat from me), a situation that is most pronounced among African American children, who also happen to comprise a disproportionately large share of the hip-hop audience (yeah, Fat Albert was cool, but died at 28 of a heart attack, hey hey hey).

Ultimately, though, the success of this campaign will be decided in the marketplace, and unsurprisingly, early reports suggest that it will be pretty successful. According to Kai Davis, a 27 year old customer service representative from the Bronx "If 50 Cent says so, they're gonna buy so many Big Macs," while 16 year-old Benji Lusena of Harlem predicted that "anything they say, people are going to do. While I'd like to believe that Australia and Adelaide were somehow different, it's hard to, and I'll be disappointed rather than surprised when this phenomenon starts heading our way.

ARISTOTLE BUCKSWORTH-COLBY



## PORNSTORE COWBOY

### Every Product He Sells Says "Hardcore"

**NICE:** So, can you ever get the smell of cum out of your clothes after the end of shift jizz mopping?

It's no worse than cigarette smoke in bars and clubs, I guess.

**So what's your favourite lesbians fucking in the aisles story?**

Hmm, it's never really happened I don't think. This really cute girl came in one day asking for directions to...

**Yeah but what about when there's this chick and she's got her camel toe rubbing against the other's thigh and they ask you for a toy demo?**

I don't know what to say dude...

**Aren't you always just like, walking up to some dude jerking off in the corner, slapping the porn out his hand before telling him to get his red raw knob out of your Goddamn store?**

Look man, we pretty much keep out of each other's personal space here and I'm usually just trying to read a book or somethin'.

**What toy do you recommend for hot lesbian couples for when either hot lesbian lover is out of town?**

I generally refer them to my female sales partner, she's more likely to know what they'd prefer.

**I hear this neighbourhood's got a pretty hardcore club scene, what time do you usually go next door to meet the strippers for a coke sesh?**

Maybe if you go and ask the bouncer he'll give you a hint.

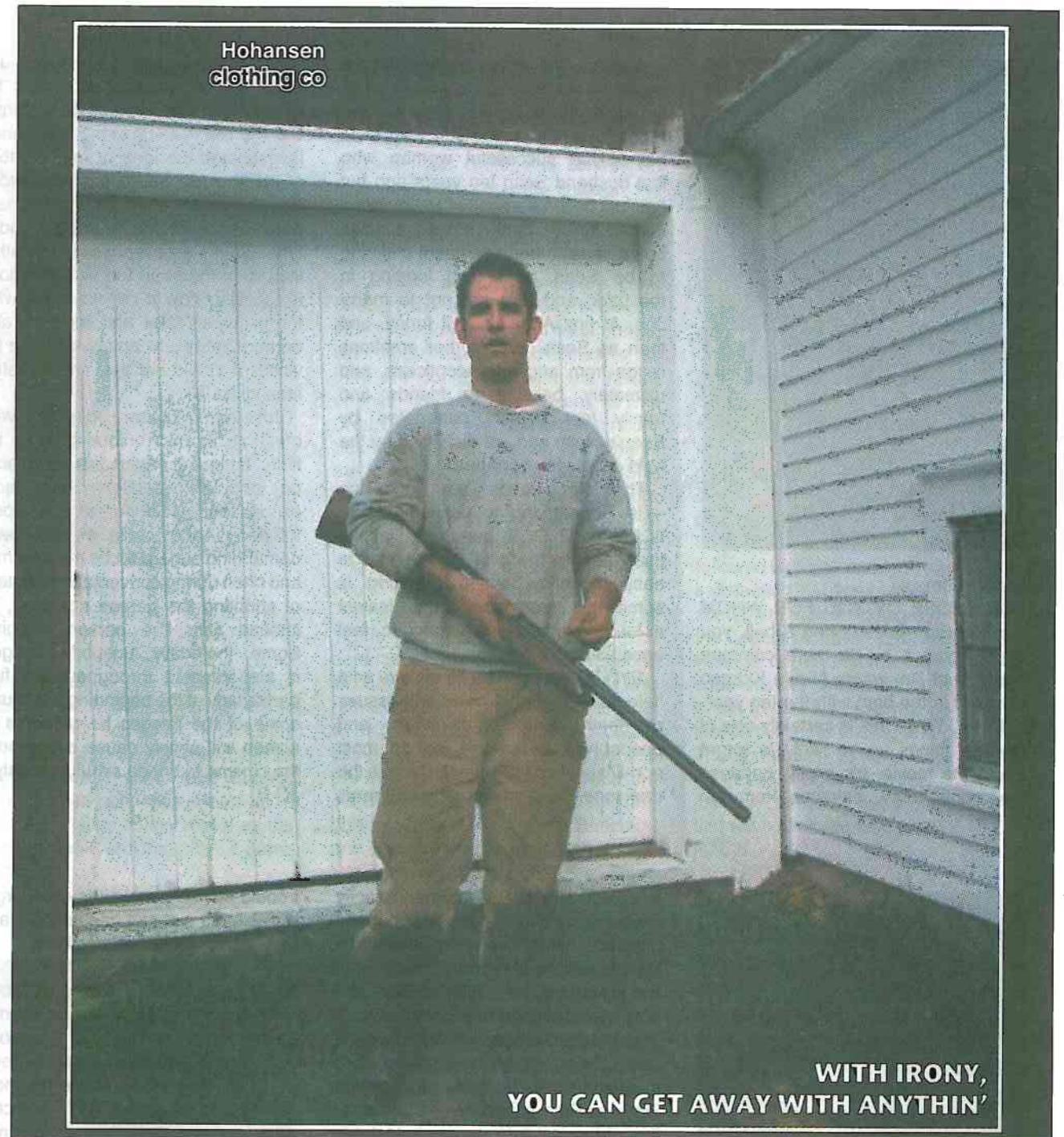
**Do you get sponsorship to go to crazy porn reviews each month in Canberra?**

I'm working here full time, so I'm usually spending any spare hours studying for uni.

**How many lesbians do you think come in here each week?**

It's usually just hetero couples really.

ANDREW

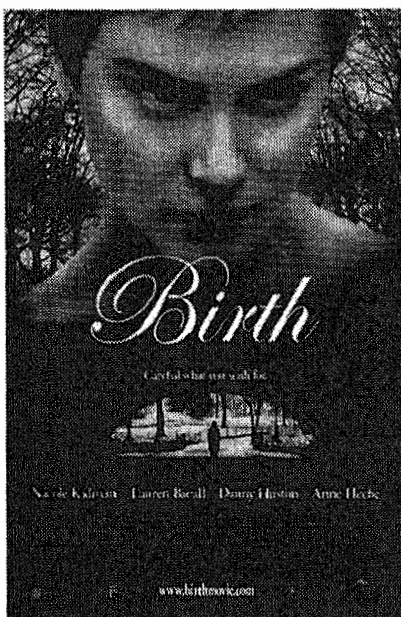


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### Birth - Film

FOR THOSE OF YOU FOR WHOM the title *Birth* doesn't ring a bell, you might know it by its more common name "that film where Nicole Kidman is naked in the bath with the ten year-old boy". While this is certainly one of the last things you're likely to forget about the movie, it's a pity, because the controversy detracts from an

interesting film which explores some important issues.

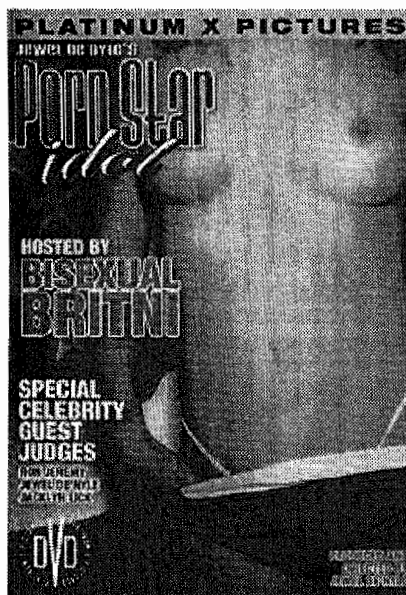
*Birth* revolves around Anna (Nicole Kidman, with a new Peter Pan style hair-do), a successful woman who lost husband Sean ten years ago but has just become engaged to boyfriend Joe. During a family dinner, a small boy comes to her apartment claiming to be Sean, who died jogging in the park, and tells her not to marry Joe. At first Anna finds it funny, and then as Sean persists, her emotions range from anger to scepticism, and ultimately, belief. Her friends and family feel equally confronted by Sean's claim and are disturbed by the hold develops over Anna.

The film keeps you guessing – is Sean trying to deceive them? Is he mad? Or is genuine? Despite the mystery the plot of the film is easy to follow but the ending is somewhat ambiguous and leaves a lot unresolved, so expect to feel unsettled.

*Birth* is described by its makers as a 'fairy-tale', though it deals with issues of death, love, bereavement and paedophilia (of course, so do most non-Disneyfied fairy tales). Despite the dark tone, there are comedic moments

– the scene where an enraged Joe loses it and attempts to spank his ten-year old rival is pretty damn funny. Still the film is a first in that it seriously investigates the idea of reincarnation of loved ones, unlike past Hollywood films where the loved one comes back as a dog or Whoopi Goldberg and is immediately believed. Love is another important theme in the film, how long it can last, how it can deceive, what forms it can take and the film also demonstrates how an adult can be the victim of a child, which is an interesting idea in itself.

Jonathan Glazer directs well bringing his own unique style to the film. Intriguing emphasis is placed on people's reactions and facial expressions - minutes are spent following Anna's face at the opera demanding superb focus from Kidman and often during conversations instead of shooting the person speaking, he instead films the person listening. Some incredibly unsubtle imagery is also present throughout the film, particularly at the beginning. Of course some of the images he presents on screen will simply cause everyone in the cinema to cringe simultaneously. JO B



### Pornstar Idol - DVD

Platinum X Pictures  
PORNSTAR-CUM-PRODUCER  
Jewel De'Nyle has veered from her usual slick/abusive style and jumped on the reality porn bandwagon with her very own *Porn Star Idol*. It is, in an

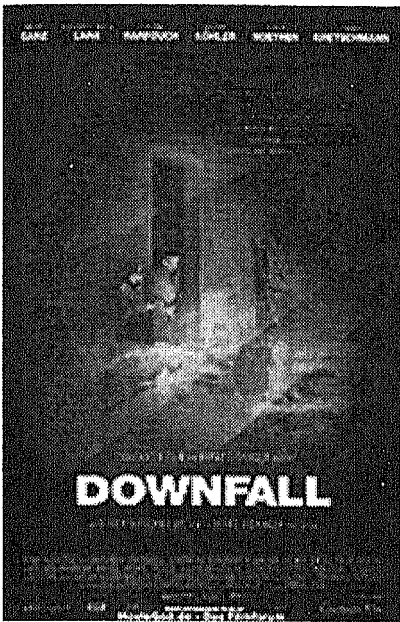
extraordinarily cheap manner, exactly what it sounds like. A bevy of hopeful guys and two in-over-their-heads girls literally 'compete' in front of three judges - including porn legend Ron Jeremy - to be signed to a porn contract. Tasks include simply getting a hard-on and coming, fitting a dong up your ass, and circle jerking onto hostess Bisexual Britni's face. With the exception of the last task, most contestants fail all tasks, miserably. One small male contestant with a faulty penis the size of a large wart ends up shakily explaining that he had testicular cancer ten years ago, and has since been on prescribed dopamine - he is the porn version of William Hung (the creepy pop-obsessed *American Idol* dropout), minus the news at ten mentions. A female contestant ends up having the whole panel of judges crowded around her, trying to fit a dong up her ass, convinced it would 'up' her chances of victory. Upon eviction time, fights with meth crazed and emasculated homies that couldn't get a hardon are inevitable, and hilarious. If there is one thing

I could advise people, it is don't argue with people that can handle triple anal penetration. You'll always lose.

The funniest part, however, is the final scene when the two extraordinarily green male and female winners have to have perform a threesome with scarily viscous veteran Jewel De'Nyle. The whole scene reminded me of one of those WWF matches when one massive white guy destroys a whole team of midget Asians.

And speaking of *Australian Idol*, I was really hoping that Guy Sebastian would be warped by the lusty lures of pop and become a cocaine fuelled public toilet fag. Instead he is demonstrating against abortion and giving a large percentage of his earnings to Paradise Community Church. I know who I'd rather meet in my confession box.

JIMMY TRASH



### Downfall - Film

MAGDA GOEBBELS GIVES HER children a sleeping draught, telling them it is medicine for the damp inside the bunker. Her eldest daughter suspects something, but her mother forces it down her throat. When they are asleep, she returns, slips cyanide tablets between their lips, watches them die, then pulls their sheets up to cover their faces. She returns to the bunker dining room, and plays a game of Solitaire.

This is just one confronting moment in this brilliant depiction of the last days of the Third Reich. *Downfall* is the first German film to focus on Hitler and his inner circle, and centres on their doomed, desperate finale in the bunker under the Reich Chancellery. Its atmosphere is incredible - the bunker is an island in the sea of chaos that reigns above. Events are seen through the eyes of Hitler's twenty-four year-old secretary Traudl Junge, who observes the Nazi leaders as they are confronted with the failure of their cause. Also present is Eva Braun, whom Hitler married just hours before his death, literally dancing in the face of impending doom. She carefully applies her lipstick before she joins Hitler in a double suicide - a detail which adds immeasurably to the tragedy that is played out, as suicide seems to become contagious.

Thirteen year-old Peter, a Hitler Youth participating in the last-ditch defence of the city, and courageous Dr Schenck (Christian Berkel), who refuses to abandon Berlin and remains to help the wounded, are the focus of sub-plots which allow us to witness the destruction of Berlin, beyond the claustrophobic atmosphere of the bunker. The suffering of the Berliners, and the inexorable approach of the Russians, contribute to the rising

tension, which is only relieved for a moment when Traudl, another secretary and Eva Braun emerge from their subterranean hell for a quick cigarette in the spring sunshine, before the Russian bombardment drives them back into the bunker.

Swiss actor Bruno Ganz is mesmerising as Hitler, managing to portray something of the power of a personality which swayed a nation even as his hold on some of those around him weakens. The audience is skillfully manipulated by Ganz and director Olivier Hirschbiegel to almost pity the aging, Parkinson's-afflicted Hitler, who can be gentle, regards Traudl with paternal solicitude, yet rails furiously at his generals. Hirschbiegel gives us a sudden, powerful reminder of who this man is - a sympathetic moment is followed by Hitler suddenly saying with satisfaction: "At least I know I've done something right - ridding our nation of the Jewish menace". Even so, Ganz's Hitler is not an inhuman monster. He confronts us with Hitler's humanity, which makes his performance and the film all the more chilling and powerful. The temptation to forget the events portrayed in *Downfall* is very great, not just for Germany, but the world: this film will not let you look away.

RACH



### Eraserhead (1977) - Cult Film

*ERASERHEAD* IS LIKE A REALLY, really horrible, torturous nightmare that's taken so much acid that it becomes totally, absolutely and completely awesome. It's the film that Marilyn Manson watches while he jacks off over the sodomised corpse of a heroin-addicted groupie who's just taken a bad trip and tried to peel herself like a tomato.

Harry (Jack Nance) is a young man petrified by an illogical guilt. He seems to feel constantly guilty although he knows himself to be innocent. He lives in an insufferably industrialised city and feels isolated from all human intimacy. Upon going to visit his long time estranged girlfriend he's informed that she's fallen pregnant and that their baby is waiting for him at the hospital although "they're not even sure if it is a baby". When Harry brings the child home he realises his spawn is a disgusting, slimy, distinctly reptilian, creature. It's so hideous that

not even Michael Jackson on a red wine and Rohypnol bender could bring himself to love it. Steadily Henry's life becomes more and more like a steaming pile of elephant excrement.

As the nightmare rolls on Lynch's narrative becomes increasingly tangential. He introduces countless obscure symbols and horrifying dream sequences such as a lady with inexplicably large cheeks who appears to him as Death, telling him that "In Heaven everything is fine", he begins to find misshapen worms which double as mutated sperm and the phallus and he has increasingly bizarre sexual fantasies about the beautiful woman who lives across the hall from him.

With *Mulholland Drive*, *Twin Peaks* and *Blue Velvet* David Lynch has become a crack-household name. He's decrepit, corrupt, perverted and insane - but in the best possible way. WOLFGANG HACKMAN



## THE KIDS ARE FUCKED

PRE-NATAL ROCK STARS FEETUS SOUND LIKE WHAT Salvador Dali's grandmother looks like after a coke binge in a Bangkok whorehouse. Disturbing. And slimy. Until you've heard the sound of a gin-soaked zygot slithering across a guitar pickup you haven't truly experienced rock and roll. These guys are so hardcore. You know how hardcore they are? Shit, their crackwhore mother listened to nothing but fucking Slayer and Anthrax while she was gestating them. And Drew Barrymore is their manager. We spoke to seminal screecher Akira Komittee in a dingy but fashionable café over tequila sunrises and massive hauls from a hash pipe three times his size.

**NICE:** So how come Drew Barrymore's your manager? Drew heard us play in 'Frisco and came up to us after the show and she's all like, "Fuck yeah! You guys'll be bigger than Hanson!" And I'm, like, "But we're all pre natal; we can't sign with a major label. We haven't developed opposable thumbs."

And she's like "Fuck you, smear some mucous on this contract, you fucking meat rat." She can get pretty pushy.

**Your debut, *So Much for the Afterbirth* is like an atonal voyage of anger and frustration. Is your deliberately inaccessible sound an expression of your subversive politics or is it just because it's hard for a semi-conscious foetus to wield a five kilo guitar?**

Uh, we're not sure what that means - our drummer was terminated pretty early in the piece, and Nikama and I aren't much older. You'll have to ask questions that a partially formed brainstem can understand...

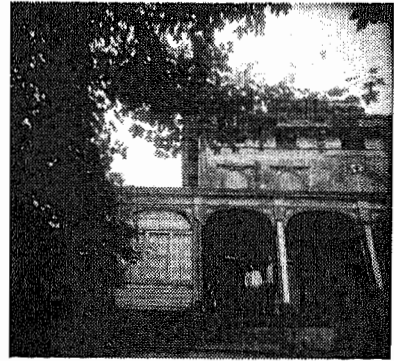
**Oh, sorry. Um, how do you like Australia?**

What the fuck are you talking about? My brothers and I emigrated here years ago to get away from Japanese stem cell hunters back in '97. Since then we've been playing shows to raise money for our own vat of nutritious goo.

**What makes you so popular of late?**

Beats me. I guess foetuses are just sort of in the Zeitgeist right now. The Republican Party and various other ultra conservative freaks have been quite helpful too. I feel pretty lucky. I mean, since I was terminated half way through the first trimester, things have really been on the up and up.

TRISTAN MAHONEY



IDLEWILD ARE FOLLOWING UP THEIR LATEST RELEASE *Warnings/Promises* with their second Australian tour to date. I asked guitarist Rod Jones whether he had any plans to see and do more of Australia this time around.

"I don't know actually. I kinda just like playing and then kinda just like hanging out. I never like to make plans like that, I'm not the touristy type. I just like to go to cool bars and meet nice people. I'm really looking forward to it though, I had a really good time last time. And I guess Australian crowds are less cynical than British crowds so it's refreshing that way." That said you can expect your previous conceptions of Idlewild to be challenged when they arrive later this month. New band members have brought new directions and overall a sound that substantially diverges from 2000's *Remote Part*.

"I think it's a result of a lot of things. I think primarily it's probably a result of listening to different kinds of music over the years. You're constantly being educated; the more types you listen to, it's going to seep into your music.

"Listening to folk all the way through to American indie rock and punk, that's broadened the extremities of our music.

"...the producer, Tony, he's a real mad scientist. He's constantly fiddling around with pedals, rack units and God knows what type of things. There were just all these vintage amps and old weird amps that we'd found in America and used on the record. There was an old AC30, an old Bassman, Selma amps and bizarre pedals called things like Super Hard On."

Their extended hiatus almost left people wondering what had happened to Idlewild, and this hasn't been felt from fans in this country alone. Recent tours of America with Pearl Jam have kept them busy and they had to cater to their new life on the road.

"Yeah it seems, in Britain certainly, like we've been away for a long time. We've been two and a half years between records. We're on tour at the moment here but I suppose we haven't been twiddling our thumbs. After the Pearl Jam tour we did some festivals and then started writing the record, and then recording the record. So yeah we have been busy. I'm quite conscious that this record did take a long time.

"...a lot of songs were written on a back of a bus and in the Highlands. But we're already thinking of our next record so probably a majority of it will be written on the road."

Fans of the new album have more reason to anticipate their tour.

"Well it's the first time we've ever learnt every song on the record, we've never done that before. We've always approached it as 'that song's not going to work live...let's just play these ones!'. On this tour we've worked out a list of 35-40 songs electrically and about 20 acoustically, cause we're getting a reputation as a folk band as well these days. We change the set around every night, some nights we've

done acoustic encores and others we open with a quiet set that gets progressively louder."

Being fairly big in the U.K means a lot can happen to a band's credibility, sometimes your songs can get used in interesting ways...like on Playstation soccer games.

"I think one of them did actually, I think 'World in your Arms' or 'Modern Way' made it on to some sort of computer game, I remember getting it sent a computer game in the post [awesome!]. I don't know what to think about that to be honest, I think it's just a reflection of a song that's connected with a lot of people.

"I do like football yeah. I grew up in Leeds so unfortunately I support Leeds United who aren't going the best at the moment. We've had a quite significant fall from grace since about three years ago in the Champions League. But these tough times make it worth while when you do actually win something, but it's going to be a while (he laughs)."

Idlewild's own battle in the Scottish music league has seen them rise above pressures that have caused some of the country's other successful bands to face relegation.

"We've definitely had a lot more longevity than a few bands and I think that's partly because we allowed ourselves time to grow as a band. We didn't join the like 'all guns blazing' [types] - trying to get as much money as we could from a record label you know. We put ourselves in a position to where we knew we'd have a lot of time to grow, but not all bands get to do that maybe, we're definitely lucky in that respect. It works for us in that we have a real loyal fan base but it also works against us in that people consider us to be dinosaurs."

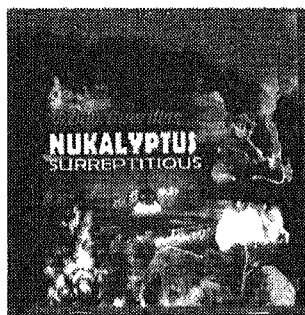
Finally the proposition to probe into their Catholic or Protestant tendencies was too alluring for this interviewer. I wondered if Idlewild had any thoughts on who should be the new Pope, maybe someone from Mogwai perhaps? [There was no Pope at the time the interview took place]

"I don't know, you've got to be careful when you talk about that kinda thing, you don't want to offend anyone [I'm in Australia, I don't think it'll get back!]. I'm not a religious person myself. I do see that a lot of people are and they get a lot from religion... and good luck to them. I don't have a problem with religion, I just don't take anything from it myself, but at the same time I don't want to make light of the head of someone's religion. I would definitely like to see a Pope from a minority; I suppose that would be a real statement for the Catholic Church to make. Maybe too much emphasis has been put on that but I do think it would make a good statement to the rest of the world."

BV

If you're an Idlewild convert you can pay your respects on Sun May 29 at Fowlers Live.





## BEST COVER OF THE MONTH: URBAN GUERRILLAS

Farnham/Jones **get real**



### Together in Concert

Sony/BMG

Farnham and Jonsey resurrecting their spit roasting, coke... Fuck. I can't make this shit sound phat. I just wish I's reviewing Interpol or The Rapture or some hillbilly band that looped the sound of a long neck smashing on a coppers skull and made it the drum beat to a bluegrass jam. I could be using words like po-mo, cum-receptical, sweet, and electro-ambient but now I just gotta use normal un-hardcore words like dull, plastic, over-produced and tired. \$7 trade-in! I'm gonna blow this rag and write for a shit hot street mag.

JOHN

Stewart & Melville **3.9**



### You Are Real

Beat Brokers

Fans of the sweet dulcet pop tones like Clue to Kalo or Air or some other band like that, may dig this, but it aint quite sounding "like John and Paul had got their hands on a vocoder." More like if Daft -our last-album-is-a-big-whatever- Punk got high on pot but didn't lose any of the cheekiness but like mellowed out and thought "let's learn to play acoustic guitar, but like, produce the high high end, you know, clicks n pops tamed for the

masses." Then again, that constant vocoder singing and bright synth tones made me wish I could speak to my friends and loved ones to remind me of the beauty of a human voice.

DAN

Quasimoto **10**



### Adventures of Lord Quas

Stones Throw

Madlib raps on helium and sounds like a blunted Eminem after some codeine. Crazy experimental beats and mad samples. This guy is so cool I'd let him fuck my daughter if he made a song about it.

PRESS DARLING

Megadeth **7**



### The System Has Failed

BMG

Aw, I bet Dave Mustaine wasn't that bad a guy. Sure he drank too much and made such on stage quips between songs to the fervent 80's metal heads as "Hey, you know many bands in LA wear fuckin' mascara? How'd you like to go down and kick those faggots asses?" (irony of ironies, Metallica were most well received in San Francisco). Well, he's taken his licks our Dave and suffered from

all sorts of hardships, drank himself stupid, jumped out of planes, bad mouthed Lars, lost a wife, lost a band, almost lost his ability to play that thrash metal when his arm got fucked up, found God, cleaned up, got angry enough to write another album about the usual shit via post-S11 lens. etc. etc Still, I deliberately haven't seen *Some Kind of Monster*. I don't want to see Dave Mustaine almost crying, telling Lars that being kicked out of Metallica ruined his life, and that's why I don't love listening to this even though it's pretty good, as far as Mustaine thrash metal goes (but, how good can that be really? It's not like Slayer or something), but even so, I hope that Dave finds some peace in this corrupt world.

DAN

Spoon **7**



### Gimme Fiction

Matador

Dear Spoon, You are not black. My friend says, "they're not trying to be black! It's just four white skinny guys who are trying to be the Beatles, it's just four dudes playing pop". I say, "Dude, of course they sound like they're trying to be black...they sound black like the Stones were trying to be black, and they were pop, come on you

know."

"Dude, write that down so we can move on. And pass the Cheech'.

Yours,  
KAHN

Embrace **3.9**

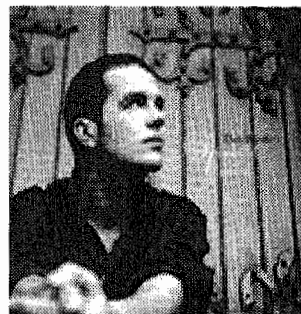


### Out of Nothing

Sony/BMG

So like, my friend says to me and some friends the other day "Hey, have you seen or heard the new Embrace record? Cos I really wanna know if Ian McKaye's put another album out or if it's some shit band that has the same name or whatever." Well kids, not that I know him personally, but I'd wager that if Ian KcKaye heard this trite the emotional contemporary rock balladry of Maroon 5 meets the bed wetting Mummy's boy meanderings of Coldplay alike and/or saw their with bona fide leather and stubble cute brooding 'rock boy' pose, he would start to quiver and twitch and shake violently then after that he'd probably start melting like the fucking wicked witch from the West and be all: "I'm melting!! I'm MELTINGGGG!" Fans of McKaye's Embrace take note; whilst former Killing Jokester Youth may have picked up a cheque for producing this, Ian's nowhere near it.

DAN

**WORST COVER OF THE MONTH:  
DAN BRODIE**

**Splashmat 10**
**Heavens Above/  
Carjacker**

Foghorn

I never believed people when they said things could be so bad that they were actually good. This is the first and last time you'll ever hear me admit I was wrong. Splashmat don't know what a tune is. They've never heard of compound time. The most coherent part of this package is the how-to guide to air guitar. If they were any worse, they'd be Jeanette Howard's tits. Now I've got to throw up all over my cool leather pants, she's so gross. And if I hadn't listened to this CD this would never have happened. Do you have any idea how bad that is?

COCKGOBBLER

**Urban Guerrillas 2**

**Nukalyptus  
Surreptitious**

Independent

You know how Midnight Oil talked about 'topical' issues? Yeah, well that pissed me off too, but I was too busy laughing at the crazy bald guy imitating an epileptic on speed to care. These deluded fucks couldn't wash the wack juice off themselves if LL Cool J spent the next 5 years scraping layers of

skin off them with steel wool in a Turkish spa. With no recording equipment. MWAAH

**Kaiser Chiefs 10**

**Employment**

Universal

If Jet was a turd, it would be big and fat and steamy. But these guys are the British franchise of Jet, so they'd be a lot chunkier.

JAMES SANE

**Bette Midler 2**

**Rosemary Clooney  
Songbook**

Sony

Remember that episode of *Seinfeld* where everyone thinks Jerry is a fag and he gets all upset when Elaine gets him a bunch of Bette Midler CDs for his Birthday? We'll he was right to be upset, because it's true that only fags listen to Bette Midler. Need more proof? This release includes duets with Barry Manilow and Linda Ronstadt. Not that there's anything wrong with that...

MR. STAN

**Limp Bizkit 11**

**The Unquestionable  
Truth**

Universal

Fred Durst on a defensive anti-propaganda

kick? Yes Please! Check these lyrics: "*fucked over for the times I've been grateful, / Fucked over by the times I've been hateful / Made the tracks and fuck you with your pussy mouth / Come again friend now we got some action.*" Awesome. Who knew he would finally top "*I did it all for the nookie*" on the Hilariously Stupid Scale? Not me.

MR. STAN

**Sam Roberts 2**

**We Were Born  
In A Flame**

Universal

If Jet was a turd, it would be big and fat and steamy. But these guys are a country franchise of Jet, so they'd have extra stink lines.

JAMES SANE

**Dan Brodie 8**

**Beautiful Crimes**

EMI

Dan Brodie is so fucking beautiful he makes Van Morrison sound like my senile grandmother's tourettic attempt at singing church hymns. Beautiful crimes hey, I put Brodie on last night when my sister had her hot friend round for study time. She completely dug it, we layed out under the night sky and watched shooting stars while they chattered about cute high school boys or some shit. I completely regressed.

SAM

**Ben Fold Five 6**

**Whatever &  
Ever Amen**

Sony / Epic

Fuck you Jennifer Kildea. You dumped me when I was sixteen so I went out and bought that Ben Folds album with all the dweeby post break-up songs on it. Now all my friends think I'm a fag when they see it on my shelf next to Lou Reed and Belle & Sebastian. Just because I secretly air microphone to 'Video Killed the Radio Star' doesn't make me a pussy. It makes me a bitter twenty-two year old with a keen sense of irony. So lick my balls.

MR. STAN

**Dion Jones & The Filth 4**

**Velvet Fever**

Independent

You know how bad is slang for good? These guys went to the African-American school of irony so they do too, and they called their really clean-cut sounding band The Filth. Thumbs up guys. Except these guys don't have afros. They're whiter than Coldplay, and my little sister rocked harder than them when she wet her bed and cried for two days. That shit's so ironic Alanis Morissette is charging them royalties.

MWAAH



# HUMANITY VERSUS VACUITY

## We Are Particles Floating in Pixellation

THE INTENSITY OF A COLOUR REMEMBERED; IT SEEMS not to have faded, the feeling of it. A field of pure human-ness. There is no colour outside our senses. The colour exists in the relationship between the scene (shall we place it in outside my apartment, where the fallen wattle has actually created a green tincture in the light, so that I felt immersed not in images but in light, which is still and will always be image?) and the evolved code of chemical messages and the motions of this code that describes your brain. -Your brain as a situation-. I wonder what I might lose sight of if I were to believe for a moment that this is the meeting point between the science that describes the world we see as an illusion, and the reality that is the 'illusion'? All the void space that makes up the proportion of your hand does nothing to reduce the sensitivity of your touch. Yet, the illusion of solidity is not irrelevant, it is basic to your existence and your sensitivity. It is your sensitivity, the human sensitivity to interaction with the world that has allowed such an abstract reality to occur. Something you will never see, yet which as a species we can see, and know. I believe it is something you can sense, after all it reflects Zen, Taoist, Gnostic doctrines, and other ancient and flawed notions. It is always dangerous to call the human feeling an illusion, a function of an evolutionary 'machine'. I have evolved to feel, and feeling has evolved as part of whole- not a divided or fractious- brain. It is in the realm of feeling that the mechanics of evolution as they are revealed will gain meaning and relation. In a universe where a few shifted quanta in the initial balance of the big bang would have made life impossible, where everything shares the shattering improbability of its own existence with everything else, every second spent in entropy can be felt. The enclosure of a culture into its own pixellated reflection can be felt. In the street a thousand rhythms interplay as

we enter and exit our days of work and play: into the leisure industry at industry's leisure. Trying not to feel?

You can feel the weight of your own hand, rising spontaneously from the table like an idea, like a flower arrangement. You are young and beautiful, you deserve a baptism of fire. You are still in the big bang. Where you see motions becoming automatic, unresponsive: this is entropy: avoid these situations. We do not know how long the universe can sustain such an intricate rhythm as human consciousness, and as the products of this consciousness, this reflection of the emptiness, which flashes on and off (in fact, like a heartbeat, a strobe light, a film camera. Existence/ Nonexistence)- well, exhale and you explain it to me.

"There may be a perfect world", a friend of mine once said, "but it has no qualities": I guess he meant never believe anything, yet have faith, be ready to revise.

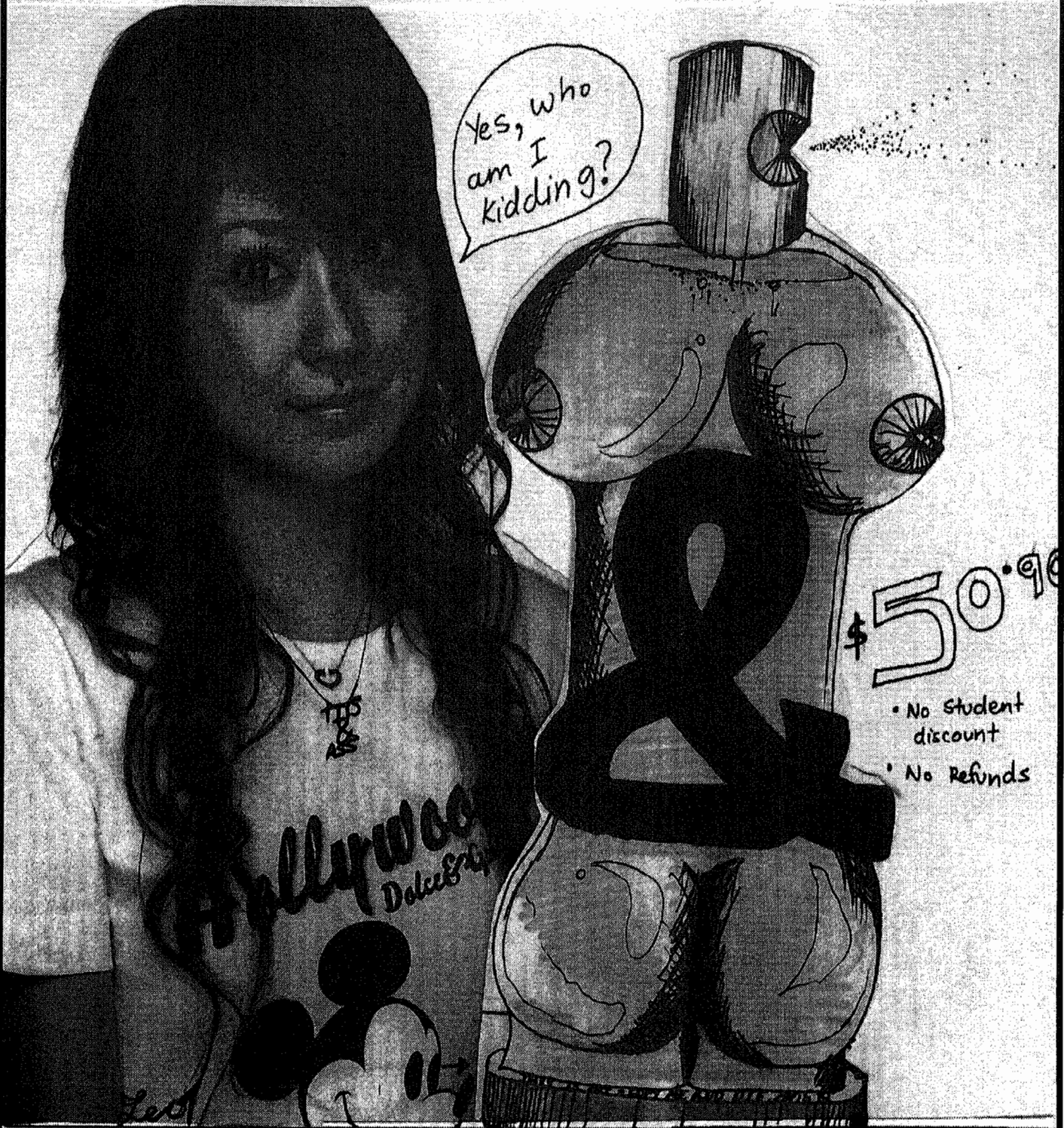
Never neglect rhythm. When Apple start to tell you "life is random" when your phone calls its "human technology" you can laugh. They can't brand this shit, its real. Life is random, yet we are not Life; we are living containers of life, memory, a pattern, an order. The implication is that we have no control over what political order emerges, over what colour scheme the advert can manipulate to hypnotise, yet this is not so. We have emerged from evolution as a continuation of evolution, not merely a product that now rests outside it, but as an extension of its ground. Perception alters- control is the hallucination. Everything is matter, matter is vibration, vibration is pattern, a pattern is rhythm. Rhythm is the dialectic, that which must be opposed will be opposed. The only enemy is entropy. We have emerged out of evolution with the ability to destroy everything; which brings with it, in equal part, the ability to save everything. You might as well admit it, you carry a nuclear bomb in one hand, and a utopia in the other, and if neither come to pass, then perhaps that is best of all. We have the chance to live, to behave towards the other elements of existence in a manner that makes existence more liveable. I can't pretend to know anything, really, freedom of speech and thought require that I doubt, but it seems to me that the degree to which you address the difficulties and intricacies and doublethink's of your existence is the degree to which you add rhythm to life, and thus encourage the fullness of existence to come into play.

We are about to enter a nuclear age. The petrol is running out and uranium will be the replacement of choice, the market has already spoken. The next decision will how long we allow the waste to pile up. We can't turn back from a nuclear powered society; if it collapses all may fall with it. John Howard was been witnessed talking to the executive of the company which will buy major Australian uranium mine, according to Four Corners, a company that may be involved in hiding its practices from its own shareholders. It is in these tiny spaces (hotel lobbies) that decisions are made. The species is used to jealous Gods, we have lived through them before. They are incapable of final decisions, everything eventually becomes public property, and once more we have a tiny shard of control. Please guard it, it is evolution itself.

Godspeed, enjoy yourself.

-BRENDAN DE PAOR-MOORE

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